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YEVTUSHENKO on Fame / LEWIS LAPHAM on Military Theology  
PETER DRUCKER: Surprises of the '70s

July 1971 \$1.00

# Harper's

Magazine

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## THE RUSH FOR INSTANT SALVATION



by Sara Davidson

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buy a bottle of Pimm's Cup No. 1.

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**SONGBOOK** 82 songs—complete words  
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• Spiral-bound to rest flat on piano or music rack  
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by the artists who made them famous  
• 36 selections in a specially boxed set  
• Never before collected in one set  
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AN ANYONE KNOW OUR TIME WHO DOES NOT  
KNOW THESE GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES?

ce's Restaurant  
ariarius  
win' in the Wind  
dge Over Troubled  
Water  
h Sides Now  
the Time I Get to  
Phoenix\*  
paret  
Dangling  
Conversation  
You Believe in Magic? \*  
ntown  
tin' On) The Dock of  
the Bay  
anor Rigby  
rybody's Talkin' \*  
tle on My Mind  
Girl\*  
Girl from Ipanema  
arôta de Ipanema)  
hink I'm Goin' Out  
f My Head\*  
Jude\*  
nky Tonk Women  
ant to Hold Your Hand  
ill Wait for You  
ish I Knew How It  
Would Feel to Be Free  
Were a Carpenter  
ou Go Away (Ne Me  
hutte Pas)  
Impossible Dream  
The Quest)\*  
That All There Is? \*  
Was a Very Good Year\*  
g of the Road  
ving on a Jet Plane\*  
the Sunshine In (The  
esh Failures)  
s Get Together\*  
Last Thing on My  
Mind\*  
ht My Fire  
e a Rolling Stone  
le Boxes\*  
an and a Woman (Un  
omme et une Femme)  
rieke  
low Yellow  
nday, Monday\*  
on River\*  
Tambourine Man\*  
s. Robinson  
Way  
ver on Sunday\*

New York Mining  
Disaster 1941  
Ode to Billy Joe\*  
On a Clear Day (You Can  
See Forever)\*  
Papa's Got a Brand New  
Bag  
People  
Quiet Nights of Quiet  
Stars (Corcovado)\*  
Respect  
Raindrops Keep Fallin' on  
My Head\*  
(I Can't Get No)  
Satisfaction  
San Francisco (Be Sure to  
Wear Some Flowers in  
Your Hair)\*  
Say It Loud—I'm Black  
and I'm Proud  
Society's Child  
The Sound of Silence  
Spinning Wheel  
Strangers in the Night\*  
Sunny  
Sunrise, Sunset  
Suzanne\*  
A Taste of Honey\*  
There but for Fortune  
Those Were the Days  
A Time for Us (Lov  
Theme from "Rom  
& Juliet")\*  
The Times They Are  
A-Changin'  
Try to Remember  
Turn! Turn! Turn  
Everything Th  
a Season)\*  
Up, Up and Away  
La Valse à Mille T  
(Crazy Carousel)  
Waist Deep in th  
Muddy  
Walk On By\*  
We Shall Overc  
The Weight\*  
What Now My L  
What the World N  
Now Is Love\*  
Where Have All t  
Flowers Gone?  
The Windmills of  
Your Mind\*  
You've Lost That  
Feelin'  
Yesterday\*

## SONGBOOK AND ALBUM OBTAINABLE TOGETHER AT A MARKED SAVING \$17.95

[List prices of songbook and  
comparable album would  
come to more than \$33.50]

IT WAS A DECADE of change—a decade in  
which the youth of the nation was pas-  
sionately concerned with the quality of life,  
and passionately expressed this concern in  
every facet of their behavior—rejection of  
the past, style of dress, hair, speech. And,  
most of all, in music.

Now the best of this music—82 of the  
decade's biggest hits—has been collected in  
a big, beautiful, comprehensive songbook  
that could only have been assembled with  
the help of the vast information-gathering  
talents of *The New York Times*. GREAT  
SONGS OF THE SIXTIES contains every word,  
every note of the songs whose power, beauty  
and poetry we love today, songs we'll  
still cherish... like "Where Have  
All the Flowers Gone?"... "V... Shall Over-  
come"..."Eleanor... to Billy  
Joe"... "Aquarius."

Never before has  
been so... 10  
92

has a heavy-duty spiral binding which  
keeps pages flat on the piano or music rack.

## GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES Stereo Album

Thirty-six selections from GREAT SONGS OF  
THE SIXTIES have been collected in a spe-  
cially created boxed set of three stereo re-  
cords. Included are many of the decade's  
biggest hits, sung by the artists who made  
them famous—Glen Campbell singing "By  
the Time I Get to Phoenix"... Leonard  
Cohen singing his own "Suzanne"... The  
Mamas and the Papas with "Monday, Mon-  
day"... Dionne Warwick with "Alfie"...  
and you'll hear many more of the poets,  
musicians and culture heroes who made  
musical history. This amazing collection,  
available only by mail, can be yours in this  
special Book-of-the-Month Club® offer.

List prices of the songbook and a com-  
parable 3-record stereo album would total  
least \$33.50. But now, through this  
special offer, you can have both for only  
\$17.95. Return the coupon today, and we'll  
send them to you for 15 days' free examina-  
tion. Play and sing the songs, listen to the  
records—if you're not as enthusiastic as the  
critics, musicians and just plain mu-  
sicians all over the country, return them  
without obligation.

And you  
ts into the  
icker, associate edit  
for voice, pian  
ok at and com  
THE SIXTIES

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<p>City.....</p>		<p>State.....</p>		<p>Zip.....</p>	

\* Selection included in the  
GREAT SONGS OF THE SIXTIES 3-record



# Frances finally agreed to put the girls and boys together

She had a will of steel which matched the rims of her spectacles. Frances Elizabeth Willard. A Women's Temperance leader and president of Northwestern Female College in Evanston, Illinois about a century ago.

A few blocks away from her college was Northwestern University, then exclusively the province of males.

When the trustees of Northwestern for men came up with the radical idea of incorporating the two learning institutions into one co-educational university, they faced two hurdles. Miss Willard. And the necessary finances.

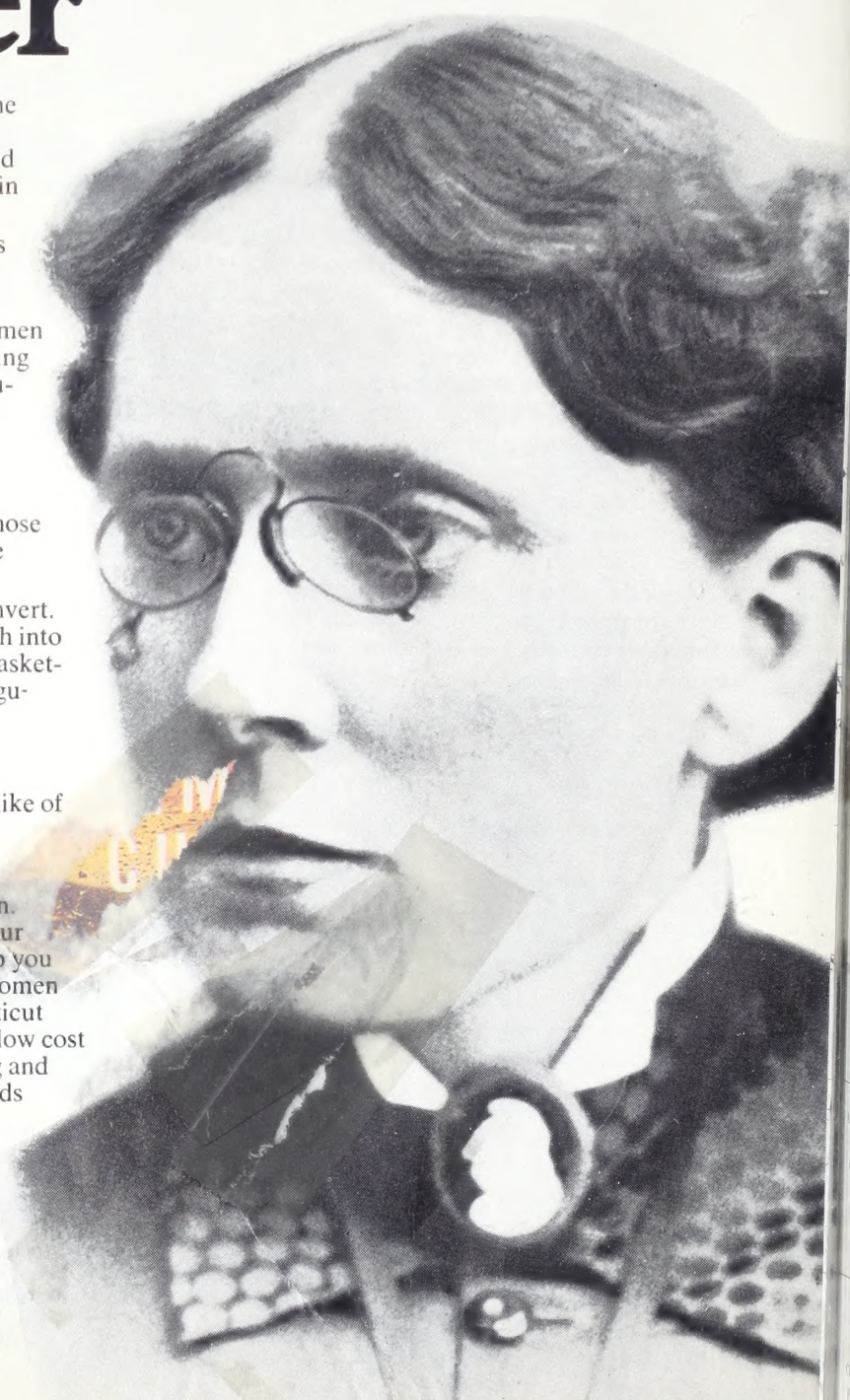
The finances were easy. Connecticut Mutual's head man in Chicago was quickly convinced that co-education was an idea whose time had come. And CML came up with the necessary loan.

Miss Willard wasn't quite so easy to convert. Maybe she was afraid they'd turn her branch into just another "finishing school"—heavy on basket-weaving, light on algebra. But finally the arguments of the university and CML men prevailed, and even her steely will bent.

In fact, Miss Willard finally exclaimed, enthusiastically, "Here is an enterprise the like of which was never seen!"

● CML has always had a way with women. Throughout our 125-year history most of our benefits have been paid to the fairer sex. (So you see you *can* trust us with your wife!) And women know a bargain when they see one. Connecticut Mutual has long been an industry leader in low cost to policyholders. Thanks to astute investing and prudent management, policyholder dividends have been unfailing for 125 years. Today, 'Blue Chip' life insurance protection is better than ever and costs less.

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# Harper's Magazine

FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 243 NO. 1454

JULY 1971

326135

## ARTICLES

- |                          |           |   |
|--------------------------|-----------|---|
| <i>Peter F. Drucker</i>  | <b>35</b> | <b>THE SURPRISING SEVENTIES</b><br>One of the country's most successful social analysts notes the unexpected things that are going to happen in the decade ahead. |
| <i>Sara Davidson</i>     | <b>40</b> | <b>THE RUSH FOR INSTANT SALVATION</b><br>Mystic roads to enlightenment.   |
| <i>Izumi Yevtushenko</i> | <b>56</b> | <b>BEING FAMOUS ISN'T PRETTY</b><br>The poet besieged.  |
| <i>Edgar May</i>         | <b>60</b> | <b>DRUGS WITHOUT CRIME</b><br>The British can't yet cure addicts—but they have learned how to keep them away from both violence and jail.                         |
| <i>Lewis H. Lapham</i>   | <b>73</b> | <b>MILITARY THEOLOGY</b><br>The ethos of the officer class.   |
| <i>Ronald J. Glasser</i> | <b>86</b> | <b>A SIMPLER CREED</b><br>A medic at work: trying to save lives, if only for a moment.  |
| <i>John Bart Gerald</i>  | <b>66</b> | <b>CONVENTIONAL WISDOMS</b>   |
| <i>Ugo Monterroso</i>    | <b>95</b> | <b>THE CHAMELEON</b>  |

## DEPARTMENTS

- |                          |           |                                       |           |                         |
|--------------------------|-----------|---------------------------------------|-----------|-------------------------|
| <i>John Fischer</i>      | <b>20</b> | <b>THE EASY CHAIR</b><br>Jacksonville | <b>4</b>  | <b>ABOUT THIS ISSUE</b> |
| <i>Rick Salutin</i>      | <b>26</b> | <b>FOREIGN NOTES</b>                  | <b>10</b> | <b>LETTERS</b>          |
| <i>Irving Howe</i>       | <b>88</b> | <b>BOOKS</b>                          | <b>92</b> | <b>BOOKS IN BRIEF</b>   |
| <i>Gold C. Schonberg</i> | <b>96</b> | <b>MUSIC</b>                          |           |                         |

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by Robert Darrach

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# ABOUT THIS ISSUE

Back in the early 1960s, as a neophyte reporter on the Buffalo *Evening News*, Edgar May got himself a job as a welfare investigator. That experience yielded a series of articles for which he won a Pulitzer prize. A by-product was a *Harper's* piece, "A Way Out of the Welfare Mess," which formulated—a decade in advance—the issues now being debated by Congress and the Nixon Administration. His thesis was expanded into a book, *The Wasted Americans*, which led to a stint with the Office of Economic Opportunity where he wound up as Director of Inspection. Now living in Paris, he has just spent a year in England taking a close look at the British approach to the narcotics problem. For his findings, which we believe foreshadow things to come on this side of the Atlantic, see page 60.

Peter Drucker's crystal ball is that of an economic analyst. Currently a professor of social science at Claremont Graduate School in California, he is one of the country's top management consultants, sought after by the men who must put their money where their forecasts are.

His habit of being right is documented in past issues of *Harper's*. For instance:

"We should build college facilities for an additional five hundred thousand students a year for at least the next ten years. . . ."

"America's Next Twenty Years," June 1955

"Common purpose can no more be built on military alliances than housekeeping can be set up by a young couple on the ladder they used to elope. . . ."

"Politics for a New Generation," June 1960

"For once, today's young-adult fashions may foretell the concerns and prefigure the intellectual landscape of tomorrow."

"The Romantic Generation," May 1966

See page 35 for Drucker's preview of that landscape as of 1971.

**PRIZES:** The 1971 Pulitzer prize for distinguished criticism was awarded to Harold C. Schonberg, music critic for the *New York Times* and author, since our May 1970 issue, of this magazine's Music column. A Pulitzer prize also went to Thomas Powers for his national reporting. Mr. Powers is the author of last month's *Harper's* article, "Learning to Die." *Diana: The Making of a Terrorist* is the book Mr. Powers wrote from the UPI material that earned him his award.



Edgar May



Farewell to  
the ugly cigarette.  
Smoke pretty. eve.



What a wonderful idea.  
A cigarette as feminine as the ring  
you wear, the lipstick you carry. That's Eve.  
With pretty filter tip. Pretty pack. Rich, yet gentle flavor.  
Women have been feminine since Eve. Now cigarettes  
are feminine. Since Eve. For the lady with taste.  
Also with menthol.

tar, 17 mg. "tar" 12 mg. nicotine  
menthol 18 mg. "tar" 11 mg. nicotine  
per cigarette by FTC method. (Jan. 77)



# We're helping a cookie man

Southern Delicious Bakeries, Inc., is the first major Black-operated bakery in the United States. It started with a little help from its friends. Werner-Lehara Inc., a manufacturer of commercial baking equipment. A large supermarket chain And Chase Manhattan, which continues to serve as a financial advisor.

Its product is a quality line of "home style" cookies. Southern Delicious sells mostly to supermarket chains, grocery outlets and the institutional food market in the New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania areas. The bakery is also equipped for private-label distribution.

The West Orange plant contains more





# ...turer make a lot of bread.

a quarter of a million dollars' worth of modern, high-speed baking and aging machinery. The location was chosen because of its accessibility by public transportation to Newark's labor force. Because teaching people new skills and giving them pride in their work is an important part of Southern Delicious

And another important part is that the management and employees will eventually own 80% of the company.  
**A good motive for change is the profit motive.**

**THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK**

The Chase Manhattan Bank, New York, New York 10036



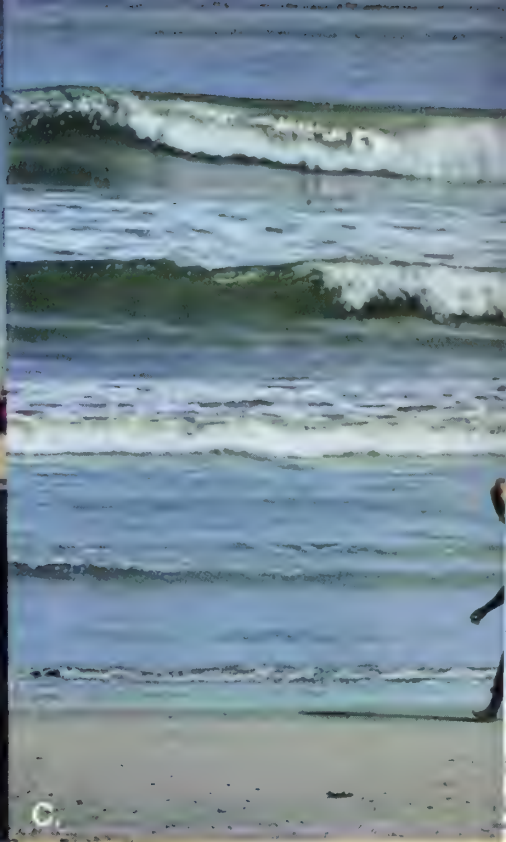




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c.



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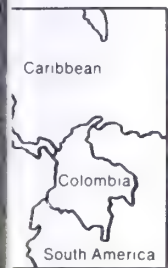
f.

a. This suite on San Andrés Island is **\$12**, breakfast included.  
b. Where can you rent a boat like this at **\$4.50** an hour? Cartagena

d. Johnny Cay is for snorkeling, picnicking. Getting there is **30¢**.  
e. Two Rum cocktails at Santa Marta. Bill. **\$1.15**, incl. tip and sunset  
f. A delicious meal at the hotel. **\$13.50**



# THERE'S ANOTHER SIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN. THE PRICES WILL SHOCK YOU.



There's actually a place in the world where you can get a place in the sun (and a double room out of the sun) for \$8 to \$15 a day. And get a beautiful breakfast to boot.

And a smashing dinner under palm trees, and under stars, and under \$10. It's the other end of the Caribbean. And we, Avianca, fly to it. The beautiful,spoiled Colombian Caribbean.

And to one of the Caribbean's most historic cities—438-year-old Cartagena, with the ancient walls, cobblestone streets, and memories of the Spanish Main.

Or, to the resort city of Santa Marta, where the temperature is always in the 80's yet there are snowcapped peaks in the distance. (And the only

ones in the Caribbean.)

Or to an island, San Andrés, where the sand is as white as a tablecloth and the water is five shades of blue. And where there are two casinos, plus Duty Free shopping.

Or, to any other place you choose. Colombia's Caribbean is a coastline over 900 miles long, not including islands. It offers every kind of vacation, all inexpensive.

And now, getting there is inexpensive, too. We've got a special low cost Group Inclusive Tour (like those to Europe) as well as other interesting tours. And most travel agents can help you choose one.

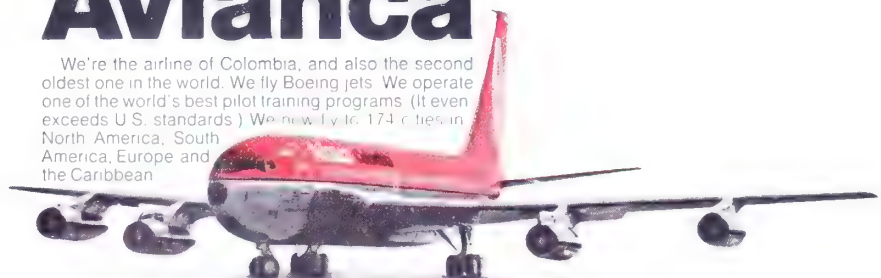
The bellboy who takes your bag wants a 10-cent tip.

A two-mile taxi ride is 30 cents.

You've got to bring some money.

## Avianca

We're the airline of Colombia, and also the second oldest one in the world. We fly Boeing jets. We operate one of the world's best pilot training programs. (It even exceeds U.S. standards.) We now fly 16 174's to 11 cities in North America, South America, Europe and the Caribbean.





# LETTERS

## Laing defended

In his polemical nonreview of David Cooper's *The Death of the Family* ["Books," April], Richard Schickel employed the dubious device of using his space to mount a scurrilous and wholly misdirected attack on R. D. Laing. His manifest misunderstanding of Laing's position, his patent mendacity, and his undisguised malice fail to qualify for reasoned refutation. Laing is too widely known—through his clinical work, his writings, and his acknowledged influence in many fields, not least in the arts—for his image to be damaged by such misrepresentation.

My own concern is with the attack and the innuendo leveled against the Philadelphia Association and, in particular, against the Kingsley Hall community—by implication, also the now thriving communities in North London that have succeeded Kingsley Hall . . .

I was a resident of Kingsley Hall in 1965-66 and maintained a close relationship to the community there through its five-year history. Kingsley Hall was not founded on the "belief in the exemplary qualities of the insane." It was started because a group of people wanted to be in a situation that allowed them to discard some of their masks, to find a place of refuge in which people could be themselves. It was founded on the belief that the established psychiatric routine obscured or otherwise detrimentally influenced many of the phenomena with which it was allegedly concerned. It hoped to create an ambience where breakdown could be a step to breakthrough, where psychic disintegration could pave the way for a more authentically centered reintegration. Schickel missed the point that what we were trying to do was to dissolve the doctor-patient dichotomy in the context of our living situation. That this sort of community might have been found disturbing to others outside—particularly to visiting professionals and journalists—is entirely understandable. Schickel was never so disturbed; he never visited Kingsley Hall. He chose to criticize it from far away—farther away than he recognized. Schickel assumes that there was "only one modest

therapeutic success" and he cannot "believe Laing and company would hide all their other successes from public view." What astonishing arrogance! Most of us had little inclination to bare our innermost feelings to people who searched only for material for "dispatches."

Kingsley Hall never affronted its neighbors, nor did any of the incidents indicated by Schickel in fact occur. The lease ran its full term and could not be renewed since the building was required for other purposes.

One final point—and another that Schickel missed—is that Kingsley Hall was a center from which much emanated and to which much referred. The center—not the building—was of crucial importance to many, and work still goes on.

LEON REDLER, M.D.  
Philadelphia Association  
London, England

### RICHARD SCHICKEL REPLIES:

Dr. Redler raises only two dismaying points in his ill-tempered and obviously self-serving letter. The first is that R. D. Laing's "image" will not be damaged by my piece; I tried as hard as I could to do as much damage as possible in a short article, for I regard him as a dangerously unsound thinker. The second is that "work still goes on." One had sincerely hoped that this fatuous movement might be petering out for lack of intellectual—as opposed to public-relations—energy.

For the rest, it seems to me significant that despite my "manifest misunderstanding" Dr. Redler does not challenge a single one of the very substantial objections I raised to Laing's (and Cooper's) theoretical arguments. Instead, it seems, I libeled his favorite loony bin and, by implication, the poor souls who worked and/or stayed there. My stomach being notoriously weak, I can't say I'm sorry to have missed the opportunity for a firsthand investigation of Kingsley Hall, but its troubles with its neighbors (who indeed resorted to the police on occasion) were widely reported in the British press, and its remarkable ambience shines through even such favorable essays as James S. Gordon's. I should like to direct read-

ers who can stand a bit more about a this to the concluding essay in Albee Goldman's aptly titled *Freakshow* (Atheneum). Unlike me, Mr. Goldman's initial response to Laing's writings was highly favorable, and this piece records his deep disillusionment upon encountering both the good doctor and Kingsley Hall firsthand. Both are far uglier in spirit than I even hinted at in my essay.

In addition, although I find Dr. Redler's reluctance to bare "innermost feelings" both admirable and utterly unique among Laing's followers, I main, in my "arrogance" (suspicion would have been a better word, for Laingians are wretchedly imprecise in their use of the language), more than a little dubious. For it seems obvious that the group's policy is one of selective reticence. There has been no lack of polemics and blank verse by Laing and his friends, much favorable journalism encouraged by them, with that poor, old lady who paints and writes in the Bloomsbury vein used as exhibit A when she is well enough. But we hear from no other patient. Even more oddly, that method used by psychological researchers from Freud onward to present their findings to their peers, a method that protects privacy yet enables medicine to share knowledge of advances and breakthroughs, is not employed by the Kingsley Hall people. I am speaking here, of course, of case studies.

In short, they have been living off the media "image"-making and now, for the first time stung by a negative "image," we have Dr. Redler criticizing "mendacity." Really! Laing and I have set up as psychiatrists to what has justly been called "The Age of Rubbish," but even—perhaps especially—The Age of Rubbish deserves more intellectual honesty, more clarity and challenge of thought and expression than Laing, Cooper, and now Redler offer. But pseudo-sainthood is so much easier than serious scholarship. All you need is an "image."

Big Daddy

When I first read the article ["The End of the Politics of Pleasure," April]



# America Can Lift The Shadow Of Blackouts

Today our country is limping along with power reserve levels dangerously low in many areas . . . with too few and too frail transmission lines for shuttling kilowatts to where they're needed . . . crippled by philosophies in the electric power industry that too often place local over national interests, hobbling efforts to solve problems.

The fact is our country's electric power system is hard put to keep up with demand, and will fall even further behind as years go by unless something is done about it . . . soon.

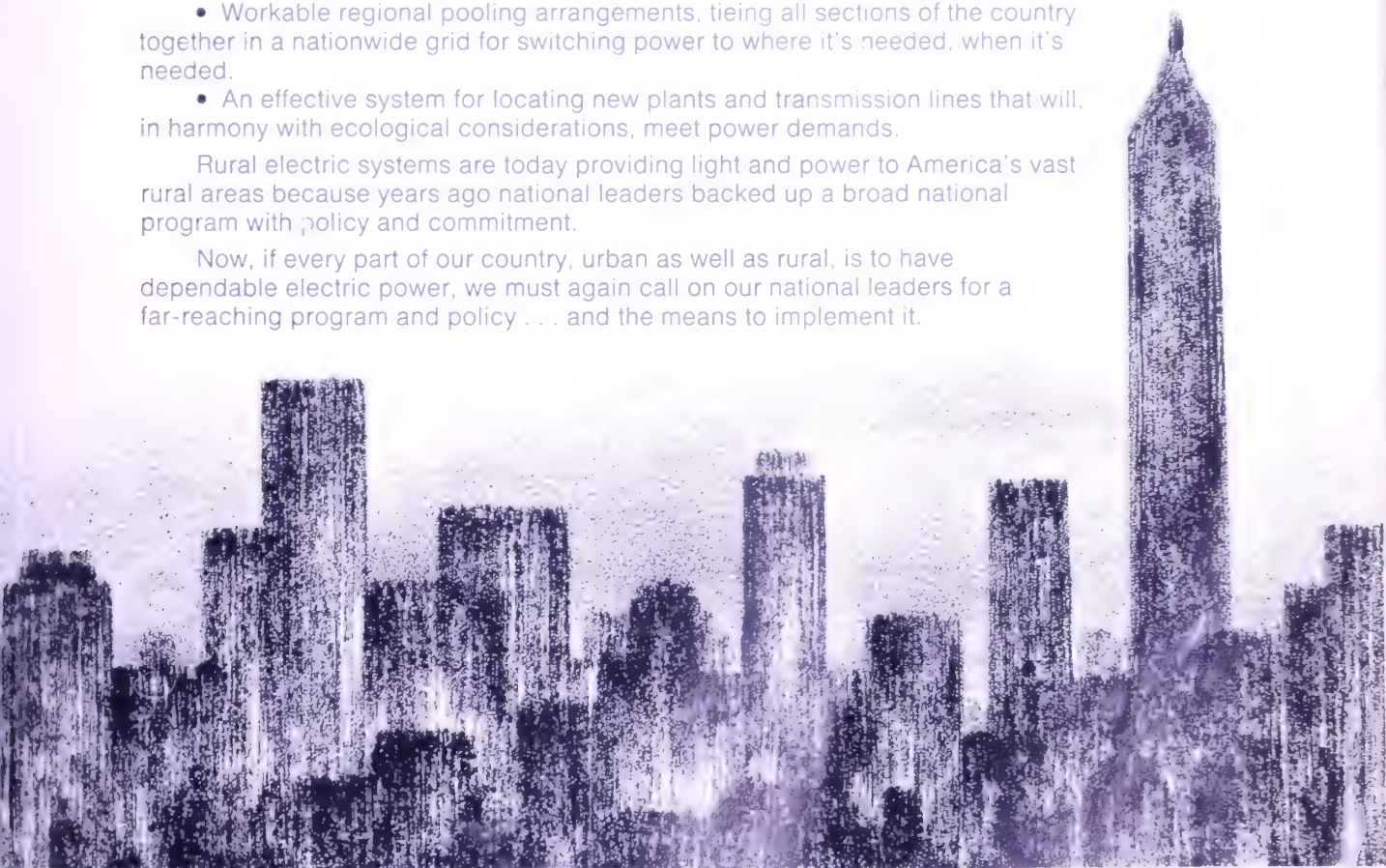
We of America's consumer-owned rural electric systems believe our nation's electric power industry *can*, within the existing framework of local, public and private ownership, and within a clean environment, ensure for Americans reliable electric power at reasonable cost.

We believe that, as part of a comprehensive national policy to achieve that goal, necessary first steps include:

- Realistic nationwide and regional planning, perhaps through some type of national power and energy resources agency.
- Workable regional pooling arrangements, tying all sections of the country together in a nationwide grid for switching power to where it's needed, when it's needed.
- An effective system for locating new plants and transmission lines that will, in harmony with ecological considerations, meet power demands.

Rural electric systems are today providing light and power to America's vast rural areas because years ago national leaders backed up a broad national program with policy and commitment.

Now, if every part of our country, urban as well as rural, is to have dependable electric power, we must again call on our national leaders for a far-reaching program and policy . . . and the means to implement it.



*We Care . . . We're Consumer-Owned*

## AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

For more information write National Rural Electric Cooperative Association  
2000 Florida Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009. Ask for "Power To Progress."



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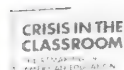
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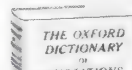
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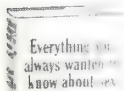
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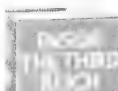


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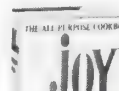
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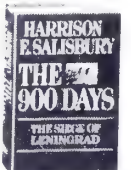
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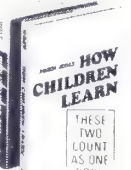
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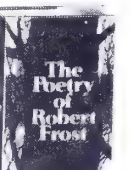
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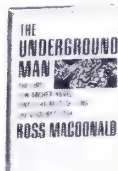
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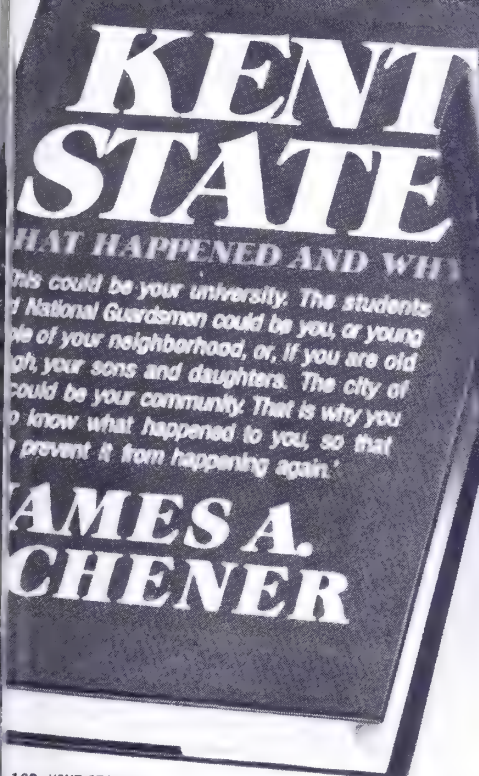
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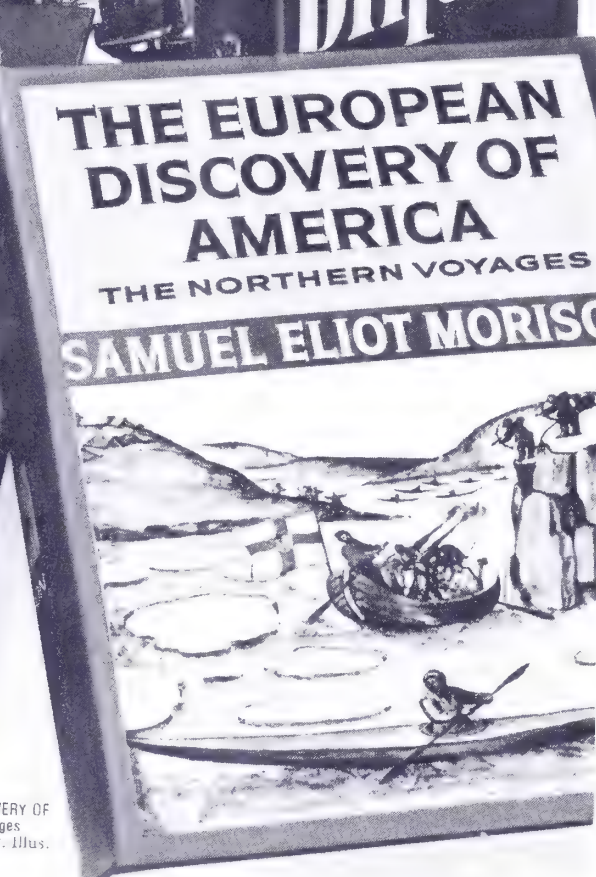
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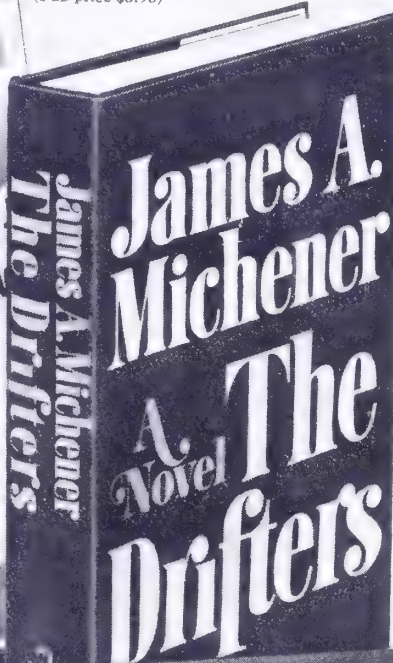
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THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA  
THE NORTHERN VOYAGES  
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by Richard M. Levine which reported Canton ATC in "mid-Fifties slumber," I was amused. Mr. Levine obviously is totally uninformed about the two-year college movement. . . . The primary purpose of the college is to provide educational opportunity for the residents of the North Country. The reasons that few blacks are registered is that few blacks live in the area from which the college draws 60 per cent of its students. It is no part of the college's responsibility to help New York City solve its educational problems even if Mr. Levine thinks that not to do so indicates that Canton ATC is asleep.

The college does accept applications from all New York State residents, including blacks, who are qualified for the courses offered by the college. Admission of economically and educationally disadvantaged students, however, is limited to residents of the seven counties in the Northern area. . . . These seven counties have a higher percentage of economically and educationally deprived people than any other area of the state, with the exception of New York City. . . .

This college does not practice tokenism of any sort. It adheres strictly to a carefully considered commitment to service in an area of the state which needs all the resources the college has to offer.

ALBERT E. FRENCH, President  
Canton ATC  
Canton, N.Y.

Jeremy Larner's statement ["Jess Unruh and His Moment of Truth," April] that there was "not a single Chicano or black" among the 2,500 city officials lunching at the Annual League of California Cities Conference in San Diego in 1970 is a lie. The many black or Chicano councilmen and mayors attending the conference and the luncheon were highly visible and ample evidence that Larner is more interested in style than truth. . . . The validity of the entire article will be seriously questioned . . . and particularly by those black and Chicano mayors and councilmen who were reimbursed by their cities for their expenses.

RICHARD CARPENTER  
Exec. Director and General Counsel  
League of California Cities  
Sacramento, Calif.

JEREMY LARNER REPLIES:

Reporters standing near me agreed that they could not see any blacks or Chicanos—perhaps there were a few in

the back of the hall. I note that Mr. Carpenter gives no figures. Taxpayers of California cities will be interested to learn that they footed the bill for the clambake.

## Folklore "facts"

I read with a glee and a glow your Easy Chair column in April [" . . . The Marijuana and Folklore Industries"]. . . . Your comments about the collection and uses of folklore were excellent (I am an amateur folklorist). I was amused to note, however, that you presented at least three folklore "facts" that are not factual but have been a part of oral (and written) folk tradition for some time.

1. The phrase "hired man on horseback" was not an E. M. Rhodes phrase but that of a newspaper or magazine columnist of his time. Rhodes' poem with the phrase as a title was a romantic attempt at refutation of the idea, and May Rhodes' biography also used the phrase as a title.

2. The XIT brand, originated either by John Blocker or by Ab Blocker, did not mean "Ten in Texas," because the counties were not organized when the ranch came into existence. Blocker designed the brand in an attempt to design one which could not be changed by rustlers.

3. Billy the Kid, while not the Robin Hood of the West, also was not a New York City juvenile delinquent. It is doubtful, according to recent research, that he ever saw New York City. His real name was Henry McCarty, not William Bonney, and he was born somewhere in the Middle West. The New York City version is a folk tale, probably started by Ash Upson, who wrote Pat Garrett's life of Billy the Kid.

ORLAN SAWEY  
Texas A&I University  
Kingsville, Tex.

## Mailer concluded

Norman Mailer in his article "The Prisoner of Sex" [March] proves yet again that he is a writer of vigor and sensitivity, no easy combination. Using the term neither as pejorative nor praise, he is also a romantic. Like other artists of that temperament, he displays at once the strengths and the limitations of intense subjectivity. More than most even of his kind, however, he has a very deficient sense of his limitations. He

enters gloriously upon encounters he should avoid and uses weapons he does not understand. He is at his worst when he uses the techniques, or the appearance of the techniques, of logic and sequential analysis to attempt criticism. Citation and countercitation, source and proof, premise and conclusion are means alien to his art. He should eschew them.

One of the motifs of his matter, for example, is that he is less responsive to the quantified data of clinical psychology than to the ebullient genius of Henry Miller. Why, so am I, but that does not persuade me that my saying so makes any significant comment at all on the kinds of truth, the kinds of human experience and knowledge represented in science and in art. If Mr. Mailer is persuaded. Like a child resorting to tantrum in argument, he urges us, in effect, "See, my tears are real. My pain is felt. My rage is here. *Therefore* my want is right and should be met. Or *therefore* my argument is correct and should be acceded to."

Mr. Mailer can induce us to feel with him in a fine immediacy that the exhalations of his body, the exhalations of spirit, are vital and important. He absorbs us in the zero-at-the-bone reality of his visceral life. So he should—in art and for the purposes of art. What he should not do is to try to pass off his communication of his emotion as a measure of experience not his own knowledge outside his sphere.

In much of what Mr. Mailer writes in any form, we are at once impressed by the overwhelming presence in the foreground of a large, hard-edged Art figure, the artist himself. With paradoxical lack of self-consciousness he can recreate for us (in another article) the sad and shameful doing at the Democratic convention in Chicago in terms of his own inner tensions, inhibitions, and personal problems at that time. The subjectivity of this perspective, the naïveté of this sense of proportion, the innocence of this preoccupation are no discredit to Mailer the artist. They are, on the other hand, no credentials for Mailer as thinker . . .

Mr. Mailer is indeed a prisoner in other terms than those to which he

## AN OMISSION

The computer symbols which formed the portrait of Robert McNamara on our February cover were developed by Kenneth C. Knowlton and Lester Harmon of Bell Laboratories.



# Why Johnny can't hide.

# And doesn't want to anymore.



See Johnny hide. But not anymore.

Now Johnny works at 3M.

Once he thought all big organizations got that way encouraging anonymity. Not because anyone ever told him that. But because he once had worked for one. Which, of course, he nameless.

No one in that first organization actually told him the way to do well was to do as little as possible. Sort of lay out of the way.

But then, they never told him otherwise, either.

So he looked around. Made his own appraisal. And concluded there was a theory in operation.

To wit: Never state an opinion or take a risk and you'll never make a mistake.

Now, Johnny's no dope. He took what he thought was the hint.

He got lost in the crowd. Blended in with the background. And never, never attracted attention.

But 3M doesn't believe in crowds.

We believe in people. One at a time. And we'd like to think Johnny knew that the day he started here.

Our whole atmosphere says it. You don't stand out here unless you stand up. And speak up.

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## LETTERS

refers. He can make his prison cell of self fascinating to us. Let him do that and leave other modes of inquiry and expression to other voices in other rooms.

JEAN CAMPBELL BUTLER  
Rochester, Mich.

I have always felt that publishers and authors have a responsibility to educate the public, especially in the usage of good English. After all, the use of vulgarity, slang, and profanity is a tacit acknowledgement that a person does not have sufficient command of the English language to express himself without resorting to lame crutches. . . .

We hear the expression, "This is 1970. Get with it." This does not mean a thing. It is not a new morality. It is the same old immorality; and every nation which allowed its morals to become so degraded has declined. Are we to make the same mistakes or shall we use the intelligence of which we are capable and learn from history? Authors and publishers have a great responsibility and an exciting challenge.

I cannot see the reason for publishing this March issue. There is no rhyme or reason to it. I tried to read it watchfully to find the pertinent facts underneath the garbage. Maybe they were there. I failed to discover anything worth the print and paper. . . .

DELLA MAE KEY  
Weston, Ore.

Since Norman Mailer is a famous writer, anything he may write on any subject—but especially sex—is bound to receive attention, and to make good copy for any magazine. However, is further debate on the level found by Mailer and Millett really of use to the cause of women's rights, or even for clarification of issues? Most of the material on feminism which has come out in the past two or three years reveals the writers' complexes more than anything else. Perhaps it is well to air these feelings—but isn't there also a need for wider dissemination of rational and constructive discussions of the changing roles of the sexes? Many of us are growing tired of seeing the valid question of equal rights for women in society submerged by pornography, or even serving as a pretext for it. The intelligent, constructive, and sane articles on the status of women and on social change are at present not to be found in magazines of large circulation, but in such smaller publications as the journal of the American Association of University Women. Shouldn't some of

the large-circulation magazines be addressing themselves to a serious approach to the question of women's rights? The present vogue of the pornographic approach is detrimental to all aspects of relations between the sexes, since it cannot avoid increasing the hostility of both men and women

AGNES PORTER  
Greencastle, Ind.

It is disheartening (if hardly surprising) that neither Mr. Mailer nor Miss Millett acknowledges that Henry Miller's writings are full of friendly and generous words about women, that he is perfectly aware of "the efforts men have made over the centuries to war women's minds". . . , and that no American male writer has been a greater friend of women writers. If a woman ever writes as hilariously about sex as Henry Miller has, I am sure I will be the first to applaud. For unlike Norman Mailer, who seems to regard women as a means to an end, Henry Miller regards women as an end themselves (in whatever context).

MARCIA CAULFIELD  
New York, N.Y.

Norman Mailer's masterly prose makes other serious male attempts tackle the Women's Liberation movement fade into cold fog. . . .

The deletion of a single not-to-be-uttered-in-public word would seriously weaken the piece; this is the real language of the male mystique and of the lately expressed female rage.

BARBARA GUNDLACH  
Houghton, Minn.

After reading Mr. Mailer's article I can only say that I am overwhelmed by my deep admiration for his talent and his honesty.

Though I believe honesty to be a greatly overrated virtue, in Mr. Mailer's case it is a saving grace. He is a product of this society, which is to say a "machauvinist." Yet his rigorous self-examination and attempt to reach a understanding of women and the mystique of masculine-feminine personae speak a sincere and winning character.

As concerns his writing—well, I read the fifty (more or less) pages of the article only to be devastated by about twenty-five sentences of such beautiful imagistic clarity that I shall now go back and make my way through his earlier work.

DANIELA RENZI  
New York, N.Y.



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## THE EASY CHAIR

Jacksonville: so different you can hardly believe it

**E**ARL JOHNSON is no Bobby Seale, but in most Southern communities he would be considered a dangerous black militant. He has fought hard, and successfully, in the civil-rights wars as a lawyer for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; he is the most influential Negro leader in his city; and anyone with the views of, say, Senator James Eastland would regard him as definitely uppity. Reasons enough to make his life uncomfortable, if not dangerous—even today—in many a Southern town.

But not in Jacksonville, Florida. Not long ago Mr. Johnson moved his family into an attractive home in the aptly named Mandarin district of Jacksonville, one of the choice and, until then, all-white neighborhoods.

"No," he told me, "I didn't expect any active hostility. I did think we probably would be ignored—you know, kind of invisible—for quite a while. But I wasn't looking for what actually happened.

"While we were getting the furniture moved in, a big Cadillac drove up in front of the house and the chauffeur got out with a tray of white camellias. It was a present from a lady up the street who wanted to welcome us to the neighborhood. Then later that day the man who lives next door walked over to help me fix up the filter of our swimming pool.

"Our relationships with the neighbors have been more than good—I would have to say excellent. The only criticism I've heard has come from some of my black friends, who claim I copped out by moving away from the downtown section."

**T**HE INCIDENT IS SIGNIFICANT because as recently as five years ago race relations in Jacksonville were tense and bitter. Today the city has "become pretty much color-blind," as one of the white community leaders put it. This spring Earl Johnson was elected to the city council for the second time—and

largely by white votes, since he is one of the five councilmen chosen from the city-at-large. Of the fourteen other councilmen who are elected by districts, two are black. They say that they are now working cordially and effectively with their white colleagues, although there was a good deal of mutual standoffishness when the new kind of city government got under way in 1968.

"We still have a long way to go," Mr. Johnson said, "but we have come a long way too. The white members of the council have learned a lot. The black members have taught them to feel some empathy for the poor."

Jacksonville's state of mind has changed in lots of other ways too. Five years ago the dominant mood was one of cynicism and discouragement, because the city was in an apparently hopeless mess. Its schools had been discredited by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools, its rivers stank with raw sewage, the downtown business district was decaying, both crime and tax rates were climbing steadily, slums kept spreading, air and water supplies were contaminated, municipal services were shoddy and getting worse—and the local government, riddled with petty corruption, was clearly incapable of coping with any of these woes.

Today anyone who spends even a few days talking to the people who live there—black and white, from taxi drivers to business executives—can't help but sense a feeling of confidence and pride. At first I could hardly believe it, because everything I saw in Jacksonville this spring runs counter to the conventional wisdom of our time: the dogma that America's cities have become ungovernable and probably doomed. When you look at some of our most notorious trouble spots—New York City or Los Angeles or Newark—such pessimism is hard to resist.

But Jacksonville, along with a few

*John Fischer, acting editor in chief of Harper's, is working on a book about innovations in government—including the Jacksonville experiment.*

other middle-sized metropolises—the Twin Cities of Minnesota, Indianapolis, Nashville, Baton Rouge—is proving that at least some communities can stop to slide towards the Slough of Despond and begin to climb back to a state of health. The remedy isn't easy, and it can't be applied everywhere. But I can see the reason why it should not work in a good many cities with populations ranging roughly, from 100,000 to a million, only for reasons of hard cash. In the past three years Jacksonville has vastly improved its municipal services. Yet in each of those years it has also cut taxes. If your town has done as well, do not bother to read any further. But if your taxes have been going up, what follows might save you some money.

**T**HE RECIPE IS SIMPLE: when a system of government doesn't work, scrap it and get one that does. "Revolution" is the most overworked word of our times, but in this case, I think, it is not just cheap rhetoric to say that Jacksonville has had its revolution. Like all genuine revolutions, this one involved a lot of money, hard work, and strife (though nobody actually got killed, except politically). And like other revolutions, it was led by a few determined men. They are J. J. Daniel, a wealthy financier and real estate developer; Claude Yoder, a retired manager of a telephone company; Lex Hester, a somewhat abrasive scholar-administrator ("The only man I know who could hand you a \$100,000 and make you mad," as one of his friends said); and Hans Tanzler, Mr. Clean of Jacksonville politics. His election as mayor in 1967 was the big victory for the rebels; his reelection this spring, by an overwhelming majority, ratified and consolidated the restructuring of government which he carried out during his first term. It is an unarguable proof that Jacksonville is like what they have wrought.

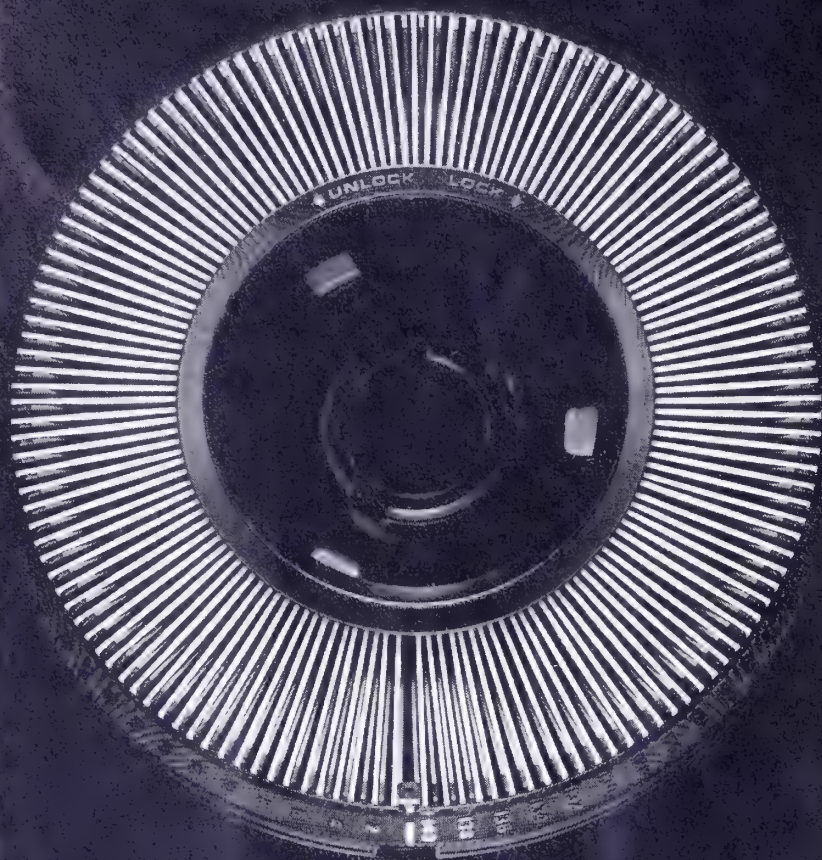
It seems to be a rule of America



ty (maybe all societies?) that nothing happens until a situation gets parable. Only then does a really big change become politically feasible. Jacksonville apparently reached that point in 1964 when the accreditation of all fifteen of the city's high schools was lifted. This was a proclamation to the whole country that the school system was no damn good—something that the locals had long known, but ignored and that their graduates were not fit for admission to any self-respecting college. At about the same time scandals were being uncovered in the police department, and a number of officeholders were being indicted for misuse of public funds.

So the Oligarchy decided it was time to move. As in many communities in the South (and elsewhere) a few dozen well-established business and professional men hold a kind of residual power. They have no formal organization, but they see each other frequently at the Seminole Club, the River and University Clubs, and the Chamber of Commerce. They devote a good deal of voluntary effort to assorted worthy causes, but almost never run for office or get involved with the grubby toil of today's politics—except at a time of crisis. Some people I talked to suggested that the Oligarchs became alarmed in 1964 because the accelerated decay of Jacksonville threatened their business interests. No doubt there is some truth to this; but I think they were also motivated by a genuine affection for the city and their sense of civic responsibility. All of my informants agreed that this group usually looked for leadership to Claude Yates and J. J. Daniel—men of forceful character and intimate knowledge of the community's problems.

On January 18, 1965, Yates invited twenty-three of these influential gentlemen to lunch at the Robert Meyer Hotel. They quickly agreed that the time had come not only to throw the rascals out, but also to junk the whole broken-down machinery of local government. Before lunch was over they had drafted the Duval Manifesto—a one-sentence petition asking the local delegation to the Florida legislature to prepare an act which would enable the citizens of Duval County (which contains Jacksonville) to vote on a new scheme of government. The Manifesto made no attempt to spell out the details. But it did insist that all of the governmental agencies—of the county, the city, and the other municipalities within Duval—



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should be consolidated into a single unit.

This marked the beginning of the rebellion. Like the Declaration of Independence in 1776, it was the first public demand for overthrow of the old system; and like the Declaration, it was drafted not by the poor and oppressed, but by the rich and influential of the society.

**T**HE STORY OF THE BATTLES that followed has been well told by Richard Martin in his book, *Consolidation* (Crawford Publishing Co., Jacksonville, 1968), so there is no need to recount it here. But it is worthwhile to note some of the lessons which might be of use to other cities in need of reform:

1. *The rebels had strong leadership.* J. J. Daniel became the field commander—the George Washington of the movement—when he was elected chairman of a Study Commission set up to design the new scheme of government. As a matter of fact, he looks rather like Washington in his less solemn moments—a big, square-faced man bubbling with energy and high spirits. He gives the impression that he enjoys whatever he is doing, whether planning a new real estate development or fighting a gang of corrupt politicians. He had the advantages of coming from an old and respected Florida family, and of being free of any suspicion of personal political ambitions.

As his chief lieutenant he chose Lex Hester, then a thirty-year-old political scientist working in the Jacksonville office of the U.S. Department of Labor. The two men had never met. Hester wrote a two-page letter applying for the job of executive director of the commission. It impressed Daniel, and he was further impressed by the comment of a young man in his firm who often played tennis with Hester. He described Hester as bright, tough, an obsessive worker, with a killer instinct. Precisely the kind of man Daniel needed to run the commission and to help lead the subsequent fight to get its plan approved by both the state legislature and the local voters.

2. *The reformers involved as many people as possible in their movement.* The commission's easiest course would have been to hire a few "experts" to draft a blueprint in a back room; but that would have meant almost certain rejection by the voters. Only a community-wide effort, with scores of open

hearings and countless meetings of task forces and subcommittees, could accomplish two essential things: (a) to persuade the public of the need for drastic change; and (b) to produce a plan which the voters would both understand and approve.

3. *Their strategy was a bold one.* Instead of trying to patch up and "coordinate" the old system, as Miami had done with its scheme of Metro government a few years earlier, the reformers opted for an entirely new civic structure.

The commission's investigations quickly pinpointed the chief troubles of the old system. Although all of Duval County is, in fact, a single metropolitan area, it had no effective government. Authority was divided between the city of Jacksonville, four independent outlying municipalities, a county commission, and the local delegation to the legislature. These separate satrapies could seldom agree on anything; and if they did, they found that nobody really had the power to carry out the decision. Thus the voters never could discover who, if anybody, was responsible for any given failure. Moreover, the central city had most of the problems—from traffic congestion to slums and sewage—but the taxable wealth mostly was located in the outlying suburbs.

So the commission decided to recommend that this patchwork of weak, overlapping, and confused governments should be abolished out of hand. In its place they called for a single, strong, and simply structured government for the whole county. Authority would be concentrated in an elected city council and a mayor with real power. Most administrative officers would no longer be elected, but appointed by the mayor, so that he could have genuine control over the municipal machinery. And the tax burden would be spread fairly over the entire metropolitan area.

**P**REDICTABLY, the entrenched politicians attacked this proposal with a roar of fear and anguish. So did most of the local officeholders who suspected (rightly) that they might lose their jobs, or at least get a more demanding boss. For reasons that are still not clear to me, organized labor withheld its support. The plan was even denounced as "communistic"—a quaint notion, in view of the fact that it had been fathered by Jacksonville's business leadership.

On the other hand, the blueprint for reform was staunchly supported by the

local press. A star reporter, Ra Martin, devoted his whole time articles explaining the scheme and porting on the campaign to get it acted; he later became historian of movement and, for a time, director public relations for the new government. The churches and nearly all organizations lined up behind the plan.

So, surprisingly, did most of the black community. In several of metropolitan areas, Negroes have resisted similar consolidation efforts, suspecting them as a device to weaken black voting power in the central city to the advantage of the white suburbanites. But in Jacksonville the black leaders, such as Earl Johnson and Mrs. Sallye Mathis, were sophisticated enough to realize that their need for decent schools, housing, and jobs could never be satisfied under the old system. As Johnson put it: "Sure, in a few years the blacks might have taken over control of the old city. But what good would it do us? We would have been receivers in bankruptcy."

**T**HE TURNING POINT in the fight came in the spring of 1967, when H. H. Tanzler decided to run as a reform candidate for mayor. He was a judge of unquestioned integrity, and he had the political charisma of a Kennedy. A former star athlete, he is tall, handsome, and oozing with Southern charm. The ladies loved him, and the men were impressed by his sincerity—and his demonstrated competence as a lawyer and civic activist.

While the Study Commission's reform plan was still under fierce debate, Tanzler won the mayoralty and carried a slate of other reform candidates to office with him. During his campaign he had remained noncommittal about city-county consolidation; but after taking office he endorsed it as a "giant step forward." That did it.

Weeks of maneuver and infighting still lay ahead, to win the approval of the legislature. In the process some compromises had to be made. The proposed authority for the mayor was whittled down a little; limits were placed on future tax rates; and a small outlying municipalities were granted a considerable degree of autonomy. But the essentials of the new charter came through intact. And on August 8, 1967, the consolidation proposal was approved in a county-wide referendum by a majority of almost 2 to 1.

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American community had succeeded in this century in remodeling its government so completely, and at the first try. (A somewhat similar reform had been defeated when first proposed in Nashville, Tennessee, but got adopted in a second election in 1962.) Since 1967 four other city-county mergers have been accomplished, following the Jacksonville example—only four: Columbus, Georgia; Carson City, Nevada; Juneau, Alaska; and Indianapolis, Indiana.

But a good many other communities surely will begin to explore this road as soon as the news gets around about the results in Jacksonville. For the new Tanzler administration—armed with authority to act, and executive departments which could actually carry out its decisions—began to sweep up its inherited messes with almost manic energy.

**A** MORE LISTING of its accomplishments during the past four years fills a thirty-two-page memo. (You can get it, if you are interested, by asking the mayor for a copy of his Consolidated Government Report of this spring.) Here there is room to mention only a few of the main items.

The most dramatic is the cleanup of the county's polluted air and water ways. Previous administrations, afflicted by the old Confederate distrust of the feds, had not even asked for their share of Washington money available for this and other purposes. Tanzler got every penny he could lay his hands on, plus whatever state money was going; and he raised some more through water and sewer charges and a \$131 million bond issue. With these funds the administration began buying up private utility companies which had been ill-serving the metropolitan area and unified them into a single efficient system. (Socialism, yet!) In addition, it started replacing more than one hundred miles of crumbling sewer lines, expanded the old treatment plants and started new ones, and cracked down on industries polluting both air and water. Result: the raw sewage pouring into the St. Johns River has been reduced by nine million gallons a day. And you can breathe in Jacksonville without choking.

The schools were quickly upgraded, and regained their accreditation.

Fire protection was improved so markedly that insurance rates came down.

Ten new health centers are being built, and two mobile clinics take medical services to outlying areas.

More than 16,500 streetlights are being installed and many streets are being repaved, especially in the poorer—that is, black—sections of town.

New parks, swimming pools, and recreation centers are going up all over the place. Incidentally, Jacksonville is one of the few American cities which has used its waterfront to good advantage; its parks, boat ramps, and civic buildings look positively dazzling to anyone used to the crumbling piers and warehouses of New York.

Merging of the old county and city police forces, with their conflicting jurisdictions and inadequate personnel and equipment, has vastly improved the safety of the city. And it saved lots of money—nearly half a million on patrol cars alone.

For the first time the Planning Board is able to make coherent plans for the future development of the whole metropolitan area—840 square miles, which makes it the second biggest American city in acreage. (Juneau, since its consolidation, is the largest: 3,103 square miles, most of them empty.)

As a result of the economies achieved by merging duplicate city and county agencies, and the modernization of the tax system, the new government not only reduced taxes: it ended its last fiscal year with a surplus of nearly \$4 million.

Because Jacksonville is rapidly becoming a more attractive place to live and work, new industries are moving in. Ten new plants, providing 3,000 jobs, are going up in an industrial park located on an abandoned airport site. An insurance company recently announced that it would build a thirty-five-story headquarters in the once-decaying downtown district.

**A**LL THIS HAS LED to a marked relaxation of racial bitterness. Whites and blacks no longer have to compete so fiercely for scarce jobs. Negroes see their own people on the city council and in many other public positions of consequence. For example, William A. McRae, Jr., the federal district judge who has been responsible for some of the landmark desegregation decisions, not only has a black bailiff; he recently appointed a Negro to the new judicial post of federal magistrate. Both police and fire departments are trying to recruit more blacks. Mr. Johnson told me:

but many are still reluctant to take such jobs.

What is probably more important Jacksonville Negroes are now beginning to get satisfaction of some age-old grievances—bad schools, unpaved and unlighted streets, a shortage of decent low-rent housing, inadequate public health care, poor garbage collection and cheating storekeepers. (The city's new consumers' service is handling more than 1,100 complaints a month. A Community Relations Commission is working hard on dozens of projects from feeding 11,000 disadvantaged children during the summer months to job training and placement of blacks in executive careers. All of the city banks, for instance, now employ Negroes in more than token numbers.)

This does not mean, of course, that Jacksonville has reached the apotheosis of racial justice. Blacks are still concentrated mostly in the slums of the inner city—about 45 per cent of the population—and because there is no satisfactory mass-transit system, they find it hard to commute to the new jobs opening up in the outlying parts of Duval County. Jacksonville University has only about 2 per cent black students, and no full-time black faculty member, aside from basketball players, its recruiting efforts don't seem remarkably vigorous. On the other hand, Judge McRae's desegregation decisions were accepted without any serious fuss. He got a few threatening telephone calls, and one night a gang of angry rednecks dumped some garbage in his front yard—but black school children have had little trouble.

Changing racial attitudes among both blacks and whites are only a part, I suspect, of a larger change in the spirit of the city. Its people are no longer hopeless. They have proved that they can solve problems long regarded as insoluble. They know Jacksonville is a better place to live than it was five years ago, and they are confident they can make it better still. In that kind of a sphere, old prejudices just don't flourish.

Most visitors to Florida head straight for the resort towns around the south tip of the peninsula, without bothering to catch more than a glimpse of Jacksonville as they go by. This, I am convinced, is a mistake. Jacksonville is far more interesting community than, say, Miami, because it is where the action is. And if enough people see it is happening there, other American cities may begin to change too.



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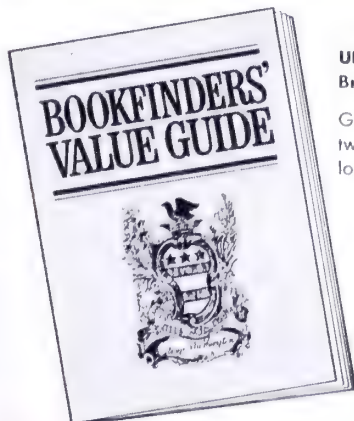
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## FOREIGN NOTES

OH! CANADA! The eruption of a revolution

THE BUBBLE OF THE NORTH burst last fall. It was time. Canada had held out as an American fantasy long after honesty had set in elsewhere. Tranquil, harmonious, natural: endless lakes-and-woods with barely a smudge of human society.

Americans clung to the image: Canada was the haven, the place to go when repression in the U.S. got too heavy; the place where race riots and civil wars do not occur; where the hockey players are all the same color and the folk singers are apolitical; no draft, no empire, no police state.

"Friendly, Familiar, Foreign, & Near," said the ads in *The New Yorker*. And on the day the War Measures Act was proclaimed, a Canadian historian brought out a book called *Canada: A Guide to the Peaceable Kingdom*.

"What the hell is happening up there?" Americans want to know. Canadians are pained too. "Woe is us," they wail. "We have lost our innocence."

Suddenly Canada is friendly, familiar, foreign, just a little fascist—and Trudeau the leftish ex-swingler is the top gun in town. Agnew and Ian Smith speak warmly of the first Western country of the Seventies to invoke martial law in peacetime—and young Americans wonder where they'll split for now.

The older Canadian image is a write-off, and some revisions are in order. I have been carrying out my own Canadian revisions of late. I wandered in the U.S. for ten years, morbidly infatuated and playing at rootlessness. But I have been returning to Canada lately, in a spasmodic way. First I tried *French Canada*, but that aborted. Last year I came back to *English Canada*. I am gathering clues about this country, and I want to pass them on to the gringos.

You have to understand:

*About Quebec.* We were fooled. We went to Expo in '67 and thought that Montreal was Disneyland North. But

*Rick Salutin, twenty-eight years old, is a Canadian journalist. He is currently writing political satire and documentaries for the CBC.*



Jean Marchand, Trudeau cabinet member

Quebec has never been a very willing partner in the Canadian binational enterprise. When the troops moved in last fall, the kids called to each other, "*Regardez les soldats d'Ottawa.*" They knew they'd been invaded. These days Quebec could become the Cuba of the North—and Marines in Montreal are imaginable.

*About the real Canada-U.S. relationship.* Canada is the foremost, biggest, and fattest colony in the current American Empire. The occupation is gentler, and the kickback more generous, but no banana republic is so totally dominated. That 4,000 miles of unfortified border, glorified to us in our school-days, was the invitation to rape. As a colony, Quebec differs from the rest of the country only in being doubly colonized: by the U.S. and by English Canada.

I DISCOVERED QUEBEC was another country when I went there in the fall of 1969. It was my first attempt at repatriation and it was ass-backwards. I wanted to rejoin my country, but I had come to the wrong place. They'd have

been happier to receive the plague than an English-Canadian. I could sit in a tavern and cheer on the Mets—it was the autumn of their glory—but not the Maple Leafs. After several burnings I chose to pass as a New Yorker. It was no place for an English-Canadian to find himself.

Quebec was alive with national sentiment, but it was Quebecois, not Canadian. They'd progressed a hundred years over the past decade. In 1960 most people still went to confession and schools were church-run. Now schools are public, secular, and won't take "le Pill." People are reading Camus, organizing a technocracy, and speculating on the value of Rimbaud for Quebec poetry. I was never more of an outsider.

Although Quebec has never been politically independent, this nation's sense has survived for centuries. Sometimes it has been kept alive with little more than a sullen stubbornness, strung out over generations.

The British came in 1759. After conquest they reached an accommodation with the church and the upper classes typical of the deals that kept colonizers in business. In 1837-38 they suppressed two rebellions, after which they attempted to submerge Quebec in English Canada and force English as the official language. The people of Quebec were not consulted about confederation in 1867. (And they were the only French-Canadians who resisted English dominance. The Riel Rebellion in the Canadian West was a war of assistance by French settlers and Indians against a racist policy of western settlement.) There were roaring conscription riots in Quebec during both world wars. Quebec was never enthusiastic about the causes of the British Empire. National resistance did not begin this time.

The Quebecois have clung fiercely to their language. It is a separate linguistic entity, as different from French as Japanese is from English. It is hard for Americans to understand such commitment to a language because they have no language problem. But being deprived of your language is like being castrated.



ring those months in Quebec. I knew one English. I would lurch along, for years in French, wondering who the others were hearing. I knew it wasn't. Sometimes I wouldn't talk for days; could just sit in the bar and smile at a Frenchman. I would spend the night with a Frenchman and, over coffee in the morning, look for the dictionary to explain something. A point arrived when I would rather have talked than fucked—there had been a choice.

French-Canadian workers get up and have breakfast in French and then go to the factory where they take their orders in English, because all the supervisors speak English. They are jolted in and out of French on his hostile tongue every day of their lives. They are the White Niggers of America, which is the title of their literature by Pierre Vallières, who has spent most of the past five years in Quebec for his radical separatist beliefs.

The national muting of Quebec is in many ways only the excuse for economic misery. American corporations own about 60 per cent of the province's industry; English-Canadians, who make up only 17 per cent of the population, are the executives and managers. All the workers are French, the massive base of Quebec's social heap, and they do even worse than wage earners elsewhere in Canada. Quebec is notorious for unemployment and cheap labor. Unemployment right now is around 10 per cent, about twice that of the heartland of English Canada.

This combination of economic and national grievances is political dynamite. The separatists are, for the most part, socialist revolutionaries. There is always a radical orientation among many French-Canadian workers that American Marxists only theorize about. For example, during October, construction workers (!) served as bodyguards for prominent leftists. Every politician and businessman had his cop or his soldier, every revolutionary had his hard-hat.

There is a respectable political party called the *Parti Québécois* (PQ) puffing itself up with the pace in a peaceful manner. Its program is separatism with a dash of socialism. It offers a mild and merciful electoral opposition in Quebec but its first appearance in a provincial election in the spring of 1970 shocked the Canadian Establishment. Jean Drapeau sent his personal hairdresser to help spruce up the local Liberal Party leaders for television appearances. Money poured in. Falsified statistics were put around. A trust company ostentatiously transferred funds to Ontario; its

armored truck lumbered from Montreal to Toronto with TV crews in tow.

Still, and all, the PQ pulled almost 25 per cent of the total vote, a stunning first run. Among French voters, it led all parties with about 30 per cent. But it only got 7 of 108 seats in the assembly, all of them, apropos, in working-class areas.

The truth about Quebec has been fastidiously concealed. In 1967, Montreal's mayor, Jean Drapeau, and his council took care to line the route to Expo with billboards, so as to hide the city's slums. They have a lot to cover up. (Even Drapeau's own elegant restaurant is shut now for nonpayment of rent.) When the lid blew last October, I was unamazed. I knew that this was not just the Canadian version of last fall's worldwide epidemic of terrorism, which is how it was described in some American papers.

I was in Toronto the night that the War Measures Act descended. All over Quebec the police and the Army went on a spree. The Act let them loose to raid and arrest without warrants, and hold without charging for ninety days. Prisoners got no lawyers, and no word went to their families. It became a crime, retroactively, to have belonged

to the *Front de Libération du Québec* (FLQ), a radical separatist group.

There was utter still for the Peaceable Kingdom. I expected Toronto to explode. I knew what would happen in the U.S. if Nixon did something similar: the liberals would howl, schools would shut down, people would hit the streets. The Act was a far greater provocation than the Cambodian invasion, and I am a veteran of the Manhattan response to that. So I waited for the first mob to stream by.

But nobody was marching. The silence was deafening. A vindictive passivity settled over English Canada. "After all, the Act was only being applied to the frogs..." For several weeks, the media were cowed: they only interviewed cabinet ministers. I went to the University of Toronto where a crowd was gathered—watching a soccer game. York University held a pro-government rally. I had culture shock at home.

Far off in Quebec, the government assured us, a revolution was taking place. They had acted to prevent it. That was as much a fairy tale as the other Quebec stories we heard growing up.

On October 5, a cell of the FLQ kidnapped James Cross, British Trade Commissioner. They demanded release

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of twenty-three prisoners, a ransom, publication of their Manifesto, and rehiring of 450 truck drivers in Montreal who had been thrown out of work in the settlement of a postal strike. The police raided, the government stalled, and the FLQ began postponing deadlines.

On October 8, the government allowed an uninspired reading of the Manifesto over the French-language CBC. Trudeau apparently felt its "extreme" tone would alienate existing FLQ support. Far from it. This Manifesto is a folksy document, cheerfully lacking in pedantry. It names a lot of names, some real and some rhetorical, and compiles an impressive total of injustices.

*The Front de Libération de Québec is not the Messiah, nor a modern-day Robin Hood. It is a group of working people of Quebec who are committed to do everything they can for the people of Quebec to take their destiny in their hands. . . .*

*We, like more and more Quebecois, have had our fill: of a government which performs a thousand and one acrobatics to charm U.S. millionaires. . . .*

*We live in a society of terrorized slaves, terrorized by the big bosses. Steinberg, Clark, Bronfman, Smith, Neapole, Timmins, Geoffrion, J. L. Levesque, Hershorn, Thompson, Nesbitt, Desmaris, Kierans. (Beside these, Drapeau . . . Bourassa . . . Trudeau . . . are "peanuts.") . . .*

*Terrorized by the capitalist Roman Church, even if this seems less and less obvious (but who owns the Stock Exchange Tower?) . . .*

*Working people of Quebec, begin today to take back what belongs to you; take yourselves what is yours. You alone know your factories, your machines, your hotels, your universities; do not wait for a miracle organization. . . .*

Numbers of people who had blanched at the FLQ's actions now found themselves in sympathy with their grievances if not with their kidnapping tactics, but the government took a hard line. On October 10, it announced there would be no negotiations. Instead of shuffling into the corner, the FLQ responded by grabbing Pierre Laporte, Quebec Labor Minister. Laporte, although a French-Canadian, was a *vendu*—a sellout—to the American corporations, according to the FLQ. Troops moved into Ottawa to protect officials. When a reporter asked Trudeau how far he was ready to go in suppressing civil liberties, he replied, "Just watch me."

Meanwhile, pressure in Quebec was building against the hard line. Eight prominent Quebecois asked for negotiations. The FLQ was cheered at a mass meeting in Montreal. On October 15, federal troops arrived in Montreal to guard officials and wealthy families. At 4:00 A.M. on October 16, the War Measures Act was proclaimed, following which, reported Justice Minister John Turner last January, there were 3,062 raids, 197 arrests, all without warrants, and only 62 charges made.

On October 17, Laporte's body was found in the trunk of a car. In the next few weeks, the FLQ led Quebec's "Key-stone Kops" a merry chase. By November 6, police prestige could sink no further. Then a suspect was found in a closet. He was sped to an inquest and immediately began to sing. For a week, the police regained some credibility, until an FLQ note announced that three other members of the cell were still in a secret compartment in the same closet. The first had gone out as a decoy.

These survivors huddled and chuckled for twenty-two hours, while police scoured the apartment, unsuccessfully. Eventually, the police broke for coffee, leaving their guns in the apartment and locking the door from outside. The three defecated in the compartment, as a sign of recent occupancy, took the guns, and left by the rear door. Police prestige sank to new depths.

The cell members who held Cross eventually relinquished him at the Expo site, in return for safe conduct to Cuba. Laporte's kidnappers were finally captured on December 22 and are now standing trial.

The War Measures Act was replaced by the somewhat milder Public Order Act, which the government allowed to expire last April. Civil rights in French Canada took a terrible beating; Quebec is said to be dickering with Polaroid for a national ID system—second only to South Africa's—and the political trials are grinding on.

**W**HY DID THE GOVERNMENT act so drastically? Why did they impose the Act? It was not:

*To save the hostages.* The government was ready to sacrifice Cross and Laporte. Their posses raided incessantly; they refused negotiations. The proclamation of the Act practically guaranteed Laporte's death.

*To prevent a revolution.* This possibility did not exist in 1970. The first

person tried under the Act was a student who had composed a fantasy-laden revolutionary plan in an exam booklet and passed it on to a friend. ("Each region would have one regional commander, 10 cell leaders, and 50 members, for total of 61; 61 times 50 equals 3,050 in the province, plus 10 in the supreme council, equals 3,060. Never one member more. . . .") The jury had a good laugh and acquitted him of seditious libel.

*Because negotiations with kidnappers would have destroyed respect for law and order in Canada.* The Brazilian government, not notable for coddling anarchists, has negotiated with kidnappers. So have Britain, West Germany and Switzerland.

No, the government was wholly determined to smash separatist and racial opposition of every sort in Quebec. If the FLQ had some success last fall, was not because they had the guts to kidnap, but because they had the brain to use the situation to spread their message. Their Manifesto tapped wells of feeling, deep and wide.

The government positions—federalism, capitalism, the status quo—were showing poorly. The Quebec premier Robert Bourassa, was a wan latecomer. During the crisis week, his top priority was to fly to New York to reassure Wall Street. Montreal Mayor Drapeau, a chronic hysteric at election times, was about to face his first real challenge ever from a Montreal civic coalition. Then came the War Measures. The kidnappings were the occasion, but the province-wide manifestation of discontent was the target.

This is obvious from the arrests. They got everyone *but* the FLQ. They got journalists, students, labor leaders, members, community organizers, editors, a separatist chanteuse, and, incidentally, the daughter of Canadian Secretary of State. Most of these people were separatists, but that was not illegal even under the Act. A couple of Vietnamese students were arrested for transportation. Drapeau's opposition shattered. Two of its candidates, treasurer, and its printer were jailed various pretexts until just before election. Most were questioned perfunctorily about the kidnappings, some at all.

Thousands of apartments were sacked and furniture smashed. Private items were confiscated. All starting four in the morning. This is the stuff of terrorism, the random intimidation of a population. Whereas the



I threatened only individuals in clear positions of power, when Trudeau said the nation, "The kidnappers' purses could be served equally well by being in their grip you or me or perhaps some child," he was indeed terrorizing the country.

During this crisis, the real Pierre Elton Trudeau finally stood up. Trudeau not only secondarily the swinger, the first politician of the McLuhan Age. Primarily he is the man who was selected, not elected, to do whatever was necessary to keep Quebec in. For Quebec obviously going to be the Canadian re of the Seventies. Trudeau—bilingual, rich, assimilated, educated in London, Paris, and Harvard—was deputized to it. He has shown himself to be the right choice. He is ready to do anything. "Just watch me," he says.

FOR THE TEN YEARS I lived in the U.S., I was the compleat colonial relative to the Mother Country. I walked the boulevards of New York and Boston

I soaked up the imperial culture. I thought I was cosmopolitan, but I was totally Americanized to the core. I was one of those Africans in Paris who journeyed to the center of his universe—and sweeps the streets there.

I had decided to get away for college, to escape the sleepwalk of adolescence and my parents' house, but it never occurred to me to go away to a Canadian school. I was as determined to get out of the provinces as I was to escape the family circle. I went off to London humming, "Oh Lord I'm on My Way"—a Jewish-Canadian Porgy bound for the Promised Land, and already singing its songs.

I felt I was going to where the world was real. The U.S. was already there, like the rest of humanity was only living that way. It isn't that I thought everything was Beautiful in the States; I think I knew how bad it was: America was hip-deep in a mire about which the rest of mankind as yet only dreamed and shuddered. But human experience, I thought, pointed toward America as the destination, for better or worse. Canada, where I came from, was just a mirage. Eventually America was in store for us all—so why wait?

On my first day at college, I took a small step. I was on one of the registration lines, and someone asked me which line it was. "M to Z," I replied, and they chucking away one of the few moments of a birthright Canadians get with them to the States. (Canadians

say "Zed," not "Zee.") And I remember, in the trivial instant before I answered, actually making a decision.

I studied American literature, and I thought now *here* is literature: Melville, Hawthorne, Mark Twain, Walt Whitman. I remembered Canadian literature as diffident and timid, but here were writers who took their nation's reality with a grand literary élan.

I became involved in America's perpetual identity crisis. I visited Concord, with its statue of the embattled farmer, and all supplied assurance and agrarian rectitude. I was feeling my first intimations of the force of national realities. Our national sense in English Canada had been so repressed I could never figure out why anyone cared.

America had a history that was historic. Its civil war was prodigious: the armies were ugly, the battles were bloody, and the rhetoric was memorable. Canadian history, as we had learned it, was a timorous trip from colony to nation. Even the American vices were impressive: race war, Cold War, nuclear war—and that was at the start of the Sixties, when things were still placid. In Canada, nothing seemed to be at stake. Parliament was debating designs for a Canadian flag.

I was not a very exotic alien in the U.S. My ice skates were the only distinctive identity I had. But I discovered I could make people laugh by talking about Canada. I developed a routine about my pseudo-country and its comical history.

The years in New York increased the enervation and the de-Canadianization. Canadians often asked how I stood it there, but I divined a secret envy. They asked about the violence, and I said, to irk them, it was what I liked best. It wasn't. What I liked best about New York was not going to sleep: the all-night groceries, bars, restaurants; the Late Show, the Late Late Show.

And there *was* something about the declared urban warfare of New York City that I preferred to Canada as I'd known it. Canada protested her virginity too much. There didn't seem to be any raging social conflicts. If they existed, they were well-concealed, and that was unnerving. In New York your enemy was Everybody—but at least you knew.

I FINALLY RETURNED to Toronto in the spring of 1970. The North Woods looked more like the sticks than they

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ever had. To add aggravation to alienation, some of my best friends had become Canadian nationalists. I was appalled.

I argued about it with Danny Drache. Twelve years ago, in high school, he was the treasurer of the interfrat ball and I was a teen-age existential theologian. Now he was a radical Canadian nationalist and I was embarrassed for him. "Look, Danny," I explained, "nationalism is parochial anywhere, but especially in this farce of a country." We even argued about the Americanization and repatriation of hockey. This was gauche. "Listen to this," I said. "Ever since I've been in the States, I've been able to make people laugh by talking about Canada. This country is a joke."

"You are an idiot," he said, "not a brilliant comic. You were just doing what you were conditioned to do: put Canada down. We all were. Don't you remember how they taught us Canadian literature and history? Canadians are self-sterilized. They're programmed to think their country isn't worth caring about. Your programming was super-good."

It had the dull thud of truth. It was too bold to be unpenetrating. When someone says, "Just what you thought was your strong point is your weakest. Just what you preened yourself on is where you are most absurd. Just where you thought you were dashing you are outlandish . . ." I hear the ding of recognition.

"What for?" I asked.

"Because it makes it easier to control the country. First the British ran Canada and now it's the Americans. It's much easier to milk a country when its people don't care about it anyway."

He didn't claim there was a CIA plot called Canadian Putdown. Just that the American takeover *is* there, for any idiot to see; so is the Canadian self-dismissal; and the latter *does* serve the former.

This was true. I had thought I was a satiric genius, but I was merely an imperialized dupe. I was the most plausible outcome of a Canadian education. English-Canadians have been the world's least restless natives, and I went an extra mile to worship at the Imperial Shrine itself. It was like a conversion. All the furniture of my former world had to be rearranged in the light of the Vision. I did not instantly turn super-patriot. But my Canadianism was so repressed that the main step was to start taking Canada seriously.

IT IS NOT THAT THERE IS a strong American influence in Canada; it is that Canada is *encrusted* with America. The American presence in Canada is not what it is in, say, Cambodia, where the fleet of Pepsi trucks was the largest mobile force in the country and was commandeered to transport the Army. That is intrusive, like a germ, or a foreign body. But America does not intrude in Canada; it supplants. It takes us for granted, elbows us out of the center, and leaves us only a little space at the edges.

American corporations are not subtle invaders. They buy your country if you let them. Most countries are at least touchy. Servan-Schreiber rang the bell for France when foreign ownership reached 10 per cent. The British are at 16 per cent and panicking. Foreign ownership or control of publicly-owned corporations in Canada is almost 60 per cent, but the Canadian government is carefree. This foreign control includes about 97 per cent of the automobile and rubber production, about 75 per cent of chemicals and electrical appliances, and about 60 per cent of all manufacturing. American corporations have more invested in Canada than they have in all of Latin America or Europe.

These American multinational corporations are the great robber barons of our era. In Canada they have grabbed the hockey-stick makers and the funeral parlors, along with the mines, the forests, and the factories. Their Canadian subsidiaries export reluctantly so as not to compete with the parent companies. They buy and sell with the parent firms at rigged prices that are passed on to Canadians; for example, a GM car made in Canada costs about 15 per cent more than the same model in the United States.

The Canadian economy has always been dominated by outsiders, who are not interested in developing Canada; they only want to siphon off vast amounts of some resource or other. First it was fish, then furs, then timber. Now it is mineral and energy resources, which are about 75 per cent foreign-controlled. They ship these materials back to the Mother Country for processing, and then sell the finished goods back to Canadians, among others. Unemployment is chronic in certain areas, the economy is always lopsided, and Canada remains the world's richest underdeveloped country.

We grew up with a "myth" about the need for U.S. capital in Canada. It is

the bedtime story told to people in all underdeveloped countries. Once upon a time it had some truth. In the early part of the century, American capital was used to build up Canada's economic foundations. But that time is long gone. These days the American corporations operating in Canada take only a pittance of their yearly costs (about 6 per cent) from the U.S. They finance 90 per cent of their regular operations plus expansion in Canada with money earned or borrowed right in Canada—and there is enough left over to send back to the U.S. as profit (\$1.8 billion between 1960 and 1967). We are exporting capital to them—and this is as true of Latin America as it is of Canada. They are buying us out with our own money. The Waffle Group of the New Democratic party (the Canadian equivalent of the British Labour party) is one parliamentary faction that is struggling to combat the rising tide of United States takeover.

Now the rush is on for Canadian energy resources. With 6 per cent of the world's population, America today devours about half of the world's energy. By 1980 it will be using around 80 per cent of the existing energy. America stores are very low, and much of the world's supplies are unreliable in these troubled times. But the American corporations are counting on bargain rates and lifetime guarantees from Canadian politicians.

So far, the heavy dealing is in oil and gas, but the crunch will come with water. A Presidential commission estimated that by 1980 all U.S. water supplies would be polluted. A plan is in the works—an American wet dream about Canada of staggering ambition—called NAWAPA (North America Water and Power Alliance). The idea is to dam Canadian rivers and force them into artificial reservoir 500 miles long in the Canadian Rockies. Senator Frank Church compares this plan to flooding foreign country to the Louisiana Purchase.

Even ice hockey has been absorbed. Seven of the eight expansion cities are American. Canadians cannot buy franchise. Consequently, many Canadian hockey players are living rattingrown expatriate lives in Oakland and L.A.

Canadian TV salivates with Ed Sullivan, *Bonanza*, *Ironsides*, and reruns *Star Trek*. (The last three happen star Canadian expatriates.) There is *Canadian Time* and a *Canada Reader's Digest*; each carries some



Canadiana. They get a tax break from the federal government, which has led them to blanket the native journalistic opposition. The U.S. government does not undervalue their worth: Kennedy and Johnson personally intervened with Prime Ministers Diefenbaker and Pearson to maintain the tax exemption.

American professors who come to Canada also get a form of tax break. They have thundered north and accompanied a takeover comparable only to the scope of their corporation companies. (Only about 50 per cent of the teachers in Canadian universities are Canadian, while foreign professors in the U.S. comprise under 3 per cent.) Outsiders bring their ideological baggage with them and send for their funds, although many Canadian academics are out of work. In 1969, out of 642 new appointments in Canadian universities, only 362 went to Canadians. (Although the outsiders do include British and other nationals, Americans make up the majority.)

At the University of Toronto, out of 100 graduate English courses, only one is Canadian literature. At York University last fall—the most fateful fall for French- and English-Canadians in a long time—the race-relations course, taught by an American, focused on “a study of the American Negro, in order to give personal depth of feeling for one of our problems.” Later in the semester, the course noted “French-Canadians, Blacks, and Jews, among others.”

It sometimes fear I am becoming a racist when I feel those sentiments in myself. Am I actually supporting a racist by American teachers in Canada? I am in favor of a quota? But the situation is grave. No other country has debilitated itself and reduced its capacity for survival.

When the Canadian Left is obsessed with American models. For years it has pushed urgently for an equivalent to the civil-rights movement. It tried Canada's blacks and Canadian Indians. The place it didn't look was Quebec. At the very late last fall in Toronto to promote the War Measures Act, people chanted “Free Bobby Seale” while hundreds of Quebecois paced Canadian streets. Ten years ago, when nuclear disarmament was the cause, we argued about whether to march on Ottawa or Kingston. One was the seat of our government but the other was the seat of our pants.

Canadian foreign policy comes by a south interoffice memo. Ford of

Canada cancelled a truck sale to China, because of the U.S. Trading with the Enemy Act, and Canadian Quakers could not buy drugs and medical supplies for North Vietnam. The Canadian recognition of China was undertaken with the reluctant approval of the U.S., only after the Canadians had pointed out that the move could serve as a scouting mission for American diplomacy and business.

The only politician we've had in the past fifty years worth a damn in standing up to the Americans was poor anachronistic John Diefenbaker. He was an ass, and he, too, knew how to sell out, but in the crunch, he would not permit Canadian military policy to be dictated from the Potomac, and for that he was forced out with an assist from a U.S.-sponsored PR smear over the Bomarc missile issue.

Lester Pearson was our boyhood hero because he won the Nobel Peace Prize, the Stanley Cup of international affairs. For twenty years he went up and down the country preaching internationalism, warning Canadians against nationalism because it caused World War II. What garbage! Fascism caused World War II, and by “international,” Pearson meant pro-American.

But no Canadian politician is so thoroughly Americanized as Trudeau. He was sold as the Canadian Kennedy and the country was buying. He is hip, commercial, and unprincipled. (“pragmatic,” to use both his and Kennedy's term for it). Trudeau is the final Canadian coming of Coca-Cola.

But why bawl if Canadians choose to disappear?

Because it is not the Canadian people at large who have sold the country out. Any time they have had a choice, they have rejected integration with the U.S.—by arms or with votes. Even today, when the Americanizers threaten an economic dive as the price of independence—a threat that is economic garbage—a Gallup (of Canada) Poll showed most Canadians would accept lower standards of living rather than continued dependence on the U.S.

The country was sold by a small group of businessmen and politicians, many of whom interchange frequently. They sold out for good profits and stayed on as the executives and managers of the new subsidiaries. They see little point to the alarms. “Canadian nationalism,” they say. “How old-fashioned can you get!”

Many Americans are down on nationalism because they think of flag decals

and Agnew. It depressed me when I was there. I put a “Remember the Pueblo” bumper sticker on because I knew I'd get fewer traffic tickets. But not all nationalism is idiot chauvinism. There is good nationalism and bad nationalism. A lot depends on whether your country is dumping or being dumped on. Canada is not pure victim. We have our leeches, though they tend to be in collusion with the Americans. There is even an imitative Canadian mini-imperialism in the Caribbean. Canada is somewhere in between the dumpers and the dumpees. But it is not the U.S.

Canadian nationalism is anti-American, but not anti America-in-itself; it is anti America-in-Canada. Nor is it anti all Americans. It is anti those Americans who buy up and work over everything actually or possibly Canadian.

Although our nationalism is a negative item at this stage, some spirited negativity is in order for Canada. The imperial U.S. presence is so stifling that the positive expressions will only come after resistance has cleared some space to work in. It is not necessary right now to say just what is or will be the content. What matters is whether the mass of Canadians want to remain Canadians, and there is growing evidence that they do. Only a few years ago there was relatively little opposition to the American takeover. Today it is the hottest item on the political market in English Canada.

On my last border crossing—always a Kafkaesque event—the Mounties checked me very closely. (They are our FBI.) They were looking for tapes made by one of the FLQ cells during the kidnappings, and I happened to have some French-language tapes with me that dealt with the Quebec situation. The non-French-speaking Mounties and customs guards summoned the janitor and he translated for them. They were tough and repressive, but they knew what they were looking for and when they saw I didn't have it, they let me go.

But the American border officials turned me back out of general paranoia. They had nothing specific against me. One of them looked like J. Edgar Hoover and the other talked like Rod Steiger in *In the Heat of the Night*. “Boy,” he said, “I'm going to deny you permission to come into our country.”

I drove back across the Peace Bridge. I was stuck with Canada but—it is not yet the U.S.

Wake up, America! One of your final dreams is fading. □





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## THE SURPRISING SEVENTIES

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MANY PEOPLE, especially the better educated, take it for granted that today's "youth" is the wave of the future. They assume that the next generation of college students become adults of tomorrow, their new life-styles will dominate American society and our country. Practically all of the popular forecasters are telling us that this will mean a dwindling of affluence and the production of mate-

o. But the only facts that we know for the future make these predictions look probable. To me it seems far more probable that in the Seventies this country will return to the traditional economic equilibrium—with jobs, savings, and profits at the same level. Productivity rather than creativity will be the key word. Charles Reich's "The Greening of America," in my view, is a description of what has happened in the recent past, rather than a prediction of what will happen in the future. No doubt the next years will be turbulent; but their character and concerns may be familiar ones.

For the only thing we can know with certainty about America's near future—the next ten or twenty years—are a few facts about its population. We can foresee its size, its structure, and its dynamics, because everyone who will enter college or the work force between now and the late Eighties already is alive. We know, for example, that this year marks a true watershed. It is the last year, for as long as we can see ahead, in which teen-agers—that is, 17- and 18-year-olds—will form the center of gravity of our population. Consequently, tomorrow's population dynamics are sure to be radically different from those of the past ten years, the decade of the Youth Revolution.

Everyone knows that the United States had a baby boom after World War II, but few people realize how violent and unprecedented it was. Within a few short years, mainly between 1943 and 1953, the number of babies born in this country rose by almost 50 per cent. This is by far the biggest increase in births ever recorded here or, up until then, in any other country. It destroyed the axiom on which population forecasts had always been based: the assumption that birthrates change only at a snail's pace, except in times of major



## THE SURPRISING SEVENTIES

catastrophe, such as war, pestilence, or famine.\*

We still have no explanation for this extraordinary baby boom. It may never happen again. But it did happen—not only in the United States, but also in the Soviet Union and in all of the other industrially developed states but one. Great Britain was the sole exception.

### An eruption of teen-agers

**I**F THE BABY BOOM was unprecedented, so was the baby bust ten years later. The boom crested in 1953. For the next six years the number of births still increased, but at a much slower rate. By 1955 one- and two-year-olds made up a smaller proportion of the total population than they had in the preceding years, and by 1960 the total number of births had started to drop sharply. It kept on dropping for seven years. Like the preceding rise, this was the sharpest fall recorded in population history. Almost 4.3 million babies were born in 1960, but only 3.5 million in 1967—a drop of 20 per cent. Today the birthrate is still bumping along at about the same low level and shows little sign of going up.

Because of the violent fluctuations, 17-year-olds became in 1964 the largest single age group in the country. For the next seven years—that is, until 1971—the 17-year-old group has been larger every year than it was the year before. Throughout that period, then, age 17 has been the center of population gravity in this country.

Now, 17 is a crucial age. It is the age at which the youngster generally moves out from the family. Until this time, he has taken much of his behavior, and many of his attitudes and opinions—indeed, his way of life—from the family. At 17, however, he is likely to make his first career decisions and to take his opinions, attitudes, and concerns increasingly from his peer group, rather than from his family. Seventeen, in other words, has for centuries been the age of the youth rebellion.

In 1960 the center of population gravity in this country was in the 35-to-40 age group—older than it had ever been before. Suddenly, within five years, the center shifted all the way down to age 17— younger than it had been in our history since the early nineteenth century. The psychological impact of this shift proved unusually strong because so many of these 17-year-olds—almost half of the young men—did not join the work force but instead

stayed on in school, outside of adult society and without adult responsibilities.

The youth revolution was therefore predicted ten or twelve years ago. It was in fact predicted by whoever took the trouble to look at population figures. No one could have predicted then what for it would take; but even without Vietnam or racial confrontation, something pretty big was sure bound to result from such a violent shift in a structure and population dynamics.

We are now about to undergo another population shift, since the 17-year-olds will no longer be the largest single group in the population. Perhaps more importantly, this is the last year in which that group will be larger than the 17-year-old group of the year before. From now on, the center of population gravity will shift steadily upward, and by 1975 the dominant age year will be 21 or 22. From 1975 to 1985, the total number of 17-year-olds in a population will drop sharply.

### The shock of growing

**I**N URBAN AND DEVELOPED ECONOMIES such as ours, the four years that separate age 17 from age 21 are the true generation gap. No period in a man's life—except perhaps the jump from fulltime work at age 64 and eleven months to complete retirement at 65—involves greater social or psychological changes. Seventeen-year-olds are traditionally (and for good reasons) rebellious, in search of a new identity, addicted to causes, and intoxicated with new ideas. But young adults from 21 to 35—and especially the young adult women—tend to be the most conventional group in the population, and the most concerned with concrete and immediate problems. This is the time of life when the first baby arrives, when one has to get the mortgage on one's first house and start paying interest on it. This is the age in which concern with job, advancement, career, income, furniture, and doctors' bills moves into the fore. And this is the age group which, for the next fifteen years, is increasingly going to dominate American society and to constitute the center of gravity.

This group is even more likely than comparable age groups in the past to concern itself with the prosaic details of grubby materialism. For the shift between the economic reality they knew when they dominated our population as 17-year-olds, and the economic reality they will experience when, dominant in terms of population, they become young marrieds, is going to be unusually jarring. In the past, most 17-year-olds went to work, began to earn a living and to think about money, jobs, prices, and budgets. The affluent 17-year-old of the past ten years—especially the very large proportion that went to college (half of the males, and almost two-fifths of the females)—have never known anything but what the economists call “discretionary income.” They may not have had a great deal of

\*This traditional rule still seems to hold good for the underdeveloped countries. They have had their population explosion too; but it differs fundamentally from our baby boom. In the underdeveloped countries, birthrates have remained fairly stable. But in recent years, a much larger proportion of all babies have survived the first few years of life, primarily because of better public health services. Window screens, for example, now protect many of them from the fly- and mosquito-borne diseases, such as dysentery and malaria. A similar sharp drop in infant mortality, rather than a higher birthrate, also largely explains the rapid growth in the American Negro population since World War II.



ney in their jeans, but however much it was they'd spend it any way they wanted without worry—about the consequences. It made little difference whether they blew it on the whims of the moment or put it into a savings account. The necessities—food, the dentist, and, in most cases, tuition—were still being provided by their parents. Now, within a few short years, they will suddenly have to take care of these things themselves. Even if a young woman marries a young man with a good income—an accountant, for instance, a college professor, or a meteorologist in the Weather Bureau—she will suddenly feel herself deprived. Suddenly she will have no discretionary income at all. The demands on her purse will inevitably be much greater than her resources because her expectations have risen much faster than her income will. She now expects health care, decent schools, housing, a clean environment, and a hundred other things her grandmother never dreamed of and even her father did not take for granted when she first started out in married life.

She and her husband, therefore, will probably demonstrate a heightened concern with economics. Ralph Nader, rather than the Weathermen, is likely to foreshadow the popular mood. And no matter how radical Ralph Nader may sound, his is a highly conventional view of the "system." Indeed, his are the values of our oldest tradition: populism. Nader believes in economic performance above all: he makes it the central touchstone of a good society. Many sociologists and psychologists in the past twenty years have pointed out that the significant gap in society today may be not that between generations—that is, between middle-class, affluent parents and their college-age children—but that between the students in college and the young hard-hats who have to work after high school. Usually it is the kids in college, the kids of the youth revolution, who are touted as the harbingers of tomorrow, with the hard-hats representing yesterday. But it may well be the other way around. It is just conceivable that the twenty-year-old hard-hat—precisely because he is already exposed to the realities of economic life which are soon to shock college graduates—prefigures the values, the attitudes, and the concerns to which tomorrow's rebellious youth will switch tomorrow.

## Jobs will become more important

THE SHOCK THE INDIVIDUAL college graduate will feel on entering the job market may be severe. The shock to the job market itself may be even stronger. During each year of the next decade, there will have to be jobs for 40 per cent more people than in each of the past ten years. The babies of the baby boom are only now entering the work force in large numbers, because so many of them have been delayed going to work by entering college. There has been a great deal of talk about the "young, educated employee," but he is only now

beginning to come out of the colleges, and the full impact his group will make is still three or four years away.

The first implication of this is, of course, that jobs are likely to be of increasing concern to the young during the next ten years. The shift from "abundant jobs for college graduates" in 1969 to a "scarcity of jobs for college graduates" in 1971 is not, as most commentators believe, merely a result of the 1970-1971 mini-recession. It is a result of the overabundance of college graduates, which will continue until the end of the decade even if the economy starts expanding again at a fast clip.

At the same time that many more young, college-trained people are out looking for jobs, the largest single source of jobs available to them in the Sixties—that is, teaching jobs—will almost completely dry up.

During the past two decades the number of children in school expanded at an unprecedented rate, and, as every anguished taxpayer well knows, new schools had to be built to accommodate them. The reason, obviously, was that the babies born during the post-war boom were then reaching school age. Yet the teachers in the schools during the Fifties and early Sixties were mostly elderly; the last period of massive hiring had been in the Twenties, an era when high schools grew as fast as colleges have recently. Between 1955 and 1970, therefore, an unusually large number of teachers reached retirement age, became disabled, or died. As a result, some five million college-educated young people found teaching jobs available during this period.

"This is the last year, for as long as we can see ahead, in which teen-agers will form the center of gravity of our population."



NEIL ADAMS



## THE SURPRISING SEVENTIES

During the next ten years, however, no more than two million teaching jobs will open up; some forecasts put the figure as low as one million. One reason is that the school-age population will be smaller, as a result of the decline in birthrates that began a decade ago. Another reason is that teachers today are the youngest group of workers in the country, so fewer vacancies will occur because of death and retirement.

This decreasing demand for teachers will be partly offset by an increasing demand for computer programmers, medical technologists, and employees of local governments. These jobs, like teaching, traditionally have attracted women with technical training. But an education in the liberal arts, which is what many college women choose, does not qualify them for such positions.

Some college-educated girls will probably not even enter the work force but make straight for marriage, home, and a family. If they do, however, this will only increase the economic pressure on them and their husbands, and intensify their concern with incomes, prices, and jobs. A good many young women will decide to work and, as they look for jobs in fields other than teaching, they will begin to compete with young men; it is hardly coincidence that there has been a sharp increase these past two years in the number of women applicants in law and accounting, for instance. (There are fewer women in management or the professions today than there were twenty years ago—a staple of Women's Libbers' complaints—but the explanation may lie as much in the tremendous demand for teachers since the Fifties as in male chauvinism.) The woman who looks for work in business or government because there is no place for her in the public school is, of course, increasing the pressure for jobs.

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### The coming demand for capital

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**I**F WE HOPE TO SUCCEED in creating a vast number of new jobs for the young people coming into the labor market during the years just ahead, the country will have to find a great deal of new capital somewhere. For every additional job requires a capital investment. This is particularly true of the jobs we will need the most—jobs for highly educated people who are supposed to work with knowledge rather than with their hands. The greater the skill or knowledge demanded by a job, the greater the capital investment needed to make it possible.

A computer operator can't work without a computer. A doctor can't function efficiently without a substantial investment by somebody in a nearby hospital, equipped with everything from X-rays to artificial heart-lung machines—not to mention the costly equipment in his own office and in the laboratories on which he depends. A writer (or editor) needs not only his own typewriter, but an investment somewhere in printing presses and the facili-

ties for nationwide distribution of books and magazines. An atomic physicist may need at least part-time access to a nuclear accelerator costing billions. A professor needs not only a classroom, but a good library, perhaps a laboratory, and probably housing for his students. A business executive's job depends on a going business, his own or a corporation's, and anyone who has ever tried to start even a small enterprise knows how much capital that eats up. So on the average a "knowledge job" in the American economy today—whether in business, education, or government—requires a prior investment of something like \$20,000. (Even the hippies who go off to live the simple, close-to-nature life on a commune discover, alas, that they need some capital to buy land, spades, seeds, fencing, and liniment for their aching backs. And if they ever try to become truly efficient farmers, they will need a great deal of expensive equipment; for modern agriculture has become a knowledge industry requiring both specialized training and a high degree of mechanization.)

The rate of capital formation, therefore, will have to go up very sharply if this country is to escape massive unemployment. Capital formation is, of course, simply the economists' term for the savings and profits which become available to create new jobs.

We cannot hope to get this new capital by drawing on fat in the economy—by "reducing excess profits," as youthful rhetoric sometimes bids us to do. Whatever their persuasion or politics, all economists agree that we have not been building up capital reserves in recent years. In fact, we have barely been maintaining our existing capital resources.

For inflation always eats up capital. Last year American wage earners laid away 7½ per cent of their incomes in savings, one of the highest saving rates on record in this country. Yet this was barely enough to offset what was lost through inflation of the savings they had set aside earlier. Few businesses in this country would have shown any profit at all during the past few years if they had adjusted their earnings figures to take into account the effect of inflation on their fixed assets. (The Securities Exchange Commission requires them to do this with their foreign subsidiaries, but not on their domestic operations.)

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### What government can't do

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**T**HESE ARE OMINOUS FACTS, because new capital can come from only two sources: savings and profit. The government can act in a number of ways to encourage—or discourage—savings and profit; but nothing it can do will create capital directly. Deficit spending, no matter how large, cannot create a "full employment economy" when capital is in short supply. (John Maynard Keynes demonstrated that deficit spending by the government *can* create jobs under certain special circum-



ces—that is, when capital already in existence is not being invested in job-creating enterprises. The reason this is so is too complicated, and too unfamiliar to economists and most businessmen, to be reviewed here. But even the most devoted Keynesians do not argue that these circumstances exist now, or are likely to in the foreseeable future.) The problem ahead of us is one we have never faced before. Only once in the past—in the shift to a war economy in 1942-43—have we encountered a sudden jump in the need for capital. And we were able to shift a massive amount of capital from peacetime facilities into war production by government decree. Today that possibility does not exist, although an end to the war in Indochina should free some capital resources for turn to better uses, such as building homes and cleaning up our environment. Even so, it is impossible to predict whether we can meet the demand for new capital formation, or even how. The situation suggests possibilities for the most sustained boom in American history. It may also produce one of the most severe unemployment crises. In either case, economics is not likely to fade out of the public consciousness. The graduates from today's youth culture are likely to find themselves more worried about jobs and money than they suspect.

## The puzzle of productivity

PRODUCTIVITY WILL ALSO BE a major challenge and a major concern of the next ten years. Productivity, we have all heard a good many times by now, is the key to managing the inflation which plagues all developed countries today. To have price stability, wages must not rise faster than productivity. But all attempts to gear wages to productivity—guidelines, Mr. Nixon's "jaw boning" in the construction industry, and the productivity bargaining which the British are advocating—have concerned themselves primarily with manual work in manufacturing, transportation, mining, and construction. But manual workers are, increasingly, a minority. The majority of the young are acquiring advanced educations and are unlikely to go into manual work. The bulk of tomorrow's employment will be in service trades, knowledge jobs—in health care, teaching, government, management, research, and the like. And no one knows much about the productivity of knowledge work, let alone how to improve it. About the only thing we can be sure of is that it has not been going up very fast. The salesgirl in today's department store does not sell more than the salesgirl of thirty or forty years ago did, and the change in the purchasing power of money taken into account. Hospitals forty years ago had one employee for every ten patients and a very small investment per patient. Today they have up to twenty employees for every ten patients and their investment is high. Yet judged by the most primi-

tive yardstick—the percentage of patients who leave the hospital alive—there has been little increase in productivity. Surely few of us would hold that today's schools are more productive than schools were forty years ago, no matter how one defines or measures the productivity of education. The same is true of government and research. Large businesses, these past twenty years, have added layer upon layer of management and all kinds of specialized staffs, from market research to personnel and from cost analysis to long-range planning. Whether there has been any corresponding increase in productivity and performance of management is, however, by no means proved.

We learned, some seventy years ago, how to define, how to measure, and how to raise the productivity of manual work. But we have yet to learn what productivity really means in any other kind of work. Yet the sales clerk and the college teacher, the nurse and the marketing manager, the policeman and the accountant all expect their incomes to rise as fast as that of the manual worker. In fact, the knowledge workers among them expect their incomes to rise faster and be higher in absolute terms than those of the manual worker.

The "cost-squeeze" of today, on governments, universities, and business, is the first warning—it is really a productivity squeeze. The only way out of it is for the nonmanual employee, whether he is a knowledge worker or a policeman, to become more productive. In his own interest, he will find he has to push for this. It is the only way, in the long run, for him to enjoy a comfortable, let alone a rising, standard of living. As the economy, therefore, employs more and more nonmanual and, especially, more knowledge workers, we should increasingly expect concern with productivity to become central. And whatever else productivity may be—and it is a very elusive concept—it is clearly a conventional, an old-fashioned, and, above all, an economic value.

I do not assert that population dynamics will determine the psychology, politics, or even economics of the years to come. I would consider that absurd. No one factor, I am convinced, is decisive. But it seems equally absurd to omit population as an important factor in determining the characteristics of any era, especially of a time marked by swings as extreme as those we are going through now. The new big issues that emerged these past twenty years—race and civil rights, the urban crisis, the environment—will not go away. For this reason alone, the Seventies will surely not be at all like the Fifties or the Thirties. But a study of population dynamics indicates that they will not be like the Sixties either.

Whether they will be conservative in their mood or liberal, reactionary or revolutionary, no one can yet foresee. But in the issues that matter to them, in their values, and, above all, in their needs, the Seventies may be a very traditional—indeed, a quite old-fashioned—decade.

"The bulk of tomorrow's employment will be in service trades, knowledge jobs—in health care, teaching, government, management, research, and the like."



## THE RUSH FOR INSTANT SALVATION

Numerous prophets and travel agents advertise round-trip tickets to Nirvana, or to wherever else a tourist believes he might find God consciousness.

*It is the third day of our quest for enlightenment. We are wandering through leaves, in a birch grove, solitary figures, not speaking, asking silently, intoning repeatedly until we are dizzy and numb: "Who am I?" We have suffered through intense desire and despair, weakness and exhilaration, doubt and calm disinterest. And now we are waiting.*

*What has kept us here is the wish, the hope for and the need to seek inner peace. We are sweating, and the men have three-day growths of stubble. We have eaten millet and swallowed great handfuls of vitamins, and slept on the floor, head to toe. We have screamed and cried and hugged and stared into space. What has carried us is the power of what we are promised: a sudden crack in the consciousness, a splitting open of the soul, when we are flooded with joyous certainty. A direct experience of who, exactly, we are. Salvation!*

THERE IS A MOVEMENT easing across the land, a movement in which individuals are trying to work out personal salvation—a way to proceed through life with harmony and peace, a minimum of tension, and a maximum of fulfillment. What we are witnessing is the flowering of a generation of seekers, a generation whose world boundaries were shattered by drugs, politics, street-fighting, encounters, communes, or rapid social change, and who came to believe in the possibility of an answer, a key that would make life better immediately.

The keys now being taught, traded, and sold do not require withdrawal from the world or total rejection of straight society. One will not have to spend thousands of dollars, or five years in psychoanalysis, or twenty years of meditation in a cave. The methods are practical: exercise, chants, ritual, diet, relating systems, learning to control brain waves. They promise to bring a natural high, ecstasy while living the life of your choice. Each person cultivating his garden, seeking inner peace, will lead, it is felt, to world peace. Swami Kriyananda, an American who was initiated as a swami in the Self-Realization Fellowship, tells his disciples: "People must be saved and peaceful, before they can save the world and make it peaceful." Scott Wren, a thoughtful, twenty-year-old student in California, who has been practicing yoga for two years, says, "It's not a cop-out. I don't want to withdraw from the world, I want to change it. But how can we have a peaceful society if there's no peace within us?"

Because of doomsday warnings, which seekers take literally, there is an urgency to reach satya now. Crash programs are appealing. Many groups have accelerated enlightenment devices, and the Silva Mind Control Institute guarantees that after a four-day course, each person will be able to exercise psychic powers, to tap into the universal consciousness—or get his money back (\$150). Charles Berner, who founded a religion called Abilitism and developed an "enlightenment intensive" which produces dramatic results in three to five days, says, "The emphasis everywhere is on technique. Kids are coming by the droves out of drug experience into the spiritual movement, and they won't tolerate nonsense. They say, your ideas are wonderful but show me what to do. The sharper and more exact the technique, the more the kids respond. If the kids try your technique and it doesn't do what you say, they drop you. Those techniques which are doing well now are the ones that deliver the goods."

Success has not been limited, though, to groups which teach effective techniques. Virtually every spiritual organization that has outlined a path outside the establishment churches and synagogues has been flooded with seekers over the past several years. The 3H (Happy, Healthy, Holy) Organization, founded by Yogi Bhaajan, who teaches kundalini yoga, opened more than fifty ashrams in the last five years. All schools of yoga have had wild bursts of growth, as have groups dedicated to Zen, transcendental meditation, Krishna consciousness, Jewish mysticism, Scientology, Abilitism, Gurdjieffianism, light radiation, channeling, martial arts, biotics, Jesus Freaks, Fundamentalist Christianity, Sufism, mountain Buddhism, Taoism, Naturalism, psycho-cybernetics, and astral projection. The trend has also been reflected in rock music. Jesus Christ Superstar stayed at the top of the album charts for nine months, and record companies are investing heavily in "soft rock" that carries a spiritual message.

In none of the spiritual practices, except Zen, are there any formal qualifications or public certification for leaders. Anyone may call himself a swami, a guru, or a reverend, place an ad in the local underground paper and wait for the phone to ring. An Indian student in New York did so as a practical joke. "Guru recently arrived from India no

Sara Davidson writes frequently on American life-styles, pop culture, and other social trends. She spent four months doing research for this article.



ing students," read the ad in the *East Village* er. For three days, wearing a ratty silk bath- and a turban made of towels, he received ap- ants in his apartment. He giggled and told les while a friend snapped Polaroid pictures, to his shock, only one out of thirty who visited gave any indication of suspecting fraud.

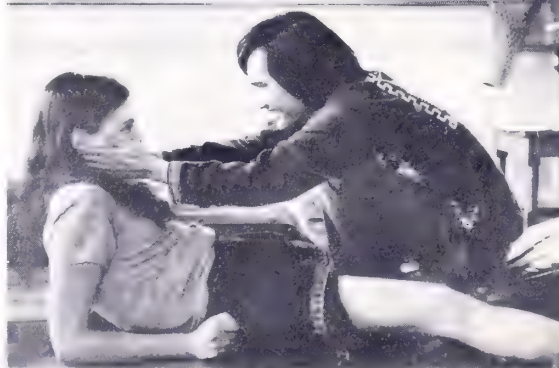
While the Eastern and occult religions flourish, istian churches last year showed the lowest gain membership in this century. It is no coincidence, in a period when young people are increas- y suspicious of and hostile to all authority, se religions which see God as the supreme au- ity to whom man must bow have failed to in- e interest. The notion of God being experienced sought now is that of a force within us all, not ide sitting in judgment. The experience is d by taking Christ's word literally: "the king- n of God is within you." Each person comes to own experience of the truth, and all experiences valid. It is an anarchic, egalitarian, self-deter- ist strain. Each man is seen as a continuous it, with the power to understand everything if can just bring that power into consciousness!

IS 10:00 A.M., THE FIRST SUNDAY of spring. On he luxuriant grass mall of the Davis campus of University of California, 1,000 people sit cross- ed, palms turned upward and resting on their es, with the thumb and first finger meeting in e o's. Two women in saris, their hair pulled o topknots, bring flowers and burning incense to akeshift stage. A bell tolls, and Yogi Bhaian des out. He is a towering, heavysset man with air of a potentate—jet-black eyes and beard, a oan, coral rings, and a costume all of white, with h wrapped like adhesive tape around his legs. ildren," he says, in a surprisingly shrill voice, u are searching all the time for a teacher. Well, are to become teacher for your own self. Who teacher and who is student? Same one." He ghs. "Don't start on spiritual path unless you at to end up as a teacher."

The audience sits perfectly still, while dogs race -mell around the bodies. Bhaian says, "Let us litate. Close your worldly eyes and see the sky hin you. Breathe deep, and vibrate loud: 'Sat m.'" The crowd drones the syllables. Bhaian: hale in you the kundalini, mother of creation— re, more! Pull the kundalini higher, towards the k. Breathe deeper! That is vibration!" Sweat ouring down his face. "Now chant: OM. Medi- e on the sound current. Keep going—time is now! ree minutes only will give you an experience. vibrate more powerfully!" He mops his brow, ches out his arms and shouts: "Continuous! nity! Keep on, pull it up. Get over your hang- man! Strike when iron is hot! Add more ver!" They om furiously, spines rigid, face ining in the sun. "Inhale—meditate on the third . Now exhale, powerfully!" There is a loud, col-

lective whoosh. Bhaian smiles. "Relax. This ex- perience is your own. *You* got it, *you* did it. It is you alone who can raise the consciousness within you. Feel free, learn from everybody. Whatever can help you to reach the truth is the most beautiful thing. God bless you."

"The definition on which most spiritual teachers would agree is that enlightenment is a direct, personal experience of the truth."



BONNIE FREER



Sara Davidson

## THE RUSH FOR INSTANT SALVATION

He walks away with slow steps, trailed by his retinue, and sits down on a blanket under a fir tree. Behind him, members of the 3HO ashram in San Rafael are selling candles, natural perfumes, organic fruit-nut balls, and T-shirts that have Bhajan's picture—a giant grinning head—silk-screened across the chest. A plump girl with auburn braids approaches one of Bhajan's aides. The girl says she is a teacher in Oakland. "I'm into kundalini, but I have a lot of hesitations, and I'd like to find out what those hesitations are." She rattles on for fifteen minutes, while the yogi listens, no hint of reaction on his face. At length, he asks what she is looking for. The girl puts a finger to her lips. "Well, I was seeking integration, psychologically. Realization of myself. I'd never thought about enlightenment. That's just recently come into the picture."

The yogi smiles.

TEN YEARS AGO, ACCORDING TO George Peters, who, as the founder of Naturalism, has been playing "salvation games" for almost that long, "no one in this country had ever heard of enlightenment. Now it's being offered in mail-order courses." As the notion of enlightenment is popularized, its meaning, predictably, becomes diluted. Many seekers anticipate it as a "blinding flash of white light" which will set them apart from their fellowmen. Others see it as a continual, steady growth toward realization of the truth, when the ego falls away, one transcends the mind and body, and merges with absolute being. The definition on which most spiritual teachers would agree is that enlightenment is a direct, personal experience of the truth. It is a truth which comes to one intuitively, which cannot be proved rationally but is felt so strongly as to be beyond doubt. Enlightenment has led to many different perceptions of truth, but consistent in all enlightenment experiences has been a sense of unity and continuity, of oneness with infinity.

When most people first come into the spiritual movement, though, they are not looking for much more than relaxation, or help in solving problems. Yoga institutes are constantly being referred people with back trouble, who have been advised by doctors that the exercise will be beneficial. These people may be confirmed atheists, but after a period of exposure to spiritual seekers, some begin to question the certainty of their atheism. In addition, they see teachers who, unlike psychiatrists, put themselves forward as models of tranquillity. A forty-nine-year-old dress manufacturer in Los Angeles, who has been in yoga classes a year, says, "You see people like Swami Satchidananda and Indra Devi, who have eyes that shine, who radiate so much love that you feel great just being around them, and you start to think, well, maybe they know something, maybe they're right. I've even started to consider enlightenment. The more I think about it, the more irresistible it becomes."

WE ARE HERE FOR YOU," reads a brochure taped outside the Los Angeles ashram of the Institute of Ability. Dozens of shoes lie in rows on the porch. Inside the stucco bungalow, fifteen people sit hushed on the floor, in front of Charles Berner, founder of the Institute. He is a soft-voiced man of forty-one, with blue eyes, a blondish-brown beard, and a round, open face that, if clean-shaven, would recall that all-American freshness projected in the Fifties by members of the Kingston Trio.

Before meeting Charles, I had read his book "Abilitism, a New Religion." The theory he outlined seemed preposterous: each human being is God, which is defined as "infinite ability." Before time, all of the Gods floated freely, unconscious one another. Then, billions of Gods agreed to create time, space, energy, and mass, in order to be able to understand and experience each other. The purpose of life, Berner says, is for the Gods to organize and relate completely with each other. "Life is the courtship of the Gods."

Now, sitting in a corner of the bungalow, Charles talks about his background. "I had a happy childhood in Colton, near Los Angeles," he says. "When I was eight, I had the experience of waking up to life." He began asking himself who he was, and what life was about. He "searched fervently through 134 religions from the orthodox to the esoteric cults, read philosophy and studied physics and engineering. 'I was very disappointed to find that science didn't have all the answers.' For many years, he worked as a counselor in the Church of Scientology, then threw out everything he had learned to start over from scratch. Enlightenment came in the year 1964, on a day like any other. Charles was standing at the orange and white pop-up counter of an A and W Root Beer stand, "when this direct, conscious experience occurred. I realized that I am a God of infinite ability, and that the purpose of life is for us all to become conscious of each other as the individual Gods we are. I experienced this as the truth—beyond the realm of doubt. It was a pure experience."

Soon afterward, Berner founded the Institute of Ability, and he and his wife Ava worked out a technique for enlightenment in which people would sit opposite each other, trying to experience who they are, and then present that experience to a partner. The stress is on communicating, unlike most communication disciplines, where meditation is a solitary affair, and enlightenment lies beyond words. Charles and Ava found that after a three-day "enlightenment intensive," about half the participants would become enlightened "wham—like that. The others would make good gains, become more open and increase their awareness," Charles says. "If they just follow the technique, they can't help but have experiences. Their enlightenment may not match Buddha's, but if they work, it will grow deeper and deeper." I ask if the intensive would benefit someone who couldn't conceive of himself as a God. Berner says, "We don't ask you to accept our idea



# INTRODUCING THE VEGA GT. AND THE VEGA GT.

When we designed the Vega, we knew it would ride and handle better than most other cars. Because we built it low. And wide. And we built it with precise steering, and coil springs at each wheel. On paper, Vega was not only a great little economy car, it was also a great little sports car.

Much to the credit of our engineers, Vega is even better on the road than it was on paper. It darts around town like a little ramp. And it cruises freeways like a much bigger car.

So we decided to build a GT. For handling, we put in front and rear stabilizers, and our 110-hp (93 SAE net) aluminum

overhead-cam engine. Plus special 13 x 6 wheels and A70 x 13 bias belted ply white lettered tires. Then we added instrumentation: tach, clock, ammeter, temperature gauge. And a sporty soft vinyl-covered four-spoke steering wheel.

And we spruced it all up, too. With a black grille. Special GT nameplates. Wood-grain accents.

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Then, we were so happy with the way our GT came out, we decided to come out with two.

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Wear your seat and shoulder belts.  
It's an idea you can live with.





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A firefly can't burn your hand because it flashes cold light.

At Western Electric, working with Bell Laboratories, we make a new device that produces light as cold as a firefly's. A "light-emitting diode."

And our little gadget is no flash in the pan. It's designed to last practically

forever. No firefly can make that statement.

We'll put our little diodes to work in telephone switchboards and push-button phones. They run on a tiny bit of electricity, the same amount it takes to make your phone work.

In a lot of ways, our little diodes will

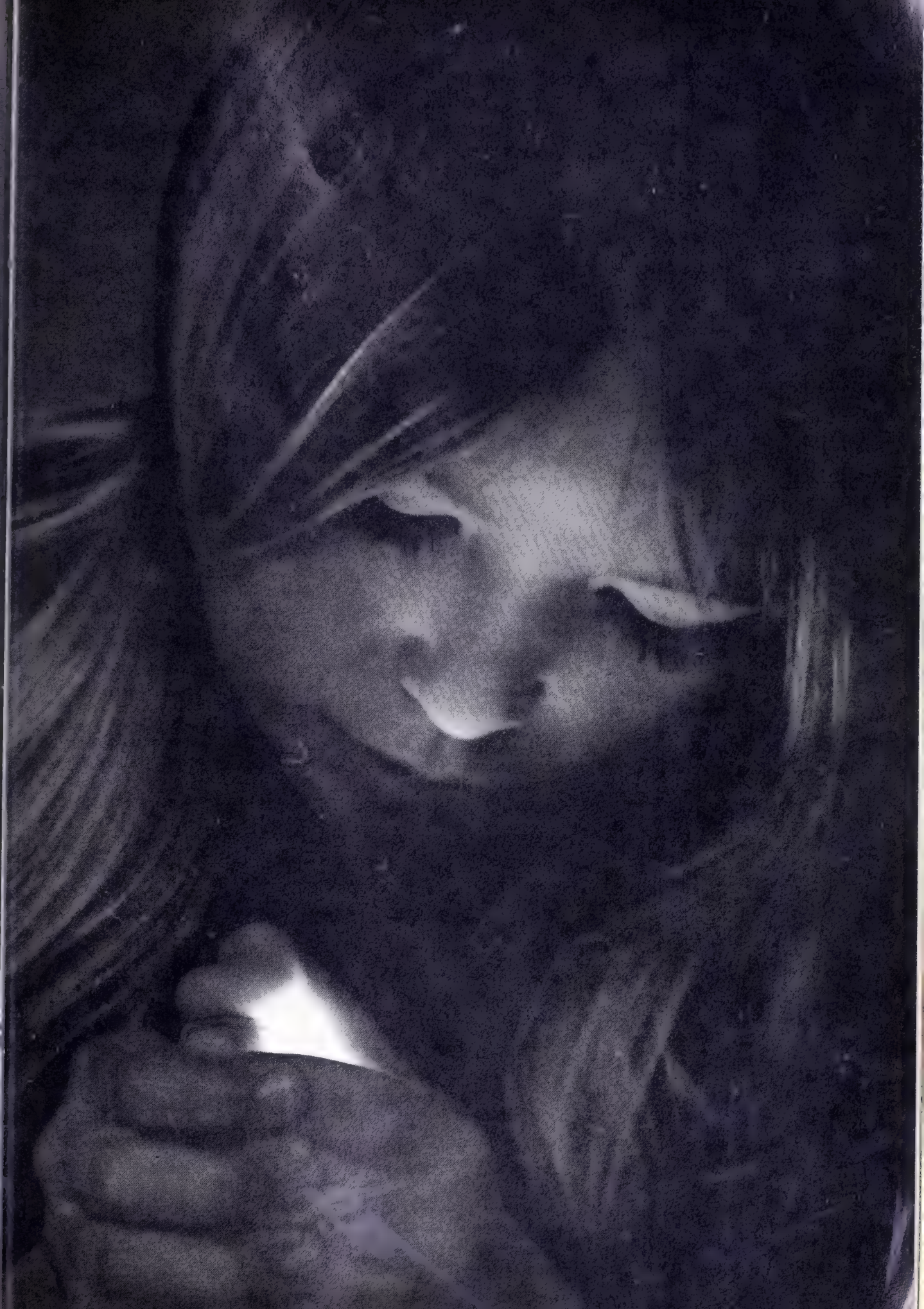
help the Bell telephone companies keep down the cost of phone service.

Western Electric. We make Bell telephones and the communication equipment of the future.



**Western Electric**







Sara Davidson

# THE RUSH FOR INSTANT SALVATION

Most people who go on intensives don't know a thing about Abilitism. Our masters never say one word about what you are or are not. But it's funny. Everyone always comes up with the same thing, in different words. No one has ever come up with, 'I'm a sack of mud,' or the Communist Manifesto. They could, but they never have."

AND SO I FIND MYSELF ON A Thursday midnight lugging a sleeping bag around the cavernous waiting room of the Philadelphia railroad station. A ragtag group gathers by the main door. We have come from all over the East Coast to pay \$75 for a three-day intensive with Ava and Charles Berner. Charles, we learn, is sick with hepatitis, so Ava will preside with Leila Zimmermann, another Abilitist master. On the ride to Drexel Lodge, the driver, Arnie (I am changing the names of all participants), passes out incense sticks. Although he has the face of an undergraduate—sandy hair and freckles—he is thirty-seven, an engineer. "After my last meditation, it took me an hour to get up off the ground. Meditation is a better high than pot, you know? It's cheaper, no bum trips, and no hassles with the law." A girl asks why he is taking the intensive. "I want to become more aware. I'm sort of at loose ends."

"Watch out!" Arnie slams on the brakes: the car swerves around a bus. He mentions, later, that he took up yoga after wrenching his back in a car accident. Two more near-collisions and we pull up to the lodge: a quaint, pink saltbox with a green roof and rows of white windows. Inside is a single sparsely furnished room, logs sputtering in the fireplace, dark forms in sleeping bags sprawled on the floor, and a funny little stage with a dusty piano. Two of the men calmly remove their clothes and lie down on their backs. Two others are sitting in front of the fire, staring into each other's eyes. Judy, a travel agent from Washington, lingers nervously in the upstairs bathroom. "I've never been to anything like this. Some of these people have been on two or three intensives. I heard." Shrugging, she adds, "They seem to keep coming back."

"Start waking up. Start waking up." It is 5:45 A.M. A girl circles the room, speaking in a detached monotone. All the forms move at once—shuffling, sneezing, surveying each other in the gray, gloomy light. There are twenty-two of us, thirteen men and nine women, ranging from nineteen to forty-five, although most are in their twenties. In addition, there are the masters, Ava and Leila, four monitors, and a cook. While waiting to register, people assume twisted postures, some bowing to the trees, others doing violent kundalini breathing while jumping in place. No behavior is regarded with any surprise. Ava gives us our instructions. For the next three days, we are to do only what we are told, "don't eat or sleep unless we say so," no smoking, no sex, no drugs or medication, "except the natural

vitamins we'll be giving you to keep your body in a balanced state," and no talking or thinking about anything but enlightenment. Ava says, "If you do the exercise perfectly for the next three days, you can't help but get enlightened. But the exercise is so simple, a lot of people don't do it."

We are to hold the question, "Who am I?" for the entire time. Those who have been on previous intensives work on other questions: what am I, what is life, or what is another? We will choose a different partner every hour, and alternate talking and listening for five-minute periods. The partner will say, "Tell me who you are" and we are to sit open to whatever arises. "Anything that occurs to you as to who you are, tell your partner. Then go back to the question. Who? Who? You should have no expectations, you shouldn't want to experience this or that, you shouldn't even want to be come enlightened. As a consequence, something will happen," Ava says.

When our partner is talking, we are to listen without judging. "To be open to your partner don't analyze what he's saying or try to respond. Keep your mouth shut and just experience him. This is your chance to change your life-style, to be an open, flowing person. The complete end result of this is happiness."

We pair up and sit on the floor in two rows. My partner, Ruth, a social worker in her forties, says, "I'm here because I need inner peace, and I have to be less hard on my kids." Next to me, a girl is talking about her parents. Farther down, Fred, a young man with a frizzy beard and hawk nose, shouting: "I am infinite ability! I am you. I am us. A timer goes off, and the monitor says, "Change over." The first five-minute session is insufferably long; the hour seems unendurable. When the final bell rings, it is only 7:00 A.M.

We break to have tea and vitamin pills, which are arranged in bowls with signs, "Take one," or "Take three." Ava says, "Keep holding your question. Who am I, drinking tea?" My next partner, Tim, a thirty-year-old computer programmer, laughs self-consciously. "It's hard to hold a one-way conversation. Who cares anyway? This is absurd. I know the answer to who I am—me. I probably go away with the same thing I start with. I guess the question is just a way of focusing your attention for three days so other things can happen. Like hallucinations, mind trips. I once drove to Mexico nonstop, and at the end, I had no hypnosis. I saw myself from the back seat."

Breakfast is a bowl of hot millet with honey, and more vitamins. Ava says, "If you get a red heat on your body, that's the vitamin. If you get nauseous, let me know about it." In midmorning, we bunch up for walking meditation. Spreading out from the lodge, we cross streams and weave over a hillside of silver birches. Some stand frozen, staring in all directions, where, bug-eyed. Others crunch rapidly through the leaves, sweating it: who is walking? what walking?

Charles and Ava Berner





he next period, Miles, a slender, wry biologist from Australia, says, "I'm just a mind and a body." We hear Fred shout: "I am the sun!" Miles says, "It seems like a lot of nonsense going on around here. I think some are faking it." He shakes his head. "Wonder if in three days I'll get through this session. I've got no thoughts."

The sessions change drastically with each partner. Some speak in highly personal, human terms, as if just said. Others talk only in abstractions, as if right past their partner on a separate beam. Some who insist, "I am you," or, "I am us," do not try to communicate or feel their partner at all. And Simon, a man, Simon, is totally beyond reach. He sits in a rigid, catatonic lotus pose, and when not sitting, he moves dreamily in a perpetual yoga exercise, his eyes half-closed. He cannot look at anyone's face and is skittish about sitting close to others. In the exercises, he speaks with a lisp, feathery and baby-like. "I find it very distracting to be near people. It feels as if I am in the presence of a snake." His right arm twitches to one side. "I need someone to help me feel the presence of the God. There is no one here to do that."

After lunch—cottage cheese with bananas and flower seeds, plus eight pills—Ava gives a lecture about enlightenment. "Don't worry about whether you're going to get enlightenment or not. Somehow it will just come to you. Then you should spend a few more hours working until you can articulate it extremely well. That's the only kind of experience we're looking for, because that's the kind that will stay with you in life."

Ava is twenty-nine, with a childlike laugh and the guile of a young girl. Her parents were both atheists, she says, "but when I was eight, I got enlightened and joined the Catholic Church. I saw a statue of Joan of Arc, which reminded me of an enlightenment from a previous lifetime. When I had spent all my time meditating from the age of thirteen until I died." In the present incarnation, she says, she became disenchanted with the Church at sixteen, and turned to occult religious ceremonies and flying-saucer meetings. She married Charles when she was nineteen, and worked with him in parapsychology. "I've been like this since my last life—just a religious nut!"

Ava stresses that we should have no preconceived ideas about how we'll experience ourselves, but there is subtle pressure as to what would be acceptable. At one point, she makes a derisive reference to "mud theory—we are mud, we come from mud," and everyone laughs. I tell my next partner, a young man, that the mud theory makes more sense to me than any theology I've been exposed to. She screws her face and says, laboriously, "I try very hard not to feel like a speck of dust. Sometimes when I'm wed in the infinite river of time, I seem very insignificant. But today, in this room, I feel much closer to that flow—it's as if it's coursing right through me, through you as well, through every-

thing." She looks transfixed as the timer goes off.

The hours wear on, and exhaustion sets in. Legs are stiff from sitting, and muscles ache. We massage each other between each exercise. Any break in the schedule is a relief, even the period of "karma yoga"—work. We chop vegetables, mop floors, wash windows. One of the monitors says, "Try to be one with the task you're doing. Who am I, cleaning toilets?"

During dinner (brown rice, beets, and carrots) the monitors patrol to check that no one is "gossiping." There is a walking meditation in the dark, and many more exercises, more pairs of eyes, more of what sounds like sophomoric prattling. "I am what is! It just came to me," from a boy who, an hour later, keels over and is diagnosed as having the flu. Fred's shouts punctuate each session: "I am shock. Boo! I am God. Dammit!" Lee, a Japanese boy who glows with joy, says he has the urge to leave. "I don't care about enlightenment. I don't believe there should be a separation between the enlightened and those who aren't. Just love everybody." Lee is always the first partner to be chosen. People rush for him and make dibs for the next session. Simon is the last: he asks no one, and waits on the side, eyes averted.

Finally, midnight: time for "sleep meditation." After we swallow thirteen bioplasma pills. "Let your body go now," the monitor says, "but *you* hold the question."

**I** SIT UP DURING THE NIGHT. A girl is walking by the windows, giving instructions: "Let your body rise and fall. The mind never sleeps..." Angrily, I pull a blanket over my head. Won't they even let us sleep in peace? Twice more, I wake up and the girl is still talking. In the morning, I ask the monitors who was patrolling all night. Leila stares at me. "It wasn't any of us." The others concur. "It was probably someone walking around in her astral body. These phenomena happen all the time."

Before the first exercise, Ava says, "I want to give you a standard for being open. If, when it's your turn to speak, you feel the need to respond in all sorts of ways to your partner, and don't get right back to your question, you're not being open."

Judy, the travel agent, says, "In life, don't people like you to respond to them? If you just sat there with a blank look..." Ava: "If everybody could do that for just one month—be open and listen, without trying to rescue each other—we'd have the most beautiful world you'd ever want to live in."

I have the sensation of floating, peacefully, not caring and not resisting. Around me, others are booming their questions like the caterpillar in *Alice in Wonderland*. "Whhhhhoooo... are... YOU!" Ruth pounds her fists on the floor. Fred, who has been quiet for a time, yells: "I don't give a shit about this intensive! I don't give a shit about yoga. I don't give a shit about anything in my life!"

"The stress is on communicating, unlike most other disciplines, where meditation is a solitary affair and enlightenment lies beyond words."

**Kundalini** Mystic life-force which lies coiled, dormant, at the base of the spine. Kundalini yoga works to rouse this energy and send it rushing up the spine to the head, triggering enlightenment.

**Meditation** Attempt to quiet the mind and body in order to realize the absolute. One concentrates on an image, repeats a sound, counts one's breathing, or tries to gently push away all thoughts until the mind is as still as possible. One comes out of meditation as from a refreshing sleep, and sees with fresh clarity.



Sara Davidson

## THE RUSH FOR INSTANT SALVATION

Almost everyone giggles uncontrollably. Miles, the frail-looking biologist, laughs convulsively until he cries, flushing red. "It's the first time I've felt anything in these two days."

During our walk, the grounds take on the air of a loony farm. It is snowing, and Fred and two others run in circles, oinking and cackling. A man lies down in the river with all his clothes on. From afar comes a feminine shriek: "Fuuuck!" During the meals, hardly anyone talks. The monitors are content. Melvin, a young man with a haunted look, approaches a girl who is a monitor. "I feel rejected by you. I feel lonely," he says. The monitor, with a lack of emotion that is chilling, says, "Is that all?" Melvin: "I guess I want to make love to you. Do you love me?" The monitor takes regular bites of her cottage cheese. "Umm hmmm." Melvin: "I feel weak now. I feel like everything I do is just a release of steam, to avoid an explosion." She waits several minutes. "Well, I appreciate your telling me all that stuff. I understand it. You shouldn't let it keep you off the track from holding your question."

Late in the day, Leila, the co-master, says, "Okay, you should all be standing on the edge of the cliff, ready to jump off into enlightenment. We're going to narrow the field now. Don't say anything you're not experiencing directly as you. If you're not sure, if it can be argued, if you wouldn't stake your life on it, it's not an experience. Don't intellectualize or speculate. You're not looking for an answer, you're looking for yourself." She suggests we try asking, "Who's asking who am I?" and then, "Who's asking who's asking who am I?" and so on, "until you back yourself into a corner."

I try it, and my body starts to tingle. I review, palpably, everything that contributes to who I am: eyes, nerves, voice, skin, senses, mind, feelings, needs, opinions, humor, particular way of looking at the world, a way I have always had. On the night walk, seeing the stars, smelling the trees, and moving through space make me feel acutely, dizzily alive until I am drunk with it. When we return to the lodge, Ava announces, "Someone had an enlightenment this afternoon, and it was Ruth." The veterans of previous intensives clap their hands; the rest of us, slightly stunned, join in. One man gives a low whistle. "Today is really different from yesterday." Arnie says, "I'm beginning to feel something, a feeling of happiness and contentment all through me. But I can't verbalize it yet." Tim is getting his road hallucination. "When I stare at one spot," he tells his partner, "your whole face disappears." After each session, the pairs linger together, whispering and hugging.

A twenty-year-old pre-med student, Jimmy, delivers each word with his whole body shaking. "I am every-thing. The fire, the tree, the dog, the wind. I am any-thing. I feel to-tally enlightened." How can one doubt that his eyes, dilated and red, are perceiving a blinding white flash? He requests an interview, and later, Ava announces the enlightenment of Jimmy, and of Melvin, who has been

repeating for thirty-six hours, "I am infinite ality!" Roger, who is a Zen student, shakes his head with disgust. "All I've heard from them is bulls! If that's what it takes to get certification of enlightenment here, I don't know about the whole thin

**I**N THE NIGHT, I HAVE MORE hallucinations—body this time, just a voice coming from all sides. I wake up feeling colossally down, with paralyzing aches in the back and neck. I'm fed up with people's bad breath and tired of being ordered around. It doesn't help to work with Fred, who belches at me and then proclaims, "I am buried." Everyone except Fred is subdued today. We are talking straight past each other, hearing what the other says but not responding, not taking his turn. We are into our own heads, on a depersonalized, metaphysical plane.

I ask Ava how she judges an enlightenment, and she acknowledges it if I see it coming directly from another person. But it's not important if I'm right or wrong. What's important is that the person lives a better life, and the way to a better life is to open up to others."

By midday, I feel so drained and dejected that I overcome with terror that I won't live through this. Leila tells us: "You're coming up against the last barrier now—the fear that you'll die, that what you've identified yourself with is gonna die with you." In the next exercise, I work with Ian, one of the monitors, who has an Indianlike face and soft green eyes. I look at him through trembling, and everything in the room—sounds, images—dissolves. It is as if we are spinning in a circle together, our eyes in the center, still. The room alternately lights up and grays over. We barely talk, moving our lips but producing no sound. Somehow, his gentleness and intense warmth flow into me. At the end of the hour, I feel pure and calm.

Later, giddiness takes over. People say anything that pops into their head. Tim says, "Remember, I started this thing saying I was me? Well, now I'm at this: who am I? Not me. I'm the illusion of me." Fred is into announcing himself as objects: Coca-Cola, a shoe, a razor blade. When a potato is dropped on his dinner plate, he says, "I am a big potato!"

We wait our turn for interviews with Ava, all subjects filing up to see the Queen. She sits by herself "so her aura can be clear," wearing a high-collared gown of cut velvet, her dark hair curling down her shoulders. After dinner, she announces two more enlightenments: Tim and Lee. Lee shakes his head. With his clipped Japanese accent, he says, "There is no enlightenment. It's her trip to say I'm enlightened." I ask Lee what he said in his interview. "I just told her I feel I have more courage to be who I am. And when I open up to another person, it makes my life richer."

Lee is my partner during the next session, and

**OM** Sacred word, felt to be pure sound, containing all sounds and being present in everything.

**Astral Projection** Traveling outside the body in another dimension, apart from the physical world.



great power and love shooting between us like electricity. Everyone, it seems, is flashing on the edge within them. You can't spend three days sitting at your soul and come up with mud. In the end, you get high on your power and strength, love, warmth, and elemental goodness. Lee, his eyes glistening, says, "I never knew contacts between people could be so joyful. It blows my mind you open yourself so totally to me. You don't care anything about your job, your family, your money—you just show me your power. I can hold it in my hands. If I never see you again, you will always be close to me."

And then Fred shouts: "I am the great pump!" The whole room cracks up. Five minutes later, Fred announces Fred's enlightenment. As we applaud in disbelief, Fred claps his hands and punches his head jubilantly over his head, like a boxing champ. Fred had a deepening enlightenment—I'm Chicken Little!

The intensive ends promptly at 9:00 P.M. Ava says, "Okay. That's it. Everyone has showed a great increase in his ability to become conscious of who he is. Those of you catching the train must be here now." There is a euphoric flurry of hugging and dancing in circles. For the first time in three weeks, we learn each other's last names, what we do for a living, where we live. Only six of the twenty-two people have been acknowledged as enlightened, and all but one of these had been on previous intensives. Roger drives seven of us in his Volkswagen to the station. "I'm disappointed," he says. "I thought everyone there would already know there is a God. We're all part of God. The place was full of mystics!" He laughs. "If I'd known that I wouldn't be here, I'd come. I'm going back to Buddha."

I did not enjoy most of the enlightenment intensive and would not want to go through it again. I went home, though, I notice surprising effects. I am far more interested in listening to people; when I do so, they seem to unfold, with great pleasure and trust. Most of us, apparently, are not used to being truly listened to, or to listening in a totally open state. I find, also, that I can be freed from my unconscious dependency on the moods and emotions of the other person. I can absorb and understand someone's anger, or pain, or depression, without getting embroiled—feeling anger or depression in return. I keep in touch with some of the people who took the intensive; they are all trying to stay open and serene. One young man writes: "For the first time in my life, peace is mine to give."

EVERY MAJOR CITY, there are ashrams and institutes where those who wish to make a life in the spiritual movement live and work communally. These groups form a supportive national network. Members receive no salary, but their needs are taken care of while they study and teach. They can live anywhere in the country and be assured of a place to stay and a welcoming, loving "family."

They have a culture all their own: food (vegetarian), language (they refer to the world, for example, as "this planet"), dress (Oriental fabrics, designs inspired from India, many choosing all white), and music (flutes, drums, and, for chants, the harmonium). In many of the disciplines, people tend to withdraw from sensual pleasures. The most serious are expected to be celibate. They give up smoking, liquor, and drugs. Convinced of the possibility of healing their own bodies, they avoid straight doctors, and would rather see a chiropractor, whose methods are felt to be more natural.

The intolerance of drugs is ironic, because the spiritual movement has reaped tremendous benefit from the drug culture. Acid and mescaline gave many people their first intimations of infinity and oneness with the universe. Since the acid experience could not be controlled, though, many began turning to techniques such as meditation by which people through the centuries have, by their own will, altered their states of consciousness. The success of spiritual groups in leading people away from drugs is one of their main sources of income. Almost every group has an anti-drug rehabilitation program, funded by charitable agencies and, in some cases, the government.

One of the dangers of immersion in the spiritual movement, especially for young dropouts, is that it is possible to lose perspective, to suspend critical judgment, as one loses touch with the larger society. Quite rapidly, anything seems plausible. Nothing is too bizarre or outrageous. A nineteen-year-old boy in Berkeley, whose current trip is kundalini, says "I don't know what common sense is anymore. I can't tell what's valid and what isn't." He fails to discern hype, or techniques that smack of quackery. He does not consider the evidence when a spiritual teacher is charged in court with fraud or financial mismanagement. When a yogi who has a large following in this country was sued in New Delhi for allegedly taking money to procure American wives for Indian men, his disciples dismissed it as a frame-up by jealous rivals.

Despite claims throughout the movement that each person is to be his own guru, many teachers, in fact, expect unquestioning devotion. Ronwen Proust, when she was eighteen, joined the staff of the Integral Yoga Institute. She was given the Sanskrit name Vathsala by the Institute's founder, Swami Satchidananda, the most charismatic and beloved spiritual figure in the counterculture. Vathsala says, "I got into this spacy kind of peace, but it was a false peace that was easily disrupted if I went somewhere else. Nobody at the Institute was asking any questions, like: why do you meditate? who are you? what is this peace? what's happening to you? The peace didn't come from my own consciousness. It was like I was stepping into someone else's aura and absorbing his peace."

There is a tendency, also, to lose sight of how closely related many spiritual techniques are to self-hypnosis, how they depend on the power of

"If you're not sure, if it can't be argued, if you wouldn't stake your life on it, it's not an experience."

**Swami** Religious teacher who has taken vows of celibacy, usually from another swami or Hindu order.

**Yogi** Person who dedicates his life to yoga; may or may not be celibate.

**Yoga** System of exercises and teachings more than 3,000 years old, aimed at preparing man to attain unity, self-realization, and bliss. Various branches stress body exercise, breathing, meditation, chanting, study, and selfless service.





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Sara Davidson

## THE RUSH FOR INSTANT SALVATION

suggestion. Katherine Da Silva, a twenty-seven-year-old yoga teacher, met with hostility when she pointed this out to a crowd at a spiritual festival. Katherine lived for six years as a renunciate in the ashrams of Paramahansa Yogananda. Toward the end, because she was having what she calls "healthy, honest doubts," she felt it would be better to continue her spiritual work outside the cloister. "I'm so convinced of the power of suggestion," she says. "Things like breathing through your skin, and channeling light through your body—if you hear and believe these things, you actually start to feel yourself doing them."

Katherine is a dark beauty, with almond-shaped eyes, a graceful manner, and a voice whose cadences are highly pleasing. Despite her persistent questioning, men in the spiritual movement are magnetized by her; many declare love at first sight, and tell her they recall being her lover in previous incarnations. She suspects that being an ex-nun contributes to her attraction. Katherine has a school in New Jersey, and also teaches yoga to psychiatric patients at St. Joseph's Hospital in Paterson. One schizophrenic, she says, described experiences similar to those yogis talk of—traveling outside the body, and being flooded with light. She asked the doctors how they would distinguish between the experience of a yogi and a psychotic. "They told me they would look at the person's total behavior."

Katherine is aware that in yoga she uses techniques similar to hypnosis: the soft voice, the methodical way of speaking, and the concentration on parts of the body. Staring at a candle or chanting with eyes closed are used in meditation to induce a trance. "One of my problems now is that most mystics say their experiences come from an outside force—the hand of God. But when I see that, with self-hypnosis, people can induce similar states in themselves, I'm not convinced it's an outside force."

*I know a person who's used an Alpha Wave headset for nine months, and he's almost enlightened.*

—Peter Max

THE ADS SHOW BUDDHA WITH ELECTRODES pasted to his skull. "Now you can be taught to control your brain waves. Enhanced states of consciousness easily attained!!" For \$250, you can buy a headset made by one of the companies that have rushed into business to capitalize on biological-feedback training (BFT). In the past few years, bio-feedback training has excited the scientific community, become an underground cult and the darling of the popular media. With BFT, people learn, through conditioning, to control functions of the mind and body that have long been considered involuntary: heart rate, blood pressure, muscle control, body temperature, brain waves, and thereby, states of mind. Example: a subject sits in a darkened cubicle; an electroencephalograph traces

the electrical impulses of his brain, and each time he produces alpha waves—one of four identified brain waves—a color flashes on a screen. After a number of sessions, the subject can learn to keep the color onscreen indefinitely, or prevent it from appearing. At this point he has learned to create, at will, a state of consciousness in which there is almost no anxiety, a state generally described as "calm, relaxed wakefulness."

In early experiments, it was found that the alpha state is similar to a state achieved during meditation by yogis and Zen masters. But conditioning is easier to learn than meditation, and you know immediately if you are "doing it right." As the alpha cult grew, droves rushed to volunteer as subjects in BFT experiments. Dr. Barbara Brown, a brilliant, salty, utterly captivating philosopher-scientist, had to fend off applicants from her office at the Veterans Hospital in Sepulveda, California, where she had assembled one of the country's most sophisticated BFT laboratories. Dr. Brown says alpha conditioning is not a miracle-agent. "I'd put it in the category of aspirin, which is a useful drug for general annoyances but doesn't do anything specific that we know of." She says alpha conditioning could raise the threshold of our overall mental and physical state. "It's fairly well known that in a state of emotional well-being, people are highly resistant to infections and colds. Through mind control, there's great hope that people could chug along for long periods without having extreme anxiety attacks or developing any illness."

Dr. Brown has worked for thirty years in pharmacology, biology, psychiatry, and electronics. She has invented a number of mind-altering drugs, and administered one of the first doses of LSD to Aldous Huxley. Although she has read mystic and religious philosophy all her life, she says, "I never believed a bit of it. When you ask enough questions, you've shot it—there's nothing left to believe in. I don't believe in scientific facts. I suppose if I believed anything, it's that man's mind can do whatever he wants to do if it tries." She says our culture has never attempted to nourish the mind, "to see if it has any abilities beyond those we know of. We've stuffed it with facts, but we've been bloody repressive about all kinds of mental phenomena like ESP, and astral projection, which I prefer to call depersonalization. We're such a materialistic, inferior-oriented culture that we've squashed the mind and the brain under."

Sitting in her office, with walls of green blackboard, she utters a dreamy-eyed "whew," as she describes her future projects, in which people will paint canvases with their brain waves and create symphonies of "mind music." In five years, she predicts, there will be bio-feedback centers across the country, where people can learn, under supervision, to control all types of mind and body functions. "But that's just the beginning. We don't know where it will all lead. Individuals will be producing states of consciousness that are not

Katherine Da Silva





...n to us at the moment. We're just approaching foothills of the next evolutionary step—the evolution of the mind."

Dr. Brown has a sense of ironic resignation about "age groups" feeding on the interest in BFT. "These headsets are utterly stupid and misleading, and use it would be impossible, for \$250, to construct an instrument that could accurately isolate alpha waves. The components alone would cost \$1,000." As to courses run by laymen, which advertise alpha conditioning as "the key to the promised land," Dr. Brown says: "It's true. Conditioning could be the key. Any of these techniques around could help some people. LSD would have been a beautiful key to a better life, if it hadn't been used. But people shouldn't accept anything as a final answer, or they will be disappointed. It might be a key for you, but make sure, by comparing and asking: what does it do for me? does it last? is it real? is it valid?"

NOW, INDEED, IS ONE TO JUDGE the legitimacy of or find a sane path through the exotic array of meditation techniques? We all have urges and at some point have given in to the impulse to try a technique that promised miracles: lose ten pounds in ten days; free yourself from worry with this menopause routine; experience bliss and Godhead by repeating a mantra. When it failed, some of us found it difficult to trust or try any similar techniques. Meditation, spiritual movement, however, is filled with people who search endlessly from one teacher or method to the next. When I began looking into it, I thought this insatiable seeking was a sign of desperation and delusion. Now I'm not sure. There are, of course, people who flit about in confusion, but I have met others who manage to glean the best from the nonsense in whatever technique they try and who say that with each experience, they gain more and more love, quietude, and freedom from fear and conflict. Vathsala, who has been a seeker all her life, says, "There's no end, that's the beautiful thing. There's no end to life, no end to seeking consciousness, no end to the peace and joy you can realize." The search becomes, in itself, the salvation.

*The time has come for America to help the whole world with spirituality.*

—Swami Satchidananda

AROUND THE BACKYARD SWIMMING POOL of the Integral Yoga Institute in Los Angeles, on a rainy day in March, sixteen spiritual teachers and their followers are gathered for a meeting of the World Congress for Enlightenment. The teachers sit in chairs in a circle, the followers sit on the grass, listening to hear, as Charles Berner explains what happened to date: "Last fall, Swami Satchidananda, Yogi Bhajan, and I met by chance in Santa

Cruz, and we talked about the need for better understanding between the spiritual teachers of this planet. We came up with the idea of holding a World Enlightenment Festival this August, where a large number of people could be with the teachers for a week, camping on the land, eating vegetarian food, with no drugs or alcohol, living in love and peace and thus demonstrating to the world the Aquarian way of life." Berner says he and his staff sent out hundreds of invitations to religious leaders in all countries. "We have over 200 acceptances. No one has turned us down. The idea is irresistible, because of the rising tide of spiritual awareness, because of the Aquarian Age."\*

Swami Vishnu-Devananda, head of the Sivananda Yoga Centers and Camps, who flies about in a private airplane, asks where they'll get the money for the festival. Berner suggests selling tickets for \$5. Another teacher protests. "This site will be a temple, holy ground. I won't go near it if there's any money changing hands." Muriel Tepper-Dorner, who teaches light radiation, says, "Money is not good or bad, it's just energy. It can work to spread the light."

There is discussion later of how all the gurus at the festival can interact and "experience each other." Berner proposes meeting in groups of five. Laura Huxley, widow of Aldous Huxley, says, "Why don't we all fast for twenty-four hours?" Swami Vishnu shakes his head and giggles. "You can't tell all the teachers to fast, because if they don't agree they won't do it. Silence is the best thing—fifteen minutes' silence, everyone praying his own way." "No no," says another swami. "The emphasis should be on communicating, not silence." A Hawaiian "kahuna" (high priest) says the answer is to chant—a Polynesian chant. Berner disagrees. "Everyone here can come up with something like that, and I can show you 600 more. Everybody chants, everybody prays, everybody's into something. If we make any one technique mandatory, we're finished."

One month later, many of the same teachers assemble in Davis, 500 miles to the north, for a three-day Earth Rebirth Festival at the University of California. It is a test run, in many ways, of the great festival to come. About a thousand young people are camping in a field, wearing Indian print clothes and farm coveralls. They wander about carrying incense, wood flutes, and finger cymbals. Almost every hour, there is a speech, class, or spiritual entertainment being given in the quad. Only a small portion of the crowd are Davis students. Most have come from surrounding areas for the "holy man jam." Remarkably, there are no drugs being hawked, no beer cans or wine bottles to be

\*Astrologers are in disagreement as to what and when the Aquarian Age is. One school says it started in the nineteenth century and is dominated by science. Other authorities say it won't begin until 2150, and will bring renewed spirituality. This seems certain: the Age lasts 2,000 years, and at the rate pop culture is exploiting it, we'll be sick of it before it even gets rolling.

"Since the acid experience could not be controlled, many began turning to techniques such as meditation by which people through the centuries have, by their own will, altered their states of consciousness."

Swami Satchidananda



Yogi Bhajan





Sara Davidson

## THE RUSH FOR INSTANT SALVATION

seen. On the mall, girls are selling organic apple cider, pumpkin bread, vegetables and cara-coa cookies.

Katherine Da Silva gives a yoga class to several hundred people on the grass. Many hold infants in their laps during the exercises. A two-year-old tow-head, who is named Siddhartha Greenblatt, wiggles between his parents, aping their movements. When the group does the dead man's posture, lying on their backs, it is an eerie sight: yards and yards of bodies, motionless in the sun, with only the dogs and babies crawling about. Later, people dance and gyrate to bongo drums, the men barechested, their stomachs sunken from fasting.

As the weekend progresses, the vibrations grow increasingly bizarre and increasingly ecstatic. There is a speaker who claims to be a messenger from Venus. The Rev. Kirby Hensley, an ex-Baptist who lives in Modesto, and who has a pink complexion and fly-away ears, offers to ordain everyone as ministers in his Universal Life Church. With one hand on his hip, the other sawing the air, he describes how the ministers will be able to perform marriages and divorces, get draft exemptions, fly at reduced rates on Ozark Airlines, and attend a new school Hensley is starting "where boys and girls can come to *practice* sex. You don't know how many homes get busted up because boys and girls didn't have no experience." "Far out, Reverend!" a boy yells. "Hallelujah." There is a scramble to get minister's credentials, and 116 are ordained, including one collie dog.

At sundown, Muriel Tepper-Dorner, who says she is a channel for the White Brotherhood, gives a demonstration of light radiation. "Breathe in the golden light, and see yourself as a sun. Radiate the light out to each other until we see this whole room filled with light. Now radiate more light, and see it flowing all over this campus, and now all over the planet." A freshman in a neat shirtdress whispers to her date, "I swear I can feel it coming out of my skin." The boy nods. "I have to be careful, or I'll get drained."

Next comes George Peters, the Abbie Hoffman of the spiritual movement, founder of Naturalism. George is thirty-two, a fast-talking New Yorker who sometimes says he is a psychiatrist. Wearing lavender suede pants, with black hair to his waist, he tells the crowd he gets people enlightened by locking them in black sensory-deprivation boxes for forty days, or by giving them knockout drops, stripping them, and letting them wake up in a deserted field.

Indra Devi, a seventy-two-year-old woman yogi who lives in Tecate, Mexico, shows films of Satya Sai Baba, who is believed by millions in India to be an avatar (an incarnation of God), and is said to have the power to materialize anything from thin air. Afterward, she plays tapes of Baba chanting, and everyone sings along. They walk off reeling, euphoric, having given up long ago any attempt to fit things into some rational framework.

The next day, Yogi Bha-jan gives a mass medita-

tion, followed by Swami Satchidananda, who is mobbed like a rock star. His disciples float about him in clumps, singing softly in adoration: "Sri Ram, Jai Ram." Wherever the Swami walks, he is surrounded by this celestial singing, while crowds push and scramble to get near him, touch his orange gown, kiss his hand, or snap his picture.

After lunch, the teachers meet in the student union to discuss the World Enlightenment Festival. As at previous meetings, only teachers can sit in the inner circle and speak. A few staff members are disgruntled. "It's cronyism, like the smoke-filled room. Only this is the incense-filled room." Charles Berner suggests they break up into groups of five as they hope to do for three days during the August festival. Yogi Bha-jan says, "Good. I want five negative people, because I'm in a very fine mood." Berner, Bha-jan, and Swami Satchidananda each start a separate circle. Ava Berner says, "The one rule is that you talk only about yourself, not about theology or your ashrams or disciples. Talk about what makes you unique, so the others can become conscious of you."

George Peters turns to Swami Satchidananda: "I once tried wearing an orange robe and getting people to hum, and I felt ridiculous. How do you manage?" The Swami says, "The robe is only an outward symbol of a person who dedicates his life to serving others. Because I feel this dedication, have no hesitation to wear it." Jack Horner, a tall, gaunt man who created a technique called educationism, tells the swami, "You're one of the most beautiful human beings I've ever seen. How did you get there?" Swami laughs. "It just happened, as a natural growth. I never even decided to renounce the world. I didn't plan to come to this country and start yoga centers. Things just happen. I believe in that. I feel that I'm always at ease, no worry, no disturbance."

After an hour, Ava says, "All right, we're through. At the festival, hopefully we could continue longer and have a chance to go deeper." Charles says, "We had a good time here." Yogi Bha-jan announces: "We had very fine time." Swami Satchidananda fairly rises into the air with glory. "We had a *wonderful* time." Charles says, "At three days, I think you're gonna get onto each other and will have the greatest high on this planet!"

The schedule calls for the teachers to conduct closing ceremonies on the Davis quad at night. They learn, though, that in their absence all afternoon, the field has been taken over by rowdy students and teen-agers from nearby high schools. While the holy men are experiencing each other, the scene outside looks like the last days of Rock. Much marijuana, liquor, people shedding clothes, dancing and making love on blankets. A high-decibel rock band blares across the campus.

Secluded in the pea-green conference room, the gurus are standing in concentric circles, eyes closed, arms entwined as they chant: "OM Shanti, OM Shanti, OM Shanti, OOOOOMMMMM."



**Gail Egan was one of  
the best veterinarians in town  
(Portales, N.M.-pop. 10,529).**

**Now she's one of the  
best veterinarians in the country  
(Kenya-pop. 10,506,000).**

Ever since Gail Egan was old enough to ride a horse, she knew she wanted to work with animals. When she graduated from Colorado State University as a Doctor of Veterinary Medicine, a well-paid career as a veterinarian was open to her.



slides, supervising cattle breeding.

"The people here want someone who can help them with their herds," says Gail. "They know that since I am here, some of their cattle are doing better."

But Gail Egan wanted more than that. She wanted to aid people who really needed help with their animals. People, for example, whose very lives were dependent on their cattle. So she became a Peace Corps Volunteer.

Today Gail is living in the Great Rift Valley of Kenya, one mile from the Equator. She works with a staff of 35 people, striving to control hoof and mouth disease among cows, training laboratory assistants to read blood

The Peace Corps today is open to every American of ability who wants to share that ability with people who need it. Among the thousands of Peace Corps Volunteers now serving in 60 countries are girls of 22 and grandmothers of 55; recent college graduates and self-taught master mechanics; single people and people with families; blacks and whites.

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## BEING FAMOUS ISN'T PRETTY

**I**N TAKING THIS LINE FROM PASTERNAK as my title, I've acted without arrogance or self-disparagement, a thing far worse than pride. Let me assure my readers of that. Not that in my poetic adolescence I didn't dream of fame. I did. Nor will I say that now when I write poetry or even this essay I'm indifferent to the opinion of my readers. That would also be a lie. But fame is a far from charming mistress. She demands endless gifts and tokens of affection; she gets hysterical, jealous; she makes me quarrel with my friends, kills my concentration, drags me off on senseless visits, threatens me with abandonment. Many envy me such a spectacular prize. If they lived with her a while they'd change their minds. But then, jealousy never admits to being itself. It hides behind its own suspicions: "What crooked route led that fellow to glory? After all, we're honest and yet, unknown."

And so, legends of suspicion arise with the myths of praise. And when you've heard enough of them about yourself, you're bound to lose your bearings and wonder fearfully who you really are. If you live under the magnifying glass of public curiosity, just as your every honest act seems heroic to some so your every weakness seems criminal to others. Even your honest acts come into question. Of course, where there's smoke there's fire, but the smoke of a myth can sometimes obscure the nature of the fire. Fame is the Medusa's head, horrid and hissing with the snakes of gossip. To look in her face is to turn to stone, even if they call the stone a monument. You need the trusty shield of Perseus to see a safe reflection of your fame. At the start of his journey an artist must struggle for fame; once it's been won, he must learn how to struggle with it.

**W**HEN I READ CERTAIN ARTICLES about myself in the West, I wonder who in the hell this damned "Y.Y." can be. A movie star, tanned by

photographers' flashbulbs? A matador, teasing his red cape in the bull's snout of the age? A tightrope walker, toeing the slack wire between East and West? Or, as one of England's ex-angry-young men, Kingsley Amis, hinted, an unofficial diplomat performing certain secret missions for the Kremlin? A rebellious Stenka Razin,\* as a laureate of the Goncourt Prize, Armand Lanoux, once wrote. Or maybe a nice, inquisitive traveler, as the magazine *America*, distributed in the USSR, once had it, asking everyone to call him "just Zhenya." Soviet Beatle? An export item, perhaps, like vodka or black caviar? A conformist masquerading as a champion of liberalization? A radical in moderate clothing? Or are all these mere ingredients blended in the shaker of the age into a strange cocktail called Yevtushenko?

On the one hand, he's in the fight against anti-Semitism, bureaucratism, etc. You'd like to take the lanky Russian in your arms and whisper to him confidentially, "We're with you in your self-struggle." On the other hand, he doesn't much care for Western society. In fact, he harshly indicted for the war in Vietnam, the murders of Martin Luther King and the Kennedys, for bigotry, hypocrisy, and corruption. You get suspicious: if a Russian is really on the side of truth, an honest man in a totalitarian society, what's he doing out of jail? Why does he go abroad from time to time and then unaccompanied by commissars? Isn't he perhaps a commissar himself?

An aerial diver in a suit, his luggage bulging with hidden microfilms, even went so far as to say that, according to information at his disposal, one out of every two Soviet writers abroad was an agent of the Secret Police, that if one of them traveled alone he was an agent for sure, and that some

\*Razin was a leader of a Cossack and peasant rebellion on Russia's southeastern frontier in the late 1660s. He was captured by Cossacks loyal to Moscow and, in 1671, tortured and executed in the capital. [A.K.]

Yevgeny Yevtushenko was born on July 18, 1933 in Zima, a small railroad town in Siberia. He has traveled widely: France, Africa, the United States, England, Cuba, West Germany, Italy, and Denmark. His works include: *Bratsk Station and Other Poems*, *Yevtushenko Poems*, *Selected Poems*, *Poetry*, *Precocious Autobiography*. He now lives in Moscow with his wife, Galina Semvionova, and his son, Petya.

This is the Introduction to a volume of Yevtushenko's poetry entitled *Stolen Apples*, which Doubleday will publish in October. Translated by Anthony Kahn. Copyright © 1971 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.



ushenko would have to render an account of reports he wrote on returning home. In his e he apparently forgot that somewhat earlier is fascinating confession he admitted information that same Yevtushenko as a leader of an ligentsia underground center. Amazing isn't is charming little contradiction?

at the most amazing thing of all happened in in Santiago de Chile. There, on the day of eading, two groups of young people organized onstrations against me on two different squares. one, the solemn "ultra-leftists," burned me in as an American spy. On the other the "ultra-ists" burned me as a Red spy. To be honest, I pleasantly surprised to find these charming bs rating my services as high as those of some r day Mata Hari.

hen in 1963 English students supported me a candidate for the position of Oxford Professor of poetry. God! how the aforementioned Anti- & pany put me to the knife, calling me a wily agandist, an official mouthpiece of the Soviet rnement, and on and on. Again I was pleasantly rised that my social standing in the USSR ed so strong. And after all the noise about me political agent extraordinaire, there suddenly e quiet voices of Arthur Miller and William on, both of them *obliged to announce that, in opinion, I was an honest man*. And the voice y translator, Robin Milner Holland, *compelled plain that I was a poet*, and not something else.

en in his own country people not too familiar this strange fellow, this Yevtushenko, can be d. For the radicals I'm too moderate; for the als, too radical; for perverted dogmatists, et the devil himself. In a lamentably much d ed novel, one writer depicting a traitor to the erland, a fascist collaborator now hiding from ution, even went so far as to put some of my s on his lips. One poet in his time accused me eing unpatriotic. "What kind of Russian are he said, "when you've forgotten your own le?" They've called me a "singer of dirty bed- ts," a "poet of the mod set," and more. To rs of the philosophical lyric I seem too simple- to lovers of the intimate lyric, too rational, a phleteer. And to others who interpret poetry politically, too ambivalent.

overs of political poetry, incidentally, are them- s rather sharply split in two. The first group auds all my lines that condemn Western society praise the Motherland. "There, that's the way ould always write." But let one line about our rop from my pen and they're at me: "There , messing around in the wrong country again." /re a suspicious group. Even in my poems t other countries they detect hints directed at own, and in poems about the pre-Revolutionary dangerous allusions to the present.

re second group is the opposite of the first: / take offense at political poems dealing, say, Vietnam, or the glories of the Motherland,

seeing in them no sincere movement of the soul but a political maneuver to gain the favor of those in power. Just as the first group, deaf to their neighbor's groan behind the wall, listens only to the bombs in Vietnam, so the second thinks the problem of the world are nothing next to their aching corns. The second group wants only negative poems on domestic problems. Somehow they find it morally questionable to speak of the corruption of the Western world when in the Soviet Union the price of cognac is on the rise, the meat supply uncertain, and the stores, in general, unjust.

**W**/HEN, THEN, YOU ASK, is Yevtushenko sincere? When writing of Vietnam or Babi Yar? There isn't much profit in defending yourself, but, alas, I must.

It's easy to forget the simple fact that a man can speak sincerely of both Vietnam and Babi Yar, and in both a major and a minor key. Art in general is higher than questions of "for" or "against" alone. Art is a rainbow broad enough even for black. But a rainbow stretched across two shores casts all its colors equally on each. It doesn't leave one side in bright light and the other in the dark.

Injustice is a widely traveled ar—justice, and a scoundrel with an American passport is no better than a horse with a Soviet one. As Mayakovsky once said, "The widest choice of scoundrels roams through our land and about."

I know, of course, that this one world is really two even as they say three and tomorrow maybe four. Still, I think our old, good woman Earth, though torn by political conflict, is the only world we have and we're all her tenants, depending in one way or another on each other. A little-known Russian poet, Stepanovich, put it this way:

*All of us share one lot  
Just sprain your ankle  
And instantly in Adde: Haba  
Someone shrieks in pain*

And so I write poems about Vietnam and Babi Yar and Kent University student Allison Krause and a Siberian concrete-pourer, Nyushka, and a general in the army of freedom, Pancho Villa, and my own mother, who lost her voice singing concert in new forms on the front lines, and a Chilean prostitute who hung a portrait of Leo Tolstoy in her closet, and Sicilian women in black and young girls in white and my own beloved and my son and myself. I want to be a mail boat for everyone divided by the ice of estrangement, a craft before the coming of large navigation, moving through the drifting ice with letters and parcels.

Still, sometimes I deeply resent being discussed as a political personality and not as a poet, and having my poetry examined on the whole from one political standpoint or another. Of course, Heinrich Böll was right when he said that everything published was already committed. Every writer is com-



Yevtushenko  
BEING FAMOUS  
ISN'T PRETTY

mitted by his conscience and his talent, even if he declares himself "above the fray."

*It's a disgrace to be free of your age.  
A hundred times more shameful than to be its  
slave.*

I don't want to be free from the struggle for freedom. But I do want to be free to determine the forms it will take. Although I once had the indiscretion to say that a poet in Russia is more than a poet, I've never pretended to be a political prophet. In politics I'm undoubtedly a dilettante, even though my loathing for professional politicking prompts me to think it will be a great day for mankind when its politics are in the hands of amateurs rather than professionals.

Compared to the refined, cold master Salieri, who "verified his harmonies with algebra," Mozart must have seemed a dilettante. But it was Mozart, and not Salieri, who advanced the development of the world's music. History flows to the laws of music, and the Mozarts of the world are her masters. Blok's rallying call, "Listen to the music of the Revolution!" is eternal, for revolution is protean and, despite what pessimists may say, the revolution in human consciousness will never end.

You can wave art aside as a weapon in that revolution if you want; it's true, for all the beauty art creates, mankind wallows every day in the filth of its inhumanity. But I'm bold enough to believe that if there is anything exalted in man, if the revolution in consciousness still goes on, by that much is mankind indebted to art.

**I**N THE LONG RUN I DON'T MUCH CARE who picks me to pieces or how, or who puts me in what category. I know that I'm one of the workmen of art, that I toil in her hot, unhealthy shop, poetry, and that this is the meaning of my life. Politically untutored and forever concerned with those little things that so enrich our suffering lives with beauty, I've never formulated any new political concepts. I've only reminded people of the commonplaces of good and evil, justice and injustice. The myths about me spring, of course, not from my "renown" alone, but from my attempts to speak in the same language of justice and injustice, addressing two shores divided by conflict but, like mankind itself, at one in their meaning and destiny.

It does sound suspicious. I'm sometimes guilty of trying to grasp the ungraspable and, as a wise man once said, "When you try to embrace all mankind, you sometimes forget your wife." My strength perhaps, but also my failing, is a greediness for life. My fear of not expressing myself on some topic makes me express myself at times too superficially. Leaping like a seismograph to the quivers of Earth's core, I'm often deaf to the silence. In general, we the poets of the atomic age too often substitute nervousness for spirituality.

I may have won the ear of many nations, but it's

a mixed blessing. Readers are too despotic. Once in love with a poet for something, they expect it to appear again and again, forever. They interpret any change in a poet's character, and consequently in his poetry, not as a normal development but as a retreat from principle. There aren't even two readers alike in the world, and if they number in the hundred thousands, how can you please them all? You shouldn't try. A writer who has won the public's interest is misguided if he thinks he'll be free in the end; he'll soon feel its spur and bridle on his flesh.

Not long ago a young teacher from Saratov came to me with this reproach: "All you do now is analyze and analyze," she said, "but you can't uplift the masses with analysis alone. They rally to calls and appeals."

When you're young it's easy enough to stream appeals across the sky like rockets. But as you grow older you feel increasingly responsible for those traveling the road your rocket lights. What if you've led them wrong? You grow wary of making reckless appeals, and a sense of responsibility must be tempered above all with analysis and reflection. Relentless analysis alone, not childish shouting, embodies the true appeals.

Once someone lovingly retyped all eight volumes of my collected works as a birthday present. For a moment of anticipation and delight I lay down on the sofa to read. I was instantly aghast. The lines seemed naïve and precocious, sometimes criminally so, and congested with slogans. It was too late to do anything. "The word's no sparrow; once it goes, it won't fly back." Since that time my relationship with paper has undergone considerable change. I began to fear her, although certainly not enough.

Before judging his age, a writer must find the courage to judge himself. Pushkin was strong enough not only to write poems for the overthrow of autocracy but to say of himself, "And reading my own life with loathing, I tremble and curse." You mustn't be misled by the sins your muse ascribes but look soberly through to the real failing beneath.

Clearly many of my poems have not withstood the test of time, but I secretly believe something of me will survive my stay on Earth. Something, at least of my fits of spirit, I hope, even if screened by smoke, may influence the feelings of my descendants, restored to each other at last from the icy estrangement. That done, it little matters if, hearing the velvety whistles of magnificent ships come, they don't recall the hoarse voice of the old boat.

No one can foretell the outcome of our lives. What then must we do?

*Live, and by the smallest measure  
Never step back from oneself,  
But be alive, fully alive,  
Alive and only, to the end.*

—B. Pasternak



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## DRUGS WITHOUT CRIME

A report on the British success with heroin addiction.

**W**HAT THE HELL'S THAT GUY DOING in the front seat?" the cab dispatcher asked at Kennedy airport. "He's my protection," the driver said. "It's a new cab, see, and I don't have no screen installed yet between me and the back. He's my son. I won't drive at night without him."

I had just landed in New York after months of investigating the British approach to narcotic addiction for an American foundation. Although I now worked in Europe, I had gone to public school in this city and to one of its universities—but I felt like a stranger. In my cab I was far from the haunts of the addict, but not from the terror he provoked. And the vignettes of fear continued.

The first of three keys needed to enter the building where a friend loaned me an apartment . . . the safety lock that wouldn't budge . . . the crinkled metal signature of the crowbar used the last time the place was robbed . . . the neighbor's door with the decal of a helmeted heroine radiating jagged lightning and the message: "This home is protected electronically" . . . the next morning's embarrassment when I was forced off a bus because I didn't know drivers no longer carry money to make change . . . the armed guard in the midtown office building and his intercom announcement: "There's a man here who *says* he's got an appointment."

Later, whenever I mentioned the drug problem, someone would offer his personal anecdote of a burglarized apartment, a vandalized car, a neighbor's purse snatched. The illustrations even had slipped into the wry humor of the young.

"You can't get anybody to play the outfield in Central Park anymore," a friend's son told me. "They're afraid of getting mugged."

In England I was with addicts daily, with their

neighbors and those who work with them, but fear was not among the emotions I observed. There was pity, disgust, sorrow, and sometimes scorn. But the English are not afraid of the addict. They do not label him a criminal. They believe he is sick.

In contrast, decade after decade we have proclaimed his problem a sin not a sickness and have spent ever-increasing law-enforcement millions to snare him, while "shielding" him from a continuously expanding smuggling, processing, and putting network whose magnitude—and profits for some—surpasses the bootlegging operations of Prohibition. Meanwhile, nine out of ten American drug addicts are without any medical help at all.

Compared with ours, the British drug problem is minuscule. There are slightly fewer than 3,000 narcotic addicts in England, while our estimates range from 100,000 to 250,000. However, in Britain heroin use increased so rapidly a few years ago that drug-control officials felt it had reached epidemic proportions. In the middle Sixties heroin addiction in Great Britain doubled every sixteen months. When the count soared from 237 to 2,240, a visiting American drug expert predicted that it would soon reach 10,000. This will never happen.

England has stopped the narcotic-addiction spiral. In 1968 almost 1,000 new heroin addicts were counted. But in 1969 there were only ninety additional heroin and other narcotic addicts. Since then, monthly additions have been falling, and a 1970 report is expected to show a reversal—the drop since the heroin crisis began in the Sixties.

This achievement has made few headlines in England and virtually none in the United States, where all addiction indicators are going the other way. In part this is because the British approach to a



is far more complex and problem-filled than some Office tally sheet shows. But much more so, the statistics have been overshadowed by the roversy which surrounds the basic ingredient of the English drug program: government clinics which give free heroin and other narcotics to addicts.

Critical vision has often been not only blurred but distorted. Americans, particularly, tend to distort the British experience categorically, sometimes with a tinge of sadness that the usually sensible British should have made such an unfortunate mistake. A U.S. Government drug pamphlet issued last year says flatly: "The British system is considered a failure and has been modified to meet the increasing problem of addiction."

In the press, more often than not, hasn't done much better. While the statistics may seem unduly optimistic, the litany of bizarre anecdotes published in the past conveys more despair than is justified.

On the neon kaleidoscope that is Piccadilly Circus, the scene is as distorted as the spasmodic electric signs which flash above the throng. The anecdotes are all there. The young, wan addict, staggered out of a doorway to panhandle enough for a few furtive glances at the passerby while pills or drugs are exchanged . . . a jab of a needle in the armpit of the Underground . . . a spurt of blood on a soiled white shirt . . . a young girl collapsing on the sidewalk after a barbiturate injection. This has become part of the tourist attraction of London's Times Square, but it doesn't reflect accurately the addiction problem in England. What is the answer?

BETWEEN THE STATISTICS AND THE ANECDOTES there are no unassailable conclusions. No one disputes about a British drug program "success"; no one talks of "cures." Neither word has much relevance in the contemporary addiction dictionary on either side of the Atlantic. In Britain, as in America, treatment methods are debated. Furthermore, the label "addict" includes not just the heroin addict but an addicted population which injects methadone and barbiturates, often during the same week, on the same day. And that's only the hard-drug

behind him is a far larger turned-on army of the drug who dabble with LSD and amphetamines, who lose themselves in clouds of marijuana and hashish. No one disputes that this second division of drug abusers is increasing.

But in England, as in the United States, the paramount public concern has been with the casualties in the first rank—the narcotic addict. And in Britain this rising toll has been halted. Since the government clinics began, the monthly amounts of prescribed heroin have continued to drop. The majority of heroin addicts have been weaned over to methadone, a synthetic narcotic substitute developed by the Germans in World War II. But the drop in

heroin hasn't been matched by an equivalent rise in methadone.

The most significant contrast with America's drug problem, however, is that in England there is no direct connection between addiction and crime. No one—from the toughest London detective to the most liberal-minded physician—suggests that sticking a needle into your arm propels you into the robber and burglar fraternity. "There is no concrete evidence to connect any particular criminal activity with those dependent on the 'hard' drugs," Scotland Yard said in one of its reports.

In Washington, D.C., on the other hand, police blame up to 80 per cent of serious property crime on drug users. In New York City annual addict thievery is estimated at anywhere from a low of \$250 million to a high of nearly \$2 billion. No one has counted the people who are terrorized or those who are maimed and killed.

In Britain, different investigators have found that addicts are likely to commit fewer crimes after they are hooked than before. British prison psychiatrist Ian Pierce James showed that in those categories where U.S. addicts predominate—larceny, housebreaking, and robbery—his English sample had fewer convictions after addiction.

What all the British studies show is that a track record in court often is established before tracks are found on a subject's arm. Addicts are likely to have a whole series of antisocial "hang-ups," and addiction is just another form, rather than the cause, of delinquent behavior. This tends to support the theory, fairly widely held in the United States, that the gang wars which plagued our cities in bygone years ceased not so much because of street-worker efforts, but because drugs became a substitute for the rumble.

For a major clue to the difference in the addict-crime relationship in the two countries, you have to go back to Piccadilly Circus. There, amid the medicine shelves of Boots the Chemist, the all-night drug-store, you find heroin tablets in small bottles in a locked cabinet. A printed-in-red retail price list says: Heroin 100 tablets 90 Pence or \$2.16. On New York City's streets, the retail price for the same amount of heroin can run to \$1,000 or more.

America's crime problem, to be sure, is far more complex than the difference between these two price tags. But one thing is clear. Only a tiny fraction of America's addicts can legitimately earn the \$300 to \$500 a week it takes to support a full-blown heroin habit. In England, their equivalents have a luxurious option; they don't have to steal. Even if the British National Health Service insisted that they dig into their own pockets, it would make little difference. Pure British-made heroin costs the government no more than a daily tin of aspirin for each addict.

However, this is one English bargain not available to the tourist. For all but the clinic-confirmed addicts, heroin is no more legal in England than picking up samples at the British Museum. Posses-

"For all but the clinic-confirmed addicts, heroin is no more legal in England than picking up samples at the British Museum."



## Edgar May DRUGS WITHOUT CRIME

sion without a prescription means a maximum seven-year jail sentence; the penalty for trafficking, recently increased, could be as much as fourteen years. And British drug laws have been getting tougher. Until three years ago any doctor could write a prescription for heroin. With addiction figures soaring, the government stopped this and limited prescribing to special treatment centers which it asked regional hospital areas to set up. But even with these restrictions, the British never lost sight of the fact that they were talking about medicine. The "addict," said the distinguished panel which urged the clinic approach, "should be regarded as a sick person, he should be treated as such and not as a criminal, provided that he does not resort to criminal acts."\*

MUCH OF THE NARCOTICS CRISIS of the Sixties is blamed on a very small segment of the British medical profession. Some physicians carelessly overprescribed; a few, working like pushers, made huge quantities of heroin available to dissatisfied youths seeking the drugged dream of escape.

For these junkie doctors, it was a lucrative enterprise. In 1962, for example, one prescribed six kilos of heroin, enough to support 822 American addicts with a daily \$20 habit for an entire year. Another physician, when addicts were not coming to his office fast enough, made house calls to prod the laggards. A former patient told me he could count on a visit whenever the doctor had a bad day at the races. He was issuing prescriptions from a taxi parked in front of the Baker Street tube station when he was finally caught, fined, jailed, and barred from medicine.

Many addicts luxuriating in this narcotic largesse not only revved themselves up to ever-higher doses, but often sold their surplus to eager novices who soon were welded to the habit. There was so much of the drug around that, despite inflation, black-market heroin—the overprescribed surplus—remained at a constant \$2.40 a grain.

It was to end this chaos that the government launched its clinics. And almost immediately some critics launched their onslaught on the new British "system." The very word is wrong. Contrary to the widespread American view, the British National Health Service is not a monolith which dictates everything from aspirin dispensing to appendix removal. And the Ministry of Health has approached physicians both inside and outside the drug clinics

with the circumspection of an impresario dealing with a skittish diva. Each clinic director is doing "his own thing." In common with his colleagues he is a psychiatrist who treats addicts and prescribes narcotics. The important medical "how" is left up to him, and to his local hospital board which holds his purse strings.

THERE ARE FOURTEEN CLINICS IN LONDON, which has four-fifths of the country's addicts. Elsewhere an addict may obtain drugs at thirteen special facilities or at some forty-two hospital outpatient departments.

Some clinics have hospital beds for withdrawal "cures," many mix social-work services with the drugs, some provide extensive psychiatric services to addicts, some put the top premium on addict employment (almost 40 per cent of all clinic-attending addicts work)—other clinics don't have these extra services. Almost all clinics permit addicts to inject drugs away from the premises, but at least two insist that a nurse administer them twice a day.

Physical facilities also vary greatly. In the naval base city of Portsmouth, the clinic is in a large general hospital tucked behind a door marked "Denial Waiting Room." In East London the center is in its own building on the grounds of a mental hospital. In the Denmark Hill area it's part of the hospital's general outpatient department, and if you visit St. Giles Clinic in the Church of England Community Center you are reminded of an Alec Guinness movie. Dr. James H. Willis, a young psychiatrist, holds court, resplendent in white medical coat in a lecture hall where he sits behind a large wooden table flanked by two pianos and a bass fiddle. He took refuge behind these church walls after neighborhood people prevented him from occupying a newly constructed clinic, because they believed that his commuting addicts would infect their children.

At none of these facilities can an individual simply walk in and sign up for a government-sponsored fix. A detailed form is sent to the Home Office for comparison with the master list of known addicts to avoid duplicate registration. New patients generally receive at least two interviews with a social worker or one or more psychiatrists. One, sometimes several, urine tests are demanded, usually two or three days apart. Drug-positive urine tests are the chief tools to determine the kind of drug, if any, the addict is taking.

All doctors I interviewed agreed that confirming addiction—and particularly prescribing the correct amount—is the toughest part of their job. They use words like "haggling" and "bargaining" to describe the process. Mistakes were not uncommon in the hectic opening months of the clinics in 1968: a drug addict presented himself and said he needed six grains of heroin a day," Dr. John Denham at St. Clement's clinic recalled. "We thought he could do with two, but that he would settle for four was as haphazard as that."

\*Ironically, the clinics the panel recommended were tried in the United States a long time ago. After World War I, some forty short-lived narcotic-maintenance clinics existed to cope with the wave of morphine and heroin addiction brought home by the doughboys. More recently, several prestigious committees have suggested reviving the maintenance clinics on an experimental basis. For example, in 1955 the New York Academy of Medicine urged another attempt and suggested that earlier efforts were stopped not because they had failed, but because they ran against "the prevailing philosophy of a punitive approach."

In New York City from April 1970 to April 1971, there were 771 holdups or attempted holdups of change booths, or more than two a day in the 237-mile subway and elevated system...

"More than 85 per cent of the people we apprehend are addicts," said Chief Robert Rapp of the Transit Police Department, "and they readily tell us the holdups are to feed their habit."

—The New York Times, May 12, 1971



Philip H. Connell, clinic director and one of the pioneers in the drug field, candidly admitted he *clinic* had addicted some previously "clean" addicts. "Eleven individuals with negative urines mistakenly prescribed an opiate," he wrote in a British medical publication. Another clinic, on another tip, discovered a dozen others who were getting a double narcotic bounty by enrolling at a second center.

Once accepted, the addict doesn't receive his medicine from the clinic. A week's prescription is dispensed directly to his neighborhood druggist, but the patient can pick it up only in daily doses.

The size and particularly the content of these prescriptions have changed radically since the clinics began. All but several hundred addicts have converted to using only, or at least some, methadone. The use of this alternate narcotic, however, is generally very different from the treatment first pioneered in America by Drs. Vincent and Marie Nyswander. They provide methadone mixed in orange juice, in an effort to block heroin craving. While some English addicts take methadone, three-fourths of the prescriptions are for mainlining it like heroin. Clinic physicians say the patients often are almost as addicted to the hypodermic as to the narcotic itself—and few volunteers give it up. Furthermore, many doctors are skeptical that methadone, no matter how it is taken, can eliminate the taste for heroin.

Their patients fall into four rough groups: those who inject heroin only; those who inject both heroin and methadone; those who inject methadone only; and those who drink the alternate narcotic. The doctors believe shifting an addict through these categories is progress, even though none has detected any dramatic differences between methadone and heroin. Some favor methadone because its longer-lasting quality requires fewer daily injections. Second, as a liquid preparation, unlike a heroin tablet, it doesn't have to be mixed with water, which frequently is a contributor to infection in the addict's self-administered fix. Finally, there is a nonmedical incentive. The clinics were established specifically to stop the heroin explosion, and the government keeps and circulates a record of each clinic's monthly heroin prescriptions, a publicly implied measure of performance.

Although most addicts report weekly to the clinic, there is seldom enough staff to provide intensive social work or psychiatric counseling. In one London clinic, the lone and part-time social worker has a caseload of thirty addicts out of the near one hundred total. She estimated she had what she called a deep relationship with a half-dozen. They get a half-hour a week, I think," she added. "I do not do a lot."

The clinic directors have purposely ruled out therapy sessions. "If they chose drugs, they get them," Dr. Ian Christie, who runs the Portsmouth clinic, said. He offers the addict three options: he can enter the hospital for withdrawal ("everyone

who has tried that has relapsed"); he can continue on drugs by reporting to the clinic twice a day for intramuscular but not intravenous injections; or he can sign up for an eighteen-month tour in a therapeutic community modeled after New York's Phoenix House. Dr. Christie is encouraged by his experience with those who make the last choice and is expanding the program even though the dropout rate has been very high, as in America.

Most English workers in the field do not believe that even the most skilled and intense psychological cajoling, or, for that matter, harassment, will move a patient away from drugs until he has made the decision himself. Both the American and British drug scenes are littered with the failures which support this view. It is the recognition that many addicts don't want to be cured—no matter how much society wishes it were otherwise—that is a key rationale for giving free narcotics at clinics. "We at least have the addicts under some responsible medical supervision, and not just those who will volunteer for an oral methadone program or a therapeutic community," said Dr. Martin Mitcheson, a clinic director and drug researcher. "This gives the doctor some chance to learn how to motivate even the more hopeless junkies toward a more lasting cure than prison ever will enforce."

In the two dozen doctor-addict interviews I was permitted to observe, I heard little sermonizing. Occasionally, the results are encouraging. There was, for instance, the young boy with a narcotic history dating back to one of the celebrated junkie doctors. His blond girlfriend had accompanied him to the session. After the preliminaries about how he was feeling and how his job was going, there was a momentary silence. The boy fidgeted and his eyes focused on the girl. "Next week," he said softly, "cut back my script."

**W**HILE THE MORE GLARING MISTAKES of the clinics' early days are now a thing of the past, the clinics often cannot persuade their clients to stick to the prescribed drug diet. Like their American counterparts, many abuse more than one drug. Others sell, loan, or exchange some of their own allotment. This traffic would be reduced if drugs were administered directly at the clinics, a practice most of the doctors do not favor.

London drug-squad detectives do favor it. They want fewer clinics, open around the clock, providing drugs on the spot and nowhere else. While they acknowledge that illicit heroin has been drastically reduced, they are uncertain about how much bootleg methadone has replaced it. Since price reflects scarcity, illicit heroin's cost has jumped at least sixfold since the days of the junkie doctors. And illegal methadone isn't much cheaper. But the black market where they are sold might more accurately be called the narcotic surplus market, fueled principally by clinic addicts hawking a portion of their prescriptions. While some Hong Kong heroin is

"Clinic physicians believe patients often are almost as addicted to the hypodermic as to the narcotic itself."



imported, there is no large-scale underworld-dominated operation. What the black market does provide is an entrance for those who want to dabble with narcotics.

One thing is clear, however. No policeman I interviewed was prepared to scrap the clinics. London detectives may grumble about doctors who overprescribe. On the other hand, the head of Southampton's drug squad went on TV earlier this year to criticize the local clinic doctor's stingy policies, which he blamed for an increase in pharmacy burglaries.

In neighboring Portsmouth, the respected head of the drug squad offered an unqualified endorsement. "Make no mistake about it," said Detective Sergeant Alan Russell. "People forget that a few years ago this country had a serious heroin problem. You've got to accept the fact they've knocked a hole in it."

There is, unfortunately, no computer printout on overall clinic performance. Yet a cautious note of

optimism is sounded by many of the doctors involved. "Much to my surprise, we have stabilized the addicts—they're not dead and they are better said Dr. Margaret Tripp, who directs an East London clinic. "Their drug use has gone down, they work longer, and they are less of a nuisance everybody."

"I'm pleased that the frightening curve of heroin addiction has leveled off, but I'm disturbed that methadone and barbiturates have risen," says Philip Connell. "The clinics have provided some treatment services where none have existed, but terms of research they are a failure."

"But all of the terrible prognostications [for clinics] of American workers in the drug field have been unfounded."

To document these subjective judgments, there are the national addiction statistics. While they may be incomplete, no one believes that there is a huge, hidden group of unreported addicts. The downward trend is reflected in British prisons.

## U.S. Experiment in the Twenties

The system of using clinics to prescribe narcotics was tried in the United States between 1919 and 1923, when more than forty clinics were in operation under the auspices of state and local governments. Many of these survived the threat of federal prosecution for only a short time, and eventually the Treasury Department succeeded in closing all of them. We have, nevertheless, documented evidence that at least one clinic, which lasted for a period of about four years, proved highly successful in treating addicts. . . .

Located in Shreveport, Louisiana, it was directed by Dr. Willis P. Butler, who believed that an enforced "cure" could accomplish no worthwhile purpose. Dr. Butler instituted necessary controls that were missing in the operation of many other similar facilities. . . .

A letter from the Commissioner, Department of Public Safety, City of Shreveport, written in 1920, to the President of the Louisiana State Board of Health, reads as follows:

"I wish to write you and express how the Police Department of Shreveport feels in regard to the Louisiana State Board Dispensary, known here as the Narcotic Clinic, same being under the direction of Dr. Willis P. Butler. The writer feels that this letter is due the State Board, as well as simply an act of justice toward Dr. Butler, for upon the institution of the clinic I had grave doubts as to its efficacy, and in fact expressed myself as being bitterly opposed to it. . . .

"I wish to say that from a police standpoint, the City of Shreveport is greatly benefited by its being here. It has practically eliminated

the bootlegger who deals in narcotics, and in this way alone has reduced the number of possible future dope users. I believe, however, that no clinic can be successfully operated without the most earnest cooperation of the Police Department, as well as the Federal authorities, as this clinic has. It is also necessary that the clinic gives like cooperation to authorities above mentioned. This, I am happy to say, has been done by Dr. Butler, and it has been a pleasure to work with him and assist him in every way possible.

"Before the establishment of the Clinic a great number of criminals prosecuted through this department were those addicted with the use of opiates. Now, however, it is very seldom that we have to prosecute this class, and we are able to keep a direct line upon anyone who might sell morphine, cocaine, and such other drugs as are prohibited by law. . . .

"Our records show that the Clinic here has cured a number of those afflicted with this habit, and some are working here and are citizens that respect themselves and are respected by this department. The authorities in charge of the Police Department in Shreveport would regard it a calamity should this Clinic be removed from this point, and we are as earnestly for it at the present time as we were bitterly opposed to it upon its institution here. We cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Butler and his methods used at the dispensary."

*Nathan Straus III, Addicts and Drug Abusers: Current Approaches to the Problem. Twayne Publishers, Inc., 1971.*



lon's version of New York City's Tombs, Ian James saw one-third fewer addicts in 1970 than he had in 1969. At three London centers, the number of addicts holding jobs almost doubled in two years. In these same clinics, a series of tests given a year apart showed that while many addicts still were taking more and different drugs than those prescribed, such misuse had been reduced. In yet another survey, there were fewer addicts a year after addicts were with a clinic than before.

One, however, claims that the British are on the way toward eliminating man's centuries-old dilemma of drugged escape. So it is easy to dismiss the British drug approach and say it simply doesn't apply to the American scene. The countries are just too different. Not only do some key narcotics laws point in opposite directions, but each country's traditions, youth culture, and race problems are so disparate that what works in the rowdy streets of London could not possibly work in the slums of New York.

A soon-to-be-published study gives an explosive blow to such blanket judgments. For the first time, a comparison has been made of the lives of addicts in a society which says they are criminals against one in which they are sick. Jim Zacune, a clinical psychologist with the Addiction Research Unit of London's Institute of Psychiatry, studied the performance of twenty-five Canadian addicts at home and in England, where they migrated in the 1960s. He diplomatically says that his findings should not be used to pillory one country's treatment approach while praising another's and cautions that his sample may have included the most serious of the Canadians who packed up their syringes for England. However polite and academically sound the qualifiers, his findings are startling: At home the Canadians spent 25 per cent of their addicted years in jail; in England, less than 1 per cent.

At home this meant a combined total of 144 months and 2 months in prison; in England, 2 years and 5 months.

At home they compiled 182 offenses; in England, 27.

At home, in the high addict crime category of violent offenses, which also included robbery and burglary, they committed 83; in England, 8.

In Britain many onetime "hustlers" became jobbers and often led fairly normal lives on a daily wage in dosage three and a half times that of London addicts. In Canada, only one claimed to have worked steadily while addicted. In England, thirteen worked full-time and four worked part-time. Most had held the same job for at least three years. Many had semi-skilled or skilled manual jobs; two were office workers; one in sales; and the rest were as croupier, housewife, and student.

Or once we could work and live like humans," the addicts said. The interviews repeat again and again their personal and pragmatic assessments.

"There is less trouble from the police . . . we don't constantly have to be paranoid . . . there is less pressure . . . there is no need to steal."

How many American addicts today would find "no need to steal" and "could work and live like human beings" if they had a choice?

**T**HE BRITISH APPROACH TO ADDICTION RAISES many questions, but for an American the most painful may be this: what has the United States accomplished in all these years of viewing narcotic addiction largely as a criminal, instead of a medical, problem?

With all its imperfections and shortcomings, the British effort confirmed for me that America never will make significant headway with the drug problem until it puts in charge the man who ultimately will have to solve it: the doctor, not the policeman.

Skilled and specially licensed physicians should be permitted to prescribe the widest range of medical possibilities. For some this may mean traditional hospital withdrawal; for others a therapeutic community; and for many, a drug-maintenance program, administered and supervised within a medical facility. These doctors should be permitted not only to experiment with different ways of using methadone, but, when other treatment approaches have failed, to experiment with heroin.

The choice is not between the doctor and the police. It is a matter of priorities. Which discipline comes first. Unauthorized narcotics must be illegal and the wholesale purveyors of this disease must be hounded with every resource of police science.

At the same time, to suggest a blanket export order of England's clinics to America is as irrational as the blanket dismissals they have suffered in the past. Different models are desirable. Greater safeguards are both possible and required. Even with them, some mistakes will be made. Some innocent youths may be infected. A few charlatans will have to be exposed. And still some more addicts will die of needless overdoses.

Callous? Maybe. But what about the caddy who needs his "protection," the elderly lady who tonight will be terrorized, and the millions of innocent Americans who want and deserve the right to live in our urban centers without having to fear them as jungles?

How long will it be before our national policy is changed?

How long will a flourishing opiate black market continue—daily infecting others because of the astronomical profits that spur an ever-widening clientele?

How long will American addicts be a banished subculture, morally exiled, often from the very medical help they so desperately need, but always present in the criminal countdown of the larger society which has had to safety-lock itself behind so many doors for the luxury of guarding an unworkable dogma? □

"Drug-positive urine tests are the chief tools to determine the kind of drug, if any, the addict is taking."

## CONVENTIONAL WISDOMS

### Horrors of This World: A Partial Listing

Leaky Faucets	When Your Wife Has
Septic Tanks	a Baby by Another Man
Catheterization	Growing Old
Literary Figures	Impotence
Divorce	Frigidity
Betrayal	Lack of Money
Rich Girls	Too Much
Sharks While Swimming	Failure
Mothers with Scissors	Worldly Success
Naked Fathers	Sickness Unto Death
War	A Boss Who Is an Idiot
Heroin Addiction	Your Own Sharkiness
Lost Love	Cancer
Forget-Me-Nots	Your Own Imminent
Hateful Parents	Death
Spoiled Children	False Professors
Boredom	Shatteredness
Lynching	Fear
Portions of Our History	Lack of Feeling
Mad Dogs	Perfection
Self-Righteousness	Frame-Ups
Death of a Parent	Atomic Explosions
Death of a Child	Wastage
Death of a Rich	The Yellow Peril
Elderly Person	The Black Peril
Death of a Love	The Red Peril
Non-specific Urethritis	The White Peril
Military Officers	Selfishness
Someone with	Devils
Someone You Love	Blackmail
An Angry God	

ON DEALING WITH THE HORRORS of this world: I talk about them and try to work them into some kind of beauty. It is better not to ignore them, but make them less horrible by work, sweat, and blood, write them out like the few true stories that we made end well, and give the wisdom to another.

### Sharks while swimming

THERE IS NOTHING INNATELY FRIGHTENING about sharks unless you are in the water with one. "A Battle with the Horror of Life"

On December 20, 1967, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Boyd and Mr. and Mrs. James Williamson went swimming at the beach near Sarasota, Florida. It was eleven thirty-five P.M. There was a three-quarter moon. Mr. Williamson describes what happened:

*Frank and Nora and I were treading water talking about the party, Bea had drifted off a little way. She was shy and hadn't wanted to come in. I heard her gasp and turned around to see her surface in a pool of phosphorescence. Nora said we should go to shore. I swam to Bea but she kept slipping out of my arms, yanked underwater by something stronger than us. She would come up again whining, thrashing, until I grabbed her arm and started to pull her toward shore. I felt something brush my leg and it began to sting. The only other thing I remember was the peculiar taste in the water. I carried her out onto the beach and gave her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. The flesh was stripped from her leg. Frank ran up to the house to call an ambulance and find us all something to put on. Later a marine biologist came by the hospital and said he could tell from the positioning of the teeth marks that it was a tiger shark.*

Whale and basking sharks are thirty or forty long and eat plankton. The others will eat almost anything, but they have different sized mouths. There are mako, mackerels, man-eaters, tiger lemons, duskies, nurses, and others.

Each type of shark has its peculiarities of shape and size and behavioral pattern. The positive identification of a shark is best made after a close inspection of the teeth. The man-eater's teeth, for example, have serrated edges: the mako has a sharp cusp near the base of the denture, and the beagle has none—just its row of canines. The shark's teeth are so sharp that men bitten say they didn't feel the first bite. The size of a shark bite depends on the size of the shark's mouth. A thirty-foot shark can take half a man.

Biologically, sharks are something between fish and mammal. Young sharks are born alive and immediately start operating like miniature reproductions of their parents. The mother offers no food protection and, if hungry, may eat her young.

Anatomically, a shark has no swim bladder, but a flotation device allows other fish to remain motionless in any space of water, but the shark must keep swimming or he will sink. So from birth until death he swims, dozing as he moves through protean waters, a fugitive from his own death.

Sharks are unpredictable. You can drag a bait within inches of a shark's nose and he may ignore it. But if there is the slightest trickle of blood on the bait the shark will attack senselessly. Or

*John Bart Gerald is a prose writer and sometime teacher. His past stories in Harper's were about wounded soldiers; he has been a medic in the Air Force Reserve and has worked with Vietnam casualties.*



feeding in a low tide pool. It's been presumed, also, that it feeds in the water with a sticky tongue that it uses to scoop up prey that is up higher than the shallow littoral. Hagfish feed in environments that it is known that they do not inhabit there and as such the question is that is there there has been alternative feeding like just waiting there, little more by yellow stages before settlement, with a really long or with a short a period of time.

A sand road runs outside my house back into the woods, and flowers are most abundant. They are primrose on either side, blueberry bushes, and on the forest floor of the forest there is a forest that infers me left to dry years ago. Now the green and blueberry leaves grow up through it. There are a few little white flowers. A few butterflies lie amid the long grass. I don't pick them. They come up from the green like tiles of the sun. And the earth keeps pushing up her free treasure.



IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE that rich girls are not among the horrors of this world at all, and my own susceptibility comes from a lack of money. This section, then, is recommended to young men who have only the hard currency of their own bodies and, looking at a rich woman, are tempted to get Something for Nothing.

Often it is difficult to distinguish a rich girl from any other girl. Nowadays she may masquerade as a secretary or computer programmer. If her mother went into hospital-visiting committees or benefits, she may find her way into foundations or Republican politics. Frequently, the only way of spotting a rich girl is by the company she keeps. The boss will take a special interest in her. She may well direct her energies to pleasing some older man, possibly her father. Life will be essentially a game. If a girl over a period of time seeks total moral or sexual obliteration and continually manages to survive it, she either is or plans to be a rich girl. Rich girls shut horror out of their lives at any price, and someone else will pick up the tab. Intelligent rich girls tremble continually on the brink of this realization, which they never quite make, saved from awareness again and again by some older man. Nothing is ever quite a rich girl's fault. She is merely water finding her own course through gaiety or catastrophe exhibiting the same slightly numbed coolness. She is an actress in a world of real people. The rich girl achieves mythic stature in our modern American life, as shown in this anonymous poem of the early Sixties:

*The Poet to His Love*

*You are a land of milk and honey,  
You are a desert filled with rain,  
Your banks are filled with money,  
Your fields with waving grain,  
Your clouds have a silver lining,  
Your streets are paved with gold,  
Your whole is good for mining,  
Your luck will always hold,  
Your cup is running over,  
Your well spouts precious oils,  
Your market value's growing,  
Since I have found your spoils.  
Your lips are red like rubies,  
Your scent like new minted bills,  
And the very set of your boobies  
Cries "Gold in them thar hills."  
Your hips are heaps of uranium,  
Yet soft as a bed of clover,  
I think a pink geranium  
Blooms when you bed over.  
Teeth of pearl! Diamond eyes!  
My goddess! My Salvation!  
You have made my good stock rise  
Happy with inflation.  
For nowhere is there greater treasure,  
Not even in Fort Knox,  
Than all those riches of earthly pleasure  
I found in your strong box.*

I was myself, once, a poor and unsuccessful poet which may have been one reason I was drawn strongly to my own rich girl. She had generous breasts, ill-hidden in a wool suit, and eyes like blue ice. She had a strong, intelligent mind and was the secretary to the head of a large foundation. She awkwardly performed her exercises every night before she went to bed. She ate a great deal of cottage cheese. When I took her flowers she put them in a white vase and made them last. She was warm, loving, and exceedingly generous.

She did suggest that it was not entirely necessary to be poor and struggling. She introduced me to wealthy friends, in particular the head of that foundation, which gave large grants to young poets. He was delighted. She told me to apply for a grant. I did and received a substantial sum of money. She had spent most of it when a mutual friend told me my rich girl was once the foundation head's mistress, though the man was over fifty with a wife and three grown children. He was also overweight and when he talked, spittle accumulated at the corners of his mouth, which he touched from time to time with a blue polka-dotted handkerchief. She assured me there had been nothing for you and what had been was essentially the old man's fantasy since he had not been able etcetera. I was happy to believe. My increased understanding of the man allowed me tolerance, and occasionally he came to pleasant dinners where he brought with him of rare vintage and flattered my work. This I can remember times, too, when he put his hand on my girl's shoulder and knee an instant too long. She assured me that was his manner in giving advice, and laughed at my petty jealousies, the spring of my youth.

And I suppose I would still not find rich girls horrifying at all if it were not for a curious set of circumstances and coincidences.

My grant was spent, and in the back of my mind I was thinking how to survive the winter ahead (I began identifying with office clerks again) when her boss invited us to spend a weekend at his family in Darien, Connecticut.

They lived in an old stone farmhouse. The field was mowed into lawn. The red barn was a guesthouse with white trim and a freshly painted Pennsylvania Dutch hex sign. The children were not there. He greeted us warmly, mentioned the renewal of my grant, and introduced me to his wife, a younger gray-haired woman with a graceful full body kept in bounds by her flower-print dress.

She took my arm as we walked through the gardens; her hand was soft with clear lacquered nails. She told me the names of flowers as we walked when they bloomed, and how she and her husband waited patiently for each. We joined her husband and my rich girl back at the house. The dinner was elegant, the wine abundant between us. Talk turned toward politics, where they proved to be moderate revolutionaries. We had to promise not to tell her a while the foundation head took my rich girl



the work of some applicants, indeed he had decided very soon who would receive the monies, his wife sat in a white armchair across from him, smiling, moving her fingers slowly over the keys. She poured another brandy. She touched her glass. She brought the glass toward me. She leaned over, revealing her tanned breast to the nipples. I got on my feet, wanting her and not wanting her at all. I took an excuse and went to the bathroom where I cupped fresh water in my hands and washed my face. I thought I heard someone calling me through the other door to the bathroom. The sound continued. I dried my face and hands. I opened the door and there was the foundation of a house in the leather chair of his study with his legs spread wide where my rich girl knelt in a ceremony of devotion.

She wrote me a letter once, later, saying that she loved me, saying there were a great many things I did not understand, that she did what she was doing for me, but she knew I would not believe that. And yet I cannot accept it because that is where the trouble comes from, the part of me that believes her, that loves her, and wanted her to.

### Mad dogs

ONE OF THE RULES OF MY TOWN is that dogs can't run free. Caught dogs must be ransomed for \$25 fee, which is what it costs to get your car out if you park in front of the firehouse door. I have seen a dog chained to an iron stake in the backyard. I have used to let him roam free a good deal, figuring I would not pay the ransom and he could live with the other dogs in the town kennel. But I found that the unclaimed dogs at the kennel were taken to the state infirmary offices and "put to sleep."

I am not about to have the neighbors say, "He let his own dog be gassed by the state," which is why I keep him chained to the stake in my backyard. When he is chained securely it is very hard for him to be a bad dog. It is when I let him off the chain that the trouble begins, and so I have learned how to deal with a bad dog.



### "How to Deal with a Bad Dog"

Some people say dogs are bad because they have been poorly trained. Perhaps the dog's mother left him when he was too young; perhaps the dog's father used to playfully bite through his son's floppy ears. I do not know about this. I do know if a dog is bad he is an annoyance, and will stop most directly if you hit him or kick him. Be careful not to kick a dog too hard in the hind-quarters for he may develop arthritis and will tend to drag his hind legs. Also, take care not to hit or kick a dog in the nose, for the bone structure is fragile and he may develop a sinus condition.

You can tell that a dog is being bad when you feel the urge to kick him. Dogs are very clever and quite subversive, and can spend hours building your annoyance by subtle tricks, never quite bad enough to deserve a blow; instead they will look up at you with their big brown eyes, ears flat along their head, and tail thumping in the grass. But for every dog there is a point where he will choose to do as he wants rather than as you want, and at this point he becomes bad. It is best to correct this immediately with a beating. A dog without a broken spirit is no dog at all.

With my own dog the game plays out in the following manner. There are some mornings when I wake up stunned, perhaps by the fullness of a summer day or the early song of birds, and instead of tying my dog to his stake in the backyard, I feed him by the kitchen door, unfettered, and then tie him. On occasion, I have embarked on some small project before leaving for work and have opened the door on two empty feed bowls and no dog at all. I call him. I whistle. I call him nicely and say, "Good doggie, come, come, Rufus." And nothing happens. So I set out to find my dog and save him from the gas chamber.

Sometimes he is hiding in a little grove of scrub oak over the hill. Sometimes he is playing at the water's edge down by the pond, rolling in the mud, or splashing out amid the lily pads. Sometimes he is pawing through an overturned garbage can looking for snacks. Or nosing the bulldog who guards the trailer park. Sometimes he is playing with the children who live down the street, cavorting among them, leaping with all four feet off the ground and dashing in and out amid their wagons. He is very playful and, though large, they know he does not bite and have become fond of him. It makes me very angry because I have been out hunting for him and worrying, worrying, while he has been having such a good time. I come and take him away. When we get to the shielded place on the dirt road I hit him up alongside the mouth and swear at him. Once a group of children came upon us, and one of them yelled, "Mad dog!" and they all ran away.

## Death of a parent

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE. Of course you hate your parents. No, of course you do. But you also love them a great deal, that's why you're thinking about them at all, you love them and you just don't want to accept that. You're self-pitying, you, a person of some intellect, sliding around, wasting your time. Let me tell you two stories. This is the first. Now I've always hated my mother, I have since I was a child. She was always getting married and she had no time for me. She was a very beautiful woman; objectively she looks a little like me when I'm thin, but her bone structure is much finer. She resented me, especially when I became a young woman, and she never did a thing beyond what was expected of her. That's how I felt about the matter.

"Well, I was seven months pregnant and in the hospital in Hartford, which I don't want to talk about, when the state police called and told me my stepfather, that's my mother's third husband, had had an accident on the Massachusetts Turnpike and was dead. My mother, who was in the car, was seriously injured and in the hospital so I got out of bed and went to her.

"It turned out Mother had a brain injury and was unconscious. The hospital was not sufficient so I moved her to a hospital in Boston, and rode with her there in the back of a converted Cadillac holding the plasma bottle. She was unconscious and the whole time I sat there all I could think was Mother please wake up, please wake up, because I wanted to tell her I loved her. I had never told her really that I loved her and I didn't want her to die without knowing that.

"She was still unconscious the next day. My brother came down, stunned and bumbling, and the doctor told us he was going to have to operate. I know something about brain operations, having gone through several of them with an older friend, so when we were alone I asked the doctor, and he said Mother had only about a twenty per cent chance of surviving the operation at all. No, I didn't tell my brother. We went up to her room before the operation. I went in first and Mother lay there with her hair all shaved off and the wound in her head and I turned right around and took my brother by the arm and led him out for a cup of coffee. I didn't want him to see her like that for the last time. They took her down to the operating room and we had to leave and go bury my stepfather.

"Mother did survive the operation and I got to tell her I loved her. Of course she didn't change a bit. When I got divorced she sided with my husband, and the last time I was in New York I went to see her for twenty minutes. 'Twenty minutes, Sarah, is that all the time you want to spend with your own mother?' 'Yes it is, Mother, it's all I can stand, but you know I love you, don't you.' And she does."

I never heard the second story.

## "The Death of Your Own Parents"

I'm scared to feel anything about the death of my own parents. Let me intellectualize. America, where the melting pot and conflict cultures and life-styles replace a strong overculture we lack rituals and strong agreed-upon traditions to deal with the horrors of life. Perhaps the parent is more important here than in other cultures. The parent is the organizer of our lives. The parent holds our world together, so, in a funny way, with our parents' death our childhood dies too. With their impending death our own foundations sink in the sand, unless we have feared their death greatly we have built foundations of our own and wander the face of the land. It is hard to say who loves his parents more: the child who rises in his father's business to take it over at the old man's death or the child who flees his parents. When parents die, our gods die, our creators and definers die, and suddenly the world is our own. This is a terrifying and wonderful thing.

The transitions are easiest when parent and child do not love each other too much.

When I was younger I could not have survived my parents' death. I remember as a boy I lived with them; when they ate dinner at home the world was full and joyful. I would lie awake nights waiting for them to come home from a party. My young life was bursts of warmth between summer camp and boarding school. I never saw enough of my parents. Having taken the bait, hook and all, they let me go far behind the boat, swimming as fast as I could through heavy seas, always trying to catch up with their joy, to be one with them, to be out of the boat and in the boat. I grew, and swam faster, more strongly, but their boat was always ahead of me, bobbing on the waves with its little yellow cap and puffing in the wind. Sometimes I could hear the voices of their friends on the breeze—"He's a good one, how fast and strong he is, look how his clothes are iridescent when he jumps in the sun." And my parents would nod and smile. One day I realized that I would never catch up with their love. The bait they threw to the waters gave no nourishment. And that they loved me, but they would not love me as I am. Their love also masked a deeper sea of their own. It is only by compassion you can understand these things. The jealousy of a mother for her daughter. A father's fear of his son. And the lessons as well. The lessons are not shocking, but the love that brings these feelings together. Not the love to build a world with perhaps, but the love that brings an anguished cry of humanity when the world grows cool. Forgive. The little boat is sometimes out in the wide troughs of the waves and when our own lives we become young whales, you and I.





When your wife has a baby by another man

THIS SORT OF PROBLEM does not occur casually. It takes a great deal of effort on the part of at least three people—one of those intricate structures of possible realities which occurs down through history again and again, is suffered and survived through a struggle of soul which finally yields a private wisdom to the world that allows little wisdom to be passed on to future generations of sufferers.

My own thoughts on the matter are that it is not possible at all unless you make it so. And if your

wife has a baby by another man, it is probably your own fault.

My good friend X was a man who sought torment with a moral fervor. Well born and the product of a protected childhood, he walked open-eyed into the various hells available to him, thinking that this might put him in touch with the rest of mankind and reveal several of the secrets of life. To sustain his endeavors he married Anna, a full-bodied graduate student who could both respect such nonsense and yet realize it had nothing to do with her. She was in school looking for a husband. I remember her walking down the sidewalks of the campus, smiling, with heavy volumes clamped to her belly like the weight of a child. Impervious to his gloom, she was wowed by love made in desperation and the curative power of her own resilient vitality, and went to live with X, who, after many ups and downs, in an attempt to instill some sense of tragedy in this buoyant young lady, gave up and married her. They were reasonably happy. X began to feel he had betrayed the journey of his life and was fast losing interest in the miseries of the world, which began to hurt his work as a radical politician. X saw himself as a fat bourgeois, a betrayer of Miser, an eater of steak and drinker of wine with a charge card at his wife's breast. Anna saw her husband less of a youth and more of a man, ready to give her the children she wanted and finally raise a family. Now I have never fully understood why X did not give Anna children: I doubt he understood it himself. It may be something as simple as X's refusal to burden the world with any continuation of himself. Or it may have had a good deal to do with Anna. She finally said to him, "Sweetheart, you promised me a baby this year." He said, "We don't have a cent in the bank." She said, "If we wait too long I'll be too old to have children." Whereupon X went out and fell in love with a ballet dancer.

Poor Anna was crushed for about eight months. But whereas X drifted on downward to a confrontation with his own misery, Anna with her usual resiliency found a nice clean-cut biochemist and promptly found they could make a baby quite easily, putting to rest fears instilled long ago by her mother, and doubling her radiance and vitality. When X, battered and torn beyond his own recognition and accustomed to misery, that the very word "unfortunate" filled him with a vague apathetic dread, found her again, in the same suit he left in with hair unwashed over his collar, and his eyes filled with a rare hope glistening under his brow, he stood on the doorstep of the marvelously structured house she now lived in with the biochemist, and she opened the door, pale, quite beautiful and seven months pregnant, with her hair in a soft wreath over her sleepy smile. And in that instant X realized that another man had given her what he had failed to: it is the kind of recognition that is fleeting; one carries it around close to one's waking life at the risk of severe debilitation,

John Bart Gerald  
CONVENTIONAL  
WISDOMS

and X was faced with the problem at the center of his own misery.

She was, of course, very sweet, and asked him in for a cup of coffee, and said she didn't necessarily want a divorce, that was all up to him, that she was quite happy having a child, and the biochemist was sweet to her so that she found life bountiful and was sorry X did not find his lot at this moment quite so joyful.

How X handled the problem: he couldn't. He muttered a few words about how he hoped she would be happy and stumbled out the door to weep. This amused no one. On the way back to his hotel he walked into the side of a moving car which spun him into a lamppost. He drank half a bottle of whiskey and fell asleep.

It was hard to follow his course through the following months. I would see him at the movies with one girl, waiting outside the drugstore for another. In a drunken moment he confided he was trying to sleep with his wife's friends. I don't know what he was doing for money. Rumor said he was about to marry an heiress. I didn't ask him. He looked lean, his eyes glittered, a bright red tie spilled down his chest. Then he dropped out of sight completely.

One Sunday afternoon several years later he appeared on my doorstep with a pale lovely girl who was evidently about to have a baby. He introduced his new wife. They were living in Chicago where he worked for her uncle's company. They planned to have lots of children. The girl smiled and took his hand. He said by the way what ever became of Anna? I told him the biochemist had reconciled with his wife, and Anna and the little girl were living with her parents. X said oh and looked out the window as if letters of blood were being written in the sky, but when I looked there was nothing, just a sunny blue factual day.

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Death of a love

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**T**HIS IS UNACCEPTABLE. If you love with your heart and soul, this death dissolves your marriage to life. Ordering your life into wisdoms does not justify the pain. "Wisdoms" are of no help. Faith turns bitter. Utter despair is too self-concerned. There is no containment. If you suffer this you pay hardest if you try to deal with it at all. A form of madness is inevitable, and I offer this so you can store it away. It may help you one day

without your knowing. Accept the madness and live it out. If you live with religion, the least harmful form of madness is available to you. Go to your men of god and give your life up to them until you are well. If you can't abide religion, give your life up to helping others until you are healed. And if you can't stand to look on any face which does not understand that what you loved more than anything, the world has died, withdraw into some wilderness alone. Or throw yourself into the sea of human pain around you until everyone else's pain overcomes your own.

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Shattered

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**E**ACH FRAGMENT SAID TO ME do this no do this. I didn't know which one to listen to. So I went to the men of god and said I don't know anything. I don't know what to do. Help me. And they took me in.

A brother was plowing a field and he gave me shears to cut off the dead branches that hung over the field and got in the way of the tractor. I cut off the live branches around the field so the tractor could pass easily and their shade would stunt the growth of the grain. So I cut off the dead branches and it terrified me. And I cut the budding live branches and I kept wanting to leave the field, the sweeping ones, so they would flower but the brother said no, cut all the branches out over the field, the tractor can pass and the grain can grow. I saw I was afraid to cut the branches because I was afraid I was like the dead wood or the single budding alone.

A brother was plowing the field and he called for me to come over and showed me a whippoorwill with a spotted back and two-inch bill lying in the grass, while the tractor stalled and sputtered. Then I saw a little speckled bird at the edge of the furrow and I turned it over, but the head was gone and the stomach rolled down into the furrow like a clod of earth. And the mother picked up the head and flew away. And the tractor moved on.

The brothers had plowed a small garden near the chaplain's house. And they gave me a storm to circle the freshly turned earth. So I put stakes and buried the fence two feet deep. The groundhogs wouldn't burrow under, but I was seeing that I wasn't building a fence around the garden but a patch of fresh earth. I was fencing raw earth, so that one day it might be a garden.

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# MILITARY THEOLOGY

cloistered nature of Army life and the habit of mind that makes  
ar a virtuous crusade.

THE FOLLOWING OBSERVATIONS on the United States Army should be read in the spirit of a  
essay, as if, for the past several months, I  
een wandering in a distant country. A country  
ertain likenesses to my own, and yet in many  
foreign.

ting forth to write about the ethos of the  
class, I arrived at the main gates of Army  
with doubtful credentials. My own country is  
and secular, the eclectic milieu of a man who  
ved for ten years in New York City and who  
ttended, however unwillingly, to the noisy  
atics of new fashion. (I think of a vast and  
less stage, loud with the cries of clever people  
ng the political and cultural scenery.) I was  
rong age for the nation's recent wars, and as  
analist I am sometimes a maker of heresies.  
of which inclined most officers to grave and  
nfounded suspicion. The Army is a rural so-  
pergated by a feeling of small-town neighbor-  
and governed by the regulations of small-  
morality. The residential quarters of the larger  
invariably reminded me of a town painted  
orman Rockwell: the great, good American  
protected by a white picket fence from the  
rian hordes gathered on the frontiers. I re-  
ver shade trees and station wagons, Little  
ie football games and afternoon tea.

Army also resembles the medieval church,  
iving what every good officer believes to be  
true American virtues" in the midst of a  
ent temporal society riven by disillusion and  
ir. Once having accepted the tenets of the  
ry theology, a man inherits a knowledge of  
and evil. He knows precisely where he stands  
annual order of merit, and he can be re-  
ly sure that his worthiness will be rewarded  
omotions or medals and that his transgres-  
will be punished by loss of command or exile  
upply depot on Guam.

the most part I found myself in the company  
n whom I liked. Although often I couldn't  
with their prejudices or enthusiasms (most  
ly, in the customary phrase, for "knocking  
ng"), I admired them as men of their word,  
envied them the unquestioning fervor of their  
The education of an Army officer does not  
of doubt, and theirs is not an existential habit  
nd. They are expected to ask and answer ques-

tions 1 through 7; questions 8 through 10 they  
ignore. (The kind of man who insists on the later  
questions retires as a major.) Their innocence re-  
minded me of the simplicities of my youth, and  
sometimes I found myself wishing I were back on  
the team, assuring the coach that I could play the  
last fifteen minutes with a broken hand.

I also felt that their lives had been more various  
and dramatic than the lives of the people I knew  
in New York (during the course of twenty years  
an officer might serve as a soldier, a bureaucrat, a  
politician, and a teacher); they seemed less pre-  
occupied with themselves, and as I listened to them  
talk of past wars and present policy, the affairs of  
my literary acquaintances seemed to recede toward  
the backwaters of idle gossip. Gradually I under-  
stood that most writers are practical men posing  
as romantics, and that most Army officers are  
romantics posing as what they are pleased to call  
"realists." "Hard-nosed" and "realistic" are two  
much-admired adjectives in the Army, but often  
the men whom they supposedly describe are dream-  
ers accustomed to gazing upon secret maps and  
believing that the nations of the world can be played  
with like so many children's blocks.

I made no attempt to talk to enlisted men, and  
I didn't travel to the desolate places of the Army.  
More often than not I was looking at a fine view  
of a parade ground or the Potomac River, drinking  
sherry with a general and remarking pleasantly on  
the collapse of the American moral structure. The  
distance was always long enough for me to briefly  
imagine that the soldiers enjoyed their marching,  
and that everything worked the way it said in the  
book.

## Two generals

THE TWO GENERALS WHO WILL FIGURE most  
prominently in these notes are both head-  
masters of important Army schools; both are am-  
bitious men, and either of them conceivably could  
become, within a matter of a few years, Chief of  
Staff. I came to know each of them quite well, and  
although possessed of very different qualities, they  
seemed to contain between them most of the atti-  
tudes that I encountered among their colleagues  
elsewhere in the Army.

*Lewis H. Lapham is a  
contributing editor of  
Harper's.*

BRIGADIER GENERAL IRA AUGUSTUS HUNT, forty-six years old, West Point 1945, presently the assistant commandant of the Engineer School at Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

Hunt appealed to me as a man of extraordinary charm. He could give way to elusive and paradoxical enthusiasms, and his sudden moods were reflected in his haunted face, like clouds moving across quiet water. His mind didn't work by the numbers, and the transitions in his thought could be very abrupt. Within the space of a sentence he could shift from fond recollections of a Vermeer painting or an Italian landscape to equally fond recollection of "pounding the shit out of the little VC bastards" in Vietnam. Also he had a habit of delivering conspiratorial asides, as if he were an actor confiding to the audience at a play.

Once, while talking about his years building roads in Korea, he remembered how he'd been walking across the headquarters compound on a clear, blue day, congratulating himself on his good fortune; suddenly he was hit in the face by an overthrown softball that broke his nose. Having recalled the incident, he paused and stared out the window. In an abstracted voice, he said, "I always like those little things that get your attention."

He divided his life into periods in exactly the way a painter might mark the evolution of a style. He graduated from West Point too late to take part in World War II; the next five years with occupation troops in Germany and Italy he described as "a time for soldiers." During the 1950s he spent most of his time at school, either teaching mechanics (at West Point and Annapolis) or studying for advanced degrees (at MIT and the French engineering school at Grenoble). He traveled widely during his years in Europe, and he could remember eating wild boar at a country inn in Provence, or a sunset beyond the Pont-du-Gard at Nîmes, or the texture of the winter light along the canals at Delft.

The 1960s Hunt defined as "administrative." He worked for Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and for the Chief of Army Engineers in Washington, drawing up the earliest plans for travel to the moon. In 1968 he was given the opportunity of commanding an infantry brigade in Vietnam. Combat command is a rare thing among engineering officers, and Hunt welcomed it with his habitual zeal.

"I'd missed two goddamn wars," he said, "and this one I was going to get into for all it was worth."

He commanded the brigade for three months and acquired a reputation for fierce heroics. The division newspaper likened his performance to that of a lineman who knew he would never again get hold of a live football. Hunt liked to talk about the war, and he always did so with great animation, waving his arms and banging his hand on a table. He applied the formulas of systems analysis to the business of killing, and each of the companies under his command had a daily quota of dead Cong.

Often he would bring out maps and souvenirs. Some of the maps had been captured from the VC

and showed the movements of a battle in which Hunt had directed the attack from the other side. Pointing to the lines drawn with blue and red crayon on cheap rice paper, he said, "We had a hell of a good body count that day."

On another afternoon he let me read a report that he'd written about the same engagement. The fighting continued into the small hours of morning and Hunt had been moved by the dramatic effect.

"Although the guns were spewing destruction," he wrote, "the patterns of the varied tracers reminded me of colored lacework."

BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES V. GALLOWAY, fifty-one years old, ROTC at Ohio University in 1940, assistant commandant of the Armor School at Fort Knox, Kentucky.\*

Whereas Hunt could succumb to the emotional response of an aesthete, Galloway had the cautious instincts of a country politician. He is a large, conventionally handsome man, with an easy sense of humor and a memory for people's names. His friendly slowness of his speech concealed a shrewd intelligence, and I could imagine him also as a successful banker, content to meet with the other regular guys in town and think of ways to merchandize the American Dream.

Although he had served as a junior aide to General George S. Patton in the North African and Sicilian campaigns, Galloway seldom discussed the war, and I suspected that he had disapproved of Patton. He is not a man who is fond of fighting; neither is he a man who has much patience for flamboyant violations of the rules. He takes pleasure in the formalities of the Army, and I suspect that he would prefer to settle all disputes in a back room with a bottle of bourbon and a cigar.

Throughout most of World War II, Galloway was associated with a headquarters of some kind, other, rising in rank from lieutenant to major, learning to accommodate himself to the whims of senior officers. Each of his superiors he remembered as "a fine old gentleman." He once showed me letters he'd received on his promotion to general, and it was characteristic of him that he'd arranged the letters in order of rank, Westmoreland's only, and so forth through the hierarchy.

Whenever I talked with men who had known Galloway, they never failed to mention his wife. She is a vivacious and pretty woman, the daughter of an Army officer and an heir to the genteel traditions of the old Army between the world wars; like her husband she is politically astute, and I recognized her as a woman who would always know the appropriate thing to say.

On two occasions Galloway and I played bridge together, and on several evenings we sat up drinking and talking in the large neo-Georgian hall.

\*Since this article was written, Galloway has been promoted to Major General and now commands the Armored Division in southern Germany.

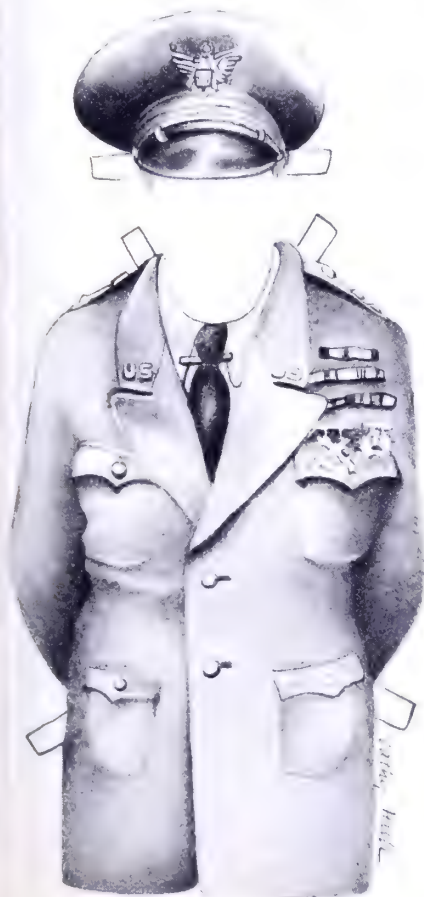


ted to him as a prerogative of rank. It resembles  
ise in a pleasant suburb, comfortably furnished  
the possessions acquired over twenty years of  
ling between Army posts in Germany, the  
ed States, and Southeast Asia. Similar but  
tly smaller houses (those assigned to colonels)  
l on either side of it, all of them protected by  
e trees and with lawns cluttered by children's  
cles.

alloway obviously dotes on his own four chil-  
and most of the time as he sat in a favorite  
with his pipe I could think of him as the  
ly paterfamilias. And yet he could be suddenly  
unconsciously demonic. Talking one night  
t Vietnam he said that the remarkable thing  
t the war was that the Army hadn't taken mat-  
into its own hands; instead the Pentagon had  
llowed its pride" and meekly accepted the  
ling weakness of civilian indecision. He had  
since advocated the bombing of the dams above  
oi and Haiphong, a solution he still thought  
actory. The ensuing flood, he said, would  
se" both cities. When I asked him how many  
le would drown, he irritably waved his hand.  
a million . . . a million and a half."

## Autumn evening at Fort Knox

HERE WERE TWELVE OF US for dinner at the  
Galloways', and I had the feeling of being in-  
ced into a safe and orderly community in



which all things could be conveniently explained. "At the moment  
The men were senior officers who shared not only  
an identical image of the world but also an almost  
identical experience of it (they had served together  
at other times and places, and they could remember  
the same view of the Rhine or the same line of trees  
on a Korean hillside); their wives had long since  
fitted themselves into the forms of Army life, and I  
was struck by the graciousness of their manners.  
"Iron butterflies," Eve Galloway once called them,  
to whom promotions translated into larger houses,  
additional servants, and more interesting invita-  
tions.

Before dinner, a colonel named Kimball took  
me aside to make sure that my opinions were sound.  
He knew that I'd come to Fort Knox to write about  
General Galloway, and he didn't want the general  
to expose himself to unnecessary risks. (Like most  
officers, the colonel preferred to think of the East-  
ern press establishment as a conspiracy of assassins.)  
We stood near the fireplace, decorously holding our  
drinks with paper cocktail napkins and talking  
about the death that week of coach Vince Lom-  
bardi.

"Without discipline," the colonel said, "nobody  
can do anything."

He is a handsome man with a weathered face  
and fine blue eyes. He spoke in a soft voice that  
became more intense as he extended his thought  
about Lombardi to encompass the protests against  
the war in Vietnam. He wanted to know what was  
the matter with the country; what was the matter  
with the kids and with Senator Fulbright and all the  
other self-appointed critics.

"You don't question the quarterback or argue  
about the play in the huddle," he said. "You carry  
out your assignment and hit that guy with every-  
thing you've got."

Accepting me as a traveler from the East and  
therefore familiar with anathema, he asked for ex-  
planations. Certain weird phenomena had appeared  
in the country, and he didn't know what to make  
of them.

"It's nonsense," he said. "All that stuff about the  
individual. How can anything be accomplished if  
everybody is encouraged to do their own thing?"

He wasn't angry, but rather profoundly troubled  
and confused. For himself he had found a meaning-  
ful way of life, and he didn't understand why other  
people couldn't see that. He had learned to devote  
himself to something larger than himself, and he  
believed that only in that direction could a man find  
purpose or happiness. It was as if he stood at a  
crossroads, pointing out the way to the Delectable  
Mountains and yet obliged to watch so many  
pilgrims stumble into the Slough of Despond.

"They're selfish, you see . . . They have no sense  
of obligation . . . no sense of community . . ."

But at that moment we were interrupted by a  
woman asking about the new clothes in New York  
and whether everybody really was buying the midi  
length, and were they wearing boots? The colonel

withdrew apologetically, as if fearful that he'd said too much.

At dinner I understood one of the reasons for his confusion. I happened to sit between the colonel's wife and Mrs. Galloway, and at first the conversation drifted across the polite, suburban subjects: real estate values and the stock market, children and school and Scouts, football and missed five-iron shots. It was a warm night and candles flickered on the white wooden tables in the garden. I remember music playing, a moon sliding behind low clouds, and far off, on the artillery ranges, the sound of mortar fire. It was a sound I had become used to on Army posts, always in the distance like the cries of children in a school playground.

Mrs. Galloway talked about the 1930s at old Fort McKinley in the Philippines. Her first language had been Spanish, and her mother, although afflicted with recurrent malaria and therefore forbidden to take liquor, nevertheless gave such wonderful lawn parties. There was an elegance then, an elegance and a sense of time passing slowly on wide verandas. It was always pleasant to beat the cavalry at polo, because polo, of course, was the cavalry's game.

With the coffee and liqueurs at the end of dinner, Colonel Kimball's wife talked about her son who had been a literary agent in New York. He married a girl who was studying astrology, which seemed to Mrs. Kimball pointless, but then he divorced her and dropped out to write two pornographic novels. The novels didn't sell, and so he went off to Lawrence, Kansas, to run for sheriff. I gathered that he was into pot and Richard Brautigan and Consciousness III. Mrs. Kimball spoke of him with delight and surprise, pleased about his quixotic adventures but slightly puzzled about the windmills with which he'd chosen to joust. For a moment she looked into the distance, and then she said something that seemed to clarify everything else I had learned about the Army in the many months of traveling.

"We're innocents," she said. "We really don't know what is going on outside."

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### The movable small town

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USUALLY WHEN I FIRST MET a general, he would take the trouble to explain that the Army was just like anywhere else, that it really wasn't so different from business, or law, or the electronics industry. At the end of a few months I came to understand that few generals believed that. Most of them take pride in the distinction between the Army and civilian society, the latter commonly referred to as "the outside" and thought to be inferior. An officer obliged to live away from an Army post is said to be "living on the economy"; the customary inflection of the phrase implies foraging in hostile country. The distinction rests upon the premise that civilian society is dominated by "the commercial

values" (i.e., money and greed) whereas the Army is seen as being governed by the ideals of honor, duty, and country. The expression of the prejudice takes various forms. I remember Galloway talking about the Army's system of promotion, a subject to which he'd given considerable thought.

"A man's got to be aggressive and ambitious," he said. "He wouldn't be worth a damn if he wasn't. But the competition isn't vicious or a throat like it is in business."

Or it was Hunt, in a more rhetorical style, making wide sweeping gestures and declaiming about the sense of mission in the Army.

"I could run a drive-in, but so what? What's that? Where is the satisfaction in coming home and announce that you've served 5,000 hamburgers a day?"

Or it was another general addressing a class of young lieutenants at Fort Benning and telling them that unless they measured up to the beau ideal of the infantry officer, they might as well go back to farming or selling toilet paper.

Most explicitly it was the sentiment that Galloway had framed under glass and placed on the wall of his office at Fort Knox: "War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things. The decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing worth a war is worse . . . A man who has nothing which he cares about more than his personal safety is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the existence of better men than himself."

The prejudice is further confirmed by the citizens of the towns immediately adjacent to Army posts within the United States. The merchants sell priced but shoddy stuff to the enlisted men; pawnbrokers prosper, and the eminent people of the community (bankers, landowners, breeders of horses, etc.) seldom condescend to treat with officers. The orderliness of an Army post contrasts markedly with the neon clutter of pizza stands and used-car lots sprawled along the roads just beyond the main gates.

The society within is both conservative and provincial, imbued with the fading courtliness of the Old South. (At the moment there are about 500,000 generals in the U.S. Army, and I would guess that maybe 400 of them were born in small Southern towns.) Nobody wants to meddle with the status quo; everybody would concede, although sometimes reluctantly, that the well-being of the Army as a whole takes precedence over the well-being of any individual. The regulations define the expected behavior, and the bureaucracy provides all the things supposedly provided by a socialist state: structure, meaning, rewards, punishments, schools and medical attention, housing, a controlled press, and cut rates at the commissary. Those who are deemed valuable to the system receive additional advantages of servants, cars, aides, and white-pillared houses. Also they discover a great many people who laugh at their jokes, and



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do they hear anybody disagree with them. The women share the rank with their husbands, and the wife of a commanding general rules by divine right.

(The prerogatives diminish in Washington, and all but the most senior officers consider duty at the Pentagon "a rough cut." Not only must they live in a suburb, but also they forfeit the expansive feeling of command.)

"Around here," a brigadier general said, "the lieutenant colonels do the work, and the lieutenant generals make the decisions. The rest of us make snuffling noises."

He told me of a friend who took his brigadier's flag home to Arlington at night and posed with it in front of a mirror so that he would recognize himself as a general.)

All Army posts, whether in the United States or abroad, are more or less the same place. A man who has been an officer for some years can go anywhere in the world and find the same routine, the same food, and the same attitudes with which he has been familiar since he was a recruit. He will continue to run across the same friends in different combinations, and he will begin to remember different posts as the places where his children were born: his wife will share with other wives the same chronicles of godforsaken housing and furniture lost in transit.

The coincidences can be very dramatic. Eve Galloway, for instance, remembered an accident at sea when she was an infant: the transport ship bound for Manila hit a reef outside Panama, and the sudden list of the deck threatened to slide her overboard in her blue bassinet. She was saved by a boy of nine, also the child of an Army officer. Many years later, during her husband's tour at the War College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, she was telling the story to a number of friends at dinner. The man seated next to her, now a colonel, had been the boy who had rescued her.

Whenever I talked to officers about the rewards of Army life, they inevitably mentioned "a sense of belonging." Their offices were always crowded with memorabilia—signed photographs, plaques, models of tanks, ceremonial swords, and ornamental spurs. Those things are talismans; like the ribbons on a man's uniform they provide a substitute for the continuity of place, and establish tenuous connections in a society of nomads.

But if that society offers the comforts of a small town, it also insists upon the moral rectitude (or at least the appearance of moral rectitude) proper to a small town. The code is puritanical, and if a man is discovered in his wickedness he can expect the traditional punishment. No aspect of his conduct escapes judgment, and he is exposed at all times to the scrutiny of his peers and the gossip of their wives. "It isn't like working for Macy's," Hunt once said. "You're in the Army twenty-four hours a day."

At least once a year every officer receives an efficiency report, a form that resembles a grammar

school report card. He is graded not only on performance of his duty, but also according to a roster of character traits that include "appearance," "enthusiasm," and "sociability." The form is filled out by a man's immediate superior officer, and the grades range from 1 (excellent) through 5 (reprimand for dismissal). Generals rate colonels, colonels rate majors, and so forth through the entire sequence of command. Together with all other relevant documents (letters of recommendation or censure, official statements, decorations, etc.), the efficiency reports accumulate in a file at the Pentagon. It is on the basis of his file that a man is promoted.

The moral code forbids philandering and disapproves of a second divorce. Conceivably a officer could survive a promiscuous wife (or husband, on grounds that the lady is psychotic and yet her husband remains loyal), but if he himself indulges in lewdness, his career comes to an end. One divorce can be excused because it assumes that the officer didn't enjoy the Army life, but to make the second take twice suggests poor judgment.

A man's children and appearance also bear testament to his character. If his sons behave badly, then obviously he can't keep order in his own house: a man who cannot command a household cannot command a division. If he is fit and attractive then he probably possesses solid opinions. A man begins as a doubtful prospect who must prove himself otherwise.

## "The tickets"

THE STRUCTURE OF THE MOVABLE small town depends upon rank, and the man who wishes to make a successful upward passage must "collect the tickets" in the proper sequence. Like most things in the Army, the promotional system appears on paper as a perfect geometrical shape (in this instance a pyramid); also, like most things in the Army, it doesn't quite work that way.

We will begin with the official model displayed by the briefing officers within the Officer Personnel Directorate (OPD). The directorate manages the careers of all officers below the rank of general, shunting them onto their required tracks, like so many freight cars in a marshalling yard. The most prestigious branches of the Army are the combat arms (armor, infantry, artillery), and for the sake of example the OPD presents the ideal infantry officer. Over the course of ten years he should collect the following tickets: command of a platoon as a lieutenant, of a company as a captain, of a battalion as a lieutenant colonel, and of a brigade as a full colonel; field staff as a major and high-level staff in the Pentagon at the grades of colonel; attendance at the principal staff schools (among them the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth and either the National or Army War College); appropriate decorations at all ranks; letters of praise from



ers who themselves rise to high places; no  
 ders or trouble with the newspapers.  
 ch ticket must be punched within a specific  
 od of time (a lieutenant colonel, for instance,  
 about five years in rank), and the punching  
 cket C makes it that much easier to punch  
 t D. One statistic will suffice to give an idea  
 e competition: there are roughly 15,000 lieu-  
 nt colonels in the Army and only 240 battalions  
 hem to command. Certain rules apply through-

At all ranks, command in combat is preferable  
 ommand in garrison. The promotion boards  
 h the records for what is called "the sound of  
 uns," and a man who has not heard that sound  
 he same kind of difficulty that a rich man has  
 the eye of a needle.

A staff assignment with the Joint Chiefs of  
 is preferable to a similar assignment in an  
 ing headquarters.

If translated into a graph, a man's record  
 ld reduce to a smooth, upward curve, without  
 en or erratic waverings. The graph corresponds  
 man's spiritual worth in the same way a rich  
 erness corresponded to a man's salvation in John  
 n's Geneva.

The entire system moves more rapidly during  
 r, and it is better to have taken part in a present  
 cent war than in an old war. In 1968 the OPD  
 rotating 25,000 officers a year through Saigon,  
 procedure comparable to sending the sophomores  
 the big game so that they could win their letter.  
 he assignments and promotions through the  
 r ranks work entirely off the documents in a  
 s file. The gathering of satisfactory efficiency  
 rts requires an ability to assess the tempera-  
 e of the officer who writes it, and a man who  
 d succeed must acquire the tact of a courtier.  
 he time he reaches his middle thirties (in the  
 of major or lieutenant colonel), his file has  
 n to reveal a pattern. Those men whose files  
 est clear promise are known as "hard-chargers,"  
 ds," or "burners," and it is at this point in  
 careers that politics becomes important. Al-  
 gh everybody insists that only the records de-  
 ine promotion, nobody will deny that it doesn't  
 to know people. OPD sets up an elaborate sys-  
 of directions, and then the ambitious men pro-  
 to work out the alternate routes. Again, as  
 the official model, certain principles remain  
 ant:

"Never, even as a young major, go someplace  
 e you don't know anybody.

Always do the best you can because you never  
 whom you might impress and why that may  
 ne important later.

Take the harder assignment in the more re-  
 place. It is better to succeed as a company com-  
 ter in Korea than as a military attaché in Paris.  
 Never get bogged down in a specialty. The  
 who learns too much about ballistics or South-  
 Asia will retire as a knowledgeable colonel.

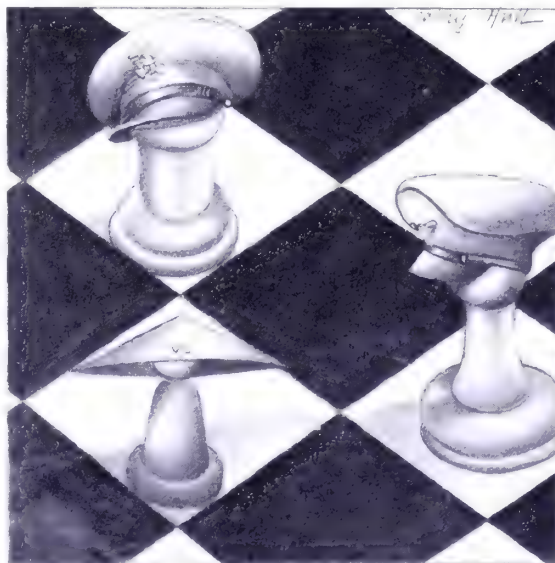
The relatively small size of the bureaucracy, par-  
 ticularly as a man ascends in rank and becomes  
 one of the happy few, allows for special pleadings.  
 If OPD sends you to an undesirable place, perhaps  
 you know somebody in the OPD office who can ar-  
 range something else. Or maybe you know a gen-  
 eral in Germany who can ask for your transfer to  
 his division. (The wishes of the commanders out-  
 side the United States supersede the dictates of  
 OPD; not only can they request their friends, but  
 they can also refuse to accept strangers.) Or pos-  
 sibly you can get over to Vietnam as a staff officer  
 and wait around until an operations officer is killed,  
 wounded, or relieved for incompetence.

The combinations are infinite, and through Gal-  
 loway I acquired at least a dim understanding of the  
 mathematics. Listening to him talk, I could imagine  
 the connections between people as if they were  
 strands in an immensely convoluted tapestry, the  
 complete design of which could be seen only by  
 the older men. At breakfast one morning in the  
 officers' club he discussed his promotion to brig-  
 adier in 1966. We were to play golf that afternoon,  
 and Galloway was in an amiable mood; arranging  
 the foursome, the day before, he had said to his  
 aide: "Get me two colonels."

In 1966, he said, he figured it was his year to  
 become a general. His file contained, among other  
 pieces of paper, a recent decoration and a letter of  
 recommendation from General Earle Wheeler (then  
 Chief of Staff). Also he counted four friends on  
 the promotion board, and he'd been assigned as  
 the Army's representative in 1967 to the School  
 of International Relations at Harvard University.  
 But the brigadier's list was published in the sum-  
 mer, and Galloway's name was absent. He smiled,  
 and with sardonic understatement he said, "I'll ad-  
 mit I was disappointed. I didn't come into the Army  
 to die a colonel."

He went to Washington to ask the general then  
 running OPD what had happened; the general, an  
 old friend of Galloway's, assured him that he would

"All Army posts,  
 whether in the  
 U.S. or abroad,  
 are more or less  
 the same place."



CATHY HULL

make the list the next time around. The trouble, he said, was that Galloway had not had an unaccompanied tour of duty in Korea or Vietnam. (Some officers prefer the simplicities of the battlefield and do not object to the separation from their families; to a man like Galloway, who cherishes his family and enjoys the complexities of the Pentagon, the separation seems pointless.)

Having talked to OPD he decided to call upon Creighton Abrams, a friend from the 1950s in Germany who was then in Desk Operations and close to the wellsprings of power. Walking through the corridor to Abrams' office, Galloway realized that he couldn't complain openly (a mark of bad form), and so he resolved to volunteer for Vietnam. Abrams laughed at him.

"The old man," Galloway said, "knew exactly what was in my mind."

Abrams advised him to take the appointment to Harvard, in itself a very good ticket, and to put in a volunteer statement so that at least a belligerent intention would show up in the record. The following year Galloway studied under Henry Kissinger, and in April 1967 he received orders to Saigon. The brigadier's list came out two days after his arrival, and this time his name was on it. "So you see," he said, "I didn't have to go at all."

It is characteristic of his luck that when eventually he was sent to the Americal Division, he arrived the day before the My Lai incident and thus was not, as he remarked of the other officers implicated, "mentioned in dispatches."

## Schools

THE ARMY IS OBSESSED with education, and one of the ways in which it resembles a medieval cloister is in its function as a continuing school. A man attends classes at every stage of his career and listens to repeated confirmation of the doctrine he already knows. At all levels the emphasis falls upon degrees and grades, not on the intensity of thought. The intelligent officer is like the college student who has memorized yesterday's lesson and can give a flawless recitation. His view of the world assumes a rational, Newtonian universe; for every cause there must be an effect, for every problem a solution, for every question a right or a wrong answer. Technology can deal with all things.

Wherever I went in the Army, people seemed to be learning something, and I remember briefing officers who sounded like recorded announcements, revolving slowly on circular platforms and pointing out the various parts of weapons, electronic equipment, or tank engines. The procedures applied at the primary levels seemed also to apply at the higher levels of national strategy. If there is a correct way to break down an M-16 rifle, then there is also a correct way to arrange the moving parts in the Cold War. At the Pentagon, for example, I have heard it said that the 1968 Tet offensive in

Vietnam was in fact a great victory for the United States, the reason being that at last it forced the South Vietnamese the recognition that they were up against a ruthless enemy. I remember somebody saying that General Giap ought to have the DSC.

Galloway could talk blithely about "losing the Middle East." He wrote a thesis on the subject of Kissinger at Harvard, and he could prove that the trouble began in 1965 when the United States refused to give the Turks enough money for gas. Everybody knows that guns mean a great deal to the Turks, and so pretty soon they were making reluctant treaties with the Russians. Two years later the Russians appeared in the Mediterranean Sea, "threatening to extend their hegemony to Africa and the Indian Ocean."

At the end of the Harvard year Galloway's seminar was asked to review the global political situation and to discuss the goals of the Soviet Union vis-à-vis those of the United States. For the part Galloway was pleased with the other members of the seminar (foreign-service people or servants sent from governments with which the United States has alliances in Europe and Asia); they were a properly hard-nosed lot, but he noticed "a little idealism creeping in" through the remarks of the Indian and Japanese gentlemen. Everyone was agreed about the Soviet lust for world domination. But when I asked Galloway if the seminar had given much thought to the goals of the United States, he dismissed the question as if it were absurd.

"We didn't have to," he said. "We all know that."

Hunt spoke in similar certainties about his time at the National War College. He showed me through the building one afternoon, pointing out the classrooms, the lecture hall, and the ceremonial portraits of famous military figures. The building is impressive in the pompous, neo-Baroque manner of European railroad stations. It is the seat of the highest learning in the Army, and it stands on a point of land at Fort McNair in Washington, D.C., surrounded by a small golf course and overlooking the Anacostia and Potomac Rivers. Hunt had asked me to meet him there because he wanted to watch the War College team play a softball game. I had pitched for the same team seven years before, and he had the loyal enthusiasm of the old grad.

Unfortunately the team could do nothing that day, and when the score appeared hopeless I wandered leisurely away in the direction of the river. It was a warm, still afternoon, and I remember thinking how lovely the Army could sometimes seem. I was overwhelmed by a feeling of nostalgia in which even the smallest events appeared to have a spire—the softness of the weather, the willow trees on the neat lawns like those of university quadrangles, the red brick houses with white pillars, the faces of the softball players.

As was his custom, Hunt began at random,





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whatever happened to drift into his mind. "Peace," he said. "Peace my ass. Where is there peace in the world? Wars have been multiplying more rapidly since 1945 than at any other time in the history of the world. What do they think was going on in Algeria? In Pakistan, in Nigeria, in the Sudan? So where is the big concern for mankind?"

He was in one of his elusive moods, and he was talking about the critics of the war in Vietnam, demanding to know why the smart-ass Jews in New York didn't make the same objections about the war in Israel. From there he shifted into a discussion of the military-industrial complex. He had written his thesis on it during the year at the War College, and he wanted to know why people thought of it as an evil. How else could we get the work done? Were we supposed to go back to the old system of government arsenals? "It isn't money down the drain as all those fools keep talking," he said. "Hell, even some military people believe that crap."

He explained that only 10 per cent of the military budget pays for weapons of all kinds (planes, ships, howitzers, etc.); the rest of the money buys goods and services from civilians. "What the hell is insidious about that? I'm a spender, a consumer . . . an American. Does Standard Oil give a damn about where it sells its gas?"

He pointed out the tennis backboard that now occupies the place where Lincoln's assassins were hanged, and then, in another of his abrupt asides, said, "Some countries are too poor to afford wars."

Although he had been educated as an engineer, he had become increasingly interested in economics; he had taken a degree in the subject at George Washington University (on the theory that the Soviets intended to bury us with rubles rather than armies), and he liked to apply the methodology of the hard sciences to the soft sciences. He mentioned his formula for the likelihood of war between any two countries. He hadn't got it quite right yet, but it was similar to the equation for the attraction between heavenly bodies. It had to do with dividing the gross national product of both countries by the distance between them, and I remember that when he got finished with it, he had proved why the United States was having so much trouble with the North Vietnamese.

"So you see," he said, "it isn't a giant against a gnat. It's the distance that kills you."

We ended the afternoon on the steps of the War College, and Hunt recalled that his year there had opened his mind to diplomatic approaches. The college accepts about sixty men for a term, half of them officers in the various services and the others from the State and Defense Departments, AID, and the CIA. At the beginning, Hunt said, the military people advocated a harsher foreign policy than their civilian counterparts. "But at the end we pretty much changed positions, you understand. I mean the State Department people were talking about gunboats."

He fell silent for a moment, briefly distracted by a contradictory thought. Then he laughed and said, "Except, of course, the Air Force guys. They changed at all. They always wanted to burn hell out of everything."

## "Washington"

WHEN GALLOWAY DISCUSSED high-level talk at the Pentagon, he would refer to his conversation as "Washington talk." He did so humorously, and yet with an inflection suggesting that perhaps the ladies should leave the room, that perhaps the ladies couldn't go into any specific information (a classified, of course, and very heavy stuff), that he wanted to give me an idea of the kind of thing he talked about in the E-Ring and the arena of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

He introduced some of it after dinner that night he advocated bombing the dams above Hanoi and Haiphong. He didn't want me to think that the United States could rely entirely on the Air Force because the country is surrounded on all sides by potential enemies, we must be prepared to fight any kind of war on any kind of terrain. Suppose, he said, the Soviets arrived off the Atlantic coast with a conventional invasion force; suppose they somehow they managed to get through to Washington, "let's not use nukes." What would we do then?

"I can tell you this," he said. "We wouldn't respond with a preemptive strike. Retaliatorily, but not preemptives."

Later that same night it reappeared in Galloway's reasoning as to why the Soviets wouldn't intervene in Vietnam. His theory assumed that the Chinese Communist party has no feeling for Russia, that its leaders are sinister men who care only for power and must therefore be perceived as a chaotic, nomadic ideologues. What with the dissident weakness so apparent in the United States, the figure that if they lose out in Moscow they will always establish themselves in Washington. Therefore they are bluffing in Southeast Asia, because why would they want to destroy their American power base?

"That's the kind of question you have got to ask around the Pentagon," Galloway said.

But my most prolonged encounters with Galloway's Washington talk occurred at Fort Belvoir, the first of them in the headquarters of the Combat Communications Command. The CDC is a military version of the think tank, and it is one of the hierarchies through which the Army distributes contracts for research into ballistics, sonics, and all the other sciences of war. I signed the register below the names of men representing AVCO, General Dynamics, and Motorola. (I kept meeting salesmen of that kind at almost every Army post; they drop in to find out what's new and what kind of money the Army would be willing to pay them to invent.)



always carried heavy briefcases, and I remember of them lugging a new bazooka up the steps of the Pentagon; in the cafeteria at Fort Belvoir another of them said, "No, Ralph, it's all right. You're overdesigning the concept.") At the time of my arrival the chief of staff for the Pentagon was Brigadier General Robert Connor, a middle-aged balding man with the manner of a harried bureaucrat much put upon by unreasonable demands. I suspected that he didn't want to talk to me on the assumption that anything he said might be used against him. He spoke not of an army, but rather of an "integrated land combat system." In his definition, he said, to correspond to the force requirements.

It was as very difficult to get him to explain exactly what it was the CDC did. He would smile and nod in agreement on to platitudes. So much of it was classical, so much of it was technical. I gathered that command employs what it calls "concept people" who write the doctrine that eventually gets translated into weapons or field manuals. It also employs engineers who devise war games or who, like military schoolmen, argue laboriously about the proper number of men in an infantry squad. Should it be five, or seven, or twelve?

At the end of the conversation Connor explained that the concept people are attempting to defeat our enemies over the next twenty years. When I asked him to name those enemies, he spoke nervously and shook his head.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid that's classi-

cally classified." I asked, "The Chinese?" He shrugged and spread his hands. "That would be easy, wouldn't it? I mean, if I said the Russians or the Chinese, then I'd be cheating, wouldn't I?"

My second encounter with the genre took place in the mess hall given by General Hunt for a group of officers. Allied officers are present on every American post, most of them from less familiar countries because it is an article of doctrine that underdeveloped places of the world the only source of stability rests with the local military. "They are the elite," Galloway once said. "Who is the necessary education and discipline?" The U.S. Army therefore entertains about 380 officers every year, putting them through various schools and sending them away after months with mail-order catalogues of weapons. It is assumed that the acquaintances formed at such schools might later prove politically useful. Galloway, for instance, knew President Thieu at Leaven-

worth. Some of the allies, although friendly enough to the United States, persist in making small wars with themselves, and so the Army takes pains to avoid embarrassing incidents. The classes are arranged so that the Pakistanis do not sit with the Indians, or the Turks with the Greeks, or the Egyptians with any of the Arabs.

The lunch in General Hunt's quarters presented no such difficulties. Given in honor of two Moroccans, a Laotian, and a Korean, it began with the traditional glasses of sherry served in the living room furnished with Hunt's collection of antiques. The house resembled Galloway's; shaded by trees, it had a pleasant feeling of comfortable certainty. Like Eve Galloway, Mrs. Hunt is an extremely attractive woman who inquired about the New York clothes; on previous occasions I had met the General's children and a large dog named Harold.

Hunt had brought the antiques back from his travels in Europe and Asia, and I remember that he was particularly fond of a tenth-century celadon bowl he had found in Seoul. When he first showed it to me, he held it up in the sunlight and pointed out the delicate rendering of water birds.

With the sherry the conversation was polite and stilted; neither the Laotian nor the Korean understood much English, and the Moroccans presented Hunt with a gift of a long white burnoose. Laughing hugely, he promptly put it on over his uniform and remarked that he must look like a desert sheik or a Dominican monk.

During the soup course he asked the Moroccan captain about the size of the Moroccan Army. In a musical and shy voice, the captain said:

"Only two divisions, sir."

"I see," Hunt said.

The captain interpreted his tone as one of disappointment, and so, as if hoping to make amends, he said, "There isn't anything to do, sir."

The conversation passed on to the subject of American foreign policy in the Arab countries. An American colonel sitting across from Hunt remarked on our dwindling prestige in that part of the world; we lost Egypt, he said, because we neglected to build the Aswan Dam. In the same context he mentioned a recent flood in Algeria: the Soviets had helped to repair the place, and now Communist ships were refueling in Algerian ports.

There was a small silence, and then the Moroccan said,

"The flood was in Tunisia, sir."

"Of course," the colonel said. "Tunisia."

Near the end of lunch Hunt wanted to talk about psychological warfare. His experience in Vietnam had taught him that the Americans didn't understand its value, or practice it severely enough. His division had made important innovations in the field, the most spectacular of which had been the spectral helicopter. Knowing that the enemy hid out at night in the Plain of Reeds, the division rigged up a helicopter with loudspeakers and a tape recording of a despairing voice. The voice purported to be that of a Vietcong ghost wandering unmourned and unburied far from its family and ancestors in the North; the voice trailed off at the end, giving way to the crying of a forlorn child. The helicopter would fly back and forth over the high grass, broadcasting its doom until a frightened or superstitious VC fired at it with a rifle.

"A man attends classes at every stage of his career and listens to repeated confirmation of the doctrine he already knows."

Hunt laughed in his big and easy way. Ah, but what the VC didn't know, he said, was that right behind the helicopter there were two others, armed with rockets and the Gatling gun that can fire 2,000 rounds a minute.

"The poor bastard would stand up," he said, "and we'd kill his ass."

All of us at the table congratulated Hunt on the division's subtlety, and he was moved to offer a moral conclusion. He always liked to proceed from the specific to the abstract, feeling that by so doing he could define and categorize his experience.

"It is an American myth," he said, "to think that Asians are indifferent to human life." His division had discovered that most peasants who defected from the VC did so not because of any shift in political theory, but simply because they were afraid of getting killed. He turned to the small Laotian lieutenant sitting on his left and touched the man affectionately on the arm. The gesture was well intentioned, but he might as easily have patted the man on the head.

"Isn't that so, Lieutenant?" he said. "You don't like getting killed, do you?"

The lieutenant giggled nervously, and then, after he had made sure he understood the question, he said, "Oh no, sir."

"You see," Hunt said to the company at large, "they don't like it any more than we do."

## Anathema

**B**ECAUSE IT IS IMPOLITE and inaccurate to denounce all of civilian society as decadent (there are, after all, a lot of damn fine civilians in the Pentagon, the Congress, and no doubt elsewhere in the country), the Army expresses its emotion with two metaphors. "The media" and "the kids" represent all those things that are wrong with the United States. Whenever an officer wanted to talk about domestic confusion he almost invariably began with a remark about deadbeat journalists or unseemly long hair.

### The media

The officers at Fort Knox liked to refer to the *Louisville Courier-Journal* as *Izvestia*; at the Pentagon it is fashionably humorous to refer to the *Washington Post* as *Pravda*. The small-town weeklies still print the truth, but a great deal of dangerous trash gets published in the national newspapers or announced on network television. Even Walter Cronkite, the kindly and conservative man who oversaw the departure of the first astronaut, recently has fallen from grace. At dinner that evening in the garden at Fort Knox I remember Galloway naming him as a member of the conspiracy.

A colonel's wife laughed and said, "You don't mean that, Jim . . . not Cronkite."

The general nodded.

"Brinkley, of course," the woman said, "and

Huntley and Howard K. Smith . . . but Cronkite."

"Cronkite too," Galloway said.

The press represents the cynicism of the cities. The reporters come around with their ties and their modish ideas about Communism, thus they are seen as emissaries from Sodom. A general at the Pentagon was appalled when he learned that most New York editors didn't get to work before 10 A.M., and then, after a two-hour lunch, left at 6 P.M. (The customary working day at the Pentagon begins at 7:30 A.M. and ends at 7:30 P.M., with a sandwich at the desk at noon.)

"How can we continue to exist?" the general said. "How can we achieve what is necessary when we remain number one?"

The resentment can easily flare into fierce anger, particularly among the junior men. On a hot afternoon in Washington I had a beer with a lieutenant colonel named Mahaffey, a student at the War College who had distinguished himself as a battalion commander in Vietnam. He was looking in the lean way the Army most admires, and he was eloquent in his denunciation of New York. I remember his cold blue eyes and the strained contempt in his voice.

All those show-business types on the talk shows, he said; all that hip surface glossing over an emptiness of purpose; all those guys with their agendas, their egotism and their alimony payments. They make speeches about peace, and march in the parades. And yet where do they make the money with which to afford their elegant paranoia? They make it off violence. What else are they doing about? Or the books, or the television serials.

Unlike the colonel at Fort Knox, Mahaffey was not troubled or confused; he'd seen journalists for years and the sight depressed him.

"Okay," he said. "Maybe it depends on your point of view . . . But you want to know who the guys who burn me off? The guys with the neckties in the swimming pools, floating around in the foam chairs and telling everybody the United States is a lot of crap."

Both Galloway and Hunt also could get testy when talking about the media. Galloway was a Vietnam War II movie with soldiers for heroes. Except for John Wayne, nobody seemed to be making it anymore. He thought that whenever the Army awarded a large contract to a corporation like Westinghouse or RCA, it ought to be understood that the corporation would spend \$1 million for the form of propaganda (movies, comic books, television serials, etc.). "Hell," he said, "the Army has got Milton Caniff working for them, drawing all that stuff about Steve Canyon."

By the standards of the Army, Galloway is an extremely sophisticated man; it is a measure of the organization's innocence that he had suggested this idea a few years ago in Washington.



stitutional difficulties never occurred to him. His anger proceeded from his encounter with soldiers in Vietnam. Once when a photographer bothering him about getting good shots of the war, he ordered the helicopter down into the field and left the man cowering in tall grass. On another occasion he invited several correspondents from Saigon to see the aftermath of "some first-thinging." He wanted them to walk around and see the carnage," but they heard distant rifle fire and returned to their hotel.

"That's bad," he said, "because one of our kids had his leg blown off by a mine, and that might have been a lesson for them."

On more considered moments he extended his pointment with journalists to all American soldiers. He commented on the present turmoil in the war, and then he abruptly banged his fist on the back of his chair. Glowering at me, he said, "It's too much responsibility for your frail shoulders."

Used to think well of American literature, he found out in the past ten years he had given up on it. The writers had seemed to promise so much, but it turned out they had so little to say. They didn't celebrate anything, and so they had repeated Nantucket to tiresomely repeat themselves. Therefore they had abandoned idealism, then found out the country could avoid quagmires like Vietnam. The war wasn't the Army's fault; rather it was the result of an ideological failure in the political sector. If the politicians didn't know what they believed in or why, then how could the Army expect contradictory instructions? How could the politicians know unless the writers told them?

His use of the metaphor of "the kids" most officers mean to be slovenly and alienated youth commonly found in the environs of liberal universities. They made all their remarks on the subject by quickly pointing out that such kids constitute a fractional part of the country and that most kids in the country are not those seen on Army posts: polite, respectful, serious, doing what they are told to do.

On formal social occasions it is almost required of every officer, as part of the acceptable small talk, to tell an anecdote about long hair. The anecdotes have a similar theme: the formerly long-haired soldier goes off to Vietnam and undergoes a metamorphosis as a squad leader in combat. The pre-combat laughter follows a variation on the line: "I'd be surprised how damn fast that hippie grew up."

Long hair implies leftist thought, immorality, and perhaps treason (Galloway had heard it preached in the classrooms at Cambridge, whenever Harvard came into the conversation. He'd say, "They put out a good sweatshirt"). For the most part the complaints followed the standard formulas that one might hear in a corporation's boardroom or the locker room of a golf club.

Hunt took it further than the others. He cared

about his students at the Engineering School, and the door to his office was always open. Several times while I was at Fort Belvoir young men wandered in to discuss their problems, and usually they departed with a feeling that they had been heard and understood.

There was one kind of student Hunt couldn't reach, which disturbed him because he was encountering the type in larger numbers and because he thought he had diagnosed a dangerous national disease. Withdrawal, he called it; withdrawal and an inability to care for others. He saw evidence of the disease in many forms: in the lack of manners, even among kids in the Army who forgot to stand when a general entered the room; in drugs; in the blank faces of young people who danced without touching each other. He had noticed it also among businessmen who chose to hide behind their newspapers as their train rumbled through Harlem.

"Success," he said, "can also be a cop-out."

He conceived of the Army as an organism, and he believed that unless civilians could conceive of their own society in a similar way, then that society must be doomed. I once heard him develop the idea for a class of students about to receive their commissions. Leaning easily on the lectern in a large auditorium, Hunt reminded them that as lieutenants they would be called upon to act as judges, a responsibility vouchsafed to very few men in civilian life. He advised them to err on the side of the soldier. "If a man is in trouble with himself," he said, "then the unit is in trouble. You are your brother's keeper."

He also had thought a great deal about the radical demands for civil revolution, and he told me a story of meeting several Vietnamese students in France in 1954. He ran across them in a café at Sens, and they were talking about the war in Indochina.

"It was a naïve conversation," he said. "I didn't know Ho Chi Minh from Adam's old fox."

But he remembered that the students had supported Ho's regime even though they didn't agree with its often brutal methods. They argued that such methods were pragmatic, that they were necessary to the winning of the revolution; when the victory had been won, then there would be time for human rights.

It depressed him to hear the same rationale from students at Columbia and the University of California. He had read the manifestos, and he had noticed that the authors couldn't think of replacements for the institutions they sought to destroy. Therefore he assumed that they must dream of a benevolent despot who would enforce, presumably with guns, the greening of America.

"The first guy might be beautiful," he said. "Maybe he would plant grass in parking lots . . . But the second guy . . . once you smash the democratic machinery and arrange for the contest of power . . . the second guy won't be so beautiful." □

"Whenever an officer wanted to talk about domestic confusion he almost invariably began with a remark about deadbeat journalists or unseemly long hair."

## A SIMPLER CREED

To the young men who become medics in Vietnam, the virtuous crusade has nothing to do with honor, duty, or country.

Watson had been a troublemaker since he was six. He was a bitter, imaginative, hate-filled kid who had been drafted and somehow had survived basic training without ending up in prison. He was assigned to the medics at an evac hospital and then to the field. When he went on line, the hospital personnel gave him a week to be busted and sent back to the States in irons.

When I met him he had been up front with his unit for almost five months. He was soft-spoken, but marvelously animated and alert. The old abusiveness was gone; even the adolescent arrogance I'd been told had for so long been the central pillar of his personality had disappeared. He was perfectly at ease and open. Those who had known him before were pleasantly surprised, if still a bit leery.

Watson didn't mind talking. "Why not go all out, man? They need me, and I know what I'm doing out there. Hundreds of cases—fuckin' hundreds. The big-shot dermatologists, they come down once a week. They look at all that rotting skin and shake their heads and leave. Know what we did? We got a Mixmaster, threw in a couple of quarts of calamine lotion, a few kilograms of Mycolog for the fungus, and figured some tetracycline and penicillin couldn't hurt, just in case there was any bacteria around. Called it jungle mix and bottled it and handed it out. Fuckin' dermatologists couldn't believe it. Wanted to know where we'd read about it, what medical journal. Sure, I take chances. That's my job—to save lives. The VC—well, I ain't got nothing against 'em. Guess they're doing their job, too."

On a routine sweep through Tam Key, a squad of the Americal Division was ambushed. Watson was hit twice, both rounds shattering his leg. He kept helping the wounded, dragging himself from soldier to soldier until he was hit in the neck by a third round and paralyzed.

All the medics talk the same and they all act the same, whether they come from the ghetto or the suburbs. No one planned it this way. It was the kids themselves, caught between their skeptical seventeenth or eighteenth years, and the war, the politicians, and the regular Army officers. Growing up in

a hypocritical adult world and placed in the midst of a war that even the dumbest of them find difficult to believe in, much less die for, very young and vulnerable, they are suddenly tapped not for their selfishness or greed but for their grace and wisdom not for their brutality but for their love and concern.

The Army psychiatrists describe it as a matter of roles. The adolescent who becomes a medic begins after a very short time to think of himself as a doctor, not any doctor in particular, but the general family doctor, the idealized physician he's always heard about.

The excellent training the medics receive makes the whole thing possible, and the fact that they must return the corpsman's concern and competence with their own wholehearted respect and affection makes the whole thing happen.

Medics in the 101st carried M & M candies in their medical kits long before the psychiatrists found them necessary to explain away their actions. They offered them as placebos for their wounded who were often broken for morphine, slipping the sweet between their lips as they whispered to them over the din of the fighting that it was for the pain. In a world of suffering and death, Vietnam is like a Disney true-life adventure, where the young are suddenly left alone to take care of the young.

A tour of Nam is twelve months; it is like a season of nature. The medics, though, stay on line for seven months. It is not due to the goodwill of the Army, but to their discovery that seven months about all these kids can take. After that they're getting freaky, cutting down on their own water and food so they can carry more medical supplies; drinking plasma bottles and walking around on their hands with five or six pounds of glass in their rucksacks; writing parents and friends for medical catalogs so they can buy their own endotracheal tubes; quite simply refusing to go home when their time is over.

And so it goes, and the VC know it. They drop the point, trying not to kill him but to wound him, to get him screaming so they can get the body too. He'll come. They know he will.

*From the Look, 365 Days, by Ronald J. Glasser, to be published by George Braziller in September.*

*Dr. Glasser, former Major, United States Army Medical Corps, is on the staff of the Hennepin County General Hospital in Minneapolis.*



*The country doesn't know it yet but it .  
has created a monster in the form of  
millions of men who have been taught  
to deal and to trade in violence, and  
who are given the chance to die for  
the biggest nothing in history.*

—John Kerry, Vietnam Veterans against  
the War, from a statement to the  
Senate Foreign Relations Committee



# BOOKS

## A gathering of good works

**West of the Rockies**, by Daniel Fuchs. Knopf, \$5.95.

**Being There**, by Jerzy Kosinski. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$4.95.

**Hope Against Hope**, by Nadezhda Mandelstam. Translated by Max Hayward. Atheneum, \$10.

**The Wolf-Man**, edited by Dr. Muriel Gardiner. Basic Books, \$10.

In the writing of fiction, talent came almost as easily to Daniel Fuchs as to Willie Mays in the hitting of baseballs. There is a kind of performer whom we call "a natural," so completely do his gifts appear to be spontaneous and in-born; and Daniel Fuchs was precisely that, the natural as writer. In the mid-Thirties, when he was young and ambitious, he published three novels in quick succession—*Summer in Williamsburg*, *Homage to Blenholt*, and *Low Company*—that are still remembered with pleasure by a small group of admirers.

Fuchs drew upon his own experience as a boy growing up in Williamsburg, that grimy edge of Brooklyn where for decades poor Jews had been struggling for bread and air: but his work was marvelously free of the self-pity and proclaimed sensitivity that mar so much autobiographical fiction. A small-scale *comédie humaine* of immigrant life, Fuchs' trilogy is notable for vividness of picture and comely form, yet also troubling for the vision it releases—a vision of man's days inexorably entangled with meanness, betrayal, and exhaustion. That so young a novelist should have *begun* to write at a good distance beyond the familiar margins of hope or even despair, and then so quickly have found himself at home in the scarred territories of resignation, came as a shock. Was there at work in his books some sediment of racial experience, some pressure of remem-

bered Jewish woe and weariness? Or was it the crippling street-realism of the slums? Or a deeper, more intimate failure of the imagination that might lay waste to all that blossoming talent?

The best of Fuchs' novels, *Homage to Blenholt*, is both charming and funny, a tour de force of urchin playfulness, and probably a major unacknowledged source of the more famous American-Jewish fiction that would be published in the Forties and Fifties. Yet even this book ends in the grip of a crushing idea. That idea is a paralyzing determinism, a sense of the power of environment and the tyranny of conditions as these take over a portion of life and drain Fuchs' characters of energy and meaning. Even before they start to live they seem at the end of their lives. Reading his novels one sometimes found oneself strangely reminded of Edith Wharton, a writer of utterly different social origin yet equally devoted to the claims of the inexorable.

*Low Company*, which came out in 1937, begins with a passage from the Yom Kippur prayer: "We have trespassed, we have been faithless, we have robbed . . . we have committed iniquity, we have wrought unrighteousness." The life it evokes, with widening skill but narrowing spirit, is a life of constriction and shame, a scrimmage of appetite—and beyond that, the silence of nothing.

Fuchs' novels did not sell. To stay in Brooklyn, with or without high literary ambitions, meant to accept the fate of his characters. Hollywood beckoned, and Fuchs went. He became a scriptwriter, no doubt a good one. Except for a few excellent stories in the early Sixties in which he brought back the drifters and dreamers of his novels as they were now sagging into the success of middle age, he published nothing during all the years that followed. His own story seemed to be finished, an all-too-familiar American story, still another episode in our chronicle of waste.

But his story is not finished. No one can really take the measure of human

will or endurance, and now—even of middle age should send up a challenge thirty-four years after *Low Company*. Fuchs has brought out a new, short, fierce, grimly absorbing, about low company, this time the plot of Hollywood. Simply as a writer of narrative, he is more skillful than in *West of the Rockies* Fuchs has come to work in a familiar but very full tradition of American writing. This short novel all compact in form, taut in language, and suggestively suggestive in thought. A plot of fatality is set into motion, driven toward a climax of ruthless cumulation. It stops neither for nor byplay; everything depends on a surge or thrust of narrative.

The plot itself need not be as good as that of *West of the Rockies*, certainly isn't. But it serves the purpose well enough, as a kind of fable of decomposition, the panic which lies just beneath the surface of contemporary life, a fading star, no longer sure of his capacities and hysterical with reservations against all who keep urging her to walk off the lot of a major studio. Lives of many people are immediately disarranged, most notably that of a young man, neither especially good nor bad in character, who has been asked to lure her back to work by the talent agency that employs him. Meanwhile, the star and agent have ventured on a little affair. Friends, an old lover, messengers from the studio—all come reeling in, with their greed, fear, and None is shiningly evil, none shiningly good; all are mediocre, commonplace, trembling flesh. Again, low company.

What matters about this skillful affecting book is neither character nor event but the unfolding of Fuchs' vision of things. He writes from a perspective that, when all is said and done, is a vision that more than three decades had led him to weary silence. It is an accurate assessment of the world we live. It is a persuasion of the bleakness of existence, a somber



makes the noisier antics of our humorists" seem like childish nonsense. It is a vision honest, serious, in a strong grasp of the particular of the Hollywood experience, perfect of any experience. It is a view of that suggests the rasping energy of a heavy heave, and in its hardness of *West of the Rockies* does resemble a heavy heave.

He wants to argue against its claims of representativeness, but hardly to its integrity. Yet, whatever its portrait of truth, Fuchs' vision necessarily has its range as a novelist, for it commingles into a sameness of voice, a dryness of soul. Somewhere in his work a passion does enter—it's not that one misses. About these Hollywood wrecks and fakes, he seems also saying, as thirty-four years ago he wrote *Low Company*, "It is not enough to let them low and pass on."

Is that all? Nothing else gained at the costs of time? No larger or more varied repertoire of experience? The very honesty of Fuchs' sense of life gives his presentation of it, and for those who recognize his talent it therefore becomes tempting to demand from him greater risks of the imagination.

Three decades in the American literary center have only confirmed the vision of dead end which he brought with him from Williams—what choice does he have but to throw his shoulders and go his own way?

ZART composed a musical joke, and now Jerzy Kosinski has written a literary joke. Why not? It could be a whole new genre. Kosinski, born and raised in Poland, has shown himself a master of English prose as a novelist of striking powers in his books, *The Painted Bird* and *Now*, in *Being There*, he has written a little fiction that can be read in quarters of an hour and, except for a lame ending, constitutes a neat literary joke. Not the fable or allegory some reviewers have supposed, but something smaller, fresher, more clever. The "hero" of *Being There* is a young named Chance who has spent his time digging a garden and watching TV. Somewhere else: shrubs and the idiot box. At his employer, "the old man," Chance must enter the ordinary world. A group of accidents transpires into Chauncey Gardiner, assistant of Wall Street and confidant to the president, a mysterious figure of

influence who must be nervously watched by Soviet spies while he is being adored by millions on TV. Unable to read or write and without references in his mind to anything but gardening and TV shows, he offers the public a wisdom that consists of platitudes about seeding and reaping; and these are then taken as reaffirmations of fundamental truths. In private he is limited by his TV addiction, so that when he starts making love to a woman, he doesn't know how to finish—that they don't show on the tube.

In lucid sentences Kosinski spins out his joke about the two dominant styles or sources of our culture: the paralyzing prelapsarian innocence of the garden, the paralyzing post-industrial mindlessness of television. Bland on the surface but caustic in its depth—one is reminded a bit of Nathanael West's *A Cool Million*—Kosinski's book is a thrust at the "swingingness" of our swinging culture, that curious mélange of what the young feel and the media exploit. More pleasing than the idea itself is the skill with which Kosinski plays with it, twist by twist.

How many times now has one written: "The record of torment suffered by victims of totalitarianism has become a major genre of twentieth-century writing, we are sated with these horrors beyond the possibility of response, yet *this* book is so remarkable an evocation of Stalinism or Nazism that no one has the right to avoid it..." And that is precisely what I want to say about Nadezhda Mandelstam's *Hope Against Hope*, a memoir of the years in the mid-Thirties when she and her husband, the major Russian poet Osip Mandelstam, were persecuted by the Stalin regime.

Mandelstam himself perished in 1937 or 1938, somewhere in Siberia: his wife suffered on for years, wandering from town to town in search of subsistence; and the book she has now written, unpublished, of course, in her own country, is not merely a superb narrative of their travail but also a valuable account of Russian cultural life and an equally valuable series of reflections on the nature of totalitarianism. Beautifully translated by Max Hayward, *Hope Against Hope* is a classic of its kind. How one should like to put it in the hands of a certain number of American students!

What emerges first of all from these pages is the image of Mrs. Mandelstam

herself: a woman, as Prof. Clarence Brown writes in his introduction, who is "vinegary, Brechtian, steel-hard . . . of great intelligence, limitless courage, no illusions, permanent convictions and a wild sense of the absurdity of life." Never softening into self-defense, still outraged at all the scoundrels and toadies who profited from Stalinism, completely undeluded and indeed savagely contemptuous of all the rationales our century has cast up for totalitarianism, Mrs. Mandelstam is a woman who bore an unmeasurable share of suffering. Her constant solicitude for her husband, her calm respect for his genius, her readiness nonetheless to report truthfully on his weaknesses and phobias—all contribute to this picture of human companionship. Here, if anyone cares for it, is a genuinely tragic love story, as it reminds one of the ordeal of the Russian Archpriest Avvakum, the persecuted Old Believer, who when asked by his exhausted wife, "How much further must we go?" replied, "Until the very grave, woman."

A poet of high gifts and independence, Mandelstam had never been at ease with the Bolshevik regime, and even in the Twenties, when others were choosing to delude themselves, he saw the roots of the coming disaster. Writing always as an outsider, "against the grain of the world," he once remarked in a poem:

*a selfless song is its own praise,  
a comfort to friends, and pitch to  
enemies.*

His ties with European culture were too strong to allow him to make those compromises with the regime that so many other writers did. In November 1933, he committed an indiscretion for which he would pay with his life: he wrote a poem denouncing Stalin with a harshness that only the unfolding of history would substantiate. It was a poem by no means characteristic of the work of this quiet man who cared little for politics but knew in his bones that between the dictates of the party and the requirements of poetry there could be no final truce.

*We live, deaf to the land beneath  
us,  
Ten steps away no one hears our  
speeches.*

*All we hear is the Kremlin  
mountaineer,  
The murderer and peasant-slayer.*

*His fingers are fat as grubs  
And the words, final as lead weights,  
fall from his lips,*

*His cockroach whiskers leer  
And his boot tops gleam.*

*Around him a rabble of  
thin-necked leaders—  
fawning half-men for him to play  
with.*

*They whinny, purr or whine  
As he prates and points a finger,*

*One by one forging his laws, to be  
flung  
Like horseshoes at the head, the  
eye or the groin.*

*And every killing is a treat  
For the broad-chested Ossete.\**

About a dozen people heard this poem recited in private by Mandelstam, which in a society ruled by terror was a sufficient number to seal his death warrant. In 1934 he was arrested and banished to a distant Siberian village for three years; the sentence was then commuted, so that he could live in any town beyond a hundred-mile radius of Moscow. The Mandelstams settled in the provincial city of Voronezh, where they spent a few desperate, hungry but still precious years until, again wandering to avoid the surveillance of the police, Mandelstam was finally arrested in 1937. Sent to one of the worst camps in Siberia, he died a few months later.

What seems to have saved his life in 1934 was the intervention of Boris Pasternak, a writer by no means in sympathy with Mandelstam's work but honest enough to admit his genius and courageous enough to defend him against the state. There occurred a remarkable telephone conversation\*\* between Stalin and Pasternak, shortly after the latter had made representations in behalf of Mandelstam. Stalin assured Pasternak that "everything would be all right," and then, with the casuistry of evil genius, asked Pasternak why he had not spoken up sooner in behalf of his friend. "He's a genius, isn't he?" asked Stalin. "But that's not the point." "What is it then?" Pasternak's reply was incredible, something for which history should honor him

forever. He told Stalin he'd like to meet him and have a talk. "About what?" "About life and death," replied Pasternak. Stalin hung up.

To attempt a summary here of the story of the Mandelstams during their years of torment would be impossible: the story of how they lived together in their wanderings, their poverty, their inability as proscribed persons to find work, their dismissal by rude "literary" bureaucrats, their occasional secret visits to friends in Moscow so as to beg money for survival. Mandelstam's lifelong friend, the poet Anna Akhmatova, has left a searing poem called "Voronezh," written after a visit with the Mandelstams in 1936. It is superbly translated by Stanley Kunitz and Max Hayward:

*And the town stands locked in ice:  
A paperweight of trees, walls, snow.  
Gingerly I tread on glass;  
the painted sleighs skid in their  
tracks.*

*Peter's statue in the square points to  
crows and poplars, and a verdigris  
dome  
washed clean, seeded with the sun's  
dust.*

*Here the earth still shakes from the  
old battle  
where the Tartars were beaten to  
their knees.*

*Let the poplars raise their chalices  
for a sky-shattering toast,  
like thousands of wedding-guests  
drinking*

*in jubilation at a feast.*

*But in the room of the banished poet  
Fear and the Muse stand watch by  
turn,  
and the night falls,  
without the hope of dawn.*

(In the Soviet edition of Akhmatova's poems the last four lines are omitted.)

As they moved from town to town, the Mandelstams found occasional shelter in the houses of obscure people, often ordinary workers who seemed less frightened than most of their intellectual friends and who still lived by the simple dictates of an inherited morality. In the town of Kalinin:

*After all the equivocations of Moscow  
and the frantic attempts to justify the  
terror, we were quite startled to hear  
the mercilessly outspoken way in  
which our hosts talked. We had been  
conditioned to hold our tongues, and  
once when Mandelstam made some  
evasive remark, Tatiana Vasilevna  
[their landlady] looked at him pity-  
ingly and said, "What can we do with  
you? You've all been scared out of  
your wits."*

And in the textile town of Strunino:

*I never hid the fact that I am Jewish  
and I must say that among the ordi-  
nary people I have yet to encounter  
any anti-Semitism. In working class  
families and among collective farm-  
ers, I was always treated as one  
them, without the least hint of what  
one found in the universities after  
war—and now too, for that matter.*

Why did these ordinary people seem less terrorized than the intellectuals? One reason, I should say, was that the workers lived at a greater intellectual and psychic distance from the government, any government, than the intellectuals. The workers had inherited over the decades a certain skepticism about affairs of state, so they expected less and protected themselves better in a mask of silence and seeming indifference. Perhaps, too, the workers had less social imagination than the intellectuals and could not absorb the *idea* of total terror; perhaps they were less ideologically contaminated by subtle rationalizations of murder. In any case, few things irritate Mrs. Mandelstam's reports of how the ordinary people would have reacted when the authorities prevented them from throwing bits of food into the endless transport cars loaded with political prisoners—even under the conditions that had been permitted.

All the while Mandelstam continued to write his poems secretly in his head, oppressed by a sense of immediate fears yet ultimately unafraid. His wife would jot down poems on a sheet of paper, and their publication was out of the question on the risk of their being confiscated. In constant danger, she would hide the poems with various friends. After his band's arrest, when she had lost her factory employment in order to support Mrs. Mandelstam would recite the poems to herself while tending textile looms, in the hope that eventually all the hidden copies were destroyed, she might yet be able to reconstruct them.

*Hope Against Hope* is one of the greatest portrayals that has ever been written of how people actually lived under Stalinism. The whole range of human conduct, from the noblest heroism to the most abject cowardice is brilliantly evoked, so that we can understand, with an immediate work of political theory can approach, what it means to live in a society where fear rules every moment and where, still, where life has been rendered tolerable through the destruction of mutual trust.

\*Ossetia is to the north of Georgia in the Caucasus; there were persistent rumors that Stalin had Ossetian blood.

\*\*I give this conversation as Mrs. Mandelstam prints it. Since reading her book I have been informed by an extremely reliable person that in private talks Pasternak reported his dialogue with Stalin in terms less flattering to himself. It is hard to know; but then Mrs. Mandelstam shows no inclination to accord Pasternak any more credit than in honesty she must. Much yet remains to be discovered or revealed about the nightmare of twentieth-century Russian history.



only does Mrs. Mandelstam por-  
is society in its terrible detail,  
ers a series of sharply phrased  
s reflecting on modern life and  
with a cogency beyond the  
of most political theoreticians.  
quote a few:

brother used to say that the de-  
part in the subjugation of the  
agentsia was played not by terror  
bribery (though, God knows,  
was enough of both), but by the  
"revolution," which none of  
could bear to give up. It is a  
to which whole nations have  
emerged, and its force was such  
one wonders why our rulers still  
ed prisons and capital punish-

end of the last century and the  
ning of this, people craved for  
organic" system and a unitary  
to embrace the whole of their  
ing and behavior. Free thought  
favorite child of humanism—  
undermined authority and had  
sacrificed to new ideals. A ra-  
list program of social change  
ended blind faith and obedience  
thority. The enthusiasm for the  
ing dictatorship was quite  
ne.

ink that we could have had an  
ary family life with its bicker-  
broken hearts and divorce suits!  
are people in the world so  
as not to realize that this is  
al human experience of the kind  
one should aim at. What  
h't we have given for such  
any heartbreaks!

ne end of *Hope Against Hope*,  
da Mandelstam (in Russian her  
ame means "hope") describes  
e and her husband found refuge.  
always had in the past, with  
nily of Viktor Shklovski, the  
st literary critic who, by a mix-  
luck and connivance, managed  
ive the Stalinist era. Shklovski  
hings of which he must surely  
en ashamed—so did Akhmatova.  
will was bent by the fifteen-year  
nment of her son, and so, to-  
he end, did Mandelstam him-  
ough ineffectually, since his gift  
ly for truth. But when it came  
ng friends, the Shklovskis were  
ately prepared to risk their lives.  
the question that has haunted  
is: here was a moment in which  
riter in Moscow trembled for his  
very writer had to tremble for  
t. Shklovski, never a Bolshevik,  
least as much reason as any of

them to be fearful. Why then did he,  
like a very few others, show himself  
capable of this instinctive solidarity  
with the hunted? How was it that he  
and his wife could reach that form of  
heroism which consists in doing com-  
monplace deeds of goodness under con-  
ditions of extreme evil? What, in short,  
is the secret of our moral life? And,  
given such facts, who can continue—in  
the name of sociological imperatives or  
psychological determinism—to dismiss  
the mystery of the moral act, that last  
margin of freedom which forces upon  
men the obligation of tremendous risk  
in behalf of the smallest help, and  
thereby recalls them to their manhood?

**T**he Wolf-Man is now eighty-five  
years old, a survivor of an unre-  
coverable past and the only one among  
the patients of Sigmund Freud who can  
still remember and speak. He is a kind  
of historical figure: subject of the most  
brilliant analysis undertaken by the  
master himself; then written up with  
almost equal brilliance by Dr. Ruth  
Mack Brunswick, one of Freud's pupils;  
and for years observed and cared for  
by Dr. Muriel Gardiner, an American  
psychoanalyst who has now compiled  
a record of his life (*The Wolf-Man*).  
He gained his curious name because in  
sessions with Freud he kept returning  
to an obsessive dream-image in which  
a row of white wolves stared at him. Dr.  
Gardiner has now put together a won-  
derful book, including the Wolf-Man's  
own autobiographical memoir, the re-  
ports by Freud and Brunswick, and  
correspondence between Dr. Gardiner  
and the Wolf-Man in his later years. It  
provides, as Anna Freud remarks in her  
foreword, a "unique opportunity to see  
an analytic patient's inner as well as  
outer life unfold before our eyes . . ."

Born in 1886, son of a wealthy Russian  
landowner, the Wolf-Man spent his youth  
in circumstances of luxury. By his mid-  
dle twenties, however, he was a wretch-  
edly sick man, tormented by a host of  
neurotic symptoms, overcome by ex-  
treme lassitude (he could barely dress  
himself), and utterly incapable of cop-  
ing with life's simplest tasks. As he re-  
marks, in a sentence that calls to mind a  
Turgenev hero, "There was too crass a  
contrast between the pulsating life  
around me and the bottomless, un-  
bridgeable gulf of emptiness, this hor-  
ror vacui, within myself."

Sent to Europe in search of psychi-  
atric care, the young man went from  
sanatorium to sanatorium, experiencing

meanwhile some particularly unhappy  
love affairs; but it all seemed hopeless.  
The common expectation must have  
been that he would spend the rest of his  
life in an institution.

In 1910 he began an analysis with  
Freud which lasted for over four years.  
Ernest Jones, in his biography of Freud,  
writes that

*We know little about his many neu-  
rotic symptoms at that time, but his  
history disclosed that he had suf-  
fered from a temporary phobia of  
wolves at the age of four, followed  
soon by an obsessional neurosis that  
lasted till the age of ten. From the  
age of six he had suffered from obses-  
sive blasphemies against the Al-  
mighty, and he initiated the first hour  
of treatment with the offer to have  
rectal intercourse with Freud and  
then to defecate on his head!*

By 1914 Freud seemed to have made  
no progress with this unhappy young  
man: he then announced that he would  
end the analysis by July no matter  
where it stood. In the few intervening  
months, the patient's resistance was  
broken, and a vast outpouring of re-  
membered material came through. The  
analysis was completed and declared,  
within limits, a success, for the patient  
now seemed able to function normally.  
Five years later, after the first world  
war, Freud devoted four more months  
to the Wolf-Man, as he had come to be  
known among analysts; he was now a  
penniless refugee whom Freud treated  
without charge. The dominant symp-  
tom, a severe hysterical constipation,  
was dissolved. Seven years later the  
Wolf-Man, now married and employed  
as a minor clerical functionary in  
Vienna, went to Dr. Brunswick for fur-  
ther treatment, this time for "a paranoid  
psychosis" which consisted in the delu-  
sion—we move from Turgenev to Gogol  
—that he had an unsightly hole in his  
nose. As Dr. Brunswick wrote in her  
lucid report:

*He neglected his daily life and work  
because he was engrossed, to the ex-  
clusion of all else, in the state of his  
nose. On the street he looked at him-  
self in every shop-window . . . First he  
would powder his nose; a moment  
later he would inspect it and remove  
the powder. He would then examine  
the pores, to see if they were enlarg-  
ing, to catch the hole, as it were, in its  
moment of growth and development  
. . . His life was centered on the little  
mirror in his pocket, and his fate de-  
pended on what it revealed or was  
about to reveal.*

Finally, in his late years, the Wolf-Man kept in frequent touch with Dr. Gardiner, who had made his acquaintance while studying in Vienna during the 1930s, and who sent him food packages and friendly letters during the difficult post-war years. In 1951 there occurred another strange incident. While engaged in some amateur Sunday painting, he "absentmindedly" wandered into the Russian-occupied zone of Vienna and was arrested by Russian troops.

*... they brought in officers of the secret police, and these people know how to confuse you, torture you, and break your spirit. "But you have a real Russian name," the officer in charge said to me. "How is it possible that a real Russian can work against his country?" I felt horribly guilty—a displaced guilt, no doubt, because I had never done any such thing... At this moment I understood perfectly how the many victims of the trials in Russia signed confessions of crimes they had never committed... More and more I lost faith in myself and lost my ability to defend myself.*

Once he was finally released, the Wolf-Man was sufficiently experienced, or, if you prefer, indoctrinated, in the premises of psychoanalysis to undertake a provisional explanation of those still-active pressures within himself that had led him to venture a "return to Russia."

For all its frequent naïveté and disconnectedness, the Wolf-Man's autobiography is an extremely affecting document. Some may see in his story evidence of how inadequate Freudian therapy is, since the Wolf-Man has had to keep returning for additional treatment

throughout his life. Yet when one takes into account how immense were his psychic troubles at the time he came to Freud, a more reasonable judgment would be that even his partial ability to function as a normal person for periods of time, to say nothing of his growth in self-understanding, constitutes a tribute to the powers of psychoanalysis.

Such considerations apart, one is struck by the way in which the purely human elements keep emerging in his story, little incidents both touching and bizarre, which as tokens of the sheer waywardness of life put all theoretic considerations into the background. Imagine that as a child he should have had a governess named Miss Oven, a creature straight out of Henry James' *The Turn of the Screw*, "either a severe psychopath or often under the influence of alcohol," who "ran ahead of" the children in the family, "gathered up her skirt in back, waddled back and forth, and called to us over and over: 'Look at my little tail, look at my little tail.'" Imagine that the child's dominant phobia should be reinforced by a manorial custom in which, each winter, the peasants would be organized to go on a wolf hunt. And imagine—who but Gogol could?—that when coming to Dr. Brunswick for treatment, he had recently been upset by a visit to a dentist named... Dr. Wolf.

How feeble is art by comparison with life!

Reading Freud's dazzling report of his analysis of the Wolf-Man—with its repeated movement from a chaos of symptoms and complications to an essential typology of human relations, with its recognition nevertheless that

behind the "precise" analytic categories there must always remain a thick ambiguity, and with its moving stances of Freud's readiness to back to an earlier point and admit take—I found myself thinking that I understood why in recent years there have been so violent a reaction against and his ideas. For who can bear the powers of complex intelligence and vast resources of ingenuity? The fundamental trend of our culture at present is toward ecstasies of simplification and denial of the claims of intellectual difficulty. Freud, however, is completely in the tradition of modernist skepticism, irony, and complication; a rationalist through and through, he believed in the value of intellectual work. In a culture that honors Charles Reich, there is little room for Freud.

Yet to say this is not enough. There are perfectly serious grounds for coming back at the Freudian system with perplexity and doubt. The initial sense of awe one felt before his work, that generation of mind and feeling it bequeathed to a whole generation—these cannot be duplicated. Even as we say that Freud has changed our culture forever, we must add that large elements of his thought seem more problematical than ever. And not the least problem is the task of trying to verify the Freudian categories and claims. As one reads Freud's study of the Wolf-Man, one gets not only a great sense of pleasure in coming into relation with so wonderful a mind, but also a sense of puzzlement: how can one tell, how can one verify? It is not the least virtue of Dr. Gardner's book that these questions are asked with a fresh urgency.

Edward Edelson, John Hollander, Catharine Meyer, Richard Schickel, Julia Whedon

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**A History of Poliomyelitis**, by John R. Paul. Yale University Press, \$15.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, physicians in the United States and Europe began encountering epidemics of what had been a rare paralytic disease of the young. A little more than a half-century later, the combined efforts of clinicians, epidemiologists, virologists, immunologists, and public health experts developed the vaccines and the mass-immunization programs

that virtually eliminated poliomyelitis. The conquest of polio was one of the most impressive achievements of medical science, but it was accomplished with anything but scientific calm. John Paul spent a quarter of a century in the fight against poliomyelitis, met most of the strong-willed men and women who were in that fight, and sat in on many of the meetings at which disagreements were thrashed out and strategies were planned.

His story of the dread disease and its conquest is thorough, thoughtful, and fascinating, even though Dr. Paul is too much the gentleman to give us exposure to the raw emotional life that occurred along the way. On a vivid, if partisan view of those events, see *Breakthrough*, an unalloyed celebration of Jonas Salk by Fred R. Carter.)

But Dr. Paul's reticent, loving telling of the story is still enthralling.



a viral disease, spread by person-to-person contact. It is contracted early and by almost all children when sanitation conditions are poor; as sanitation improves, the disease strikes later and later. Those truths emerged slowly from a maze of false starts and incorrect hypotheses proposed by brilliant men. The campaign to sift and refine the evidence was surrounded by a glare of publicity that affected every participant. Some of the emotional scars suffered have not healed yet. Many questions of policy raised by the polio effort remain unanswered: the place of "discovery" in science; the ethical issues involved in the first human use of new vaccines; the desirability of publicity about early scientific achievement that may later be disproved. All these issues are being posed once more, as heightened tensions, in the struggle against cancer.

Far from introducing a number of new people and reviving days of medical drama, Dr. Paul also provides a intelligent, unemotional guide to the major biomedical issues of our time and closes with a quiet warning. As the book improves in undeveloped areas, they must begin their own battle against polio. "The road," he says, "will still be long for many years to come."

—E.E.

**The Rabbit Hole: Adventures in the Realm of Children's Literature**, by Selma G. Lanes. Atheneum. \$7.95.

For everyone else, I imagine. I wish I could pick out good books for my children, but there are more than 3,000 books published annually and it's a ghastly task. There's no decent literary criticism in the field and booksellers are clueless. If one more clerk hands me no Munari for a three-year-old to read, I think I'll scream. I pity too, since it seems to me that reading is at its absolute best when the child is small. I don't suppose I understand of what was going on in *The Hobbit* and *The Goblin*, but I read from the color plate like an excited swimmer, hanging on to one book and striking out for the next. It was hard and wonderful and I cried at the end partly because the book was so good and partly because I was finished with it. Cannily, I learned to ration my next "chapter" books, but, I think, they too ended. I became such a fanatic I would read books without pictures. I like shipping out (or booking

passage) and knowing you wouldn't see the land again for a long time. Now *that's* reading. Curiously, I never formed a reading habit. I'd rather knit than read a so-so book. But I know what it can be when it is wonderful. That's what I want for my children.

Selma Lanes has written a very thoughtful book on just this subject. It is an analysis of children's literature, past and present, written in good, intelligent prose, which is reassuring when you're sizing up the work of others.

As an ex-child, incumbent parent, as well as a writer and reviewer of children's books, Mrs. Lanes has a lively and legitimate understanding of what goes into the creation, publication, marketing, and purchase of children's books. One must remember that when you speak of children's books you are including a staggering variety of books published for all kinds of purposes. There's not only fact and fancy, but books to chew, squeak, diddle, wash, and God knows what all. In the great Child Development Derby, reading has replaced toilet training as the main event. Soon no Isolette will be without a small disposable volume that will double as a didey.

Needless (?) to say, it isn't all literature. Many of these books have only an obscure connection with the act of reading, and others are so miserable as to deter any reasonably intelligent child from reading ever again. In this connection Mrs. Lanes really puts the blocks to Joan Walsh Anglund, to my great delight. You've seen those featureless candy-coated little mutants she draws who mouth sentiments that never were, in a language that never will be. Such deceitful treacle one suspects is merchandized, not written, and should be greeted with strong comment.

Mrs. Lanes is far more generous and fair-minded than I about the quality and serviceability of certain marginal kinds of book. I find her composure and good sense commendable. I like particularly the humanity and tangibility of her feeling for children as she is discussing books. It prevents her observations from becoming abstract.

Good writing for children, as Mrs. Lanes seems to view it, is committed by good writers writing for themselves. They are not out to subvert or convert or coerce. They do not misrepresent the world. They respond directly and candidly. Such books are inspired—not predicated upon some dreary theme alleged to haunt children. When books for

children are really first rate, they are a pleasure to read—for everyone. I submit the case of *Higglety Pigglety Pop!* by Maurice Sendak—the last novel I read to leave me with a truly weepy, weird feeling.

*Down the Rabbit Hole* is a very helpful book—one I wish I'd had as I was building a library for my children. Too bad they don't have recycling centers for rotten children's books—I've got a mountain of them I'd gladly present to their publishers. Mrs. Lanes' book concludes with an excellent list of good books for children of all ages—perhaps her readers will fare better than I did.

—J.W.

## Fiction

**An American Girl**, by Patricia Dizenzo. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. \$4.95.

*An American Girl* is the story of a young girl growing up in the Fifties in New Jersey, saddled with quarreling alcoholic parents, a baby brother who understands nothing (at five he thinks Daddy is Mother's father), and an older sister who neglects to talk to her enough. She tells her story in classic "what I did last summer" public-schoolese. The girl is so used to being a good sport and showing a constructive attitude that she doesn't realize she's telling a horror story. Her home is a pigpen exploding unpredictably with anger and resentment which is then doused in booze. The girl doesn't know if it starts with her or ends with her but she tries to keep her nose clean. She learns too well to remain inconspicuous. Her trifling escapes from an ugly reality (into mix 'n match costumes, double features, etc.) lead her farther astray from an understanding of why things are as they are. She finally indulges in a little magical thinking in a trial attempt to mollify fate. Unable to make any sense out of life (oh how she tries—she makes her mother "a blue sleeveless sweater thinking if she wore it with a white blouse she'd stop drinking and look presentable") she finally, pathologically, confuses the important with the unimportant: she wanders around the Bergen Mall—but can't find a thing—on the occasion of her sister's suicide.

Judging from the jacket copy, Miss Dizenzo's publishers seem to think the author has written a period piece on the "abominated" Fifties. Abominated? The whole decade? Oh, really? I hadn't heard. If my publishers used my jacket

copy to jot down *their* private observations and prejudices which misrepresented *my* work, I'd be very cross indeed. Miss Dizenzo is clean. She does the right thing. She gives us one girl (not a decade) who is so absolutely alive you walk around feeling responsible for her. Through her we see a much larger world—but one the heroine will never understand. She accomplishes this with brevity, humor, and tenderness, never commenting, interpreting, or suggesting how we should feel. When we leave our nameless protagonist she's still plugging along, but we know she is doomed. The abominated Fifties indeed. It's just an excellent novel by a terrific writer. That's all. That's *all*? —J.W.

**The Rat Factory**, by J. M. Ryan. Prentice-Hall, \$6.95.

All persons who have written books entitled *The Disney Version* are bound to enjoy Mr. Ryan's novel, in which the author (a onetime "in-betweener," the lowliest kind of movie animator) gets back at his old boss, Walter Elias Disney, posthumously and thirty years after the fact. The depth of bitterness maintained by many of the master's old elves never ceases to amaze me; and Wade Sampson, Mr. Ryan's undisguised, if satirically heightened, portrait of a man who unfortunately for himself became a legend in his own time, reveals him as a cheap, vulgar, hypocritical reactionary of the most primitive sort, while showing life in the rat factory in the late '30s as inhumanly exploitative to a degree astonishing even to one who has investigated the matter with some historical thoroughness. Allowing for the fact that Ryan is writing slapdash pop humor in the black subcategory, I think his book will amaze (or anger, depending on one's prejudices) many readers.

In his vengeful passion, however, Mr. Ryan has violated one of the cardinal rules of pop fiction, which is to get on and get off expeditiously. There is a tedious romance between his hero *naif* and an extravagantly endowed girl from ink-and-paint, who has woefully mixed up material and spiritual values and who teases without yielding for so long that she ceases to be funny and starts to irritate the reader as much as she does the novel's protagonist. There are also digressions about the Southern California life-style in its vulgar early blooming that were literary clichés long before Mr. Ryan touched pen to paper. Still, in his chosen genre Mr. Ryan is

something of an unrecognized master. His first novel, *Brooks Wilson Ltd.*, remains the best satirical dissection of the free-lance life I've ever read, despite its humble origins as a paperback original (it was the basis for a recent, reductive movie called *Loving*), and in the rat-factory passages of *The Rat Factory* he writes at the very top of his bent, peopling his pages with a splendid collection of grotesques and inventing comic incidents of vile vigor. His problem is not unlike that of Disney himself; he doesn't know when to stop. It's a serious failing, but not entirely fatal. —R.S.

**The American Princess**, by Edward Kuhn, Jr. Simon and Schuster, \$7.95.

The title role is played by Carol De Long of Cincinnati, rich, blond, pretty, Vassar '62. At a Washington cocktail party (given by her boss, a well-known capital hostess on the order of Perle Mesta), she meets Prince Rahman, son of the ruler of the tiny Himalayan country of Baktu. Talking of Martin Luther King and Adlai Stevenson, they find themselves in love. Adaptable mother DeLong accepts the marriage as "exotic but what would you expect of Carol?" Rahman, who is Oxford-educated, brown in color, an expert in lovemaking, and accessible to the liberal persuasions of Carol, is tagged as "charismatic"—by Carol's former lover and sociology professor, Bob Steinmetz, who turns up in Baktu two years after the marriage, as a member of an American agricultural "mission." The young couple are still childless, to their distress and that of the 250-pound father-in-law, the ruling Fahr.

The question of Carol's sterility (is it that?) is posed very early; it is entangled with the political intrigues that involve Rahman's Communist younger brother as well as the Che Guevara-inspired revolutionary ambitions of a local Khirgaz tribesman, Tilah Qul, in whose "yurt" the American mission is forcibly detained on its way to the Baktu capital for hot yak-butter tea and palaver. The yurt later becomes the scene for assorted mayhem, including an attempted rape on Carol and the attempted murder of Steinmetz. Other questions remain open, even after a helicopter attack by Chinese forces is repulsed—for example, who was the CIA spy planted in the American mission: it eventually occurred to Steinmetz that they were all spies in one sense, and the American reader is allowed to speculate on the value of his country's official roaming corpsmen.

The journalistic inspiration of an amusing adventure in cultural slanders, memories of Grace Kelly and C. S. Cooke haunt the reader—is too obvious but since the cargo is light, who cares? Accept the message: Princess Rahman Baktu is a tougher little cookie than Vassar, Washington, and Cincinnati would have predicted.

**Selected Poems**, by Howard W. Moss. Atheneum, \$6.95.

The most conventional American poetry of the 1960s sounded like a blurted mode of raw confessionals in the open meadows of a kind of collage. In all events, the pressure can be generated by grace; that only a full sense of terror commands; the "organized violence" in the words of the great linguist Jakobson, poetic form commends the ordinary relations of sound in everyday speech; the unabashed frontation of feeling with knowledge and memory, the song of the mind—all of these results of poetic position which were previously put together, in varying proportions under the heading of "elegance," fell into a new repute. If the uses of adversity are always sweet, those of living in a new culture can be nourishing when one's own resources are tapped. It is exciting and moving to see, in Howard W. Moss's new selection from his poetry written over the past twenty-five years, the sustained energies of a talent that has fulfilled itself without apology or apocalyptic shift.

Moss is like a pianist who, despite myriad assurances that he is that we all are—in heaven, to the effect of this refusal in his poetry, acceptance of other responsibilities it has resulted in a true growth over years—an increase in magnitude as well as in refinement. Howard W. Moss's unfailing iambic verse was earlier poems, an instrument searching, of celebration of place. In his later work, even the deeper patterns he was at tracing to stir up the eternal Protean fables of love, idleness, and regret. His whole selection of six previous books is so tactful that the other recent works show up as central, rather than the mere addenda which sometimes make their newest poems beautiful and memorable books.



## THE CHAMELEON WHO ENDED UP NOT KNOWING WHAT TO TURN

by Augusto Monterroso

Many years ago, in the deep Jungle of a very remote country, there came parlous times during which the Chameleon, who had gone in for politics, fell into a state of complete confusion. For the other animals, counseled by the Vixen, had tumbled to his tricks, and they began to foil him by constantly carrying in their pockets pieces of glass of various colors with which to counter his ambiguity, his hypocrisy: when he was purple and for some reason or other had to change to, let's say, blue, they quickly pulled out a red glass to look through so that for them he went on being the same purple Chameleon; and when he was red and for some reason turned orange, they in turn used the corresponding lens and saw him still as he had been.

So much for the primary colors. But the technique became so general that eventually everyone had to carry a complete set of lenses for occasions when the rogue turned himself an off-gray, or maybe greenish-blue, or some more or less in-between color for which they had to use three, four or even five superimposed lenses.

But the best part was that the Chameleon, seeing what was going on, began to play the same game.

It was really something to see everybody in the street constantly pulling out and switching lenses in order to make color changes according to the political climate or prevailing opinions of this particular day of the week, or that certain hour of the day or night.

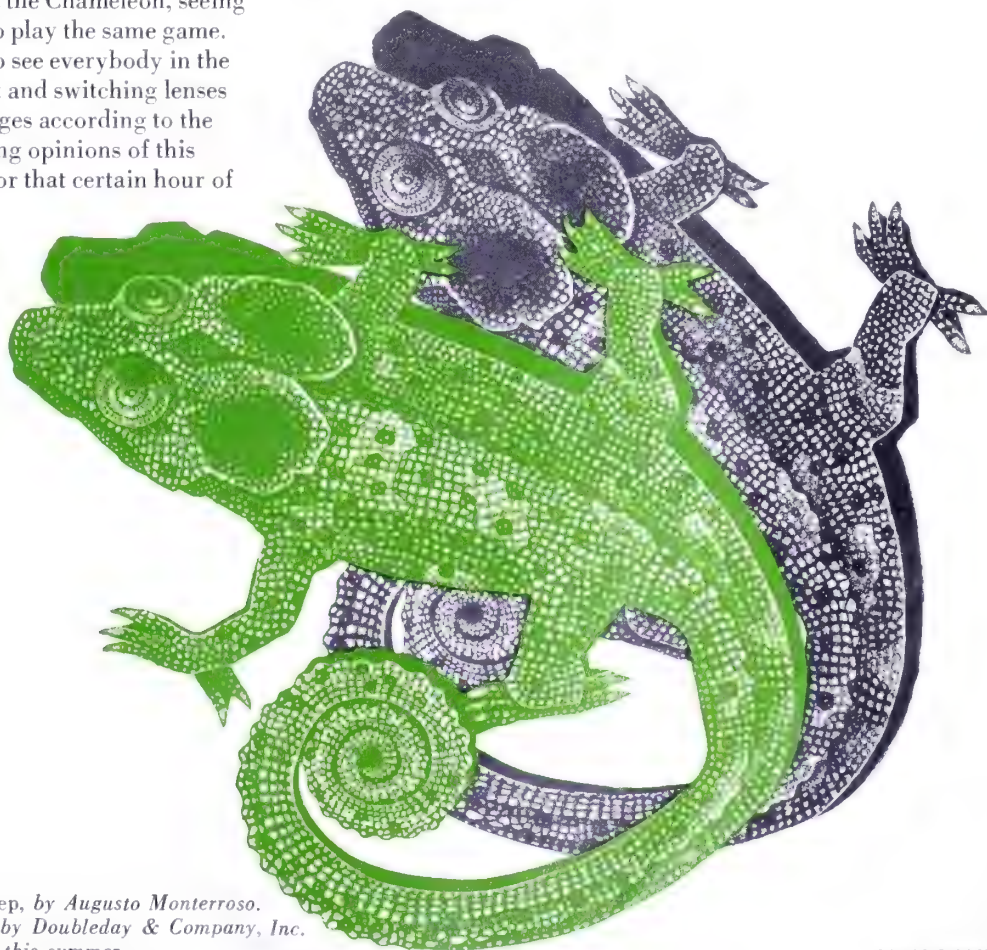
As one can readily understand, it all became a sort of dangerous confusion of tongues; but soon the smarter ones realized that general ruin would result without some sort of regulation—unless they were willing to risk blindness, madness, and finally destruction by the gods—so they reestablished order.

In addition to the terms of the Law passed toward this end, social usage also dictated certain rules of refined urbanity, according to which anyone lacking a specific colored glass vital for personal disguise or for ascertaining someone else's true color, could request its loan, even from his enemies, according to the needs of the moment, as of course was done among the most civilized nations.

Only the Lion, who was at that time President of the Jungle, laughed at everyone concerned, although he would sometimes join in himself, just for fun.

From that period comes the saying:

*Every Chameleon is the color of the glass through which he is viewed.*



*From the book, The Black Sheep, by Augusto Monterroso.  
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CAROL INELIN

# MUSIC

**P**IERRE BOULEZ is the new musical director of the New York Philharmonic, but in this city he still is untested as a conductor. His appearances with the New York Philharmonic have been minimal, and not until the season after next will he be giving his full attention to the orchestra. (Prior contractual demands before his appointment took care of him through the 1971-72 season.) Up to now, in New York, he has been concentrating on the music with which he is identified, twentieth-century music, and nobody does that repertory better. If the test of a conductor is how he handles Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann, Mahler, Tchaikovsky, Mozart, we simply do not know about Boulez. He has been conducting only a relatively short time, and probably has little firsthand experience with pre-twentieth-century music.

But one can guess, and the guess is that a musician of such skill and integrity should be able to be convincing in any aspect of the repertory. Another guess is that Boulez is going to antagonize some of the Philharmonic's old guard. Already there are rumblings about his program policy, his predilection for new music, his unconventional choices of nineteenth-century literature (a massive reexamination of Liszt next season, including many of the choral works and other seldom-heard material). At one of his Philharmonic concerts last April, the dissenters walked out on a Berg-Webern-Schoenberg program in rather large numbers, scaring some Philharmonic officials. The Philharmonic does not like to offend its subscribers.

The Philharmonic may lose some of the kind of subscribers who insist on Beethoven symphonies for every program. But it also may gain some new blood. In recent years its repertory has become static, and a man like Boulez, who is going to stir things up, may well attract many new patrons.

Boulez is interesting. He is anything but a matinee-idol type. He is short, balding, pugnacious-looking, strictly business. He does not wear clothes with the flair of a Bernstein, Mehta, or Maa-  
zel. His gestures on the podium are for the musicians and not the audience—a jabbing beat with a flapping palm that is all but awkward-looking. But, some-

how, he has charisma that can be measured in the neighborhood of a googolplex. He radiates authority; and, after all, he is a brilliant musician.

The musicians recognize this. He is one of them. In Cleveland and in New York he has been having no trouble with the men, and they play for him. His ear is considered one of the best anywhere. Boulez is very intonation-conscious, and he will stop during a rehearsal to inform Mr. Clarinet that he differs just a shade from Mr. Oboe and will everybody please retune. He does not make speeches during rehearsals, and that endears him to the musicians very much. (Famous story: Mengelberg taking time off to tell the orchestra the meaning of a phrase, and where it relates to Beethoven's *oeuvre*, and its philosophical significance, and so on. Finally the concertmaster breaks in: "Maestro, just tell us if you want it soft or loud.") He is, on the whole, a relaxed conductor, and there is a good deal of laughter during his rehearsals. Anything but stuffy. Boulez does not put on an act and does not try to impress anybody.

His musical approach is, of course, completely different from Leonard Bernstein's. Bernstein, flamboyant and emotional, is in the Koussevitzky tradition. That means a certain amount of show biz, considerable interpretative leeway, the big line, the stab at the emotional meaning of a piece. Sometimes that comes off sensorially well: sometimes it can be vulgar. Boulez is much more sober. His mind is more analytic than Bernstein's, and he tries to create logical structures in sound. His interpretations are by no means devoid of color or agogics (stresses, rubatos, etc., not indicated in the score), but they definitely are much more reserved. Boulez holds his emotion in. (It will be very interesting to see what he does with some of the Romantic composers when he gets around to them.) Bernstein wants to be loved, while Boulez gives the impression that he does not give a damn as long as he can get his intellectual point across.

He has a considerable musical intellect. As leader of the Young Turks who came to international prominence in the 1950s, he wrote manifesto after manifesto insisting that the only future of

music was in the Webern way of posing. His own analyses of va-  
avant-garde composers were and are  
ribly abstruse. Few can follow  
just as few can follow the line of  
soning in his latest book, *Boulez  
Music* (Harvard University Press).  
is full of passages like:

*Clearly, the larger the field of  
ity, the greater the mobility, since  
possibility of permutating sele-  
elements will increase. The field  
also be conceived as mobile: sele-  
within it will be mobile, but it  
however, tend towards to fixity.  
pose that the mobile field pro-  
from series a used alone, to the  
cession a, b, c; if, whatever the  
(a, ab, bc, abd) the series is al-  
used in the order a, b, c, it is  
that the same succession of inte-  
or the same sequence of relation-  
will tend to result...*

(Don't ask me what it means; mu-  
sonic analysis pooped off with  
and Stravinsky.)

Boulez continues to compose. until he turned to conducting  
become a household name. His  
sic, like most music of the serial  
was greatly admired by a han-  
connoisseurs, and it exerted in-  
worldwide influence for a decade.  
It never was, however, a music  
the public, which has continued  
the post-Webern phenomenon.  
will try to change that attitude.  
new music in New York and  
(where he is musical director of  
British Broadcasting Corporation)  
he is starting to go about it mos-  
tly with the Philharmonic.

So far he has not conducted  
outré at the subscription con-  
has confined himself, for the mo-  
to admitted masterpieces. His  
Webern-Schoenberg concert  
early music by those three com-  
music that posed no great prob-  
even if many did walk out of  
Three Orchestral Pieces. Ap-  
Boulez is trying to wean his ad-  
and will save the really hard,  
special events or for future sea-  
also is trying to introduce N  
audiences to seldom-played mu-  
past.

His performance of excer-  
Berlioz' *Béatrice et Bénédic*



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good example—and what a relief from  
the overplayed *Symphonie fantastique*!  
This is very beautiful music (there is  
a vocal duet that is ravishing, and also  
one of the most beautiful trios in the  
literature), and it is a scandal that New  
York audiences have not had more fre-  
quent exposure to it. The performance,  
too, was an indication of how Boulez  
might respond to more orthodox nine-  
teenth-century literature. It was precise  
and beautifully adjusted, yet colorful,  
suave, rhythmically flowing (Boulez  
almost never makes a rhythmic mistake)  
and full of subtleties. Boulez is never  
going to whip up an emotional storm  
à la Bernstein, but in the long run his  
approach to music is going to prove  
much more satisfactory.

**I** DON'T WANT TO GIVE the impression  
that I am using Boulez as a cudgel  
to beat Bernstein with. Bernstein, as I  
said, can do certain things wonderfully  
well. He came to the New York Philhar-  
monic at a crucial time in the orches-  
tra's history, and he helped create a new  
audience, in addition to putting the Phil-  
harmonic on a more secure financial  
basis. And he grew as a musician. He  
no longer is the self-indulgent interpre-  
ter he used to be, and has developed into  
a very important conductor. But New  
York now needs the Boulez approach,  
in which pure musicianship succeeds the  
Bernstein glamor. Boulez will create his  
own kind of excitement and controversy.

It already has started. Boulez is not  
especially admired by the American  
avant-garde, for instance. Not as a  
program-maker, anyway. The Ameri-  
cans are crying that Boulez does not  
like their music, that he is ignoring  
them, that he is strictly a post-serial  
man allied only to one particular school.  
And there is some truth in the charge.  
Boulez in private conversation—and  
some public statements too—has loftily  
dismissed a good deal of current Ameri-  
can music as either academic doodling  
or outright trash. That his allegation is  
for the most part true has not endeared  
him to the American avant-garde Estab-  
lishment (which often acts as though it  
has a God-given right to priority). And  
so both the avant-garde and the ultra-  
conservatives are not going to like Bou-  
lez at the Philharmonic. It is not only  
politics these days that makes strange  
bedfellows. Boulez will survive. And  
under him, let us hope, the New York  
Philharmonic and its public will be  
revitalized. ☐

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AUGUST 1971

## ARTICLES

- J. Whalen* **29** THE NIXON-CONNALLY ARRANGEMENT  
Odd federal fellows find an accommodation.
- m Buckley* **46** THE MAFIA TRIES A NEW TUNE  
A family-run enterprise goes public.
- rd Rhodes* **57** CREDENCES OF SUMMER  
A housemother, a spider, a row of beans.
- Goodman* **61** STOCKS WITHOUT SIN  
Bear market for guilt-edged portfolios.
- en Eiseley* **68** THE GOLD WHEEL  
The poet-scientist discloses his protective coloring.
- Arthur  
singer, Jr.* **72** THE NECESSARY AMORALITY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS  
What is moral for the individual isn't necessarily right policy for a nation.
- red Kazin* **78** "OATES"  
Joyce Carol Oates, a Cassandra bewitched by a private American oracle.

## FICTION

- arol Oates* **82** BLOODSTAINS
- vid Sontag* **43** PROJECT ADAM AND EVE
- Barthelme* **44** NATURAL HISTORY
- tonterroso* **71** TWO FABLES

## VERSE

- ay Wright* **84** PREPARING TO LEAVE HOME

## DEPARTMENTS

- |                             |                          |           |                    |
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|-----------|--------------------|
| <i>l. Lapham</i> <b>10</b>  | THE EASY CHAIR           | <b>4</b>  | ABOUT THIS ISSUE   |
| <i>d Schickel</i> <b>18</b> | PERFORMING ARTS          | <b>6</b>  | LETTERS            |
| <i>n Mitchell</i> <b>24</b> | LETTER FROM A COLD PLACE | <b>92</b> | BOOKS IN BRIEF     |
| <i>Thompson</i> <b>89</b>   | BOOKS                    | <b>95</b> | MUSIC IN THE ROUND |

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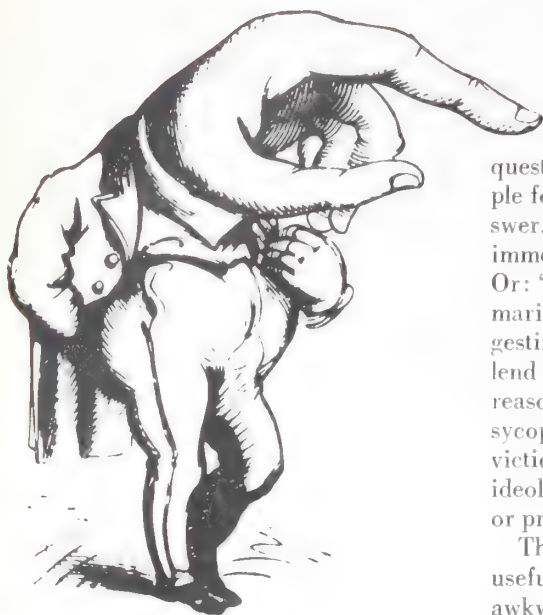
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# ABOUT THIS ISSUE



So many conversations these days seem to end so badly. People on both sides of the discourse insist on the high ground of "the moral position," from which righteous eminence they can then deliver proclamations instead of reasoned arguments. The proclamation is a far more satisfactory form of expression, allowing for heroic disdain, sudden exits, and the applause of Yale freshmen.

At a dinner party, or standing around on a terrace looking at the summer ocean, somebody invariably introduces a major subject (the war, crime, foreign policy, the cities, etc.), and within twenty minutes most of the people present have stopped listening to each other. They ask their sly test question and, upon receiving the incorrect answer, they dismiss their interlocutors as fools, philistines, Republicans, vested interests, Democrats, or whatever other emotional archetype represents a point of view opposite their own. (The test

questions always take an extremely simple form, i.e. demanding a yes or no answer. For example: "Do you favor an immediate withdrawal from Vietnam?" Or: "Do you support the legalization of marijuana?" An equivocal answer, suggesting that perhaps the issue doesn't lend itself to simplicities, condemns a reasonable man to the category of a sycophant politician who, lacking convictions, can be persuaded to whatever ideology happens to be convenient and/or profitable.)

The evening thus is ruined. Possibly useful conversations subside into an awkward exchange of pleasantries, and the guests content themselves with remarks about the weather, the local tennis tournament, and the outrageous price of lobster. It is against this kind of embarrassed small talk that the August issue of *Harper's* offers alternatives to the so-called "moral positions" that seem to dominate so much of our thinking.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in an essay about the necessary amorality of international politics, argues that self-righteous statesmen must sooner or later commit their countries to losing wars. Moralistic proclamations, although dramatic, cost a great deal of money and often get a great many people killed.

Tom Buckley makes a variation on the argument in an article about the Mafia's effort to transform its image into something quiet and suburban. He concludes with the suggestion that morality is a luxury available only to those who already have made enough money (often by immoral means) to afford the rituals of redemption.

A third variation on the theme appears in the article by Walter Goodman,



who deals with the ambiguities in the stock market. How does he invest his money if he hopes to please both God and Mammon? If a contractor returns a handsome profit by manufacturing bombs or polluting rivers, by what sophistry does a man vilify war in Vietnam or protest against the ruin of the landscape?

None of the articles offers easy answers, but it is hoped they will lead to more civil conversations. If the "moral position" can be understood as relative rather than absolute, then the struggle to reach it might become less vicious.

COMING IN HARPER'S George Bernard Shaw on the hypocrisies of capitalism, Paul Good on a lesser-known mystery of the Catholic Church, Elias von Hoffman on the Democratic candidates for President, and Barry Friedman on the city of New York seen by a cynical detective.



# Why Johnny can't hide. And doesn't want to anymore.



See Johnny hide. But not anymore.

Now Johnny works at 3M.

Once he thought all big organizations got that way  
outraging anonymity. Not because anyone ever told  
at. But because he once had worked for one. Which  
of course, be nameless.

No one in that first organization actually told him  
y to do well was to do as little as possible. Sort of  
it of the way.

But then, they never told him otherwise, either.  
So he looked around. Made his own appraisal. And  
ded there was a theory in operation.

To wit: Never state an opinion or take a risk and  
you'll never make a mistake.

Now, Johnny's no dope. He took what he thought  
was the hint.

He got lost in the crowd. Blended in with the back-  
ground. And never, never attracted attention.

But 3M doesn't believe in crowds.

We believe in people. One at a time. And we'd like  
to think Johnny knew that the day he started here.

Our whole atmosphere says it. You don't stand  
out here unless you stand up. And speak up.

We believe in our people. Really believe. And  
Johnny must have seen it.

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own. Could it be the way we treat our people has a lot to  
do with the way they produce ideas?

Johnny thought so. He looked around and liked  
what he saw and adopted a whole new approach.

Johnny came out of hiding.

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# LETTERS

## Dying

Thomas Powers' article ["Learning to Die," June] is another welcome indication of the growing realization that denial or ignorance of death distorts life's pattern and meaning—and that we must integrate the fact of death if we are to avoid self-estrangement and social alienation.

One should be aware that the five coping stages attributed to dying patients by Dr. Kübler-Ross are broadly general, overlap, and can coexist in dying patients. Further, one misses involvement with communal and ethical relevances, now looming large along with those of medicine and psychology. The mandate emerging from the present state of affairs in dealing with the dying patient demands not only revamping of training in medical, nursing, social work, and seminary schools for those involved in treating and caring for the dying, and public as well as professional dialogue on such matters as euthanasia and organ transplanting, but engagement at all levels of those responsible for developing social policies in health. Adequate regard for the dying requires reassessment of public policy and existing social organizations responsible for health care and delivery. It behooves us to remember that although the dying may not possess much political or social clout, sooner or later, we shall be "they."

Although not a scholarly treatise, it still is too bad that Mr. Powers' article does not adequately credit the substantial contribution to the field by such pioneering investigators as Jacques Choron, Bob Fulton, Robert Kastenbaum, Avery Weisman, and the undersigned.

HERMAN FEIFEL  
Los Angeles, Calif.

I enjoyed Thomas Powers' article very much. However, as a registered nurse I was a bit taken aback by some of the behavior he attributes to members of the profession. In almost twenty years of nursing practice, in various institutions, I have never heard the hideously coarse expression "watering the

vegetables" used to describe the care of unconscious patients. Nor have I seen nurses, because of "overwork," save most of their attention for "those who can be helped." On the contrary, most nurses are acutely aware of the problems of the dying and make every effort to provide emotional support at this time. In most instances the dying patient is well known to the nursing staff because of long or repeated hospitalizations and the nurses and auxiliary personnel have become certainly involved in his illness and indeed have suffered with him and for him. To suggest that the impending and imminent death of the patient then frightens all the poor things away does a great disservice to a fine profession. Despite overwhelming difficulties, most nurses will respond to the dying patient with courage and humanity. The callousness which Mr. Powers describes I have never witnessed in many experiences with dying patients. Fortunately for us all.

EILEEN VALINOTI, R.N.  
Marion, Ohio

In Mr. Powers' article there is an error which I cannot let go by without comment. Robert Cecil (page 76) was not Elizabeth's physician. He was a conning, sly, self-loyal schemer who occupied the position of Principal Secretary, among other duties, to Elizabeth and who was in mortal terror of her. He would never have been bold enough to have remonstrated with Elizabeth about going to bed: he never appeared before the Queen without being summoned.

The only persons at Court who still enjoyed Elizabeth's intimacy at the time of her death were the Lord Admiral (Howard) and the Earl of Oxford.

Please have Mr. Powers take Cecil off the list of members of the medical profession; there are enough stains on it already.

JAMES B. HALL, M.D.  
Charlotte, N.C.

## Congress

It is a real pleasure to commend *Harper's* for the splendid article in your

June issue ["The Road to Pot Congress"] in which Larry L. King tails the behind-the-scenes strategy byplay in the recent race for Majority Leader.

As a keen observer of the House Representatives for many years, I captured so much of the "unseen" action, and he is to be congratulated for his astute coverage and observations as well as his interpretations of the mood and the spirit of the House. In this article, Larry King gave all the inside news, including veteran Washingtoners, backstage action which we never receive in the daily press or television news....

One thing I might say in connection with it points up what I have always believed about Hale Boggs, that he was really a *political genius*. He had the obstacles to overcome in winning the Majority Leader's post, and he did it in masterful fashion. I doubt that anyone else could have done it under the same circumstances.

ARGYLL CALVERT  
Legislative Counsel  
U.S. Chamber of Commerce  
Washington, D.C.

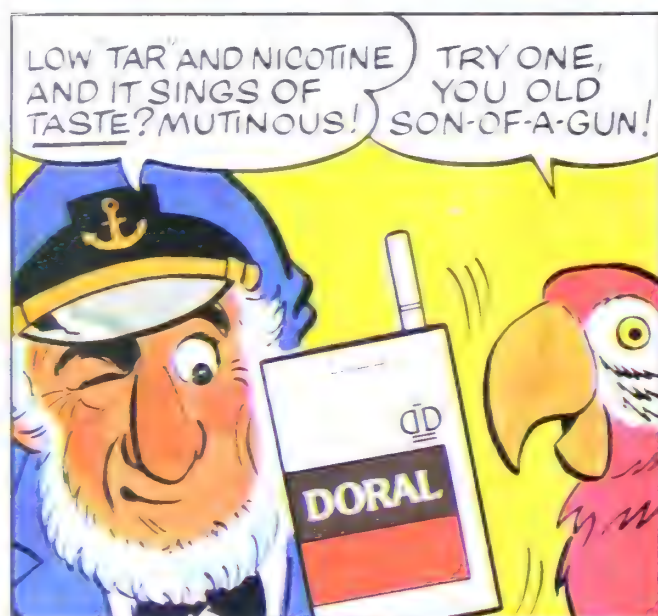
## Pentagon

In connection with Fred W. Fendley's article ["The Unselling of 'The Road to the Pentagon,'" June], it is interesting to observe that, in this instance, in similar circumstances the Nixon administration moves very rapidly to attack the media. Mr. Agnew's remarks, the most noteworthy.

The speed and the measure of the administration's response indicate a high degree of planning. I suggest that the plan has its roots in President Nixon's statement to the press after his election for Governor of California in 1966, "You won't have Nixon around anymore."

Since Mr. Nixon did not retreat from public life, his statement apparently had another meaning. I think that what he intended was that he would follow the years to follow he would attack the media and place them on the de-





The filter system you'd need a scientist to explain... but Doral says it in two words. "Taste me"





While the tally is far from complete, this strategy, as Mr. Friendly notes, is not without the effects intended by its authors. Ironically, the final result will be to enhance and strengthen the media, if they accept this challenge as an opportunity.

ROBERT C. GUSMAN  
Claremont, Calif.

Apropos of Mr. Friendly's contribution to the June issue, it seems pertinent to ask: what is a "documentary"? Is it an honest and reasonably objective report or is it a case for the prosecution? Most viewers, I guess, think the former: Mr. Friendly apparently thinks the latter. *The Selling of the Pentagon* certainly supports Mr. Friendly's view. The video consists of scenes showing how the Army public-relations department spends some of its budget. Nothing to arouse much controversy, except amongst public-relations men. Now add the audio, and the presentation becomes a skillfully compiled case for the prosecution. And not just against the department but against the Army.

If the networks are to act as public prosecutors—and surely this is not within their competence—they must also give the case for the defence; not the following week or a month later, but as

an integral part of the documentary. The viewer is then able to arrive at an approximation of the truth and form his own conclusions without coaching from the network.

The networks, by slanted comment, omission, implication, and innuendo can damn a person or organization more effectively than Senator McCarthy was ever able to do. They can be an even greater menace to the peace of society. It behooves them therefore to reassess their responsibilities and to walk very warily indeed when presenting what purports to be factual information.

To quote from a recent article by Henry Fairlie: "when I turn on the news... I want dull bits of information: little dull facts. I do not want to be told what to feel about the news." This is equally valid for documentaries.

DUNCAN N. MORRIS  
Quebec, Canada

## Unions

Bayard Rustin's article, "The Blacks and the Unions" [May], jolted my thinking in many respects. While I believe it offered a great deal of thought for me

to mull over, I feel it may have perverted by an important part of the problem on his hand. If politics and economics become a single problem as they do in this article, then how indeed does Mr. Rustin propose to "redirect its four social resources on the basis of human need rather than profit" and still retain the capitalist system? The tone of his statements, such as "one cannot but inevitably conclude that one is in the presence not of political opposition but of class hatred," or "a hatred of the elite for the mass," leaves me with a strong taste of communism or socialism, though I wonder if this is the intention. The entire attack on the Nixon Administration's policies concerning labor and unions seems to overlook an obvious question and makes very serious assumptions regarding motive. The question raised is what are the alternatives or how can we slow inflation without paying this particular price? I am sure that Mr. Rustin agrees that inflation at its present scale is undesirable and that to change the status quo a price must have to be paid by someone. For instance, if land and financing costs are the major causes of inflation in construction, how does he propose to place the responsibility squarely with those who control these items and, more difficult, how to effectively overcome resistance to paying the price? Obviously these things are the investment of the well-to-do, and that includes people of the labor "class" who are left off. It is equally evident that, despite our moralistic heritage, people are relatively resistant to change when it costs them money. A recent poll determined that people would not pay more for groceries to allow better anti-pollution packaging methods by about the same ratio as the same group deplored inflation. No urban society has ever been "classless" and probably one never will since people are primarily concerned first about their own economic betterment, except in relatively rare instances.

While the essential theme of Mr. Rustin's article seems plausible, his argument is weakened, I think, by its idealistic or utopian theorizing. I am sure one of the newfound uses for unions may very well be in making integration a real possibility rather than a "chic idea." It is a pity that inflation and stagnation each result in the fellow paying an inordinate proportion of the price but it is difficult in the present to find a way to shift the burden.

CAPT. CRAIG A. HUNTER  
Seattle, Wash.

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## Firewalkers

pecified ["Foreign Notes: The  
ers of Udappawa," May], that  
olic priest entered the pit "to  
e superiority of his church." Is  
ment expressing the view of the  
r is it the priest who so pre-  
For it is an asinine statement.  
not be used to prove the superi-  
the Christian Church, since the  
tself was anti-Christian. Jesus  
that you should not tempt God  
t the body was not to be used  
ly in pagan fashion; the body of  
longed to God and had to be  
into well-being for the task of  
nization of the earth. The body  
was the new temple. God wanted  
it, in the heart, mind, limbs,  
nish men's body with His Own  
he spirit of life everlasting. This  
as under the temptation of the  
d he got what he had been look-  
Too, he is condemned for hav-  
ed his back on the precept of  
which he should have known.  
s it also implied that he failed  
he was a white man, a West-  
The white man has always been  
sadvantage in any contest with  
ices. He has neither the number  
individual stamina. He has al-  
een worsted, and absorbed. He  
ays been forced to erect barriers,  
g castes, in order to preserve his  
existence, precisely because all  
want to destroy him, absorb him,  
he is different. In Asia, India,  
and even in Europe, the white  
s always been on the defensive  
also succumbed. His offensives,  
ccessful, cannot insure the fu-  
r he cannot always be on his  
He is therefore sapped from all  
time. And yet!  
or walking on fire, on red coals,  
nothing special in that today.  
usage known to all men through-  
earth. History records it among  
uls of Thracia, at the Eastern  
of Europe. In ancient time every-  
as judged by ordeal, and so was  
as purification. The medieval  
an Church, continuing the an-  
agan customs which it absorbed  
own purpose, sent the heavy peni-  
walk on the cross of fire, of red  
after having paid a stiff fine.  
is addicted to customs, and he  
finds some rationalization to  
his actions.

GEORGETTE C. S. COLEMAN  
New Orleans, La.

VICTOR PERERA REPLIES:

The story of the priest was told by my English-speaking Buddhist guide, and I heard it as well from two or three other Ceylonese during our long wait. I will not argue with Mrs. Coleman the sacramental question, or belabor the contradiction in her statements (1) that the priest's firewalking was anti-Christian, and (2) that the medieval Christian Church ritually sent "heavy penitents" into a cross of fire.

Instead, I will thank Mrs. Coleman for digging out what indeed was one of my buried intents in writing this short essay, apart from wanting to convey some of the texture of the experience: technological Western man, an analytic-compulsive, will never conquer a bare-foot "heathen" who enters a bed of coals peering curiously at your camera lens.

The firewalking ceremony may be old hat, but its message—as Mrs. Coleman's peevish letter makes abundantly clear—has never been timelier.

## Stravinsky

The recent sad death in New York of the great composer Igor Stravinsky brought to a close one of the most illuminating and creative phases in the history of music. It is never easy for critics fully to appraise, in his own lifetime, the true magnitude of such a man: but posterity will, I am sure, pay fitting tribute to his genius.

I have been commissioned by a well-known firm of publishers to write a study of Stravinsky, and much progress has been made on the book. It occurs to me that some of your readers may have met him, corresponded with him, or attended concerts which he conducted. May I appeal to those readers to send me photographs, letters, anecdotes, or other souvenirs which they may be able to supply? Dates and places should be given where necessary.

Grateful acknowledgement will be made in my book to anyone who provides matter which I am able to use, and photographs or letters contributed will be treated with care.

Stravinsky belonged, and belongs, to the entire world. It is my earnest hope that material for the book, which constitutes a large-scale assessment of his greatness, may reach me from the widest possible sources.

NEIL TIERNEY  
97 Melbreck Road

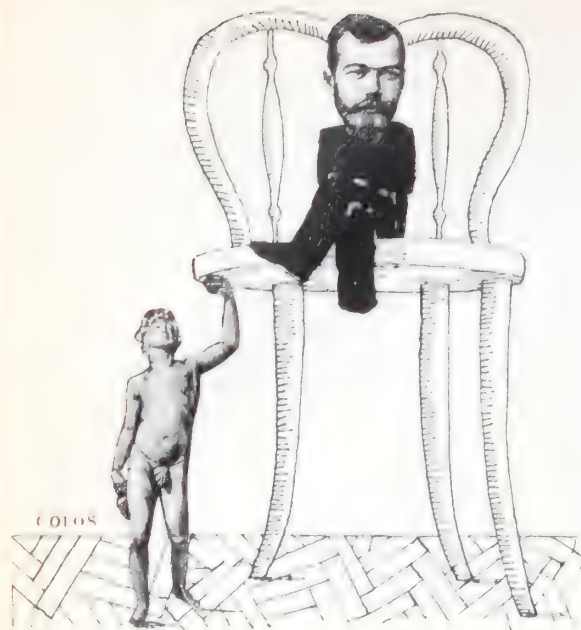
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Lewis H. Lapham

## THE EASY CHAIR

The longing for Armageddon

SOMETIMES I CONSOLE MYSELF with a vision of New York in ruins. Having been educated in the classical tradition, and therefore more familiar with Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* than with the hallucinations of Ray Bradbury, I prefer to imagine the desolation in the romantic manner of Piranesi—blocks of stone overgrown with weeds, abandoned technology rusting in an autumnal wind. The vision is an anodyne of rage. It allows me to contemplate with equanimity the fatuousness of a society so content with so many smug assumptions and so willingly deceived by so many false promises. At moments of extreme depression, mercifully infrequent, I think of Johnny Carson and the discount department store as the two sublime expressions of the American Dream.

For a man who succumbs, even briefly, to that kind of despairing metaphor, the prospect of the nuclear holocaust does not seem so appalling. He assumes the few survivors (himself he hopes, among them) will begin again in a condition of Arcadian innocence. Armageddon becomes a necessary cleansing of the world, and the lost Garden of Eden appears to be located somewhere on the other side of the Bomb.

If the apocalyptic vision belonged only to me, I could wrap it up in plain brown paper, sneak it uptown to a psychoanalyst, and pay the going rate for exorcism on Park Avenue. Admittedly it is stupid, adolescent, fashionable, self-indulgent, moralistic, dangerous, and banal. Unfortunately it also belongs to a great many other people, few of them inclined to be humorous or reasonable on the subject. Although more apparent

in cities than in rural places, it is a national phenomenon that presents itself in variations as diverse as a vote for George Wallace, a cocktail party for Huey Newton, a riot in Newark, and the seizure of a dean's office by students armed with manifestos. Or, expressed another way, it is the reservoir of un-specific anger from which demagogues of all persuasions draw the emotion necessary to irrigate their fields of mandragora.

The phenomenon seems to me so extensive that I think it worth dividing into its various elements and implications. As a child I was taught the precept that if there are people looking for you with guns, then it is important to know why they are angry.

THE PRINCIPAL CAUSE of the anger is a feeling of helplessness. Most people confront the machinery of society in its more ignorant or dehumanized extensions—in the blank, staring faces of bailiffs, in the numbers of an IBM card, in the thin smiling of bank managers who subtract and foreclose. The system seems so big, the government so abstract, the authorities so far away. Apparently nobody can be blamed for anything.

Thus the secret and guilty pleasure on the occasion of public disorder. I think of the exhilaration in New York City on the night the lights failed, of the general delight in a disruptive transit strike, of the satisfaction in reading about heavy losses on the stock market. Assuming that the judgment is not final (i.e., that one doesn't get maimed or go bankrupt), even the people inconvenienced

by disorder take pleasure in it. The extreme instance of this I encountered in a young man who had been arrested for political demonstration and was unconscious by the police. The police confirmed his view of the universe: he rejoiced to find out that everything was just as bad as he had thought.

Given the apparent indifference of society, the cries of defiance become increasingly strident and theatrical (see the works of Norman Mailer), and one develops a tendency to discover how much "the fucking thing" can take. The latter sentiment accounts for a considerable amount of personal destruction (expressed among my acquaintances in New York by various forms of emotional dismemberment). It also accounts for union members that vote to refuse a contract for them a 30 per cent wage increase over the next three years. The money, they say, will satisfy their desire to smash the system that condemns them to tedious assembly line.

AT LEAST PART OF THE ANGER comes from boredom and from the increasingly difficult business of finding the good guys and the bad guys. Several examples come readily to mind.

- The other day on West 57th Street I watched a half-drunken man wander back and forth through the traffic, determined to reach a conclusion about unknown enemies. He might have been a dockworker or a fisherman; he was a man in a torn coat and broken shoes, his head bandaged with a strip of cloth. Presumably he had suffered





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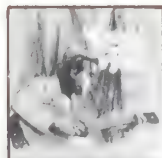
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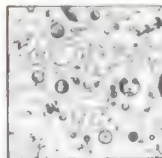
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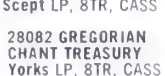
**44746 DUKE ELLINGTON**  
70th Birthday  
Concert  
(2 record set) Solist LP



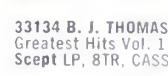
**33179 DIONNE WARWICK**  
I'll Never Fall In  
Love Again  
Scept LP, 8TR, CASS



**28082 GREGORIAN**  
CHANT TREASURY  
Yorks LP, 8TR, CASS



**42911 MAN OF LA MANCHA**  
Original Cast  
Kapp LP, 8TR, CASS



**65796 CAL TJADER**  
Tjader-Ade  
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the machinations of a society he didn't understand, and I could imagine the clerks in an office building blaming his misfortune on a computer, or the economy, or company policy, or something else equally remote. In another century he might have hired himself out for a Crusade. Instead he staggered back and forth across a city street, waiting until the light was once more against him before setting out on a dangerous voyage that must have seemed to him comparable to the wanderings of Ulysses. The ladies walking in and out of Henri Bendel took a great deal of trouble not to notice.

• Last year in a newspaper I remember reading about a nineteen-year-old boy who showed up at a Long Island bar with two six-guns in holsters. He had been deeply impressed by movie Westerns, and he announced his intention to shoot it out with the sheriff. The bartender, not being set up for that kind of thing, persuaded the boy to wait in the parking lot.

The image of that boy still haunts me. I see him standing among the parked cars, in the neon half-light between a supermarket and a bowling alley, his hands held above his guns in the chivalrous manner supposedly traditional in the Hollywood dream of Dodge City. Sometimes I wonder what he was thinking, what image he had conjured up against which he hoped to try himself. He never saw the local police. They weren't in the mood to take chances, and they killed him with rifles at long range.

• Or consider the sad revolutionary in a basement, staring morosely at dynamite. He has admired the rhetoric of Che Guevara, and he dreams of riding through the streets of a liberated city in an open car, a machine gun held indolently in his left hand, his compatriots smothered with the flowers thrown by a grateful populace. The posters on the walls of his basement proclaim such a consummation: so also do the friends with whom he sits up late at night unraveling the conspiracies in Washington.

And yet, what can he do with the dynamite? Where exactly does he put it? Who can imagine that a bomb in a branch office of the Chase Manhattan Bank will bring down the capitalist regime? Or that it will free the enslaved poor and restore the fish to Lake Erie?

Not even the revolutionary expects a result. His revolution is imaginary, his bomb a magic talisman. Even if he explodes it, nothing will happen. Except for the few people unlucky enough to be

standing around (most likely representatives of the enslaved poor), business will continue as usual. The janitors will sweep up the broken glass, and the bank will raise the interest rates to absorb the cost of heavier insurance.

The recognition of his own futility compounds the revolutionary's despair. The posters on his walls become increasingly sinister; his speeches in the East Village cafés become more loudly incoherent.

• The man who burns his draft card falls into a similar error. The action loses its validity because it fails to contain the element of risk. If the man hires competent attorneys, he almost certainly will beat the rap; if he doesn't hire competent attorneys, then he is a fool. If he beats the rap, then another man (less idealistic and less rich) will be drafted to make up the consignment. Which means that the burner of a draft card, amid enthusiastic liberal applause, has merely engaged a substitute for a sum far higher than the \$300 commonly paid during the Civil War.

THE FOREGOING EXAMPLES could be multiplied indefinitely, but I suspect that all of them would possess the quality of gesture. The romantic longing for Armageddon depends on an illusion, i.e., that genuine, old-fashioned risk (in the manner of World War II or the Old West) is, even at New York prices, no longer available. The soul yearns for adolescent pageants, for tropical beachheads and the wagons moving across the great plains; instead it finds itself hemmed in among high buildings, confined in a series of boxes where all the action seems to take place on television.

The commercials offer low-priced synthetics (romance in the Caribbean at only \$179.50 for six days and seven nights, or fast cars on easy credit), but anybody who believes the advertisements delivers himself into other disillusion. Montego Bay turns out to be nowhere, the suburban police enforce the speed limits, and even in Jakarta there are tourists from Mineola asking rickshaw drivers to take them to the coup d'état.

Travel in airplanes seems to me an exact analogue of the condition I'm attempting to describe. A man might travel 5,000 miles, and yet his experience of the journey remains oddly sterile. To go the same distance by any other means might present natural or social obstacles: a storm at sea, for in-

stance, or trees across the road, or importunate salesman in the first-dining salon. These in turn (having been weathered or gotten around) demand wit, or courage, or philosophy—in short, some chance for the agent to reveal their humanity.

But in the artificial environment of the plane, nothing can happen that the body can do anything about. Either the plane falls down or it doesn't—monotony or total catastrophe. The humanity of the other passengers remains irrelevant. Isolated in the suspension of time and space, they require the unreality of people in elevators.

Within the perspective of flight the middle distance vanishes, and the traveler can choose between analytical occupation with himself (his reflection in the plastic window) or the God-like overview of the distant landscape. (The former view is that of modern fiction; the latter view corresponds to that of editors at *Time* magazine, Air Force generals drawing target maps.)

The feeling of suspension and isolation accounts for the failure to perceive a social context. (If not in the middle distance, where else can one find a society?) It also accounts for the curious response of surprise and delight, the irony with which many people conduct their own lives. If anything dramatic happens to them, then surely it must be some kind of weird mistake, surely something must be happening to somebody else.

They compare their unique experiences to films they have seen (the scene out of *Casablanca*, for example, "for God's sake . . . you know, with a fan on the ceiling in this Moroccan bar"). Movies seem more real than reality, and somehow nothing counts unless it appears in Technicolor. Thus the disappointment with girls who don't resemble the photographs in *Playboy* magazine, unless they have been artificially touched they seem too plain, but many refugees from *cinéma vérité* find the same phenomenon can be demystified by its obverse, i.e., the insistence of the artistic quarters on the aggressive—health foods, lousy plumbing, the philosophical rejection of deodorant.

FAILING TO FIND obvious enemies in public risk, the romantic turns in upon itself and becomes self-amusing, or pathetic. I think of Plimpton on a trapeze, or of friends who drive racing cars and



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around the world in search of sharks.

The most abstract of these masquerades was invented by a young man I once knew in Palm Beach. A blond tennis player, good-looking in the manner of an illustration for an F. Scott Fitzgerald novel, he also had been impressed by Westerns. But he was more sophisticated than the boy in the Long Island parking lot, and he had inherited great wealth. From an expensive tailor in New York he bought a costume of the 1870s—ruffled shirt, frock coat, string tie, boots, etc.—and at Abercrombie & Fitch he acquired pearl-handled revolvers.

On certain nights when his parents were out to dinner, he would dress himself in costume and walk solemnly into an enormous drawing room furnished with palm trees. Observed only by a butler, he would stand thirty feet away from a large color television set, waiting to shoot it out with the heroes of *Gunsmoke* or *High Chaparral*. After the obligatory scene in a saloon or dusty canyon, the butler would clear away the wreckage. I remember the young man telling me that he could beat everybody but Matt Dillon.

The self-conscious risk is arbitrary, and the recognition of its arbitrariness makes it self-defeating (cf. the suicide of Ernest Hemingway). Unlike the pearl divers in the Pacific Ocean, my friends who search for sharks know that they can take the next plane back to New York. The knowledge haunts them, obliging them to take increasingly theatrical chances.

**G**ENUINE RISKS present themselves in such ordinary ways that many people, particularly those brought up on television and generous allowances, find it difficult to perceive them or accept them as sufficiently dramatic. Everybody wants to do high deeds in Hungary, to reform "the system," or dictate racial integration. Hardly anybody wants to work five days a week in a storefront on West 127th Street, teaching a class of resentful citizens the rudiments of English grammar. Neither do they want to accept the commonplace risk of marriage or any sustained relation with other people.

New York, or any other large city, affords the ideal environment for the evasions that become necessary to the maintenance of the habitual illusions. A man can always avoid inconvenient reality. If he louses it up on East 85th Street, he can move twelve blocks south

and begin again with a different circle of acquaintances, the same jokes, and, if possible, a new wife. If one psychoanalyst insists upon terrifying revelations, there is always another man who will paint a more cheerful landscape of the mind. Nothing really counts. As part of his inalienable birthright every American is entitled to a second chance—and this, if we believe the television commercials, can be indefinitely renewed.

The difficulty has to do with an attitude toward death. In New York death is an obscenity, the unmentionable thing we mask with the same kind of opaque euphemism the Victorians employed to mask their horror of sex. People die by mistake, from neglecting to have read the instructions on the label. Death is for suckers. A bad break for anybody unlucky enough to die before the doctors come up with a cure for dying. Comedians can make only oblique jokes on the subject, thereby removing it to a safe, preferably Asiatic, distance (beriberi is funny; cancer isn't). Hospitals smuggle out the dead as if they were trafficking in gold or government secrets.

Thus the shock of the killings at Kent State. Nobody could believe that such a thing could happen. Clearly it was against the rules, a tasteless violation of the liberal conventions. A student going up against Soviet tanks in the streets of Budapest couldn't be surprised if one of his friends was killed. The chance of death or exile gave meaning to his act. But to American students, accustomed to dreamlike gestures, death cannot be imagined as something that happens to people they know. Perhaps in Vietnam or Bob Dylan's songs, but not in Ohio.

And yet we are fascinated with death in the movies. We stare at the glossy images of violence with the prurient excitement of adolescent boys sifting through French postcards, wondering if that is what it's really like. The movies confirm its unreality because everyone knows it's only a movie, and at the end the actors will get up and return to Beverly Hills. The illusion works both ways: if the movies are more real than real life, then they have accomplished a trick that the rest of society certainly will catch on to very shortly: they have discovered the cure for dying. (Again, as with the tanks in Budapest, this is a deception available only to people who have not seen real tanks. As a police reporter in both San Francisco and New York, I have watched people dying of gunshot wounds. The laughter in the audience at a movie such as *Bonnie and Clyde* seems to me misplaced.)

**T**HE AUTHENTIC RISK is in the self-conscious, and it is precisely the absence of self that so many so vainly seek in the popular cultural sensations (drugs, alcohol, gambling, transcendental meditation, rock music, sky-diving, etc.). The search enriches travel agents, advertising salesmen, and the numerous mystics who import cut-rate New Age in packages attractive to the Wall Street market.

The condition of restless dissatisfaction does not pertain to military men who, having had enough of authentic risk, do not feel a need for ersatz substitutions.

Earlier this year, in the course of writing an article about the U.S. military, I spent a great deal of time with veterans. Invariably they describe their early battles with fond nostalgia. Curious, they said, but war brought not only the worst but also the best of men. They believed in a medieval mystery play (the devil as a Communist), Everyman as an American youth (Tennessee), and they never doubted the coming of the satisfactory last judgment in which a just God punishes the wicked and rewards the virtuous.

But for most people, particularly those who live in cities, the great American drama has ended, and look at our players have vanished into the ether. Without a necessary antagonist (the death) it becomes impossible to conceive of tragedy.

The artist invents his own dramatic forms, but then he has trouble persuading the audience that his symbols can how represent universal rather than personal truths. (Andy Warhol is more imaginative than the boy in Palm Beach, but their imagery is equally arbitrary.) The least artistic citizens insist upon conventional melodramas (even the Cold War), but even they find it increasingly difficult to fill the theater with a convincing crowd.

The rest of us, unable to agree upon a new play, wait for spectacular events. Our impatience gives way to frustrated anger, and because we cannot accept the reality of death on a local scale, we begin to anticipate it on the global scale of nuclear holocaust. The holocaust satisfies our craving for the theatrical and the stupendous. For impoverished imaginations substitute the idea of Armageddon, which we know possess the technology to accomplish for the idea of the Day of Judgment which we lack the faith to believe.



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# BOARDROOM

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## PERFORMING ARTS

Gebel-Williams burning bright

SUCH FAME AS HE HAS ACQUIRED outside the circus cult—an enthusiastic, if dwindling (or at least aging), band—depends on his work with the tigers, but it is by the elephants that ye shall know Gunther Gebel-Williams. Or begin, at least, the process of recognizing him as someone very special—a potential superstar of the sort the circus has not had within living memory, a performer who may very well make his presence known and felt beyond the confines of his narrow, inbred, “irrelevant,” and perhaps somewhat parochial art.

Anyway, the elephants: you know how it usually is with them. They shamble into the arena led by shabby-looking roustabouts who depend to excess on hooked sticks to prod the great creatures through their paces. Generally they are crowded into one ring, where they are encouraged to sit down on those big tubs or to stand up on their hind legs. Maybe one of them does a little dance. Maybe they combine to form a pyramid before they galumph off. They're likeable beasts, and their performance, traditionally, forms a nice, relaxed, faintly comic interlude between more exciting routines.

Gebel-Williams, however, insists that they generate an energy to match his own, which appears to be inexhaustible. His herd is a large one—nineteen animals—and he sends them in and out of the arena at top speed, causing the floor to shake and rumble as if a subway train were passing underneath. Then, instead of bunching them up, he spreads them

out, causing them literally to fill most of the available space, deliberately magnifying his own problems of control and making more impressive his success in exercising it. He's here, there, and everywhere, a small, blond man with the build of the acrobat he started out to be, dressed in blue boots and tights, bare-chested except for a spangled vest and a bold gold cross, a talisman blessed by the Pope which catches light from the arcs above and reflects fragments of it glittering into the crowd.

Down on the arena floor you can hear the commands he shouts as he moves. But from a seat in the stands they are lost in the steady hum of the crowd, and Gebel-Williams becomes something of an enigma. You begin to wonder precisely how he works his magic, and the only thing you are certain of, as he clambers up a ladder to take his bow from the head of the elephant who forms the peak of their climactic giant pyramid, is that his is a remarkable presence, something vital and reviving in an entertainment form that has been stylized and ritualized for time out of mind.

THE MOST OBVIOUS THING about Gebel-Williams' inventions as “The Peerless Potentate of Pachydermia” is, well, . . . tastefulness. One hesitates because it's not a word much employed in writing or thinking about the circus. Especially about circus elephants. Yet no other word will do as well. For Gebel-Williams has devised for these creatures the only routine I've seen in which their basic qualities—their power and their dignity and their intelligence (Gebel-

Williams believes them to be the best members of the menagerie properly illuminated. Equally important, there is no attempt to reduce to cuteness, to anthropomorphize right before your eyes. The act, in its design, is to elephant scale, not to human scale, and it may be the only one in the history of the circus to which one can properly apply that most tired of old-fashioned adjectives, “stupendous.”

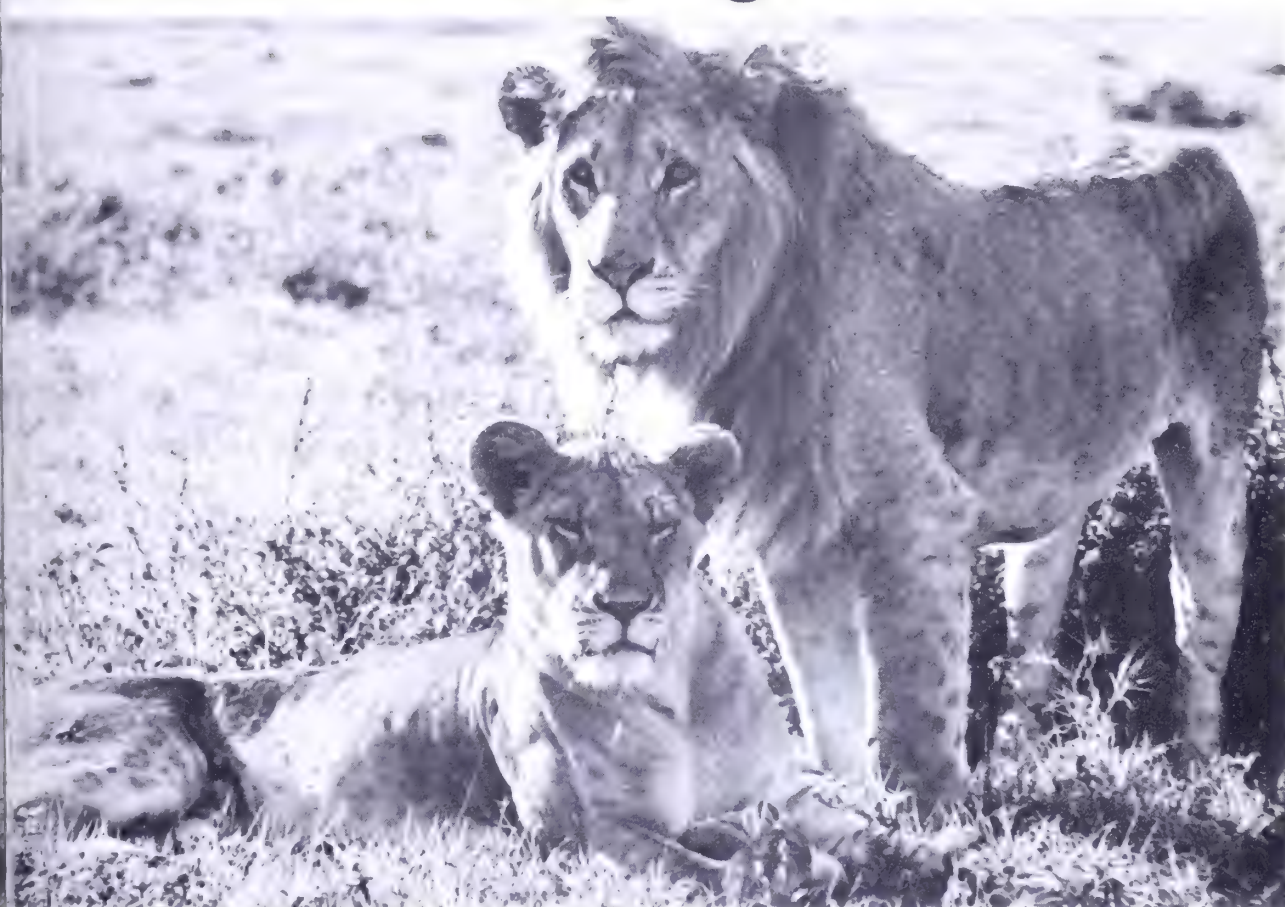
A similar taste informs Gebel-Williams' work with his tigers. In Madison Square Garden last spring, the act was somewhat diminished because he lost two cats—they are quite susceptible to such prosaic diseases as worms. But his very intimate act was, if anything, more intimate than usual. But then, to the good, for, as massive spectacles are appropriate to elephants, a certain playfulness, almost improvisational appearance, seems right for the tigers. Gebel-Williams has abandoned the traditional chair and gun, with the suggestion that the trainer is in immediate deadly peril, and emphasizes the relations between the jungle cat and the tabby cat. He strives for the loose, easy manner of a man tossing a ball of yarn to his kitten in some suburban living room.

With one of the animals, a tiger named India, he indeed appears to have just such a relationship, often playing with the other cats and keeping them in the cage after the morning practice session to fool around with her; the fact is that all that snarling and growling and general tiger flashiness is entirely in fun. They are rather playful and highly individualistic animals, like humans of a similar stripe.

*Richard Schickel is author, film critic, and observer of the social scene for a variety of national magazines.*



# "We're afraid to have a baby"



There's hardly enough room to turn around. Food is scarce, so the cost is sometimes more than we can afford.

And then there are the poachers.

What chance does a kid have in a world like this?"

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# Until They Found the Shelter, Their Home Was Danang's Streets

By GLORIA EMERSON

DANANG, South Vietnam—He is a very different boy, even in this country where not many children lead safe, childlike lives. Vo Van Be is too small, too solemn, too silent for a boy of 11—although he does not really know if that is his exact age.

One of 24 youngsters who live in a bare, decaying, right house in this city, Vo Van Be very much likes his new home. He shines shoes, as do the other boys, to earn money. They all have tiny wooden boxes that hold bits of polish, part of a rag and a brush.

"He has a lot on his mind; most of the other kids have only themselves to worry about, but he has two sisters to support," Richard Hughes, a 27-year-old American, said of Vo Van Be. Mr. Hughes, whose home is in Pittsburgh, was an actor in the Boston Theater Company. He came to Vietnam as a journalist in 1968; two weeks later he was deeply involved in running a home in Saigon for "wandering children"—as the Vietnamese call these homeless youngsters.

If Vo Van Be seems to be a child listening always to voices no one else hears, the two small sisters seem even more removed.

## A Child Beyond Surprise

The youngest, whose name is Bong, is 5, perhaps 6. She does not cry or often break her silence. Nothing seems to surprise her now; she only stares ahead.

Her older sister, Bi, has a swollen face and watery eyes that seem to hurt her in the sun.

They are by themselves during the day when their brother and the other boys go out to look for customers. Sometimes Bong plays a little with the big blue comb that all the boys seem to use. There is nothing else for shoe-shine boys. The little girls should not be in the house that is at the end of an alley on a well-to-do middle-class street, but Vo Van Be has nowhere else to take them.

He cannot read or write. The young Vietnamese student, Vo Cong Tai, who lives with the children, tries to reach the illiterate. But there are not enough pencils, and nothing at all to write on.

Vo Van Be cannot answer questions about his past. The words do not come. Three years ago, his village in Quang Tin Province was bombed by American planes.

"Most died," Vo Van Be says. His parents did, but he does not mention this. He and his sisters took a bus to Danang where, for three years, they lived in the outdoor market, sleeping on the streets. Other shoeshine boys told him about the house and led the trio to it.

It is hard to understand why Bong does not have a clean shirt and why Bi cannot have the rash on her body treated. The answer: no money.

Dick Hughes, who is responsible for raising the \$2,500 a month for the four homes he runs, speaks quietly of his daily, monthly, yearly chase for funds.

"In the United States, people don't care anymore. They want to forget about Vietnam and kids like these," he said. "If you ask them for help, so many people say, 'We're spending our money for things at home.'"

## Busy With His Projects

An American philanthropist said, sorry, he could not help the shoeshine boys because his projects were arms

control and birth control. A Congressman, touring Vietnam, promised to help, but nothing has happened.

Three American women, whose husbands are the highest-ranking members of the United States Mission here, dropped in at the boys' hostel at 195 Pham Ngu Lao in Saigon, and made the appropriate comments about Mr. Hughes's splendid work. But the ladies said they were busy themselves helping Vietnamese refugees from Cambodia and did not commit themselves.

"They did send us a television set—maybe the last thing in the world we need," Mr. Hughes said, with a grin.

A general has chipped in \$50, but the huge American community has mostly remained aloof. Mr. Hughes does not like to hold out his hand to them, either.

The financial situation in the last two and a half years has usually been desperate. Mr. Hughes needs each month about \$2,500 to run the Danang hostel and the three in Saigon, where a total of about 130 youngsters live. On one occasion, the actor even cashed in his return ticket to the United States to meet bills.

There are more than 41 voluntary agencies in Vietnam.

"They don't even begin to dent the problem in this country," Mr. Hughes said. "The voluntary agencies are tied down by regulations and restrictions. They don't want to go out on a limb, so they only support a successful project. They write letters to me like, 'Send us a letter from your president or board of directors.' That's a joke."

The Saigon companies of Esso and Shell—two of the world's leading oil companies—have contributed about \$100 each. The most generous and spontaneous help has come from the Foremost Dairies of Vietnam, whose manager is Stanley Pantell.

"In Saigon he had the electricity re-done, the toilets fixed for us. Twice he's given us grants and even money out of his own pocket when I was really up against it," Mr. Hughes said.

A few American friends, some of them with voluntary agencies, have helped him face the crushing problems of giving youngsters a feeling of being wanted, of not needing to steal. In Danang, there is 25-year-old James Trullinger of Syosset, N. Y., who is the American deputy adviser to the Mayor of Danang, and largely concerned with social welfare.

The boys, who are from age 6 to 18, must only follow one strict rule in the hostel here: no smoking. Many of them, sometimes at age 9 and 10, like to light up a cigarette to show that they are tough and worldly. Few demands are made on the boys. Mr. Hughes does not want them to feel they are being "rehabilitated."

There are squads for doing the simplest chores: cleaning the latrine, sweeping the floors, washing the dishes, but any Vietnamese housewife would groan at the results.

The boys here own so little that it hardly matters. The one piece of furniture where they can put things consists of two relics from the scrapyard. The other piece of furniture is a long wooden table where they eat, with two benches

thing—the basic premise must learn to care about the American said.

the hardest of all things to m. Some of the shoeshine



Vo Van Be, center, and his two sisters, Vo Van Bong (left) and Vo Van Bi (right), were taken there three years ago. They now live in a home run by American Richard Hughes.

boys in Danang and Saigon have been pimps and pickpockets. They have been in jail as vagrants, and they are often persecuted by the police.

"One of the boys, Nguyen Loi, was stopped twice during the last two weeks by policemen here who wanted money," Mr. Trullinger said. "A policeman said to Nguyen Loi, 'Hey, stop right here. Give me 50 piasters so I can go to the movies.'"

But Nguyen Loi refused to come across, Mr. Trullinger said, and the boy was taken to the police station.

"His hands were held behind his back, and he was hit in the mouth with a gun," said Mr. Trullinger, who complained to the Mayor. It is not certain what the Mayor can do.

Some of the children have been hurt by the war beyond repair. Such as little Vo Van Be and his two sisters, or 17-year-old Nguyen Van Tri, who lost his right leg and half of his left leg when a Viet Cong mine exploded.

Some children ran away from brutal parents and refuse to go back to them.

There are others who have forgotten who they are, what they suffered: A tiny boy with a wide grin and long spindly legs has been christened Monty by a Vietnamese housemaster for he does not know what his real name is. He is a Montagnard from the central highlands of Vietnam. No one else in the hostel here can find out anything more.

Puong Van Nhan, 8, is a tormented child whose parents both had seizures of insanity. He ran away. When he talks, he cannot stop rubbing the table with one hand. Sometimes he weeps and cries out at night.

There are older boys who are heroin and morphine addicts; boys with polio who can crawl, but not walk, bright boys and slow ones; boys who have been professional thieves; boys who fight with knives, and boys who will, as Mr. Hughes puts it, never become "Horatio Algers." Mr. Hughes does not lecture or preach. He shares what they have, and he is always there.

"Once a boy trusts you, all else will follow: school, discipline, work, dignity,

and the difficult search back into themselves, as to how they can come for what they have lost and how they can possibly even be happy."

## Luxury Is Not Necessary

He does not think it would be for the boys if they suddenly found themselves in luxurious surroundings.

"If the boys stick with you, love, when there are few clothes, conveniences and facilities, and money, the project is sound," Mr. Hughes said.

"Then the trust will last through better, more affluent times." The problems never stop: The illnesses that must be treated, the reliable red tape before a boy's papers and can be sent to a school, learn a trade; the struggle with landlords who want to raise rents, the effort to give the youngsters a sense of "family."

"After all, no matter how small our hostels are, they will always be the second best thing," Mr. Hughes said. "Our sort of 'family' will have to wait until some order is restored, until the boys can return to homes that are shattered and at odds."

For two years, Richard Hughes faced the crises almost alone. He would not interfere between the boys who have butcher knives to let a fistfight go on, how to care a head and take time to the very dirty small boy tell him what happened that day.

Seven months ago, he hoped he could pull out and let the Vietnamese take over, but it has not yet happened. He does not really feel he will leave now. Years from now, he still will not have stopped wondering how they are.

It has been worth it for him, though. Once writing home to his wife about the boys who have been on as waiters, criminals and outcasts, he wrote:

"I care very deeply for each one of them. They are gallant and And I cannot fathom where my love had gone before I came."

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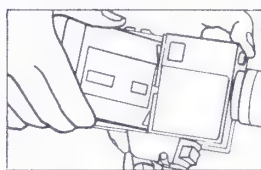


be lazy, brooding, and not at all with one another. Perhaps the thing to get a tiger to accomplish is that he can do all by himself—rough a fiery hoop, for instance. The best tricks are the ones in which the cats are required to cooperate with other cats. Gebel-Williams has trained three cats—Zebra, India, and Bulba—a variation on the old acrobats' routine in which all three lie down in a number one jumps over numbers one and three, who simultaneously roll and under him. Whereupon one lies down and rolls, and two and three, in turn, become acrobats. The routine is generally greeted with rather patronizing exclamations from the crowd and no more than a spatter of applause. A similar routine greets another act that looks easy—all the cats are in the cage shoulder to shoulder, nowhere near the applause that one might expect by standing on their hind legs and walking back—a stunt that came quite easily to

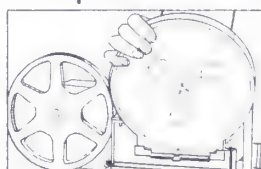
the fact is that Gebel-Williams is rather hard against the bounds of their nature by having the tigers crowded closely together. They tend to secrete grudges for long periods of literally years in some instances—there is no telling when, in the course of their enforced intimacy, one will decide that the moment has come to express his hidden hostility. Moments are dangerous for Gebel-Williams. For he must then separate the clinging cats who, preoccupied with their own troubles, may forget their social obligations. That's the only one he admits to, and he inclines to drop off lightly. He's always on the lookout for signs that one of the cats is ready to make his move—the flick of an ear, the twitch of a whisker, the blink of an eye—and so is prepared to act. What he doesn't mention, but which the people who work outside the cage talk about constantly, is that some cats have been stalking him in their minds for a long time now. Lucky is suspect and so is Lucky. Little Tina, it seems, may have been harboring a certain unhappiness in last spring, but she was pregnant the time and understandably

DANGER MAY BE his business, but it is not his prime metaphor. I think it comes to something like this: with

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the elephants the showman's side of his nature is dominant, while with the cats it is the ironist who comes forth most strongly. (He also trains the Liberty horses, but though they are the first animals he worked with, he doesn't have much interest in them, for a horse in a circus is not very impressive and a horse anywhere is no fit subject for irony—only sentiment.)

Anyway, it's irony that sets Gebel-Williams apart, makes him seem a man for our particular season. For though he is an extraordinarily dedicated man, who regularly puts in a twelve- to sixteen-hour day and appears to have no conversation about anything beyond his work, he understands that we do not wish to take him with total seriousness—perhaps couldn't if we wanted to, so great is the value we now place on being visibly unimpressed. So he does not impose his courage or his skill heavily upon us. He seems to understand that there is something faintly foolish, essentially unimportant, about this thing he does so well. What's important, obviously, is not what he does but how he does it. Yet, of course, grace and style and, yes, even wit are not matters you can insist upon. Indeed, the moment you do, they disappear before an audience's eyes. So he tosses off the act at great speed—cool, insouciant, and very self-possessed.

Thus the cats, seemingly so like him in temperament, have a peculiar rightness for him. He knows the elephants are much more intelligent, and he will take a visitor out to the menagerie and show him the tigers snoozing, blissful and unaware of the clatter around them, minutes after finishing their act, point out the contrasting restlessness of the elephants looking for something to occupy their minds when they're offstage. But the cats, to translate circus talk into middlebrow talk, are existentialists. "They are only thinking, what's now," says Gebel-Williams, whose English is rather limited. "A tiger feels himself very much. He will not go down, or sit up, for nothing." They are like the race of man—at least as we like to ideally define it—in other ways as well. They vary greatly in their learning capacities: one learns a trick in five days, another takes twenty. Moreover, you can't prod them into learning when they don't want to. "A lion you can push fifteen, twenty times," says Gebel-Williams. "A tiger—no. Two, three times you push him [he uses a hockey stick handle for this purpose], then you quit. Very fast they kill someone they don't like."

In short, what keeps it interesting for Gebel-Williams is that a cage crowded with tigers is about as reliable as a cage crowded with men—self-absorbed, willful, foolish, playful, dangerous, smart enough. Yet, for all that, a cage is no place for metaphorical thinking. You have to remember that they are, finally, big, wild cats. No less than the rest of us, Gebel-Williams is deceived by those gentle eyes, the unconscious humor of their egoism. His forearms and hands are crisscrossed with scars—visible reminders of all the times he has reached out to scratch a pussycat and has been reminded that he's dealing with a tiger. "A tiger is very much animal," says Gebel-Williams, wryly shaking his head at the recognition that he's still capable of self-deception.

**V**ERY MUCH ENIGMA, he might have said. Or very much changeling. Anyway, in the cage he is involved in a long identity crisis; and what could be more apt, in this day and age, than an entertainment built around that particular pop-psych cliché? What could be more fascinating than a man who humorously resolves such crises daily by force of will and intelligence? Indeed, his big moment, his most spectacular stunt, requires forcing a tiger and two elephants to set aside their instinctive hatred for one another. It's simply a matter of having Bulba, his oldest cat and a court favorite, jump from the back of an Indian elephant to the back of an African elephant. Probably it could not be done without the latter (who does not share his natural habitat with tigers and thus has no instinctive fear of them). But it's still no mean feat, and the Indian is even now pretty twitchy about the whole business. "At first he just shits," says Gebel-Williams as he recalls basic training. Even today, he is not exactly a picture of ease in the ring.

There is, Gebel-Williams says, no great mystery about how he managed this or any of the other tricks in his commodious bag. "I am the strong man," he says, casually allowing his Germanic heritage to peep through his casual manner. But there is a little more to it than that. He does not use fear to condition his animals. Many of them perform in expectation of reward, and one of the nice moments in the circus these days comes at the end of his other showstopper, in which he perches on one end of a teeterboard and encourages an elephant to tromp down on the

other end, propelling him skyward onto the back of another pachyderm. After that each gets a full loaf of bread.

But rewards are of limited value in the training of tigers, as are punishments, since the cats choose not to exercise their memories very much. For them, familiarity is important, much patience. Most of the day Gebel-Williams just sort of hangs around the animals, talking to them ("it's not much what you say, it's how you say it"), studying them out, reading psychological signs. He may be Ringo Brothers' superstar, but he makes it his business to swab out the cages, to say hay to the elephants, addressing a stant mutter of pleasantries to the animals, as if he were the humblest of men about. Unfailingly patient and courteous with strangers, one nevertheless gets the impression that he prefers the company of his animals, who are more receptive than most humans to his preferred communicative style, which is subverbal—body language. He is, by nature, a toucher, an act-outer, and he thinks, as private as a tiger. "For I do not understand what is difficult," he says.

In any event, constant close intimacy with the animals is a life-long habit now. He joined the circus when, at twelve, his mother took a job as a stress with the Circus William Berlin. A few years later she left, and he stayed on as an adopted son in a family which had managed the show for over a century. He learned his trade simply by watching the animals closely. "At first I decide to make some deal with the horses," he recalls, but that was not enough: "horses are stupid, so then he started watching the elephants. And then the big cats. 'You try to find out what's possible, what's interesting, what you can do with yourself. For me this time is over,' he says. 'For anyone else that is what he means. For many years.'"

He can't, in short, teach his art, for a thing one must learn on one's own, standing in the shadow of a cage, watching, studying.

**T**HIS SEASON HAPPENS TO BE a time to learn. For Gebel-Williams has a new cat in the act, one Futzu was brought up as a house cat in Florida, a business for which Gebel-Williams has a well-honed con. "She has no respect for the whip," he complains. "It's just something to play with. And I have to w



does not like her." It's quite to observe him with her. She's napping up proudly on some of its stand, turning happily to Williams for his praise—"brava, brava"—and receiving instead a pop on the nose with the butt of a stick. When she gets on the right side she invariably turns away from him and stares vacantly out into the distance. Nor will she consistently do anything Gebel-Williams requires of her, which is to sit up in unison. Futzi does instead is half-turn, claws of one paw into the bars of the cage and haul herself halfway up in a sitting posture. "Futzi! Futzi! no, no." Gebel-Williams croons, trying to get her to regain her attention. "Months I have her," he says, "and she does not know what I expect." He turns to another cat. "This one, she's in thirty days." Poke, poke with the hockey stick and Futzi finally sits up, some kind of unaided, if graceless. "Brava, Futzi, brava." Williams sighs. He fixes a bit of a long stick, hands it to her, turns his attention elsewhere. "Three times you can push a tiger, Futzi." "It will work out. He's confident of the solution. The problem is his—to find the combination of words, rewards, punishments that will reach her. "Females are much more trainable. Males have a mind of their own. 'My God, now I'm going to do something.'"

THE SUCH BASICS of his art Gebel-Williams is supremely self-satisfied. And, like his tigers, he thinks in the existential present. If you ask him what's next for him, he says he's about getting new ideas for his act. That's what preoccupies him, the possibility of TV specials or a contract or any of the other things that will inevitably follow in the next few years. He's a very self-satisfied man, and up close, even when he is at a distance, he puts you in mind of the modern generation of European performers—Nureyev, Bolshoi, El Cordobes the matador, the acrobats. They are all men working hard that appear to have chosen their path with great, fierce concentration, visible sweat; men conscious of the absurdity of what they do, but convinced that it is no more absurd than any other human enterprise; men who are in a (and self-mocking) style that helps but push—unconsciously

it seems—against the boundaries of tradition, working from within their art or sport to achieve new transitions; men of grace and verve and lightness who are, I think, finally unknowable, since they draw their strength from some source we know we share with them but are unable, ourselves, to tap—very human, and very careful to remind us of that fact precisely at the moment when they are at their most superhuman. And always unexpected in their contexts which, until they appeared, seemed rather exotic.

That last is important. So many of the metaphors that once brought us together in shared wonder have lost their hold on us. The movies no longer grip the majority of us. Even team sports, which seemed unassailable, are growing more controversial as they grow more prosperous and we gain more sophistication about the way they exploit participants. And, in any event, familiarity, due in part to media overexposure, breeds restlessness, if not contempt, with the old metaphors. Looking for something fresh, untainted, we push hopefully into areas that were previously the provinces of buffs, aficionados, looking for novelty, of course, but praying as well for a certain purity, the kind that can only develop away from the distorting pressures of the celebrity system. The circus, once a form of mass entertainment, now a quiet backwater to which we take our children out of a sense of obligation to our own past and in hopes of getting them to share our possibly false nostalgia, is such a place—innocent, unworldly, a living anachronism.

One feels almost guilty participating in the process of "discovering" Gebel-Williams, groans inwardly at the thought of the inevitable TV special about him, the equally inevitable commercials and product endorsements and as-told-to books. And yet, of course, the process has already been set in motion—the *Times* story and the *Time* takeout have already appeared, he has been seen on the Carson show. And he has indeed transformed the circus, made the anachronism seem a thing very much of our time. On balance one has to be grateful for that and continue to bear in mind, as he vrooms out of sight on his new, blue Harley hawk—his only visible self-indulgence—that so self-possessed a man may very well be able to withstand the assaults to come, may be as fundamentally indifferent to fame, as untouchable as . . . a cat? □

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/AUGUST 1971



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# LETTER FROM A COLD PLACE

Heavy snow and cheerless rhetoric in the mountains of Colorado

PASSING A JOINT among delegates to the White House Conference on Youth, I saw a clean-cut kid crumple a Xeroxed proposal in his hands and ask, "Why don't they *eat* this horse-shit?" Uncrumpling the sheet of paper, I read the following resolution offered by Archbishop Philip Hannan of New Orleans:

*The Task Force on Values, Ethics and Culture asserts that the development of the individual is derived largely from the family which is the primary unit of society. The individual and the family draw their strength from the mutual love of father, mother and child (or children). The recognition of the family as the primary unit of society is vitally important to healthy social living. Legal approbation of sexual relationships contrary to the present legal and moral position of the family are harmful to the welfare of the family and society.*

This resolution was defeated, overwhelmingly, in favor of one which read in part:

*Every person has the right to fully express his or her individual sexuality. Furthermore, any sexual behavior between consenting, responsible individuals must be recognized and tolerated by society as an acceptable life-style.*

Who made this choice? What sort of young people rejected the nuclear family as "vitally important to healthy social living," and felt instead that prostitution, homosexuality, and group marriages should be legally sanctioned? Were the persons who passed the latter resolution a band of radicals, or actually representative of the sentiments of the nation's youth population?

I REMEMBER HAVING BREAKFAST with two of these iconoclasts, both of them girls in high school, both from Southern states, both whites. It was the first full day of the conference—held in April near Estes Park, Colorado—and it had begun to snow outside.

*Don Mitchell was a delegate to the White House Conference on Youth from the American Baptist Board of Education and Publication in Valley Forge, Pa., where he is working as a conscientious objector.*

"I lost my name badge," wailed the one on my right. "What do you do when you lose your name badge?"

"Forget it," I said. "No one's going to hassle you."

"To get into meetings?" she protested. "To use the pool? They'll want to see *something*!"

"Look in your room again," offered the other girl.

"I looked twice already! Six girls in that room, all up at five-thirty putting on eye shadow—you know I'm never going to find it in there." She paused to take on a cigarette, but apparently hadn't learned to inhale. The smoke came back out her mouth. "I'm ready to go home."

"Listen, want to get the bus into Denver today?" her friend asked. "I got to buy some clothes."

"Buy some clothes?" I repeated.

"Yeah, I'm sort of a clothes freak," she explained. "I mean, I really dig clothes, but I came out here with just four pairs of wool pants? That's all, all the rest I brought were spring dresses, and now look at this snow! I haven't got a thing to wear."

"How about those pants?"

"Not *all* the time."

"Oh," I said. "Right."

"Okay, let's go into Denver today," agreed the other. "I'll look for my name badge tomorrow."

FOR A RAFT of purported reasons, from saving money to hiding the conference to keeping protesters and the general public away, the conference's organizers had rented the entire YMCA of the Rockies—a cabin campground high above Estes Park—for their four-day conference of 1,500 delegates. The geographic isolation of the spot became a standing joke, particularly after a wag learned from the American Automobile Association that Estes Park was exactly 1,776 miles from the White House.

"Leave your lights on tonight to show you're for peace and equality," an adult delegate urged the first day.

"That should do the trick," muttered the youth next to me.

"It may cost them a bit of electricity," the man continued, "but we can make

this mountain a beacon of light they'll see all the way in Washington."

"Listen, they can't even see us at Estes Park, Colorado," said another delegate.

When the conference began, there was speculation that Mr. Nixon would drop in, put his arms around a few delegates and try to show some rapport. He did not. Speaking in the President's behalf at the opening plenary session, HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson elicited gasps by greeting the delegates as "members of the Now generation," sitting in the fourth row, and bringing me half a dozen American Indian mumbled obscenities in the direction of the lectern. Openly hostile to the rampant rhetoric, they covered their ears with vinyl White House Conference Youth briefcases whenever the car began to panned for shots of the audience. "I daresay," said Richardson, "that at some point each of you has asked yourself: why this Conference?" They all once coughed its agreement, and the Secretary departed from his text. He spoke rhetorically, "*Does anybody care? anybody listening?*" He was answered with gales of derisive laughter, and the Secretary could not himself keep a straight face. When the noise subsided, someone at the back of the hall said, "Sure—the FBI's listening!" The speaker started all over again. "We *are* caring. We *do* care," Richardson blurted into the microphone, but it was too late.

When the snow began falling the first night, the Hawaiians loved it. For days and over two feet of the white stuff later, everyone had had enough. Hats and jackets were in short supply, and no one had warned the delegates of the likelihood of snow—even though it is not uncommon for Estes Park in April. The conference staff at first gave me a pair of green plastic booties and rubber bands to keep my feet warm. At week's end they had arranged for shipments of GI boots and parkas from Carson. But even thus shod and dressed the delegates found the outside world difficult and at times impossible to reach. Phone lines snapped and could negotiate the steep road in only occasionally. More than one youth fainted from overexposure



mountain air. Many left for soon as the roads were clear, ly disgusted. The conference on through growing snowdrifts. ado had been made of the fact 0 of the conference delegates th—defined as ages fifteen to ur—who had been selected ye to reflecting closely the dis- of the nation's thirty-nine ous young people according to sex, ckground, geographic region, or educational status. As con- chairman Stephen Hess (other- ed for coauthoring the revised f *Nixon: A Political Portrait*) l of pointing out, this was no eting of like-minded students, es, or malcontents, but rather a assortment of individuals ting all of America's youth. In ever, the conference had been riticized in advance by a num- urch and youth organizations rged that only flunkies and tives were being accepted as s. Although these charges o be untrue, mistrust of Mr. his staff was a continual theme. the largest bloc of youth dele- early 400 in all—came from y schools throughout the na- ose bastions of the American e. These delegates gave to the n conference a summer-camp ere of frantic dating, partying, eral reduction to secondary im- of all issues not clearly related g a good time. Had the con- topics indeed been those of ly overriding concern to the s, there would doubtless have Task Force on Acne and one on Technique. It was heartwarm- ny seemed too starry-eyed over or of attending a White House ace—at the President's own for- est—to actually show up at any crucial voting meetings. In the e they made friends. Since elegates were packed in six to a dormitories, the inevitable boy- ples had to lie together in the d hallways where their peers d over them on the way to the ate at night they would drink and sing along with the radio:

It makes me quiver  
It makes me smile  
With all this love I have to give you  
I guess I'm going to stay with you  
while.\*

could sleep.

Awhile," by George Tobias.

WHAT THIS CONFERENCE is likely to dramatically illustrate," predicted Stephen Hess the first night, "and what desperately needs to be said, is that the youth population is not monolithic; that all youth are not cut from the same cloth; that you are rich in differences."

Along the same lines, an early working paper for the Task Force on Values, Ethics and Culture had described young people as "little snowflakes—no two alike." This sounds like the Nixon Administration talking, and synchs in nicely with the doctrine of the Silent Majority: dissenters are a minority by definition, for no matter how loud or agonized or justified their voices, they are mere individuals. "Every single person in this conference will have a chance to be heard before the conference is over," proclaimed Mr. Hess in the opening plenary, when a pair of radicals attempted politely to take the microphone away from him. What he meant, of course, was that each delegate would be heard as a single person, a spokesman for no one but himself.

Little wonder, then, that the structure of the White House Conference on Youth virtually guaranteed that a cacophony would emerge, rather than any coherent program for change. The 1,500 delegates were evenly divided into ten topical task forces—Drugs; Economy and Employment; Education; Environment; Foreign Relations; Legal Rights and Justice; Poverty; Race and Minority Group Relations; The Draft, National Service and Alternatives; and Values, Ethics and Culture—while roughly maintaining in each task force the differentiation of youth delegates as to sex, ethnicity, home region, and education or work status. The task forces were autonomous, in that their reports and recommendations did not require approval from the full conference in order to be included in the conference's report to the President and the nation. As a result, for example, the majority of the Chicano delegates had no vote in the report of the Task Force on Race, notwithstanding that race as an issue is presumably of greater concern to Chicanos than, say, drugs.

Not content with these arrangements, the delegates were able to partially subvert them by having the Advisory Council, the conference's ruling body after the first day, pass a rule enabling any two or more delegates to form caucuses which could submit to the full conference reports on any subject which, if passed by a majority vote, would be in-

cluded in the conference's final report. A plethora of caucuses sprang up overnight.

In a similar parliamentary coup, the Task Force on Race subdivided itself into ethnic groups (black, Indian, Chicano, Asian, Euro-American, Italo-American, "Human Beings," and "Just Folks") and made those groups autonomous, so that each submitted its own report.

It remains to be seen whether all these sub-task force reports and caucus reports will be treated as equals in authority and importance with the task force reports, but it is doubtful. The Chicano report, for example, was read to the delegates in Spanish; the blacks' report charged that blacks had been invited to the conference only to lend it credibility, and advised the President that "business is business and bullshit is bullshit."

Given the obstacles placed in their path, though, the delegates were astonishingly successful at locating broad areas of agreement among themselves and in articulating their shared beliefs in unmistakable language. Mr. Hess must have been sorely disappointed: by the closing session it was clear that his representative cross section of young Americans was very nearly unanimous in its alienation from and disenchantment with the nation's governing institutions, their policies and priorities. These sentiments were powerfully expressed in a short preamble to the conference report, the product of the Task Force on Values, Ethics and Culture. Reminiscent of nothing so much as the Declaration of Independence, this document received a spontaneous, one-minute standing ovation when it was read at the closing plenary. People wept and hugged each other and felt patriotic.

"The government and other power structures of this nation," the preamble proclaimed, "have not fulfilled their responsibilities to the people, seeming instead to be concerned primarily with their self-perpetuation through serving the interests of the powerful at the expense of the people. In so far as any branch, agency, or member of the government or other power structure neglects its responsibility, it forfeits its legitimacy." Repression, charges a later paragraph, has transformed youth's struggle for the reform of political and social institutions into a struggle for survival. The government is asked to realize that the rage with which youths confront it is born of love; young Americans "are motivated not by

hatred, but by disappointment over and love for the unfulfilled potential of this Nation."

Delighted and amazed that these nice, all-American kids had produced and approved so "right on" a document with such overwhelming enthusiasm, I wandered out of the plenary and located the swimming pool. They rented me a suit for fifteen cents, and soon I got into a rap with a tenth grader in a bikini. She asked me, "Do you like Spánada?"

"Not much," I replied.

"Oh." She went underwater for a moment, then surfaced. "Don't you like Ripple?"

I shook my head, and she went under again.

"Cold Duck?"

"I guess I like whiskey," I said, anxious that she not go down for the third time.

"Whiskey! You do?! Listen, are you twenty-one? Will you go to the store for us?"

A couple of hours later, back in the pool, smashed, I joined a dozen others who were trying to keep a ball bouncing in the air without its touching the water, while counting each bounce to the tune of *The Star-spangled Banner*. We got through the whole thing, 102 bounces without a miss.

"Whee!" the girl said. "We did it!"

In other resolutions and recommendations, the conference favored an end to the draft on June 30, 1971; amnesty for all draft violators in prison and draft emigrants; total withdrawal from Vietnam by December 31, 1971; legalization of marijuana; legalization of possession for personal use of all other drugs; a guaranteed annual income of \$6,500 for a family of four; reduction of defense spending to \$50 billion for fiscal year 1972; federal aid to education amounting to 25 per cent of the national budget; complete legal majority at the age of eighteen; legalized abortions; legalized sexual relations of any kind between consenting, responsible individuals; immediate resignation of J. Edgar Hoover; renaming the Department of Defense the Department of War; and hundreds of other specific resolutions, similar in tone and political orientation.

WAS THIS CONFERENCE, after all, representative of American youth? No, said Senator William Brock of Tennessee, an adult delegate on the Values, Ethics and Culture Task

Force who cast one of two votes against the preamble. Perhaps not, Stephen Hess suggested in a closing press conference. Mr. Hess explained that upon reflection, he realized that two biases were at work in the delegate selection process: (1) minorities had been overrepresented, since 30 per cent of the 1,000 youth delegates were nonwhite, compared to only 21 per cent in the population at large; and (2) "activists" had been given preference over "non-activists" in the selection process. Mr. Hess confessed that he was no expert on youth, that nonetheless he liked youth a great deal, and that he was very tired and wanted to get some sleep.

Mr. Hess's alleged biases are easily countered. First, the overrepresentation of minorities in the youth delegates was more than compensated for by the 500 adult delegates who, said Hess in justifying their choice, "were chosen, frankly, because they represent power." They were nearly all white. Second, the alleged bias for "activists" typically meant that delegates were presidents of youth organizations or youth members of town councils, not Weathermen or Panthers as the word suggests. There certainly is a bias here—the apathetic masses were completely unrepresented, as usual—but it is not an inherently leftist bias. And the astonishing truth is that the conference had been widely criticized for overrepresenting conservatives and chamber-of-commerce types.

What happened? Evidently, among youth at least, the legendary Silent Majority has a great reservoir of sympathy for the outraged minorities of the poor and the nonwhites. When these groups presented their demands, their peers were inclined to say, "Okay. Let's not hassle this, here's a blank check." And over and over again, it was made clear that the vast majority of young people have no patience with laws that attempt to legislate strictly individual behavior. The young feel oppressed *as a class* by some of these laws, notably those dealing with drugs and sex. This sense of class oppression binds the white-moderate-majority youth to their outraged peers, and together these groups comprise a huge mass of change-oriented people.

C RANK, A HASTILY FORMED BAND that had tried to satisfy the delegates' daily rock-and-roll habit with a repertoire of five songs, liberated Dick Hall in the name of the youth conference on the last night of same. A lot of nice

adults and kids got stoned and together. The snow continued to felt as if we had saved America.

On the bus the next day on to Denver, the high-school sweethearts were crying and singing:

*I'm leaving on a jet plane  
I don't know when I'll be back again  
Oh babe, I hate to go.\**

I asked the girl sitting next to me she liked the conference.

"Oh, super!" she said. "I guess I'm not going to do anything, but I liked we said it. I liked the night though. My mother's going to see what happened, though. Look at her. She pointed out several red welts on my wrists and fingers. 'Cigarette burns.' That one there, I put my hand down on it when I was trying to get up. I didn't know it was there. I was drunk, though. And you saw, last night we had a snowball fight. Super! What dorm were you in?"

"Howard," I said.

"Oh, I was in Hague, you saw. I was seen." She pushed her seat back and yawned sleepily. "You think I'm doing anything?"

"The conference?" I shrugged. "I'm glad we said it too. I think it was going to be worse. I do think anybody's listening right now, while they're going to have to live with it."

"Yeah," she said, picking at her blisters. "Boy, my mother's going to believe it."

FOR YEARS I HAVE NOT felt like I should be an American, and I think I have not been alone in feeling ashamed of my country. When I went to the House conference 1,776 miles from the White House, I did not believe I would be allowed to say what we did say about America, under the government's own auspices. It made me proud after all. It was an exciting moment; a rebirth; a new wind. So I want to thank Mr. Nixon and the rest, who are not be hoping and praying that this conference wasn't indeed representative of American Youth, but mostly I want to thank those hundreds of high-school kids, products of our system, who are parties and romance and do not take themselves too seriously and do not why there isn't room and do not enough for all of us here. I think we can change this country.

\*"Leaving on a Jet Plane," by John Denver



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rd J. Whalen

# THE NIXON-CONNALLY ARRANGEMENT

Continuing adventures of a trader in horses and Presidents.

*Make mankind in general; they are vicious, their passions may be operated on.*

—Alexander Hamilton,  
first Secretary of the Treasury

MORNING LAST WINTER, a member of the White House staff shared with a visitor an opinion of the midterm elections almost as black as coffee he sipped. The assault on the "radicals" failed to divert the voters from their worries, and the claim that the new Senate contained a reliable "ideological majority" proved to be wishful thinking. But the sudden change from a Republican to a Democratic majority in the nation's governorships was the source of the mournful and premonitory gloom. "It's all over '72, and maybe trending uphill if we don't get on the economy and inflation," he said, pointing toward the charts and tables spread on the wall. "We're in trouble in the ten largest states, and in some of them the situation won't get any better. The ones that really matter are Texas and California. Without them, you can forget it in '72." One member on the staff, he had written a memo to the President documenting the obstacles to the reelection of his reelection.

The telephone buzzed three times, announcing a visitor in the Oval Office. A great many members of the Nixon staff, the largest in White House history, go for months at a time without exchanging words with him in person, but he does call them occasionally, usually to compliment their work. In January, the President also had a piece of news to report. During the brief, one-sided conversation, he said almost nothing; his reaction showed only surprise, which changed from surprise to disbelief. As he put down the receiver, he slowly settled back in his chair.

"Old Man's decided to do something about this situation," he said, shaking his head. "You won't believe who he's got to help him."

Richard Nixon's sense of privacy is well known. What is known is the delight he takes, after making

a solitary decision, in springing it on the unfailingly appreciative insiders. This gives him a nice, preliminary lift before confronting the press and public. On this occasion, he enjoyed a bonus. Earlier that morning, the White House operator had placed a call to the LBJ Ranch. Accustomed to receiving courtesy briefings from Nixon and Henry Kissinger, Lyndon Johnson suspected nothing. After the customary pleasantries, the President said in a casual way that he was calling to introduce his new Secretary of the Treasury—"an old friend of yours." While Johnson waited for the telephone to be passed from hand to hand in Washington, he may have run down a mental list of old and deserving friends whose elevation to the Nixon Cabinet would do him no harm at all, none at all. Then he heard the voice of a very old friend indeed, one who had addressed him, over the past thirty years, in every tone from a conspiratorial whisper to an angry bellow. It was, unbelievably, John Bowden Connally. Johnson's onetime protégé proceeded to inform him of the way matters had been arranged without his advice and consent, and the very long-distance call ended. (Several months later, with an ambiguous smile and considerable understatement, Connally recalled: "Johnson was miffed, and I don't really blame him.")

By nightfall, the news of Connally's appointment had heads shaking from Wall Street to Zurich to Tokyo. The President-watchers in Washington, who supposed they had Nixon figured for a methodical percentage player, were paralyzed with amazement. Known to the world beyond Texas chiefly as the survivor of Dallas, Connally had none of the credentials expected of a Secretary of the Treasury in a professedly sound-money Republican government. To be sure, he was a senior partner in a prestigious Houston law firm, a director of a couple of banks, and a self-made millionaire—his fortune deriving mostly from his work in the Fifties as lawyer, business manager, and, ultimately, coexecutor for Fort Worth oilman Sid W. Richardson. (His fee for helping settle the \$105 million Richardson estate amounted to \$750,000.) But the sniffish Eastern

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# Richard J. Whalen THE NIXON- CONNALLY ARRANGEMENT

reaction to Connally ("Can he add?") grew out of the undeniable fact that, millionaire or not, he wasn't a businessman or banker. His profession was politics. Having practiced it in Texas, under LBJ's tutelage, with the oil and gas industry's patronage, he seemed a more than normally suspect provincial. Operating on the apparent theory that anyone with that kind of background *had* to be guilty of something, the *New York Times* dredged up an old conflict-of-interest charge, stemming from Connally's deferred payments from the Richardson estate while governor. By the third day, the story had sunk back into the muck without a trace.

Meanwhile, in Washington, surprise and consternation gave way, inevitably, to the knowing consensus. The Nixonologists who lunch at Sans Souci, drink on P Street, and dine at Rive Gauche, seldom encountering a real-live Republican whom they know well enough to talk to, already had written the script. Connally, three times governor of Texas (his last majority, in 1966, was a resounding 72 per cent), boss of the solidly entrenched state Democratic establishment, and presumed owner of twenty-six critically important electoral votes, had made a deal with the professional in the White House. Connally received a seat in the Cabinet, Nixon a clear shot at the state he had to have to be reelected; and both men, so the instant analysis ran, saw the logic of sealing the bargain by getting together on the 1972 Republican ticket.

Surprisingly, in the unchic places where Nixon men tend to eat and drink when not fleeing to the suburbs before dark, they were telling a parallel "inside" story and congratulating themselves on Nixon's cunning. No one went so far as to say that Agnew, the spear-carrier of the fall campaign, was as good as dumped with Connally coming on board, but the sly winks and smiles suggested it. In the eyes of his admirers, the Old Man had pulled off a beautiful triple play. He had repaired his relations with a hostile Congress; gained at least the appearance of bipartisan support for his economic policies, and an articulate advocate to promote their success; and—most important—put Texas within his grasp. "Here's the President surrounded in the Cabinet by all these former governors," said a middle-ranking White House aide impressed by the sheer practicality of it all, "and nobody seems to be able to deliver his state in an election. The Boss is willing to make a bargain with Connally because he may be able to deliver."

On Capitol Hill, a world apart from the Georgetown sophisticates and the Nixon squares, the truly practical pols who run their own show regardless of the transients in the White House were inclined to credit Nixon's shrewdness. A Texas Democrat spoke with new respect for the President's ruthlessness. "You have to admit that Nixon is one mean son of a bitch. The Republicans in Texas couldn't produce in '68 and they couldn't produce this time when they had a good man [Congressman George Bush, defeated in the Senate race by Connally's

friend and ally, Lloyd Bentsen] and the President personal intervention. So he's written them off: he wants a good Southern conservative, he's decided he has to take a Southern Democrat." Of course these men who knew Connally allowed, the President might have just a little difficulty making the deal stick. "Nixon sees the key to the South," said a Southern Republican Congressman, "if Connally doesn't betray him." An odds-maker in the Administration rated the chance of a Connally do-cross at about one in five.

The only flaw in the knowing consensus was the assumption that Nixon and Connally had made a deal. They hadn't. Instead, the two men had entered into a subtle, flexible arrangement based on the noncommittal sharing of immediate satisfactions. The most interesting relationship in American politics, and one that could influence the fortunes of both parties next year, rests on considerations of power, but it still has not turned these two into a mutually rewarding power transaction: yours plus mine equals ours.

Those who initially underestimated Connally as a hick wheeler-dealer elbowing his way into the big league have had second thoughts in the face of his spectacular acceptance by Congress and the business community, and his astonishingly rapid rise within the Administration's councils. But the gross overestimate of Nixon's bargaining strength has been subject to much slower correction, for the myth of Presidential leverage in all trading relations dies hard. The reality that Connally has gained an advantage, and that he joined the Nixon Administration much as a receiver joins a bankrupt company—entirely on his own terms, to see what he can do about holding off the creditors and salvaging the business, perhaps for his own account—reality challenges the conventional awe of the Presidency. In truth, it cost Connally next to nothing to come to Nixon's Washington and very little more to command the city's dulled imagination. At least through early 1972, he enjoys an undefeated can't-lose proposition.

For Nixon, the supposed risk of Connally's treachery is the least of his worries. Nixon took the big gamble at the outset of his Administration when, after condemning Johnson's "gradualism" in Asia, he imitated it at home. So-called monetarist economic policy has severely taxed the voters' patience by its s-l-o-w motion progress from intended recession to anticipated recovery. Until the flush but frightened consumer begins to spend freely, Nixon won't be in a strong position to trade with Connally for the simple reason that he won't have much of a chance of being reelected.

## How not to handle Connally

THE LONGER OBSERVERS HAVE BEEN in Washington, the harder it has been for them to comprehend the strangers who arrived in their midst.



ry 1969. On the Hill, at the Press Club bar, the K Street offices of lawyers and lobbyists, and men exchange bits and pieces of information. CIA agents studying satellite photographs. It is not merely the culture shock of Republicanism—judged by the standards of the Eisenhower era, this is not a very Republican Administration.

The confusion has to do with the way the men go about the business of governing. They seem oddly disinterested in the bureaucratic machinery they nominally control and almost oblivious to the legislative machinery they don't control. The Nixon Administration gives the impression of a four-year sales meeting. Weeks after President proclaimed "the new American revolution," Congress still had not received the legislative proposals to effect Nixon's "six great goals." Nixon, to be sure, was also a supersalesman, but the great difference was that he had his foot in the door and often on a lawmaker's neck—the day making his pitch. The lack of follow-through is part of the new people suggests a novel, but a lack of seriousness.

The disinterest extends to fellow Republicans. Months ago, Congressman William J. Scherle, a term conservative Republican from Iowa, received a letter from the White House. Presidential adviser S. Flemming informed Scherle that: "In view of the large number of highly qualified applicants in comparison to the relatively few positions to be filled, we are unable to offer you employment at this time. . . . Your file, although it has been placed with a selected group in our personnel bank. If in the future your file is activated, you will be notified. Thank you for your interest." Scherle, just reelected by a comfortable margin and named to the powerful House Appropriations Committee, was not amused. Like an irate depositor attempting to argue with his bank's errant computer, he wrote a testy reply: "It is incomprehensible that a letter such as this would go out over the signature of a supposedly responsible White House official to a member of Congress. . . ." The incident is all too typical of the way the Nixon White House regards the world beyond the iron gates.

Connally belongs to that world and practices the traditional political art, which owes its success to members of the House Appropriations Committee. His entry into the highest circles of the Nixon Administration thus involved much more than merely crossing party lines. Like a modern-day Genghis Khan, he has come upon an inward-looking, self-satisfied, the Great Within of a most intensely Republican administration.

They have remarked on the monarchical tendencies of the American Presidency. The Nixon White House has brought them to the surface in all their glory, down to the Palace Guard in thickly padded Sigmund Romberg uniforms. The Court is set to perpetuate in the Presidency the rigid, formal environment—almost, it seemed,





# Richard J. Whalen THE NIXON- CONNALLY ARRANGEMENT

the soundproof, shockproof bubble—within which Nixon glided to victory in 1968.

The Emperor's environmental engineer is chief-of-staff Bob Haldeman, one of the most influential and least-known White House assistants ever to gain access to Presidential power without benefit of election. Haldeman for eight years ran the Los Angeles office of J. Walter Thompson, and managed such accounts as Walt Disney, 7-Up, and Black Flag insect spray. The client that really mattered, however, was Richard Nixon, whom he began serving in 1956. He managed Nixon's 1962 campaign for the California governorship and directed his personal staff in 1968, demonstrating the cardinal virtues of neatness, efficiency, and loyalty. "Basically," says Haldeman, "I'm a perfectionist." With his skintight crew cut, mechanical smile, and brusque manner, he looks the part he plays: absolute disciplinarian of the flow of people and paper between the Oval Office and the rest of the government. He is the first man to see Nixon officially each morning and the last to see him each evening; he stands ready to perform any task from fetching a sandwich to firing a Cabinet officer.

Haldeman is a risen advance man, and so is his college roommate (UCLA) and close friend, John Ehrlichman, Assistant to the President for Domestic Affairs. It was at Haldeman's suggestion that domestic policy-making was reorganized around Ehrlichman, which eliminated at a stroke the countervailing influence of such Presidential counselors as Pat Moynihan, Arthur Burns, and Bryce Harlow. Haldeman and Ehrlichman, known within the White House as "the Germans," have surrounded themselves with scurrying squads of ex-advance men, who have proved themselves fit to govern by releasing the balloons precisely at the moment Nixon's arms shoot skyward in a V.

The ascendancy of these narrowly skilled technicians reflects the triumph of the one-dimensional spot-and-slogan politics of the media age. Governing is seen as an extension of campaigning. The name of the game is to manipulate the market, those remote, statistically defined populations outside the bubble. Anyone who is not inside the White House and subject to its peculiar discipline and ideology of nonideology ("We're for what works for us," says an up-and-coming young German) is an outsider and therefore a subject for manipulation, though he may be a Cabinet member, a would-be supporter in Congress, or a generous campaign contributor. The marketing managers of Nixon, Inc., working in their willed atmosphere of isolation, often reveal almost an adversary attitude toward the rest of the Nixon Administration. Presidential vetoes are announced without warning to the heads of affected departments, legislative signals are switched without consulting Congressional leaders, and people at every level of the party, who supposed they were part of the game, discover, like Congressman Scherle, that no one inside ever heard of them. "It's a crime," a senior Republican Con-

gressman laments, "the number of times important people up here, or out in the country, call the White House and wind up talking with Dwight Chapin, a pleasant thirty-year-old, is an assault on Haldeman, recruited from J. Walter Thompson. In his closed domain, nobody is important but Haldeman says so; and Haldeman is too busy to be bothered with anything but serving a President who doesn't wish to be disturbed. "Can you call me back later, Senator? If I'm tied up, my assistant's name is . . ."

Like the inhabitants of the imperial city of Peking on whom Marco Polo was the first Westerner to gaze, the Nixon courtiers are skilled in the crafts that their opponents imitate badly or not at all. But they are themselves innocent of the ways of the Great Outside: pressing flesh, hearing grievances patiently, conferring, consulting, advising, and persuading—the whole art of reaching man-to-man, eyeball-to-eyeball, for sympathy, support, and votes in the mysterious Congress. In short, these are the ways of Connally, the traitor from the West, and his mastery inspires wonder among his new colleagues.

## Getting by the palace & a

AT THE WHITE HOUSE correspondents' dinner in May, they came like bees drawn to the honey pot. John Connally *looks* like a President; he looks and sounds too much like a recent President for his own good. But there is Mary McCormack buzzing about him, attracted professionally wherever else is there to write about in this Administration—and, from all outward appearances, personally well. So what if his politics are not smart-Liberal? At least he *has* politics. He is *alive*, this six-foot-two blue-eyed, silver-haired Texan, and behind that strong smile and courtly-folksy manner, a man thinking, scheming, calculating two moves ahead of his soft, easy drawl. In a town that turns on power and its pursuit, Connally has shown the appetite and capacity for more, and there is. He is at ease at the center.

His performance at his confirmation hearing last winter before the Senate Committee on Finance was something to write home about—and, as far as more than one marked-up copy of the transcript was forwarded to Lyndon Johnson, who continued to find the *Congressional Record* a most satisfactory source of news. The elders behind the oval, seated at the curved desk in the high-ceilinged chamber were not Connally's inquisitors, but his friendly interlocutors, concerned with helping their fellow Democrats make a properly impressive entrance. Gargantuan Senator Herman Talmadge, who had heard disturbing reports on the way matters were organized at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, offered some advice in the form of a little lecture. "I would be demeaning to the stature of your office as Secretary of the Treasury to report to a staff member



White House rather than directly to the President, said Talmadge, with the air of a man who whereof he spoke. "As Secretary of the Treasury, I hope you will undertake to fulfill your responsibilities in accordance with the duties of your office and in accordance with the dictates of a White House staff member, and I hope that the flow of power will be down from the President rather than from the staff."

Connally, with a sure instinct for diplomacy, added to the cautionary counsel by declaring of himself "new in this town, at least on this visit," and was unable to confirm what the Senator told him. After expressing his desire to cooperate with the President, he put Talmadge at ease and the White House staff and any other trespassers on notice. "I am without in any sense appearing to be arrogant, Senator Talmadge, that you can be sure that as I am Secretary of the Treasury, I shall act as Secretary of the Treasury. . . ."

Long afterward, the first test of strength occurred. Connally had addressed a memorandum to the President, and was astounded to find it back on his desk, undelivered and accompanied by a curt note. One of the paper-controllers at the White House wanted to know why the Secretary wished to raise this particular subject with the President. Connally's predecessor, the self-effacing Chicagoan David Kennedy, would have dutifully excused himself, perhaps apologizing for the inconvenience he had caused. Connally just stared at the paper, contemplated the presumption behind it, and flew into a splendid rage. (By all accounts, he does not have a bad temper—he has a *magnificently* bad temper.) He composed an indignant memorandum to the White House aide, demanding a written explanation for this intolerable interference in his official communications with the President. The following day he had it, complete with an apology. Plainly, the Nixon courtiers, used to dismissing the likes of Wally Hickel, had met a titled gentleman of his ground and fiercely determined to defeat him.

A Treasury official, delighted with the new style, muses on the difference between amateurs and professionals. "I really believe that Connally had a long talk with the President about how power would be played and that the two of them agreed upon the rules. Some Cabinet members were brought into this Administration without attaching strings or laying down any rules. They were amateurs, and they had their tongues hanging out for the big jobs and titles." Such men, like most, did not want the substance of power, only the flattering appearance of it. They wanted not the substance of authority, but the prerogatives of office, an empty shell. "Nixon could say to them: 'Go and get the staff.' They were shocked. They were naïve. They assumed that they would automatically become the President. You can be damned sure that Connally isn't naïve."

As sure as Connally's perception of uncertainty

masked by arrogant presumption: Presidential staff men do not know what private understanding "the Boss" has reached with Connally and he knows *they* know they challenge him at their peril.)

With Connally's arrival, the ascendancy of the giddily risen advance men halted where he is concerned; and as the ambit of that concern expands, their control weakens. Nixon, who shuns so many would-be companions and counselors, seeks Connally's company and advice. He calls him frequently, summons him to play host at White House dinner briefings, and shows open delight at his winning way with outsiders. With only slight exaggeration, an observer high up in the Treasury assesses Connally's position, gained with astonishing ease: "There's nobody around town, with the possible exception of John Mitchell, in whom the President has so much trust and whose wisdom he so respects." Another President-watcher offers this explanation: "Connally is the kind of physically impressive and commanding guy who inspires a certain awe in Nixon. He sees great *strength* in him, the same as he does in Mitchell." What Nixon may see in these pragmatic, self-assured men is the strength of success. Both have taken the world as they found it, and bent it to their own ends.

Such tributes to Connally are doubtless merited, yet they recall the sovereignty of the one-eyed man in the land of the blind. So out of place is a poised, gifted politician in the upper reaches of Nixon's Washington that even the formerly wary join the chorus of praise. At the Federal Reserve Board, which viewed with apprehension the takeover of the Treasury by a cheap-money Texas populist, an official declares: "He's a big, bright star in a dreary setting." Even within the White House, where the effect of Connally's presence is to reduce the power of the jealous insiders, a kind of dazzled gratitude prevails. A Presidential aide speaks of Connally's "great understanding of what motivates people" as though describing a miraculous quality, rather than a commonplace attribute of an accomplished politician. The first outsider admitted all the way inside the Nixon sanctuary. Connally, like the thirteenth-century Venetian, astonishes simply by being himself. To those who toil inside the bubble, untouched and untouching, his access to reality, his intimate familiarity with the men shaping it—he *calls them by their first names*—seems almost magical. *Why, he can call Wilbur Mills "Wilbur."*

### "Who is going to pay?"

**D**URING THE WEEK after Connally's appointment was announced, the top assistants at the Treasury heard nothing from him, but received calls from friends outside the government reporting that the new Secretary-designate was checking on them. This interlude allowed some tempers to cool and resignations to be reconsidered. When Connally

"It cost Connally next to nothing to come to Nixon's Washington and very little more to command the city's dulled imagination."





If your child can't go to school,  
maybe the school can come to her.

A child who gets ill, or has an accident, can miss weeks or months of school. Which may mean having to repeat the whole year.

Now there are special telephone systems to help children keep up with their studies, while they recover from their setbacks.

One system is called Tele-Class. And it's working in lots of places.

In Oakland, California, for example, all the child needs is a telephone, a headset, the right textbooks, and a specially trained teacher like Mrs. Molly Steele.

Mrs. Steele used to teach regular elementary school. But now she has a class of ten children. Some ill at home, some in the hospital.

Every day she inserts cards into a special telephone to dial her students. Once they are all on the line, class begins.

Not only can Mrs. Steele talk to the children, but they can talk among themselves. So they get a classroom atmosphere complete with discussions and question-and-answer sessions.

They also get 20 hours a week of education they probably would have missed before.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are continually looking for new ways to make the telephone serve you.

One way is to help a child who can't go to school, go to school.





Richard J. Whalen  
THE NIXON-  
CONNALLY  
ARRANGEMENT

finally showed up, he overwhelmed the staff with his charm, intelligence, and obviously diligent homework. He has continued his education through prolonged question-and-answer sessions at the daily 8:45 A.M. staff meetings. "He's very emphatic and direct, and he doesn't waste any time getting to the point of what he wants to know," says one exposed to his interrogation. "If he doesn't like what he hears, he can really blow his cork."

Connally established two rules: he expected loyalty first and last, and he expected to be kept informed of everything his people were doing. The senior staff, a group of unusually able professionals, found they liked the discipline. "The Treasury is a vital force again," a pleased Assistant Secretary said. "It's great to be part of something that *matters*."

Significantly, the Administration's new super-lobbyist spent seven of his first ten days in office testifying on the Hill. Even such initially critical liberals as Senator William Proxmire yielded to the subtle flattery implicit in the Secretary's preparation and informed answers. Connally didn't relax in the witness chair, but sat straight on the edge of his seat for hours at a stretch, all business, alert, respectful, performing a ritual with due regard for the rank of the men facing him. He made them feel *important*. When Proxmire remarked on how glad he was to see the Treasury restored to "strong hands," it was a compliment from one guardian of an institution's integrity to another.

On the legislative track, Connally starts from several laps behind as the result of the Administration's disregard of the realities of power in the hostile Congress. Democrats such as Chairman Wilbur Mills of the House Ways and Means Committee owe a Republican President precisely nothing, but they are willing to get along with someone who shows proper appreciation of their role and influence. Instead, the Nixon men systematically neglected and thus affronted the proud barons of the Hill, who, in turn, have exacted an entirely predictable revenge. The Administration's most important legislative proposals, relating to welfare reform and revenue-sharing, can be ransomed from Mills' committee only by paying whatever price he demands in the way of amendment. In effect, Mills is writing the program on which Nixon will campaign for reelection, evidence of Presidential impotence which the Democrats will keep before the voters. Mills himself will be making the point loud and clear from the stump; for the Arkansas veteran, seeing the chance to round up a bloc of Southern delegates in his party's state of leaderless confusion, is an unannounced Presidential candidate.

But the habit of getting along, confirmed by more than three decades in the House, is stronger in Mills than his lately displayed partisan instinct, and he has received Connally with the polite respect he accords a suitable emissary. ("It's the first shrewd move Nixon's made," Mills was heard to remark privately after Connally's appointment. "He won't let those *twerps* stand between him and

the President.") In their first encounter, Connally announced to Mills at the outset that the Treasury simply had to have all the relief it was seeking in bill to lift the interest-rate ceiling on long-term financing. There could be no compromise. Seven hours later, at the close of the hearing, Mills held out a compromise and Connally, adroitly stating in the most acceptable form, took it—a pattern likely to be repeated often this year. A Treasury assistant describes the thought process behind the pattern: "Connally realizes that if Mills is against you've got a problem. But he also realizes that Mills will be *realistic*. They'll not only talk, they'll comprehend each other and work out an accommodation—something for Mills and something for President."

One might suppose that Connally would be down by the chore of acting as human bridge between the White House and the Hill. Not so. He is as independent here as in his broader arrangements with the President. In late spring, immediately following the dollar-exchange-rate crisis in Europe, Connally planned to join other American officials at a meeting of international bankers in Munich. The telephone rang. Mills wanted the Secretary to be the lead-off witness on revenue-sharing. The Secretary was sorry, but he was going to Munich. The telephone rang again. Senator Fulbright wanted the Secretary as a witness for hearings he was holding. Sorry, Munich came first. Again the telephone rang. Ehrlichman said the President was expecting the Secretary to testify for the Administration on the revenue-sharing proposal. The Secretary told him what he had told Mills. When Ehrlichman called back, Connally refused the call. He was going to Munich, by God, and he did. Nixon, Mills, and Fulbright waited while Connally, correctly assessing the priorities, told off the Europeans and Japanese, demanding that they pay their fair share of defense costs and lower their trade barriers against American goods. "It isn't a question of cutting the number of troops in Europe," he told a reporter on the phone. "It's a question of who the hell is going to pay for them."

## An ear for business

PLAIN, TOUGH TALK IS IN SHORT SUPPLY within the Nixon Administration, which prefers the cotton-wrapped vocabulary of public relations. (The Vice President's rhetoric is a special case; it is addressed principally to the wavering party faithful, network executives, and *Washington Post* editorial writers; its impact on the political process is nil.) Hard, attentive listening is equally uncommon. Of the resulting communications gaps, perhaps the most surprising is the one separating Nixon men from their seemingly natural constituency, the corporate business community. Here, less than on Capitol Hill, Connally has succeeded by recognizing and repairing a failure of political



administration that brought on near-panic-ing money tourniquet-tight (together with a ate profit squeeze by planning a recession l little to slow wage and cost inflation) would ved by corporate business, but it would not rily be hated. Businessmen, on the whole, ling to listen to a plausible political hard-ory, especially from a Republican adminis-, if someone in Washington will hold their and hear their sad stories in return. This the Administration has strangely failed to do. ds an almost stunning ill will among Repub-ig businessmen, a bitter feeling of betrayal clusion. The people who paid for the bubble een shut out, left to press their noses against astic facade. "Businessmen simply feel lost hey come down here," the Washington rep-itive of a major manufacturing company said ng ago. "Nobody at the White House seems e any clout. If they can't get through to John ell, and they usually can't, they're out—and as they're concerned, the Democrats might be in."

stant to the President Peter Flanigan is the House aide responsible for receiving busi-en, seemingly an ideal role for a former vice-ent of the investment banking firm of Dillon, & Company, and the wealthiest member of the staff. But Flanigan's blue-chip background ot seem to facilitate talking and listening. essmen go away both empty-handed and . "I'm not going down to Washington again e pushed around by Peter Flanigan," runs a York executive's not untypical complaint. an is well intentioned and briskly industri-ut his entire political experience has been ed to Nixon campaigns. An official who has ed Flanigan closely diagnoses a severe case genital campagnitis. "Peter wants to lecture ople who call on him. He uses his meetings to gandize them, and they resent it. He thinks ot to make votes. But he *has* their votes. What ds is their trust and support. If he would only to their problems and agree with them when e right . . ."

at businessmen have been searching for in 's Washington is, as one describes it, "a good, il address." They've found it at Connally's ury. This was not the case when Dave Ken-a member of the banking fraternity, was Sec-7. Even if he understood the message of his s, which was doubtful, they had little con-e that he knew what to do about it.

e Republicanism of corporate business is a ong way from what it used to be in the days of erty League, Sewell Avery, and even George ohrey. The difference was dramatically appar-when Barry Goldwater, that robust champion fterfettered enterprise, failed to command big-ess support for the excellent reason that he d nonproprietary managers out of their wits. o much with the Bomb, it should be noted, as

with the specter of instability. He threatened to upset the system which, for all its imperfections, was familiar and comfortably endurable. The complaint against "creeping socialism" died when businessmen accepted society's leftward creep as the predictable trend, on the basis of which they made long-term plans and commitments. In the heyday of the Great Society, when Johnson combined respectable leftism with soaring profits, businessmen flocked to Washington, many of them still Republicans at heart, but happy to jump into the pocket of the attentive President.

What such businessmen demand of the Republicans in power is *not* the restoration of the ideology (still less, the practice) of free and competitive enterprise. What is demanded is soothing rhetoric and first-name clubbiness, but even more the same deal the Democrats provided. Businessmen want competent, gentlemanly socialism for themselves up to the established standard. They want the federal government to do less where their interests would be adversely affected (for example, in consumer protection) and a great deal more where their interests supposedly merge with a "public interest" requiring subsidy by the taxpayers. Capitalists and their anxious bankers are now unembarrassed to approach the government as the banker of last resort and to press for public money in support of insolvent private ventures. To be sure, such selective socialism, entailing nationalization of losses while profits remain private, involves a bit of ideological backpedaling, but businessmen have before them Nixon's exemplary declaration: "I am a Keynesian," meaning *We're all Democrats now, boys*.

Connally's popularity with the business community, as well as his standing at the White House, stems from the assumption that he knows what is expected of the Treasury and how to provide it. He demonstrated the soundness of his doctrine in his approach to the possible bankruptcy of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, the nation's largest defense contractor (and, incidentally, a major California employer.)

In May he laid before Congress proposed legislation authorizing emergency loan guarantees to "major business enterprises," which are defined as those whose failure would cause severe economic distress and unemployment, failure of suppliers and customers, increased costs to the government resulting from contract termination, and reduction of "competition" and productive capacity within important industries. The entire \$250 million loan guarantee requested would be committed to Lockheed, so that some 30,000 employees might continue with production of the L1011 Tristar airbus. This might very well be just the beginning, not only for Lockheed (independent estimates of the cash needed to complete the L1011 program range well above \$250 million), but also for other strapped companies. (By voting down the SST, Congress demonstrated its indifference to the problems of the aerospace industry; by pushing Lockheed's

"Like a modern Marco Polo, he has come upon an inward-looking walled palace, the Great Within of a most unlikely Kubla Khan."

Richard J. Whalen  
THE NIXON-  
CONNALLY  
ARRANGEMENT

cause, Connally risked his reputation as a political miracle worker on Capitol Hill.) To accomplish Lockheed's rescue, Connally may be obliged to build a much more spacious federal lifeboat, with seats for almost everybody who has a frightened banker and an influential friend in Washington.

No matter what happens to Lockheed, the proposed Emergency Loan Guarantee Act of 1971 could be the modest framework for establishing an updated version of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, the New Deal's instrument of state capitalism that became at once the biggest bank in the country and the largest single investor in the U.S. economy. Connally approaches his new task with an asset singularly lacking in this born-yesterday Administration—a historical memory.

He's not only read the minutes of the last meeting; as secretary to that gawky young New Dealer, Congressman Lyndon Johnson, he kept some of the minutes. Teddy White's *Making of the President 1960* was the indispensable primer for new Nixon men; if they now want to discover what the original RFC was, and who ran it, they could do worse than consult Arthur Schlesinger's *Coming of the New Deal*. He describes another Texan, Jesse H. Jones of Houston, the RFC's czar, in terms that apply equally well to Connally: "He . . . loved power, was indifferent to ideology, never read books, had no sentimental illusions about the underdog, and kept his word. He could do business with anybody. . . ."

As a young newcomer to Washington, Connally watched Jones operate and recalls him as "a large man, very dignified looking, with great poise and bearing. He didn't know me, but I stood in considerable awe of him. He had an awareness of the interplay between business and politics that was rare for those days." Connally possesses a keen awareness of those same interconnections, which accounts for a good part of his influence within the Nixon Administration. He sees with perfect clarity, for example, that the old RFC's practice of direct investment in ailing companies and banks is unnecessary as well as unfeasible. He appreciates the principle of leverage: for little or no direct cash outlay, and therefore with minimal impact on the budget, the Treasury may underwrite a great many private loans. The old RFC was an independent agency; a new RFC-type function built into the Treasury would reverse the process of the past generation and shift responsibility for management of the economy from the White House to the Treasury.

Connally's face is expressionless, his tone matter-of-fact as he discusses the possibility of reviving the RFC ("Many business concerns have reached the size where the financial community can't meet their needs in time of stress"). He anticipates events and positions himself accordingly, noting that the time to lay plans is when "you're *not* under stress." He will be ready if and when power seeks him out.

Businessmen sense this foresight and respond to it. When he addresses them at their watering places, proclaiming the Administration's line on

the economy, they applaud with newfound enthusiasm. If the cheerful forecast is in error, as they suspect, they believe he will be ready to help. After his talks, many approach him to say, in effect, "You're the only one we trust." While Connally professes to notice no increase in limousine traffic at the Treasury's door, his assistants report with satisfaction that "everybody and his brother" has been coming around for get-acquainted chats.

"Businessmen have been bothered by a confusion of voices," Connally remarks. "There is no single spokesman for economic policy, and this manner leaves no doubt that that spokesman resides in the Treasury.

## Boredom in

THE ORIGINS OF THE NIXON-CONNALLY arrangement go further back than many suspect. During the 1968 campaign, when Nixon was bringing a Democrat into his Cabinet, he had Connally in mind as a likely Secretary of Defense. In return for such consideration, the retiring governor of Texas was expected to adopt an attitude of benign neutrality toward the Nixon-Humphrey contest—"to go in the woods," as conservative Democrats have regularly done in Presidential years. Until well along in the campaign, Connally made himself inconspicuously useful to the administration forces, giving advice, encouraging contributions from individuals, and even recommending a friend as chairman of Citizens for Nixon.

But the cement holding the arrangement together was, of course, Nixon's apparent strength in Texas and in the country at large. As his lead in the polls melted away, so also did the arrangement with Connally. At the eleventh hour, the Governor campaigned hard for Humphrey, hard enough to make Nixon men judged, to tip the state narrowly to Democrats. "When the votes were counted in Texas," one of them recalls, "we suspected we were quite right. If Connally had felt sure that Humphrey would win, he might have passed the word to the courthouses and prevented that from happening. But it was too close for him to take a chance, and so he let them count the votes in the usual manner."

Nixon, who blamed everyone but himself for the loss of Texas, did not hold Connally's decision against him. Indeed, as a professional, he had respected him for guessing right and protecting his base. In any event, there were no lasting feelings. When Connally visited Washington in 1969 and told White House political operators that he had done "all he could" for Nixon, the friendly signal brought a response in kind. President appointed Connally to his Advisory Council on Executive Organization, headed by industrialist Roy Ash. Later, as an additional mark of favor, Nixon named the Texan to the Intelligence Advisory Board.



minent Democrat who recommended Connally says: "When the council presented its report to the President, Connally dominated the meeting. He explained in a very articulate, confident and forceful way the reasoning behind the recommendations. That meeting lasted more than two hours, and Nixon came away very impressed." Connally was not the only one who was. The Ash council reported to the President in the fall of 1970. A couple of days later Connally received a call from the White House asking him to attend the next meeting of the interagency advisory group. And, by the way, the President would like to see him privately while he was in Washington. Not long before, Treasury Secretary Henry Kissinger had tendered his resignation and offered himself to Nixon as the preselection sacrifice for the economy's stagnation. Nixon accepted the offer and held up the announcement of Kissinger's departure, but he had the resignation letter when he sat down with Connally.

When they talked around Thanksgiving, the President told Connally that he wanted him in the Treasury and that the Treasury position was available in a significant order of priority: the man, not the position, for once mattered to Nixon, who tends to "slot" people like parts of a machine. Connally asked for a few days to think it over. When he returned to his suite at the Madison Hotel on Thursday afternoon, however, a message was waiting. The President wished to see him at the White House the following Monday.

Connally is as susceptible as the next man to that flattering hard sell, and that weekend he made his decision to accept the offer. An important factor, say friends in Texas, was the fifty-year-old Connally's boredom with the good life of a rich lawyer and rancher. "After you've lived most of your adult life at the head table, it's a letdown to be just another citizen." There were no more political worlds left to conquer in Washington. Over the horizon lay the important prizes. There was no apparent way of moving toward them within the Democratic party. And then there

was Lyndon Johnson, whose return to Texas made even the wide open spaces a bit crowded for a friend whose unfulfilled ambitions were national. Connally needed more room to position himself.

He made his decision without consulting Johnson, he explains, "because I didn't feel that I was at liberty to tell him—the President had asked me not to talk about it with anyone." The Connally-Johnson connection is extremely complex, characterized by the strain of opposing emotions. Through the years, Connally served Johnson with unquestioned loyalty and was always there when needed, but more than any other member of the Johnson inner circle, he remained his own man, with his own firmly held convictions. Johnson simultaneously valued and resented this independence. He refers to Connally as "a big man," a term of praise, but he sometimes found him a formidable critic for just that reason.

One day in the spring of 1960, Johnson, Connally, and House Speaker Sam Rayburn were driving along Pennsylvania Avenue in the then Senate Majority Leader's car. An argument was in progress: Connally and Rayburn were telling Johnson that he could not both run the Senate and run for President, and that if he had any idea of heading off Jack Kennedy, he'd goddamned well better get moving. Johnson was unwilling to commit himself. The argument grew louder and the profanity more explicit. Finally Connally lost all patience. "*Stop this goddamned car,*" he shouted at the startled driver. "*I'm getting out.*" Rayburn, in spite of his girth and years, hurried after him while Johnson sat fuming. Rayburn caught Connally, reasoned with him, and brought him back to the car; the three rode on to the Capitol, arms folded and silent. Over lunch on Kennedy's Inaugural Day, a friend remembers, Connally showed more than a trace of displeasure with the man who had settled for second place. "Want to know what's wrong with Lyndon?" he said. "He's ashamed of being a Texan, and I'm not."

Contrary to the impression current at the time,

"What businessmen have been searching for in Nixon's Washington is 'a good helpful address.'"





## Anything's possible in Tahiti.



**Play** in a world still fresh and uncrowded. Here the lagoons still teem with fish. The coconut tree still rules the beaches. And tipping is still unexpected.

**Meet** all the easiest-to-meet people in the world. They'll show you what *oa oa* is all about. (Hint: it's the feeling the French call *joie de vivre*, only ten times better.)

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# TAHITI

What more could you want?



n did not promote Connally's appointment  
etary of the Navy. "Speaker Rayburn initi-  
" says Connally, crisply setting the record  
t. In spite of much speculation (which he  
e nothing to discourage), Johnson does not  
n the Nixon-Connally arrangement. At first,  
mer President showed his pique at being  
by threatening to oppose both Nixon and  
ly in 1972 if his faithless friend joined the  
cket. More recently, Johnson, being Johnson,  
mplimented Connally's performance and  
d that *he's* the one who got John the job.  
the capital's many malicious habits is the  
ing of history to accord with present reali-  
power, and so Washingtonians are heard  
ng the quip that "Connally was never John-  
rotégé—it was the other way around." It  
of course, but the fiction accurately depicts  
ly's prospects.

n he arrived at the Treasury, Democrats in  
ss—and elsewhere—frankly expressed their  
curiosity as to where he stood, for that  
guide their relations with him and the Ad-  
ation. At Connally's confirmation hearing,  
Russell Long brushed aside the customary  
n of financial conflict and raised the intrigu-  
estion of "potential political conflict." Re-  
that he and Connally had campaigned for  
medy-Johnson ticket in 1960, Long drawled,  
k if you and I had stayed home. President  
might have been in the Presidency eight  
boner. How do you explain being here under  
scent circumstances?" Connally drawled in  
at the President "convinced me . . . that I  
contribute something to his Administration  
is to the welfare of this country. . . . And I  
e I was vain enough to believe it and silly  
to try it." The printed record does not  
at the chairman and the witness exchanged  
but they might as well have done so—it was  
played scene, the kind that makes Congress  
st theater in Washington. In this instance,  
ceived the assurance he was looking for:  
ly was public-spirited, vain, and still a Dem-

man," Connally declared in an interview,  
d serve in the Cabinet with the idea of  
g his own future." He confesses to "a strong  
" that the President should have a claim  
services of anyone who can afford to take  
ffered. From this expression of respect for  
stitution of the Presidency, he passes smoothly  
se for the incumbent. (A Treasury staff mem-  
lls the Secretary "the strongest Nixon ad-  
ve found down here," which says something  
Republican morale.) The President, says  
ly, sounding rather like Jack Valenti used to  
on the subject of Lyndon Johnson, "is a man  
lly understands some of the very basic prob-  
f this country. He's a man willing to risk his  
al fortunes on proposals that aren't neces-  
sarily inviting. I've found in Nixon a surprising

kindness toward individuals. But he also has un-  
daunted courage to make the tough decisions. His  
ideas in foreign policy reflect an unusual awareness  
of the uses of power in the broadest sense. . . ."

Where has one heard *that* before? Why, from  
someone quoting Nixon on Connally. The Presi-  
dent is said to include Connally in a very select  
company, "one of the few men in this country who  
understands the uses of power," by which Nixon  
means *national* power. (Interestingly, John Mitchell  
does not make this group, but—of all people—Nel-  
son Rockefeller does. Like FDR, Nixon is not above  
the use of tactical compliments that he intends his  
listeners to pass on disarmingly.) With his shrewd  
sense of what motivates people, Connally under-  
stands Nixon's tremendous desire to be proved right  
in his international policy. From his own instinctive  
conservatism (his speeches as Secretary of the Navy  
show a strong affinity for the Strom Thurmond  
school of geopolitics), Connally lends psychologi-  
cal support to an embattled President.

Some inkling of what he tells Nixon may be  
gleaned from the following impromptu observations  
on the state of the world:

*If we relinquish the leadership role our nation  
had thrust on it after World War II, the free  
world is going to be sunk. No structure yet  
exists to maintain order in the world without the  
U.S. playing its role. I'm not sure we Americans  
fully understand how important this leadership  
is, how we must pay a price for it, and—I'm sure  
we don't understand this—the cost of losing or  
relinquishing our leadership. Yet we're on the  
verge of turning our back on it. We strangely  
defy one of the basic human motivations: the  
quest to expand our knowledge. Look at the vote  
on the SST. That was an incredible act, an abdi-  
cation of our leadership in the field of civil avia-  
tion. We've planted a tentative foot on the moon,  
we can't turn back, and yet that's what some are  
urging. . . .*

That has a Johnsonian ring, as well as an ar-  
resting eloquence. It is utterly unlike anything the  
other men around Nixon are apt to say, with the  
possible exception of scholarly yet outspoken  
Arthur Burns, who, as chairman of the Federal  
Reserve Board, also treats with the President from  
a position of independence. Connally is not simply  
another fawning courtier, another yes-man whose  
murmur of approval is taken for granted. For the  
round-shouldered, palm-rubbing President to hear  
his views echoed and his courage praised by this  
strapping Texan is like standing on tip-toe and  
seeing an unexpectedly flattering image in the  
mirror.

"Where can he go?"

IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO SEE how Connally serves  
Nixon—as counselor, companion, upright advoca-  
cate, clever lobbyist, and generalissimo to the wor-

Richard J. Whalen  
THE NIXON-  
CONNALLY  
ARRANGEMENT

ried captains of industry. And it is rather plain that the President's trust and favor satisfies Connally's own estimate of himself. Yet it is difficult, in spite of the knowing consensus, to see how this arrangement will mature into a deal.

If there is a thread of consistency running through Connally's career, it is his reluctance ever to make an irrevocable move. He is a devoted partisan—of his present choice—until he changes his mind. At the moment, he chooses to be Nixon's Democrat, and he insists on both identities. Those who refer to him as a *former* Democrat disregard the fact that his bridges are being kept in repair. A couple of evenings a week he dines with his close friend, Robert Straus, the Dallas businessman and treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. Republicans who know Connally take him at his word when he declares himself a Democrat. "You should have a high regard for John's abilities," says one who has dealt closely with him. "But you should also have grave reservations about how far you can trust him. He's always loyal—to whatever he feels like being loyal to."

A friend in New York who has known Connally for twenty years dismisses Republican fears of a double cross. "There can't be any double cross because it's strictly a one-way deal. You can't bind John that way. He's the hardest trader you'll ever know, always calculating advantage for advantage. He's in the position where the successes are his, and the failures are Nixon's."

At this stage of his life and career, the only remaining prize is, of course, the Presidency. When the President gives the GOP shock troops a pep talk about 1972, he invariably claims that they will have "peace and the pocketbook" on their side. If he's right, he may invite the Secretary of the Treasury to take a bow, but he's not likely to invite him to join the ticket. The most obvious obstacle is Spiro T. Agnew, who is at once intensely frustrated and determined to resist the humiliation of being put out to pasture. A graceful exit might conceivably be opened, perhaps with Agnew moving aside temporarily to a Cabinet position before returning to private life after the election, but such skillful handling of the sensitive, pride-stricken Greek seems beyond the capacity of his enemies at the White House.

If, however, Nixon is wrong in his optimistic economic forecasting, which should be determined by early next year, Connally may well receive the invitation to move up, and he must then decide what it is worth. For the time being, he—quite properly—professes total disinterest. "I've never seen a happy Vice President," he tells friends with the authority of an intimate observer of Johnson's term in purgatory. One friend, noting how Connally's interest peaks and sags, doubts whether he would survive the confinement of the Vice Presidency.

Much obviously depends on what the Democrats are doing while Nixon and Connally watch the

economic indicators. Connally's protégé, the ful Texas Lieutenant Governor Ben Barnes likely speculates on an early return of the president. "If he can't get what he wants from Nixon," he has said, "I guarantee you, he'll cut out of the Cabinet a Democrat. And then it might be interesting."

In theory at least, Connally could do that and provide geographical and ideological last for a left-leaning Democratic ticket. But a passage back across party lines would expose him to cries of "traitor" from all sides, and his candidacy would reopen the wounds of the son era.

Still another imponderable is the extent of the suicidal impulse among left-wing Democrats, whether their party's centrists will submit, as the Republicans in 1964, to an ideological overthrow of the election away. In that case, with nothing to gain from a Republican victory, Connally might sit tight—and LBJ might come storming out of his unnaturally quiet retirement to protect his place in history.

Everything is where it usually is more a year ahead of a Presidential election: up in the air. The hard fact is that John Connally is equally likely to be President: the harder fact for him to accept is that he needs a break, an opening quite beyond his ability to force, if he is to gain a crack at the highest prize before time runs out. He occupies, in his own phrase, "a political no-man's land," and the only strategy available seems the nonstrategic one of patiently awaiting an opportunity that may come.

But sitting in the catbird seat, taking and enjoying what comes, has its satisfactions. Power flowing from inept hands to Connally's astute, obeying a law of nature. Influence, as in the case of Lockheed and what it may lead to, is thrust upon him. He talks and the President listens. In the morning, depending on his mood, the Secretary takes his official black car or his sleek white one. Connallycedes down to the center of things and drifts through the day of all it holds.

One day last spring, Connally sat relaxed on a sofa in his spacious third-floor corner office, looking the Ellipse. While he sipped black coffee, a sculptor worked unobtrusively in clay. From the likeness of Connally would be struck the Secretary's Medal, a vanity item the Treasury issues in honor of each new arrival. The first bills bearing the new nature would roll off the presses the following week. In an anteroom, Flanagan and various messengers waited to be admitted. Connally, who strolled past his secretary's desk, took a piece of candy from a jar.

"You know," he remarked, smiling expansively in the manner of a man well pleased with his position coming here. But I'm not finding it at all." He rolled the candy over his tongue, in the fortunate position of having been as



# PROJECT ADAM AND EVE

Handle by a sometime Hollywood producer on a downtime afternoon.

## INTER-OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE

To C.B. From D.S.

Subject STATUS OF NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN GOD  
AND COMPANY RE: EARTH PROJECT

As you know, we have been in negotiations with GOD concerning the Creation of Heaven and Earth with options on HIS services for the creation of MAN and a subsequent option to create WOMAN (tentative Title)

Though we have been able to make progress in a number of areas, we haven't been able to close the deal. The problems are these:

GOD wants to create the Heavens and the Earth in Six (6) consecutive days, beginning on either a Sunday or a Monday, and rest on the Seventh (7) day, either a Saturday or a Sunday, depending on the start date. It is our feeling that though we respect GOD's talent, we are concerned about his ability to finish on time. We therefore want to have the right to have him work the Seventh (7) day at no additional cost. Additionally, we are insisting on One (1) set of changes and the right to replace HIM without penalty payments or a continuing Royalty.

CREDIT: HE is insisting on Single Frame, above and same size as the Title. We are requesting the right to remove HIS name if HE is replaced and the majority of the work is done by someone else.

The biggest problems are the options for creating MAN and WOMAN (tentative Title). We again are having a problem with credits and billing. HE is insisting on Sole CREATED BY credit. I feel we will be able to work out a solution along the lines we discussed.

Created By  
GOD  
In Association With . . .

We are on the verge of working out an agreement on the size and shape of MAN and WOMAN; however, the material they should be made of is where this deal may fall apart. GOD wants to create MAN out of a handful of Dust. Though we see the promotional value and the possible ability of recycling the product (Dust to Dust), we don't feel the basic material is a grabber and will sell. If you agree, I'd like to fight this one.

The concern on the WOMAN project is deeper than even on MAN. I know you are going to find this difficult to accept, but HE wants to use ADAM'S Rib (the name ADAM was tentatively approved, subject to a final report on the ASI from the Research Department). HE claims that the use of the Rib is practical because ADAM has an extra Rib as the result of a previous negotiation on the Engineering Standards for MAN. Engineering is very disturbed. They will not approve the project if the Rib is removed, as they feel that the previous agreement to eliminate the tail coupled with the removal of this Rib will make it impossible for MAN to function. I understand that GOD is one of the top men in HIS area, but I also have a great deal of respect for the boys down in Engineering. If you concur, I would recommend we refuse to use ADAM'S Rib for the Creation of WOMAN and blow the deal if necessary.

# NATURAL HISTORY

Donald Barthelme

*Animalisticism, or the practice of placing too much faith in animals or in the intuitions or perceptions derived from the contemplation of same, has deviled human beings since 902 B.C., or maybe even earlier. Not to be confused with animalitarianism, the term used by Lovejoy for the belief that animals are happier than we are, animalisticism seems to have particularly plagued some of the world's notables. Herewith, from the Disposal of history, some examples.*



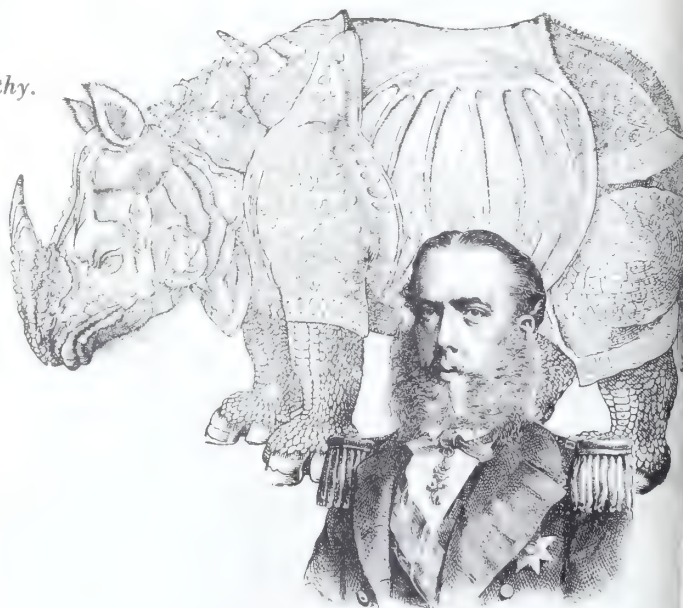
*The original canvas of La Gioconda (1503-05?) showed, according to Cassola, an octopus hurriedly departing the picture plane, on the right side. During the Frisbian Wars (1661-70) the octopus was either scraped off, or fell off. Winckelmann asserts that the octopus, in Leonardo's iconography, represents either virility or uncollectible debts. In either case the animal was clearly not trustworthy.*



*Louisa M. Alcott (1832-88) was so exercised at the sight of a boa constrictor devouring a small child at the Boston Zoo that she sat down and wrote Big Women. In Big Women. Jo. Amy, and the rest eat only wheat germ and macrobiotic rice. They grow until they are eight feet tall, and take over zoo administration everywhere. The novel was, predictably, suppressed by male chauvinist publishers.*

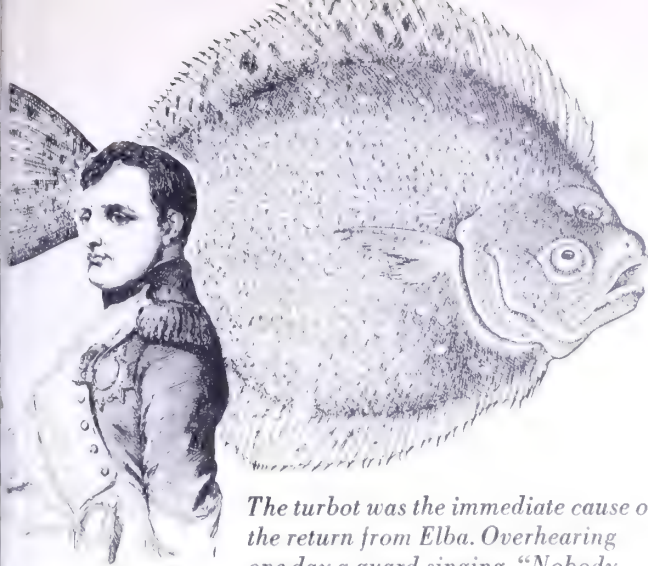


*Plenus of Diphthong (536-410 B.C.) believed not that the world rested on the back of a giant tortoise, the view held by most intelligent men of his time, but rather that the world was suspended from the jaws of an immense sea horse. "The back of the tortoise is rounded and unstable," argued, "whereas the form of the sea horse is mighty like a hook." For this heresy he was condemned to drink the fatal KóKA KóLá.*



*The last original idea had by Archduke Maximilian of Austria, during his brief tenure as Emperor of Mexico (1864-67), was the importation of sixty-four African rhinos, which he envisioned using, much as present-day art is used, against the forces of Benito Juárez. The rhinos, however, almost immediately went over to the enemy, and were barbecued at Querétaro, Mexico, on June 19, 1867, the same day Maximilian was executed. They were delicious.*



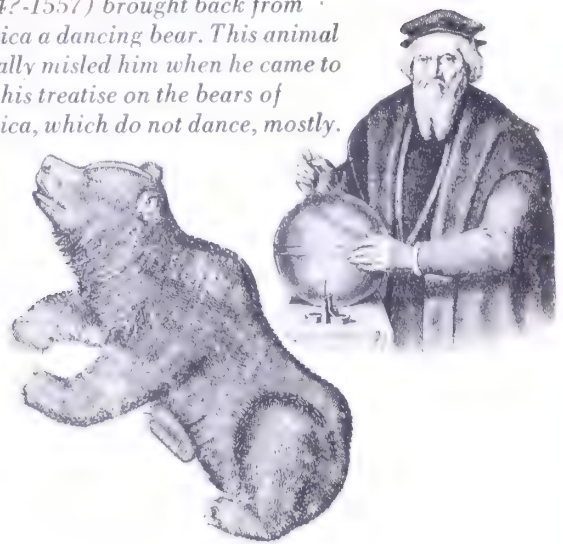


The turbot was the immediate cause of the return from Elba. Overhearing one day a guard singing, "Nobody knows the Turbot I've Seen," Napoleon at once poignantly recalled the turbot in champagne served at the Palace. The Hundred Days followed swiftly. Here is a recipe for Turbot Napoleon: marinate fish in champagne and stock for two hours. Add two Tb finely minced shallots, dill, and a whiff of grapeshot. Simmer for eight to twelve minutes.

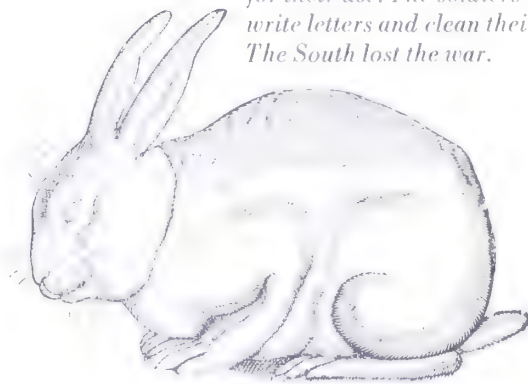


Brontë sisters, Charlotte and Emily, firmly believed all of their books were inspired by a cat. That is, they believed that the cat, Tabitha, acted as a sort of spirit channel or medium. Emily could not write when the cat was staying with Charlotte, and Charlotte could not write when the cat was staying with Emily. The death of Tabitha was followed by a period of dryness broken only when Anne Brontë appeared with a basket of clairvoyant visions.

The explorer Sebastian Cabot (1474?-1557) brought back from America a dancing bear. This animal radically misled him when he came to write his treatise on the bears of America, which do not dance, mostly.



Robert E. Lee regarded a porcupine. "The fox knows many things, but the porcupine knows one big thing," he reflected. Lee quickly ordered porcupine quills distributed to all of the men in his army. But the notoriously inept Confederate quartermaster department neglected to provide instructions for their use. The soldiers used the quills to write letters and clean their fingernails. The South lost the war.



There are, on the other hand, many examples in our daily lives of people being bucked up or otherwise nourished by thoughts of the common rabbit. The foot of the rabbit, especially the left hind foot, has brought the promise of good fortune to thousands. The rabbit ball and the rabbit punch have enlivened the sports in which they are found, and no television set is complete without a set of rabbit ears atop it. The Welsh rabbit is especially tasty although not a rabbit. The timidity of the rabbit has provided a useful lesson for the overbold, and the rabbit's enthusiasm for procreation a vivid simile for the Cassandras of Zero Population Growth. Gentlemen and ladies, the rabbit! Long may he waver!

## THE MAFIA TRIES A NEW TUNE

Transposing the old Chicago jazz into something for a suburban dance orchestra.

*Tom Buckley's article includes the last major interview granted by Joseph Colombo before he was shot in New York City on June 28th during the celebration of Italian-American Unity Day.*

THE TELEVISION CAMERA ZOOMS up to the man seated behind the conference table. It focuses for a moment on his perfectly manicured hands, folded in front of him, on the wafer-thin gold watch and gold band on his left wrist, on the heavy ruby-and-gold cuff links. It slides upward across the intricately woven fabric of his shirt, the heavy dark silk necktie, the perfect set of the wide lapels of his suit coat. The camera briefly examines the emblem he wears in his buttonhole—an outline map of the United States in green, white, and red enamel with the figure “1” superimposed—then fixes on his face. It is a bit fleshy but it glows with the result of sun-lamp and massage. The black hair is thinning above a heavy brow. The brown eyes are shrewd. The nose is strong and slightly hooked, the jaw outthrust, the lips compressed. He is poised and radiates a sense of power. It is clear, as he begins speaking, that he is a man who is accustomed to being listened to with respect.

This is Joseph Colombo, Sr., forty-eight years old; father of five children, grandfather of two; Brooklyn homeowner; hardworking salesman of real estate, floral displays, and automobiles; partner in an undertaking establishment; owner of a dress factory; and founder of the Italian-American Civil Rights League, whose emblem he wears. He is also, according to law-enforcement agencies, a *capo mafioso* who heads an underworld “family” with interests in gambling, loan-sharking, hijacking, and the theft and disposal of securities, and has himself served time in jail for contempt of a grand jury, has been convicted of perjury, and has been indicted for income-tax evasion, as an offender under the new federal organized-crime law, and for assertedly sharing in the proceeds of a \$750,000 jewelry theft.

With sincerity dripping from every pore, Colombo is declaring that the Mafia, or Cosa Nostra, as it is sometimes called, exists only in the minds of bigots who use it as a means of “deframing,” in his word, Italian-Americans in general, and himself,

his wife, and their children in particular. It is the theme that, loftily ignoring all evidence to the contrary, he has repeated on enough television programs, talk shows, and press interviews to make himself a celebrity.

Although it is nominally a charitable organization, the Italian-American Civil Rights League under Colombo's leadership seems to be most interested in advancing the same viewpoint. As fetched and self-serving as it may be, a surprising large number of Italian-Americans without reproachable criminal connections appear to believe that it is correct. The League claims to have enrolled 500 members and to have established chapters in scores of cities across the country in its first year of existence.

While expressing support in general terms, Italian-American politicians and professionals have tended to keep Colombo and the League at arm's length. Most of its support has come from blue-collar and lower-middle-class families who live in or near old city centers rather than in the suburbs. Their response reflects, it seems to me, a basic realization that the “melting pot” thesis, which assumed that in time the nation of immigrants would blend into an homogenized new product, had quite worked out as expected, and that it may be desirable after all. Racial, religious, and ethnic consciousness are being perceived more often as sources of stability in the chaos and anonymity of American life, and there is a corresponding unwillingness among blacks, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, and the European “ethnics” to accept the judgment of relative inferiority placed on them by “old stock” Americans.

At the same time, however, Italian-Americans who have generally returned to the conservatism of their peasant forebears as they have lifted themselves out of the proletariat, have been resentful of the rapid social progress made in recent years by blacks and others who have previously been in a comfortably inferior position.

*Tom Buckley is a staff member of the Sunday New York Times Magazine.*



ng waited patiently behind the Irish and the  
r a chance at middle- and upper-level jobs  
ernment, business, and the professions, the  
Americans who support the League now fear  
y will be left behind. What is especially pain-  
hat while they are tarred with the Mafia  
the blacks seem to gain ground by riot,  
savage threats, and every other sort of crimi-  
nial behavior, and enjoy the support of the country's  
tual leaders as they do so.

ns, particularly southern Italians and Sicil-  
ave traditionally been distrustful, usually  
ood reason, of governments and politicians,  
ing to repose their trust in the family and  
nd their descendants in this country have not  
habit. In the same way, with a few excep-  
Italian-American politicians have been a  
nd unprepossessing lot.

er the circumstances, it is oddly appropriate  
e Colombo, the reputed bandit boss, has  
himself into the protector of the leaderless  
s of the dying cities, and combined with this  
role a mastery of media manipulation and  
anda. Who else would have had the boldness  
agination, not to mention the pure brass, to  
the Federal Bureau of Investigation and to  
the deletion of the offensive terms Mafia  
sa Nostra from the film version of *The God-  
Mario Puzo's* novel, and thereby give a  
ened reality to a romantic tale about the great  
of organized crime?

ITALIAN-AMERICAN Civil Rights League had  
beginnings last year on the day that Colom-  
cond son, Joseph, Jr., twenty-four years old,  
o previous criminal record, was arrested on  
al charge of conspiring to melt down \$300,-  
United States silver coins into more valuable

e highest respect I ever had—I got to put it in  
st tense—I had for the FBI," the senior Co-  
told me. "It was an organization that, if they  
ou, they came and that was it. No games. I  
believed they would frame anybody. But they  
e they would get me—they would frame me—  
it wasn't me they'd get my children. I couldn't  
e it until the day of . . . reality . . . until last  
'80, when they locked up Joe Jr."

e episode ended happily after all. Joe Jr. was  
ted when the key government witness changed  
stimony, and thereby demonstrated that he  
rather go to jail for perjury than to help send  
ber of the Colombo family there.)

t night, Colombo and a group of friends, some  
om where described by the police as Mafia  
ates, turned up outside the FBI headquarters  
hattan's Third Avenue. Marching back and  
they loudly cursed the name of J. Edgar  
er. It was the first recorded example of lese  
ty toward the aged director, which has now, of  
s, become commonplace. For more than a

year the pickets marched, led by the smiling,  
stocky Colombo. On some occasions their numbers  
swelled into the thousands, and they were al-  
ways far more gently handled by the police  
than, say, war protesters would have been.

In June, Colombo decided to go a step farther.  
He organized what he called Italian-American Unity  
Day at Columbus Circle. Ignoring Columbus Day,  
he called it the first holiday for Italian-Americans.  
Stores in Italian-American sections of the city were  
closed—partly as a result, it was suggested, of  
veiled warnings—and something like 100,000 per-  
sons turned out. They wore green, white, and red  
sashes, and buttons that said, "Kiss Me, I'm  
Italian." Deputy Mayor Richard Aurelio, the high-  
est ranking Italian-American in city government,  
represented Mayor John V. Lindsay, who is  
thoroughly disliked by Italian-Americans as some-  
one who has ignored them to curry favor with  
blacks and Puerto Ricans. Aurelio managed to  
smile through the boos as he accepted for himself  
and the mayor honorary membership in the League.

Anyone who can deliver 100,000 persons auto-  
matically becomes someone of consequence. Only  
a month later, Attorney General John Mitchell,  
while not apparently abandoning his efforts to put  
Colombo in jail, tried to pacify a suddenly rebel-  
lious segment of the Silent Majority. He announced  
that government agencies, including the Depart-  
ment of Justice and the FBI, would no longer use  
the terms Mafia and Cosa Nostra, to avoid giving  
"gratuitous offense." They would, he said, be re-  
placed by terms without ethnic connotations, such  
as "organized crime" or "the syndicate." Several  
state governors, including Nelson Rockefeller of  
New York, issued similar decrees.

Colombo decided to keep rolling. In August he  
announced the formation of the Italian-American  
Civil Rights League. He appointed an amiable com-  
panion named Natale Marcone as president, and his  
oldest son, Anthony Colombo, as vice-president.  
For himself he reserved the title of founder and all  
the power. In November the League held a gala at  
Madison Square Garden that raised \$150,000 for  
its treasury. Among the performers was Frank  
Sinatra. Several years earlier he had been briefly  
the head of the Italian-American Anti-Defamation  
League, which was laughed out of existence when  
it was revealed that several members of its board of  
directors had reputed Mafia connections.

Having met and conquered the politicians with-  
out raising a sweat, Colombo turned next to the  
entertainment industry, probably aware that it has  
always been extremely sensitive to pressure groups.  
In January, when production was about to begin  
on Paramount Pictures' *The Godfather*, Anthony  
Colombo wrote a letter of protest to Robert Evans,  
the vice-president in charge of production.

"The book, *The Godfather*, although fiction, is  
spurious and slanderous account of the Italian-  
American," the letter said. "Therefore, we feel the  
filming of this book is, if you will permit us poetic

**Circle the words that  
the way you feel about**

a.) **So-so**

b.) **Mildly hostile**

c.) **Hostile**



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**THE TRAVELERS**

Tom Buckley  
THE MAFIA  
TRIES A  
NEW TUNE

license, 'the straw that broke the Italian-American's back.' " After noting the Attorney General's order, it continued, "We feel that in accordance with these directives, you should do everything in your power to delete the words 'Mafia' and 'Cosa Nostra' and the characterization of Italians being 'gangsters' from this movie. The Italian-American Civil Rights League's officers, captains, and members are prepared to publicly demonstrate, and use all legal means at our command to stop this blatant affront on the integrity, heritage and values of the Italian-American people."

A copy of the letter was sent to every member of Congress and to members of the New York and New Jersey legislatures. Within a matter of weeks, scores of letters from these lawmakers were received by Paramount. Peter W. Rodino, Jr., a New Jersey Democrat who is an assistant majority whip of the House of Representatives, writing, as he said, on behalf of himself and "other members of Congress of Italo-American heritage," said that the motion-picture and television industries had failed to establish or enforce standards to prevent productions "that defame, stereotype, ridicule, demean and degrade ethnic, racial and religious groups."

At the end of March, 1,000 persons honored Colombo at a \$125-a-plate testimonial dinner as the "guiding light of Italian-American unity." A few days later, at a press conference with Nat Marcone, Al Ruddy, the producer of *The Godfather*, announced that all references to the Mafia and the Cosa Nostra would be removed from the script and that the receipts of the gala premiere performance of the film would be donated to the League. In return, said Marcone, the League would assist Ruddy in finding locations for filming and in securing performers with an appropriately Italianate appearance for minor roles and extra work.

Ruddy's agreement set off a considerable stir. Gulf & Western Industries, the conglomerate of which Paramount is a small part, said that the film studio had acted without its knowledge or consent. Paramount said that Ruddy had acted without its consent, but let his decision stand so far as the elimination of the word Mafia was concerned. It was not, however, prepared to surrender the receipts. The *New York Times* carried the story of the press conference on page one and published an editorial headed, "Yes, Mr. Ruddy, There Is a . . ." The paper condemned the producer's decision as "the latest chapter in that incredible campaign to make the Mafia disappear by expunging the term from the American language." And yet, for several weeks thereafter, the *Times*, as well as the *News* and the *Post*, carried stories about organized crime in which the word was conspicuous by its absence.

As a public figure, Colombo faced the cameras and reporters with supreme self-confidence. His style was assertive, unashamedly Brooklynese and ungrammatical, and operatically emotional.

"We feel we're being discriminated against," said. "The Italian people are *good* people, *honest* people, *sincere* people, *lovable* people who were satisfied when they came to this country that they owned a car and a little house, and when they got that was it. They went to sleep. And we say at a time that the Italian-Americans woke up and demanded what rightfully is theirs. If you're giving them what's coming to you you don't have to say 'please.' You can demand. And we know that the President who's elected he gives to all ethnic groups a piece of the pie, but where are we?"

"We say there is a conspiracy against the Italian-American," Colombo said, speaking loudly and faster, "and I can prove it. Show me an Italian is in what caliber of position in the police department, the fire department, the board of education, in the field and every endeavor. How do we figure that the President in the history of the country had ever had confidence to appoint an Italian to the Supreme Court?"

Wishing that Colombo had never broken through the underworld's iron rule of *omerta*, or silence, I finally managed to pose a question. Why, I asked, had Italian-Americans been singled out for such treatment?

"We'd like to know that, the answer to that question," he replied. Without pausing, he asked Cosimo Vitale, the young secretary-treasurer of the Legislative Committee on Crime, Its Causes, Control and Effect on Society, whose chairman is Senator John H. Hughes. After riffling through the pages Colombo slid it across the table to me.

"This book lists *only* Italians," he said. "Is it possible in New York that only *Italians* have committed crimes?" Colombo was heating up again and when he does, his grip on syntax and metaphor never secure, tends to disintegrate. "If this is the shoe of every governmental agency," he began, beginning to wave his arms, "of every police department so that we are the scapegoats to pay the bill for all the sins, *when* will it stop and *where* will it stop? I wasn't born free of sin but I sure couldn't do the things that people have said—I got torture chambers in my cellar, I'm a murderer, I'm the boss of every shylock ring, of every bookmakin' press buttons and I have enterprises in Long Island the airports I get seven, eight million dollars revenue out of there. Who are they kiddin' and how far will they go to kid the public?"

The Hughes dossier on Colombo says that he was installed in 1964 as the boss of the Mafia in Long Island headed by Joseph Profaci until his death, of which he was the cause, in 1962, and then, briefly, until his death, his deputy, Joseph Magliocco. (The protagonist of *The Godfather*, Don Vito Corleone, apparently has been modeled in part on Profaci. Both were large legitimate importers of olive oil, for example, and both lived in heavily guarded Long Island.)



were modest and retiring in demeanor.)  
 oh Colombo's appointment as boss was an  
 bring the family together and end the in-  
 rife that had persisted since the death of  
 'rofaci," the dossier goes on, "and should  
 ed to Joe Bonanno's attempt to gain control  
 ommission. Bonanno had issued three death  
 s for Thomas Luchese (deceased), Carlo  
 o, and Stefano Magaddino to Magliocco.  
 co, in turn, gave these contracts to Colombo.  
 o, instead of executing the contracts, in-  
 the Commission of Bonanno's attempt on  
 es. As a reward Magliocco was removed,  
 tly thereafter, Colombo was given his fam-  
 ell as his seat on the Commission. Colombo's  
 the Commission has been reputed to be  
 an echo of Gambino."

is Mafiaology in the classic tradition—a  
 o the machinations of the crime kingdom.  
 it is provable, but the men who are named  
 analyses are seldom in a position to sue for  
 id it may be true enough, but Colombo  
 out that the dossier doesn't even get the  
 of his children right, and I asked him to  
 en out the record.

ROOTS WERE CALABRIAN (the southernmost  
 vince in Italy) rather than Sicilian on both  
 his family, he said, and he was born and  
 y in the Bath Beach section of Brooklyn. "My  
 his name was Anthony, died when I was  
 "Had he become ill, I asked. "He met with  
 lent," Colombo replied. "He was murdered."  
 ad it happened? Colombo just shook his  
 He was murdered, he was killed," he said.  
 brought up in court." I learned later that the  
 Anthony Colombo, reputedly a minor under-  
 figure, had been found with a woman friend,  
 ad, in an automobile. They had been gar-  
 the traditional, rather elegant means of  
 ub-out, and one used on at least two occa-  
*The Godfather*.

y say I was brought up in a life of crime,"  
 o went on. "Would you believe any father  
 bring up his son to do anything bad?" Think-  
 in of *The Godfather*, I replied that I had  
 of such instances, but, smiling sadly, Co-  
 appeared not to hear. His father's death left  
 ily in straitened circumstances, he said, and  
 an working after school and on weekends.  
 high school after his second year to go to  
 a butcher shop. "I was what they call half a  
 s," he said. "Like an apprentice. He bones  
 at, chops meat, and so on. I got \$3 a week and  
 n Saturdays for my mother. When I was six-  
 got my working papers. I had a night job in  
 ury in Manhattan. I made molds for little  
 Clausen and dolls. I got \$12 a week.

en the war began I went into the Coast  
 "he went on. "I didn't have to go. My  
 was a widow and I was an only son. I vol-

unteered to go overseas, and I was assigned to con-  
 voys from Norfolk to the Mediterranean on a  
 destroyer escort. I made five or six trips. One time  
 I was in a fight on the fantail. Just two sailors hav-  
 ing a fight. The exec said I was going to be trans-  
 ferred to the Pacific, and when we got back to  
 Brooklyn he wouldn't let me leave the ship. I had  
 gotten married and so I jumped ship. I stayed home  
 twenty-nine days and when I turned myself in I  
 got a general court-martial."

Colombo didn't mention it, but it was his third  
 court-martial, and if he had remained away for  
 another day or two he would have been guilty of  
 desertion rather than absence without leave. In any  
 case, he was sentenced to a year's confinement, but  
 was transferred to a naval hospital after three  
 months and was discharged in March 1945 with a  
 10 per cent disability pension because of psychoneu-  
 rosis and his "inability" to adapt to military life.

It was in 1946 that Colombo's first arrests took  
 place. The charges were trivial—playing craps in  
 the street—and for three offenses he was fined a  
 grand total of \$4. How had a street-wise guy like  
 him come to be caught at all, I asked. "I don't know  
 if you ever shot dice as a kid," he replied, "but  
 when the radio car used to pull up the cops would  
 yell, 'Run,' so that the few pennies or the dollars  
 that was on the ground would remain there . . ." Here he mimed the guardians of the law scooping  
 up the stakes for their own profit.

Colombo said he went to work on the docks and  
 worked nights in a bakery. He avoided saying what  
 his dock job consisted of, and it may have been  
 completely honest, but the New York waterfront  
 has always been a notorious fief of organized crime.  
 In 1957 he became a salesman for a wholesale meat  
 company, which, I learned later, was controlled by  
 a brother of Carlo Gambino, now the head of New  
 York's most powerful Mafia family. In 1960, he  
 started selling real estate and began to acquire,  
 again in ways he does not care to explain, his other  
 business interests.

"In my top year I earned about \$20,000," he said,  
 thrusting his palms outward. "For the hours I put  
 in there I would've been better off going down on  
 the docks." (The owner of the firm later supplied  
 one of those unforgettable descriptions of his ace  
 salesman. "He's got the most sincerest group of  
 clients," the man said. "They never try to cheat him  
 out of his commissions.") Clearly, much of Colom-  
 bo's busy business life depends on the high regard  
 in which he seems to be held in the predominately  
 Italian-American Bath Beach, Bensonhurst, and  
 Canarsie sections of Brooklyn. He receives \$5,000  
 a year from a florist—"If someone wants a floral  
 piece I recommend them and I get a commission,"  
 he said—and has a similar arrangement with a  
 Buick dealer.

In 1965 Colombo came to police notice for the  
 first time as a major figure in organized crime  
 when he was seen at a meeting at a Catskills hotel  
 with Sonny Franzese, a notorious gunman for the

"If I could com-  
 mit a crime with  
 all this security,  
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 lance, then you  
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—Colombo

Tom Buckley  
THE MAFIA  
TRIES A  
NEW TUNE

Profaci family, and Larry and Albert Gallo, two of the three brothers who had led a faction in a revolt against the Profaci family a few years earlier. (This dust-up provided the basis for the only comic treatment of the Mafia in fiction, Jimmy Breslin's *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, which is also being made into a film.)

The next year Colombo was arrested at a meeting with other reputed Mafia leaders at a restaurant in Queens. When he declined to answer satisfactorily questions put to him about the meeting by a grand jury after it granted him immunity, he was sentenced to thirty days in jail for contempt. (Arrests for consorting with known criminals and contempt citations are frequently used to keep the pressure on reputed racketeers.) "I never had a bite of food," Colombo told me with exasperation. "I never even got my coat off. What excuse do you need to eat with someone? Why do they think it's sinister about Italian people when they meet?" Moreover, he says, his naïveté was responsible for his jail sentence. "In those days," he said, "I was so green that I didn't know a grand jury subpoena from a parking ticket."

After that, troubles begin piling up for Colombo. He was trailed by city detectives, FBI agents, and the Internal Revenue Service. His phone was probably tapped. He was charged with perjury for concealing his arrest record in applying for a state real estate broker's license—"I just wanted to better myself," he said—convicted and sentenced to one to two-and-a-half years in prison. (He is free on bail while the conviction is being appealed.) He was indicted for evading \$19,169 in federal income taxes from 1963 through 1967; he was indicted in Nassau County for complicity in the \$750,000 jewelry theft; and just a few months ago he was indicted again—under the new organized crime statutes

under which interstate activity does not have proved—in Federal Court in Brooklyn, as that of a multimillion-dollar bookmaking ring.

Colombo has an explanation for these tunes. "For as long as I could remember," he said, "the homicide squad, the CID, the CIB, the FBI, the tax people, they've been watching me twenty-four hours a day. If I could commit a crime with all this security, all this surveillance, they are talkin' to one big genius, and I don't claim to be that smart." He laughed bitterly. "Anybody would commit a crime and go against this security," he said, "is crazy, because you're a loser before you start. They say I earned \$100,000 a year and spent \$150,000. They went into a big bag pail. They counted the Coca-Cola cans. They surveilled me for three years. They argued for ninety minutes. They say I got \$7,500 from a jewelry robbery. How much is that? One percent. If I'm the kind of man they say I am, do you think I'd be satisfied with one per cent?"

"What's the use," he said, his hands palms up. "I'm a trophy on the wall. Any DA who finally convict Joe Colombo and put him in jail, it's a big accomplishment." His voice dropped. "This is a big accomplishment, to put a man in jail."

"We got a double standard with bail bond sentences," he said, his voice getting harder. "You know any Italian that's in jail, his record is stamped 'O.C.' for 'organized crime.' O.C. only for Italian people. They do the last day of a sentence. I got one to two-and-a-half for a year. I got the wrong box on a form. If I lose my bail guarantee I'll do twenty months, even if I'm a prisoner. Because there'll be O.C. on my record."

But in late spring, as the League prepared for its second Unity Day on June 28, there were new troubles. The Internal Revenue Service





used to grant the League a tax exemption, seemed to be looking into the disposition of more than \$1,000,000 it had raised, a good part of which had already been spent on a 10-acre site for a hospital and home for the aged in Brooklyn. Children's summer camp on the Jersey shore. Although the League's red, white and green, which fluttered defiantly across Mulberry Street in Manhattan's Little Italy, some of its storefronts in the city were closing down, and there were rumors that other Mafia leaders, who had maintained an attitude of wary neutrality, had decided that Colombo was turning out to be more than a nuisance. Joe (Crazy Joe) Gallo, the most feared and ambitious of the brothers, was released from prison, and soon after there were reports that a known group of men, disguised as housewives, had roughed up Colombo and Nat Marabese in a Brooklyn street. On June 8, suddenly, the filming of the FBI ended. All Colombo would say was that the League's objectives had been fulfilled. Once again it was said that underworld secrets had been brought to bear.

AFTER THE OUTCRY over the Al Ruddy assassination conference had died down, rumors continued to circulate about the filming of *The Godfather*. Pete Hamill, in his column in the *New York Times*, wrote, "The movie business in New York has been plagued with rumors ever since Paramount produced Ruddy came to town to try to get the film made. Actors were signed, and suddenly found they had other commitments. Unknowns were needed roles in the film by the pinkie ring guys on Lower East Side joints, in exchange for life sentences for the Mob."

About the same time, Vic Damone, the singer,

announced that he had decided not to play the role of Johnny Fontane, the figure in the book thought to resemble Frank Sinatra. "As an American of Italian descent," Damone was quoted as saying, "I could not in good conscience continue in the role."

A few days later a "clarification" appeared in both Earl Wilson's column in the *Post* and Ed Sullivan's in the *Daily News*. "For the record," Wilson wrote, "Vic Damone told me the reason he gave up his role . . . was that the part consisted of only one page of dialogue. (The money was short, the billing was nothing, and I heard the theme song would be sung by another singer. All this for a one-page part!)"

Ruddy is a tall, slender man of thirty-six. He wears the contemporary Hollywood uniform—black turtleneck sweater, black flared corduroy trousers, a wide belt, and Italian loafers. His sunglasses were pushed back into his long curling hair. I asked him if he was having any trouble replacing Damone.

"Replacing him!" Ruddy exclaimed. "Damone was desperate to do the part, but he had never been signed. He was one of three men under consideration, and he wasn't even our first choice. That was Al Martino and we got him."

Ruddy said that when he learned of the Italian-American Civil Rights League's opposition to the filming, he decided, without informing the Paramount executives, to meet with the officers to see if something couldn't be worked out. "When I sat down with Anthony Colombo I realized immediately that what they wanted us to do in no way deviated from my own objectives," Ruddy said. "In fact it has now been implied that we paid off the League to forestall criticism elsewhere. It's not so, of course."

Given the fact that the Attorney General and several state governors had suppressed the use of

"It's not like the days of Profaci and Genovese. Colombo is a man of some importance, but if he had a really big empire he wouldn't be doing this."

—Puzo



Various officials of the Italian-American Civil Rights League proved elusive when it came to taking pictures of them. That, of course, is in keeping with the old ways. A man accustomed to holding his hat over his face finds it difficult to adjust to cameras and press agents. The younger generation, however, apparently feels no such compunctions. Anthony Colombo, left, the vice president of the League, and Philly Dioguardi, far left, president of Chapter #4, posed willingly. Together they reflect the new image of benevolence: smiling, friendly, eager to help those of their friends who are burdened with injustice.

Tom Buckley  
THE MAFIA  
TRIES A  
NEW TUNE

"Mafia" and "Cosa Nostra," he went on, he saw no reason for holding out, particularly since the words were used only a couple of times in the script, could be replaced by "family" or "syndicate" with no loss of meaning, and the main characters would remain unmistakably Italian-American.

"A couple of weeks before the press conference I talked to a meeting of captains of the League," Ruddy said. "I told them the film would be in no sense anti-Italian. I said that if anything it is an incrimination of a whole society, and that's the way I really feel about it. In this country all that matters is if you have the bread. One thing you've got to say about the Mafia is that it at least conducts crime in a reliable way, like a business. You don't know how many times I've heard young people say they would prefer to deal with the Mafia for speed and acid and grass. They say, 'At least you'd know what you were getting.'"

"I knew I was putting Paramount in an awkward position," he went on, "but I was doing it for my own reasons. I'm a moviemaker and I just want to make movies; I wanted to create the circumstances under which I could make *this* movie."

Ruddy's calculations were correct. Nat Marcone helped him to find the location for the "Mall," Don Vito Corleone's fortress-home, on Staten Island, where the League has shown its muscle in a feud with the *Staten Island Advance* over the newspaper's exposés of Mafia activities. Marcone also made sure that quiet, co-operative crowds leaned out of their windows on Mulberry Street to cheer Marlon Brando, made up stooped and sixtyish to play the Don, as he was shot down in a gun battle outside the loft building that had been transformed into the headquarters of his olive oil company. It wasn't possible to tell how much influence, if any, the League had had in getting actors into the cast, but I happened to be in Colombo's office when Tony Darrow, the League's "official vocalist," called to say he didn't get the part he was trying out for.

MANY PATRIOTIC ITALIAN-AMERICANS have denounced Mario Puzo for writing *The Godfather*. "I never wrote this book as a putdown of Italians," Puzo told me. "I'm sort of proud they're so clever in crime. In fact I even believe they have a natural gift for it—the southern Italians and the Sicilians. It was the only way they could stay alive. It's an environmental thing. Certain animals take on a certain coloring over the generations because of the terrain. At the same time they're the most bourgeois of peoples. If they can graduate into the respectable middle class, they'll do it. But it's true that some of those older hoods are like snakes that can't help striking. They'll never lose that. They could be making \$5 million legitimately, but they can't resist that hundred-grand stickup."

Puzo said he knew very little about the Mafia. "I was looking to present a myth," he said. "That's what real fiction is about. A legend. That's why

*The Godfather* takes place twenty or twenty years ago. If I really knew more about it I would have written so popular a book. To me *The Godfather* isn't an exposé; it's a romantic novel. The *Times* came out with an editorial about how terrible it was that the word 'Mafia' was dropped. I didn't care. If I was in the League, though, I would want the word 'Mafia' to be used because it makes the Mafia look good.

"The old-generation Mafia were the smart guys alive," he said. "The younger generation are dummies. All I can tell you is that these old Italian and Sicilian guys were like the old Jewish guys. They were brought up in a milieu where they had to have their wits about them. I think the Mafia are already dead, I really do. What's left is just the dregs. It's not like the days of Profaci and Salvo. Colombo is a man of some importance, but he had a really big empire he wouldn't be able to run this."

Puzo is fifty years old, two years older than Colombo, and, like him, the father of five children. He grew up in the old Hell's Kitchen on the West Side of Manhattan during Prohibition and the Depression, and while he says he never ran with the gangs, many of the incidents in *The Godfather* come out of his own experience.

"Stories about crime were part of the culture," he said. "On Tenth Avenue they called it the Five Families instead of the Mafia. A couple of things happened when I was a kid ended up in *The Godfather*. One time I once passed guns to my mother across the air from another apartment. My brother had a date with the landlord wanted to throw us out. My father went to some guy and he straightened everything out for us."

Puzo has a massive head on a stocky frame. Behind a mighty paunch he looks like an out-of-control middleweight boxer, and he is usually either on a diet or ending one. "That's an Italian thing," he said. "You know what they say, 'I'm a man with a belly,' meaning a man of power and brains. That's me."

"What happens is Colombo sees everybody flouting the law outrageously, like the black student protesters," he said. "There's a psychological process that goes on in his head. He says to himself, 'I'm better than those guys. Maybe I cut a few corners but I'm a better citizen than they are. They can pull that trick, so can I.' He really thinks he's a better man than Martin Luther King, for instance, or some of those Yuppies who praise peace and free love and all that bullshit. He sees himself as a better family man who loves America more than they do. He probably hasn't read my book because he thinks it's dirty. So he steals a little from a few corners—what's so terrible?"

If crime has made at least a few Mafia millionaires, writing about it has done as well for Puzo. Since its publication in March 1969, *The Godfather* has sold more than a million hard-cover and eight million paperback copies of *The Godfather* have been sold.



of the film rights for a bargain-basement

the film rights on the first 100 pages plus the rest of it," Puzo told me. "I was really hornswoggling Paramount. 500 I got for signing was the most money in my life. My earlier novels, *The Dark* and *The Fortunate Pilgrim*, didn't make any and both of them were really better books than *Godfather*."

received another \$100,000 to do the screenplay having failed to provide what the studio thought four or five rewrites, he walked off in February, leaving it for his collaborator, Francis Ford Coppola, to complete.

There were legitimate differences of opinion," Puzo said, "and there are no hard feelings. What I wanted it up was that after Francis did the script I tried to read the script. I couldn't because I was so sick of the material. I said, 'There's no way I can react to this script.'"

I was not worried about seeing the final version. The director has put his reputation on the line. The only thing I can do is not get in his way, because it's not going to affect my reputation but his. If the picture is a failure, he's got to run for Brazil. He's got Ruddy, they've got to hide out. You know they've got two flops apiece, then they get *The Godfather*, which is like a proven quantity, and if they run that into a hit they've got to be out of business. So I figure, why get in their way, why ruin their chops?

That Hollywood is a funny place," Puzo went on. "I am, on the basis of this book, everywhere I go, I'm known as one of the greatest writers of the Western world. You would think they would do anything to keep me on that picture. They're really not that concerned. They don't want me, if the truth was known. I'm an embarrassment. That's what's really funny."

TWENTY YEARS NOW, ever since the Kefauver hearings of 1951, the Mafia has usually been described in such tabloid terminology as a hood of evil, an invisible empire of crime, a cancer gnawing at the nation's vitals. When the subject is the Mafia, everyone can let himself go. Numbers are said to own skyscrapers, race-track, vast manufacturing enterprises, banks, and large firms. Its annual profits are put in the tens of millions or even billions. One commentator, Professor Donald R. Cressey, in his *Theft Nation*, went so far as to suggest that the reported members of the Mafia were probably millionaires. This school of thought credits the Mafia with the wealth, complexity, and organizational skills of General Motors, and the secrecy, brutality, and amorality of the Russian police.

Recently, however, what might be called the rest theory of Mafiaology has sprung up, and

while not going quite so far as Joe Colombo, who contends that the Mafia is a figment of fevered paranoid minds, it suggests that while Italian-Americans are active in organized crime and probably dominate it in many areas, they by no means exercise a monopoly, and that, in any case, they are merely taking their turn in a procession that began with old-stock Americans. There are already indications that Italian-Americans, who largely replaced the Irish and the Jews in organized crime, are now being replaced in turn by Negroes, particularly in the numbers racket, and by Negroes and Latin-Americans in the immensely lucrative, but dangerous, narcotics trade.

In his influential essay, "Crime As an American Way of Life," Daniel Bell points out that crime has been a ladder of upward social mobility throughout the nation's history. The origins of many great fortunes can be traced to padded public contracts, bribery of public officials, price-fixing, wholesale violence, and the single-minded avarice characteristic of the average Mafia Shylock.

Arguing that the terms Mafia and Cosa Nostra are misleading in that they give an Italian complexion to what is essentially an American activity, Francis A.J. Ianni, in his essay, "The Mafia and the Web of Kinship," notes that there is no evidence that the leaders of the Sicilian Mafia, the Calabrian "Honored Society," or the Neapolitan Camorra joined the wave of immigration to the United States from 1885 to the outbreak of World War I.

"The emergence of Italo-Americans in a dominant role in organized crime is a post-1930 phenomenon," he writes. "The strict diffusionist approach that sees only Mafia in Italo-American crime syndicates must therefore assume that the concept of Mafia lay dormant among southern Italian immigrants for decades and then suddenly emerged as a model to organize Italo-American involvement in crime. Further, it must assume nothing was happening in the acculturative experience of Italo-Americans that allowed them to find better and already proven models in the native American setting. These assumptions do not bear up under analysis."

At the same time, Ianni makes clear that the peculiar strength of the Italian-American criminal syndicates has derived from ties of blood, marriage, and godparenthood, a relationship of great importance among southern Italians.

"For Italians," Ianni writes, "blood is thicker than water and while the organizational form of Mafia disappeared it has left a heritage of kinship which still integrates crime families and characterizes the involvement of Italian-Americans in organized crime."

Of more than sixty Mafiosi identified at the famous "summit conference of crime" at the home of Joseph Barbara in Apalachin, New York, in 1957, Ianni notes "almost half were related by blood or marriage, and even more if godparent-

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Tom Buckley  
THE MAFIA  
TRIES A  
NEW TUNE

hood is included as a kin relationship. At one point, three of the five 'bosses' of New York's 'families'—Carlo Gambino, Vito Genovese and Thomas Lucchese—had children who were intermarried."

Beyond that, there is a growing awareness that the Italian-American syndicates comprise only one layer, which they share, in many parts of the country, with syndicates of other or mixed ethnic derivation, in what is essentially a vertical structure. Without the ready compliance of corrupt police and public officials, such enterprises as bookmaking, policy, loan-sharking, and the importation and distribution of narcotics could not be carried out on a continuing basis, just as without the connivance of corrupt bankers, stockbrokers, and realtors, illicit funds could not be transferred into ostensibly legal enterprises.

By most reckonings, the future of Italian-Ameri-

cans in organized crime is fairly bleak. The raw material, a stream of tough, nothing-to-street-wise ghetto youngsters, has been drying for years now. Of the dons of the golden age who had children, only a few seem to have followed their fathers into the rackets. Most law-enforcement officials agree with Puzo: men like Colombo are hardly the equal of their predecessors.

Meanwhile, the Joe Colombos are finding that the American Dream does not consist merely in laying up treasure in safe-deposit boxes, Swiss bank accounts and owning businesses, apartment buildings through nominees, but being able to buy your wife an Autumn Haze mink without having the Internal Revenue Service going after the box out of the garbage. The most realistic American Dream, after all, may be, I think, as straight as soon as I get mine.

# THE SAME OLD SONG

by  
Everett Harvey

For three years I had been writing newspaper stories (often accompanied by photographs and front-page headlines) unflattering to the various Mafia enterprises on Staten Island. But until the organization of the Italian-American Civil Rights League in the summer of 1970, all of these stories were received with indifference. Not only on the part of the Mafia figures named in the stories, but also on the part of the authorities obliged to enforce the laws against organized crime. (Shortly after the stories began to appear in the *Staten Island Advance*, the local district attorney disbanded the rackets squad.)

Following the organization of the League, however, things began to change. Within a year I had been threatened with death and hung publicly in effigy; two of my daughters were required to travel to school under the escort of police detectives, and one of the paper's delivery trucks was seized and burned, its driver beaten with tire irons. I draw no conclusions, but I remain skeptical of Joseph Colombo's complaints about discrimination against Americans of Italian descent.

I first heard indirectly from the League in the autumn of 1970. Nat Marcone, the president of the organization and a resident of Staten Island, interviewed by another reporter said that unless the paper stopped publishing "scurillous articles," the League membership would cancel 10,000 subscriptions. In January 1971 I wrote a story dealing with a grand jury investigation of the League's records. A segment of those records had fallen into the hands of the FBI during the arrest (on charges of perjury) of Joseph Colombo's chauffeur, Rocco Miraglia. Among other things the records listed the names of forty men identified by the FBI as "button men," i.e., Mafiosi, employed by the five Cosa Nostra families in New York City and its environs.

Two weeks later a delivery truck was burned (an act reminiscent of mob tactics in the Chicago of the 1930s), after the League had established

picket lines around the newspaper office. One of the pickets, a woman granting an interview to television cameras, smilingly displayed an effigy that her son had made of me. Proudly she said, "He thought of it all by himself."

Soon afterward I received a telephone call from Jack Aversa, president of the local office of the League in Oakwood. He wanted to know why *Advance* persisted in publishing articles about people who were trying "to straighten out." I told Aversa that there had been no indication that the gentlemen in question had indeed attempted to straighten out. When I asked him what these people were doing for a legitimate living, or what kind of jobs they held, he said, "I see what you mean. You've answered my question. Thank you."

But on Monday, May 10, at 1:05 P.M., I received another telephone call, this one not as courteous. The man spoke in a menacing but highly emotional voice.

"This is Michael — — —," he said. "I'm a member of the Italian-American Civil Rights League. You son of a bitch, I'm going to kill you." This conversation was recorded on tape.

One of my daughters meanwhile was forced to leave Susan Wagner High School for a few days. She had been subjected to abuse by her fellow students, and the principal had endorsed the circulation within the school of a petition denouncing the articles in the *Advance*. Perhaps it is coincidental that the children of a mob figure (so identified in one of my newspaper stories) attend the school; perhaps it is also coincidental that no such petitions were circulated within the other five schools on Staten Island.

In fairness, I should also say that after the picketing began, the paper received considerable support, mostly from Italian-Americans, supporting its policy toward organized crime. But I cannot but question some of the League's clumsier attempts at public relations.

*In 1968 the Staten Island Advance assigned Everett Harvey, a former government Special Agent turned newspaperman, to write investigative articles about the local Mafia. Over a period of three years Harvey wrote more than fifty front-page stories describing such enterprises as loan-sharking, the concealed ownership of real estate, and the mechanism of mob executions.*



# REMEMBRANCES OF SUMMER

## The seduction of Mrs. Callaghan

DROPS, PEARLS OF SWEAT glistened on the crown of Mrs. Callaghan's upper lip like on the lip of a woman in love, but Mrs. Callaghan wasn't in her passion and wasn't in love. She wasn't even Irish and her husband was dead. She was sweating in the 95-degree heat of a Missouri summer in the dormitory of a boys' home that she had just finished scrubbing the terrazzo floor to her satisfaction.

And she was a beautiful woman to me. Not much over forty, tall, her skin of that pastel umber between cream and olive so that it turned pink like a high colored woman's in the sun and showed white beautiful veins in her hands that would glow in lamplight and a hint, no more, of wrinkles on her forehead, her eyes, her elbows and in unexpecting places where bones join together—her wrists, her ankles when she turned quickly. Long firm legs not a day over eighteen. The pelvis beneath the flesh jutting out on her hips so that her skirt, a peasant skirt gathered all the way around with elastic at the waist, sat high on her arrogant bones. I've thought it over. Sloping hips, the shape and the weight of it low, some-thing to get your hands into. Something of a belly, not too hard enough from the muscles underneath, but of fat, the kind of belly you don't easily pinch from the mound it joins a little way down. Pendulous breasts, the only breasts that were allowed at a boys' home, and I could imagine dark nipples large at night as thumbs. Long feet and slender hands. Fine long head with blue eyes, wide and brown and somehow Mrs. Callaghan were always on the verge of tears. A loose but not a slack mouth, the loose-lipped illusion because the mouth was wider than it was and with a fuller lip. And the lip perpetually measuring my floor.

I haven't cleaned this floor. You can't just sweep around a floor and expect to get away with it. That's just dusting. Look at those corners! I'll show you once how to get into those corners and then I expect you to do them right." She got down on her hands and knees with me in a white peasant blouse that let her breasts show. She worked and showed me herself cleaners, wringing out the rag above the gray floor, the rag spotted with tin like a deep sawed-off log, water running from the rag and gliding down her hands into the pail on a rising melody.

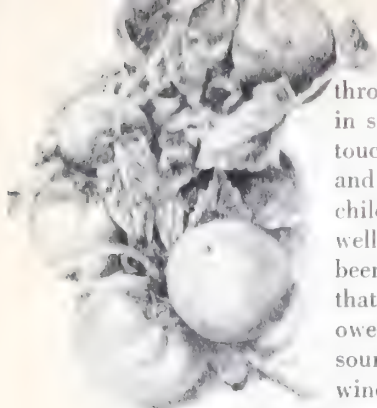
She left the rag dripping and sloshed it into a corner, building a puddle of soapy water to soak away the dirt and old wax. Wringing the rag again drier this time and poked a long finger into it and with the rag mounted happily on the finger poked it into the corner and scraped away the gray wax using one of her sharp fingernails as a scraper. The room contained twelve beds, that big, with wooden chests between each bed marking off each boy's territory, but to clean it she would scrape away a line thin as a fingernail in each corner and then scrape between each line until she had cleaned one of the room's eight or ten corners (the corners formed not only by the four sides of the room but also by the junction of the double frosted-glass doors that led into the hallway and at each side of the two radiators at the ends of the room which coughed up, in the winter, their rust-loaded heat), that scraping as exciting to me, watching her swing and lean, as if she were scraping my back. She flushed now from the effort of scrubbing and scraping in the heat but determined that I would learn how hard I must work if the floor would meet her standards, and determined behind that subterfuge that no lolling orphan who had discovered his first pubic hair only a few months before would loll around her, but knowing also that by descending to the floor with me, sweating with me, scraping away the corners, she had compromised her high purpose beyond salvation. And knowing also that I knew, which, in a dim inexperienced sort of way, I did.

"Now, I want you to do this dormitory over again and do it right. And you'll keep on doing it as far as I'm concerned until it's done the way I want it done."

Tossing her head—limp strands of brown hair against her cheeks with their high Indian bones—in disdain, and stalking—was she barefoot? and did I see the roundness of her heels which would so perfectly fit my hands?—out of the long dormitory to her own room, full of sounds like intimate secrets. I could hardly bear to be in the same building with her; she was safe only within her own room, a room within a room really, an apartment built of purple-brown lacquered redwood in the hall between the two wings of the dormitory, god, a hot-box it must have been in those days before air conditioning, and with two strange windows each opening into the wings of the dormitory covered over with wallpaper yet with ill-fitting cracks which admitted her light into the dormitories at night. We crowded those windows on hot summer nights, peeking through the cracks of light, breathing

*Richard Rhodes lived for six years at a boys' home on a farm near Independence, Missouri. He is a contributing editor of Harper's and the author of The Inland Ground.*





through them, beasts of the night forest watching in silence Snow White, eager if necessary only to touch her long cool feet. Strange creature, mother and beloved, the only thing female in that hard childish forest, eager imagined smells and springs welling from cracks of yellow light that might have been floods of peace and love, one long-boned body that answered our questions, one shape that shadowed absently our staring eyes, one sound upon the sounds of the night that called us like moths to her windows, one shape of sweating curves that fitted our loneliness and filled it out to a dream of presence, of sleep without floors or walls or the edges of beds over which we might forever fall. How could she bathe, how could she breathe, how could she move to her bed and sleep with the gigantic din of our bodies and our urgent eyes thrown against the thin wood of her walls? I never questioned her irritation with us, I understood her constant anger with me, because she must have known the frail barriers between her privacy and our need and must have known that of all those who pressed against her windows at night I pressed most urgently. And she pressed—this was Mrs. Callaghan's exception, the reason she more than any other housemother lives in my imagination now—she pressed back, scraping out my corners with her sharp nails.



## Canning tomatoes

**I**F YOU HAVE FRESH TOMATOES, new potatoes, and sweet corn on your table in Missouri on the Fourth of July you're a good farmer. At the home we canned tomatoes, twenty acres of them (not on the Fourth of July; then we went up the hill at dusk to the superintendent's house and in his backyard fired Roman candles and cones and pinwheels and with sparklers wrote our names fleetingly in the air).

The canning house had been an Army barracks. We got it Army surplus from a camp in the center of the state and hauled it back in pieces on the truck and reassembled it on a new concrete floor we had poured. In the southwest corner of the building stood an eight-burner stove made of black cast iron. Beside it a deep sink. Beside the sink a chicken plucker, a revolving drum with rubber fingers ringing it. Two stainless-steel rendering kettles, double-walled and fed with steam from a boiler outside. Meat hooks on a rail overhead—we also butchered here—and in the center of the building a canning table, a waist-high trough of wood painted white and two wings of wood jutting out from the edges of the trough.

Outside in the sun you walked down the long rows of tomato plants dragging a bushel basket behind you, holding onto one of its wire handles or onto the slatted brim if the handle was gone. Inside the canning house you set your basket beside the others, eight or ten of them at a time,

near the cookstove on which two vast kettles and the boy in charge of scalding them unlashed them into a wire basket and dipped the basket into one of the kettles and timed the scalding. The other kettle on a rack boiled Mason jars. I lifted the basket of scalded tomatoes out of the kettle and carried it to the trough and dumped tomatoes onto the wings, shelves. I stood then with the other boys, and as the tomatoes, red as blood, skins wounded now and peeling, came rolling my way, I picked up the first one in my left hand, holding a paring knife in my right, juggling the tomato to avoid burning my hand, and began to peel it, revealing its velvety meat, the pink juice running down my hands, down my arms, dripping from my elbows, making them itch so that I constantly rubbed them inward to wipe them on my white shirt, staining it red, working in a rapid rhythm, plunging the tomato into the trough, picking up another, peeling it, coring it, molding its plumpness with my hands, remembering its sweet tart taste, smelling its pungent smell of gardens and summer, in love with tomatoes fresh from the garden after the winter canned food, in love with velvety meat sprung from how from black dirt and water and sun. an incredible resurrection that gave us work and food and an unrelenting love, the air its transformer by the shaper, I the lover who peeled its skin and cut off its stem and dropped it into the trough (from there at the open ends, other boys plucked the juice and forced it into the hot jars, capped them with a rubber ring and a glass top, snapped a metal lid over the glass and moved the jars to the shelves where the meat was cooked and the jars sterilized).

And at noon and again in the evening, though we had seen and smelled a universe of tomatoes, now, we sat on baskets turned upside down to sort stools and sorted among the tomatoes fresh from the garden, found the best, the juiciest and the perfectly formed, and, gone mad on tomatoes, covered them with coarse cattle salt and ate one gravely one by one.

## White worms

**I**N THE TERRIBLE HEAT OF SUMMER, amid the dust, I cleaned the chicken roosts with a wire brush. Scraped away the night's accumulation of droppings into piles of gray and brown capped with white, dumped them into a bucket that once held tractor oil. I hated the work, hated the chickens, old hens with milky eyes forever purrting, clucking, calling. Hauled gravelly oyster shell to line their cravens to yellow their yolks, water to plump their

The faucet, outside the door of the chicken house and to the right, rose up waist-high from the ground, a rusted pipe capped by an outlet to a lever that snapped up vertically on. Before the faucet a puddle of leaked water and in that puddle in the terrible heat of summer, white worms



worms fastened, hundreds of them, to the e trunks of time-maddened trees, worms ; asking, always these questions from the nute, dancing questions, they dance their s, worms sprung from cecal slime to accuse, le of insect accusations without regard. ightened me: I knew no insect like them to stand on the cornice of dry earth between dle and the faucet to fill the buckets of water the chickens and stood with whirl-tened head, the puddle deepening to a lake, a, and white worms like deathly fingers ng and knew I would fall, would join that dance, worm in a white wormery, would ... and fro ... to ... and fro, and beckon beckoned. For light? For food? For wind the sway?

y I got gasoline and burned them.

### Ramming time

RAM IN RAMMING TIME we kept penned in t behind the south barn. He waited all day lignity, his legs folded under him in the y the wooden fence, his massive head nod- he quietly panted in the heat.

was grazed in the north pasture. At 4:30 I get them: they waited then at the gate, a herd. I had checked the gates in the lane nd a stick to instruct laggards. I opened the d they surged through, anxious for water . They moved in a crowd through the lane, ng a boy pushing a cart to the north barn. rded again outside the gate to the lot where a stood, on his feet now and alert but no nified than before. I moved him away from e with the stick, opened the gate inward, e ewes trotted in. I closed the gate and l. The ram moved from one ewe to the next, their labia. When he found a ewe in heat nted her skillfully, moved in her briefly and one moment wildly and got off. He mounted es in a row before, dazed now, he contented with sniffing others, with walking among ith resting, his legs folded beneath him, at e beside the fence where he had rested be- I had brought him the evening paper he y would have found spectacles in a pocket in l and read it while the ewes settled before e had painted a solution of red chalk on y, and thus he marked with red rumps the had mounted. They wore their markings , dignified flags the color of brick.

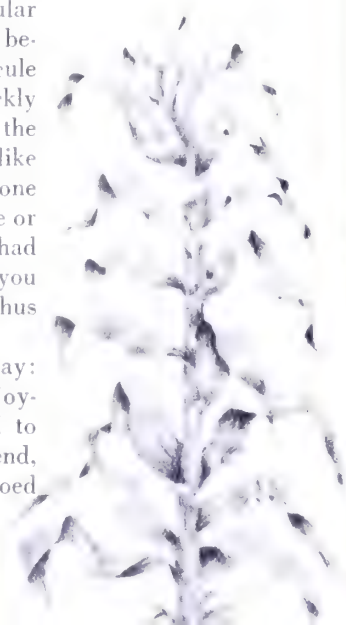
### A noiseless patient spider

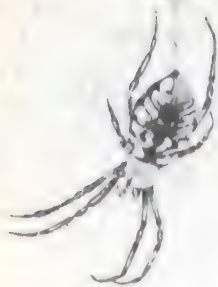
WHEN THERE'S NO OTHER WORK—no radishes to ull, no barns to mend or potatoes to dig, s to slaughter for stew—we hoe field corn. mmer the Sergeant marched us out to the

field. The Sergeant walking on the balls of his feet, light in Army boots, a tall man, rangy, with a long bald forehead and yellow eyes and a thin mouth and that look of insanity that is the birthright or defect of so many Southern men. He could hunker down on his heels like an African and sit there for hours, swaying like grain in a breeze, chewing on a stalk of seed grass and watching us with yellow evil in his eyes, waiting as a dog or an idiot boy waits unminded for the moment to pounce. We marched smartly across the plain downhill dry creek uphill level of the first 40-acre pasture. Billy Denising opened the gate—reaching through the planking to lift the latch on the other side, then lifting the gate off the ground and carrying it back halfway, guarding it with his copper-plated hoe at casual parade rest until we had all marched through, carrying it back then and shifting to the other side and hooking the latch. Then we faced, at the end of a mounded terrace, curving rows of field corn taller than us by half and no green ears yet showing. Modern farmers spray herbicides onto their field corn to retard weeds, but at the home, with such urgent manpower, we cut the weeds by hand as if the tall corn we would shell for cattle feed were some domestic vegetable in a truck garden.

We started at the left, each boy taking a row, the rows half a mile long down a section line but curving with the land, a lesson in touch and feel, a map you could lie on, could walk over. You plunged into your canopied row for a reason: the morning hung cool under the leaves of corn, hung cooler than the sun outside the rows, the dew not yet evaporated from the leaves, and in your white T-shirt and blue jeans and black high-topped work shoes you were already sweating and holding your breath for that cool air. With any breeze at all the leaves of the cornstalks rustled like crowded satin skirts and whispered about your undone appearance between their rows, a reception line you must traverse, torn among alternatives: to go slowly and be cooled by the air trapped under the leaves, to go quickly and find rest at the other end of the row, to leave tall weeds and make better progress but perhaps to be called back to do it over after the Sergeant's regular inspection, to cut all the weeds but risk falling behind the others and hearing the Sergeant's ridicule despite your conscientious effort. To go quickly meant also to be nicked by the knife edges of the leaves of corn, edges not only sharp but serrated like a saw. To go slowly meant finding yourself alone in your row, unable to see the sky or the entrance or the exit, alone with weeds that grew as if they had no shame in rows that had no end so that you would hoe and hoe and hoe, a vegetable Sisyphus in the alien corn.

I chose, as I so often chose, the middle way: fast but not too fast, clean but not too clean, enjoying the cool shaded row but looking forward to flopping down in the wet grass at the other end, keeping up, too, because some of the boys you hoed





with devised contests to see who could get through their rows fastest, and even though the Sergeant wanted to believe in thoroughness (since we were after all there to get rid of the weeds, the weeds that would stunt the corn and decrease the yield), yet he was all-American and believed most fervently in a contest, any contest, a pissing contest if it came to that, so that the boy who did the best job of hoeing but finished last on his row could count on little more than a grudging salute from the Sergeant and a few surreptitious kicks from the other boys. So I chose the middle way. You are usually safe in the middle of a crowd.

And choosing the middle way, I worked at a half-run with my head down, alert to any weeds, my fine new hoe with the square corners adept at weeds, gashing them with its edge and pulling them away, tripping a tall ragweed the way you would trip a man running for his life if you kicked his feet out from under him, the weed coming down with its severed butt and its leafy top hitting the ground at the same time, that something of a private art too, because in the boredom of hoeing you develop art works like that, never chronicled but part of every day for those who devise them, as hitting two ducks with one pass of the double-barreled shotgun is an art form most high for duck hunters, as sewing a regular and fine stitch is an art form most high for those who sew. For me in the cornfield the art form was dropping the weeds in one swift cut and one horizontal fall onto the ground, at a half-run that would get me out of the row and into the lounging crowd in the middle third of the group, safe and inconspicuous.

So I didn't even notice the web until I was almost on top of it, and the huge black and yellow spider had rushed to the middle of it strung between two rows of cornstalks and big as a wagon wheel and thrown herself back and forth to set up a pattern this lumbering monster might see before he—it tore it away. Spiders are always female. This one

I had seen her sisters many times before, watched them weave their beautifully symmetrical nets among the tomato and potato plants—displayed calm benevolence compared to so many smaller and more aggressive spiders I have known (the trapdoor spider the most frantic of them all, peeking out of her lid of sod like a shy workman appearing from under a manhole cover, darting out to catch a passing bug and dragging it back into the manhole or spiderhole as if the entire act violated some church-sponsored public law, as if the spider were in fact kidnapping children from a school yard), and this yellow and black spider patiently building her web in plain daylight, warning all neig'ring insects if they were smart enough to heed the warning that she was setting up shop in the area and expected to welcome a few select customers soon, and now faced with the threat of destruction, her shop and her laces alike to be torn down, a veritable German invasion of her Paris, and she had no intention of defending herself from me, knew better,

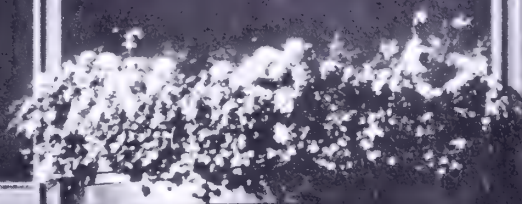
knew me, my god, as a natural force, I bespate myself a whirlwind, an accident of fate avalanche or a falling tree so that a voice have spoken to this plump and graceful saying, *Canst thou tame Leviathan?*—but I would have been merely me, such is the life and the chance of life's violation in the mous and yet enormously minute universe.

So she threw herself back and forth in as if playing with her whole body some giant and I, hearing more than seeing the hum vibration—hearing it first—I looked up and bare inches from my eyes, in the very center of her white web, was the spider herself, plump—so close to my eyes—as a baby, but with the primitive mask of these ordered creatures, the zigzag stripes of yellow on her fur that you find on African but not American mammals and otherwise only on insects and imitated among primitive tribes and called again until man invented the football and the racing car, and looking I froze, not in fear—a wasp I would have feared, his near my face—as in fear mixed with desire. The plump black abdomen that scant inches from my eyes thrust itself back and forth before me from my mechanical work of tripping weeds, to show me that a fellow creature and pregnant and female fellow creature needed attention. And no such appeal—the mare w from the burning barn, the cow down with fever, the woman in childbirth, the firefly her green light, my spider throwing her go unregarded by any male of any species instinct completely interdicts, as it often intelligent response. I saw her belly and I saw her eight legs softened by a fine black and though I feared her as spider, I felt for a male, with shame that I, like so many males many important moments, should have noticed without being told that I would quite violated the business of living represented by web, a business that goes on with different with different equipment, along different thought, and to different and most opposite from the other business, my human but human business of working, of remaking in the image of a machine.

So I jumped back. She was after all a spider. I, immediately upon seeing her a glimpse but realized that she could jump easily to my then I jumped back. Then I broke into fearful of spider, but even then I realized I had done something more in the moment but panic: lusted for a female outside my species and size and time scale and succeeded in resisting destroying her world because I could not except in imagination ever hope to of it. That was growth, the kind summer textbooks and no grade cards and hardly in the world even to remember. My god, experience so much more than we understand.



# STOCKS WITHOUT SIN



The laying up  
of treasure in  
Heaven is not a  
precept that  
comes easily to  
American  
corporations.

by  
Walter Goodman

W INSTALLMENT HAS OPENED in America's  
g-running serial, "The Perils of the Cor-  
" or "Hassling the Fat Cats." The corpora-  
fans scarcely need be reminded, has been  
ted and regulated; divested and diversi-  
tuck and picketed; boycotted, bombed, and  
theorized out of existence in the classroom.  
victed in the courts since it captured the  
agination a century or so ago. From each  
sode it has emerged hale, hearty, and as  
ively inclined as ever.

test assault comes on flying the banner of  
e Responsibility, a slogan that takes in all  
day's great issues—the war in Vietnam,  
and, yes, ecology. Among the attacking  
we can spot that grand old guerrilla  
r Saul Alinsky, who wore down Eastman  
to hiring more unskilled blacks and is now  
on Commonwealth Edison of Chicago; for-  
gressman and U.S. Plywood heir Richard  
, at the controls of a vehicle called Opera-  
ssroots, bent on moving down the New  
lephone Company; and a twenty-nine-year-  
ative named Rodney Shields, who has pur-  
single share of stock in three dozen large

firms and, from these privileged sanctuaries, has  
been firing off socially minded proposals at their  
boards. Hovering benignly over all is the patron  
saint of the movement, Ralph Nader.

Among the companies that have lately felt the  
protestors' sting are A&P (charged with a habit  
of discriminating in hiring and merchandising);  
Honeywell (maker of fragmentation bombs); Pola-  
roid (which sells cameras and film to South Afri-  
cans); Gulf Oil (which has extensive operations in  
Portuguese Angola); the Bank of America (which  
has the misfortune to be centered in California);  
and, most conspicuously, General Motors (whose  
sins are too numerous to be recounted in a paren-  
thesis).

Wherein does the present campaign differ from  
past campaigns? For one thing, it has gone beyond  
such traditional targets as shoddy or unsafe prod-  
ucts and mistreatment of workers to settle on the  
corporations' less pleasant effects on the larger  
society. For another, it has taken to prodding the  
consciences of investors, particularly those who  
handle large amounts of other people's money. The  
new reformers are out to persuade money managers  
for churches, universities, foundations, and pen-

*Mr. Goodman's most  
recent book is A Per-  
centage of the Take. He  
lives in Greenburgh,  
New York, and says he  
owns stock in nothing.*

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SIN

sion funds; investment advisers and mutual fund directors; insurance executives and bankers (*bankers?*) that virtue and profit compel them to the paths of righteousness. The outsiders are attempting to work not merely within the system but at the very heart of it, from whence the fuel is pumped that feeds all the organs and limbs of commerce.

Heading up the intelligence arm of the assault forces is a bright and engaging young woman named Alice Pepper. At the age of twenty-seven, modishly dressed Miss Pepper is founder and director of the Council on Economic Priorities (CEP), whose mission is the collection of facts about suspect industries (facts that vice presidents for public relations are loath to part with) and their dissemination to interested persons to be used as honor dictates and power permits. Despite a title that brings to mind those top-level bodies created by the Secretary of the Treasury which come with trumpets, go in disarray, and leave no mark behind, this Council is on the side of the angels, not the Establishment.

On graduating from Wellesley in the mid-Sixties, with a major in economics, Miss Pepper spent a season on the beaches of Greece before returning to New York to look for a job where she might learn "how business really worked"—her long-run intention being "to go create black capitalism." Simulating a craving to be a securities analyst, she joined a Wall Street investment firm, managed to get registered as a broker, and left after eighteen months, only to find that black capitalism had more ready advisers than prospective entrepreneurs. So she went to work instead for the McCarthy campaign, then moved to Cambridge and found a place with Thomas O'Connell, money managers, where her destiny would find her.

A trustee of a large Boston synagogue, a friend of O'Connell's came to the firm with the request that it put together a portfolio of investments in companies unsullied by participation in the infamous military-industrial complex. Miss Pepper found the assignment to her liking, but ran into problems in trying to carry it out. How, for example, was one to define "military-industrial complex"? Hundreds of firms produce a good or a service that the military buys for some ostensible use. Are they all part of the dread complex—no matter how innocent their contribution or how insignificant a portion it represents of their total business?

And, anyway, where was one to go for information? With time, patience, and sufficient staff, one could immerse oneself in government documents and eventually put together a list of who was selling what to whom. But that was beyond the resources of the O'Connell firm, and there was no direct way to look up, say, the amount of business the Bulova Watch Company did with military agencies. This set Miss Pepper to musing over how much easier the job would be if she had a sort of *Standard & Poor's* or *Moody's* to which she might turn for reliable information on such subjects.

Her musings were sharpened when O'Connell placed an advertisement in the *Sunday New York Times*, offering a "peace-oriented portfolio" for investors who wished to invest \$10,000 or more in companies that did not depend on defense contracts. The ad, "a tiny one," drew 600 responses. Even there were investors out there who were worried about the uses to which their money was being put. "I began thinking . . . this could be a powerful way of affecting corporate decision-making." From these thoughts, and with the advice of acquaintances, \$30,000 from a donor who prefers to remain anonymous, came the Council on Economic Priorities.

USING A COMBINATION of volunteers and finally paid staff and operating out of a small office space in New York and Washington (Sonnabend [Hotel Corporation of America] "What can I do to help?" and gave us a suite at the Mayflower. Unfortunately, the Plaza was booked"), since early 1970, CEP has been publishing a bimonthly *Economic Priorities Report* for a year for corporations and institutional investors for \$25 for individuals. "Chase Manhattan Bank, CIO, National Council of Churches, and Nader all read *Economic Priorities Report* and have a social balance sheet on American corporations."

Its subjects so far have included:

- A listing of 105 companies that produce personnel weapons, published by Harper & Row under the title *Efficiency in Death*. Asked how the title meets her professed aim of objectivity, Miss Pepper explains that the report was originally titled *Manufacturers of Anti-Personnel Weapons*, but the publisher thought it needed "a sexier title." Sident shareholders in Honeywell, listed as having \$250 million worth of contracts for anti-personnel weapons, used the report against management at noisy annual meetings in 1970 and 1971. Miss Pepper says that one mutual fund, unnamed, sold Honeywell stock as a result of the study, and executives at the company are still mulling the implications of it all.

- *Oil Overview*, a report on the petroleum industry's messy record regarding spillage, pollution, the Alaska pipeline, and minority interests, which the conscientious Miss Pepper conceded too weakly researched and too ambitious for its resources.

- A better researched report, with which quite pleased—*Paper Profits: Pollution in the Paper Industry*. It roused a partisan of the industry to call CEP "a bunch of girls running around in miniskirts playing God." Two firms, Owens-Illinois, Inc., and Weyerhaeuser Company, given good marks for anti-pollution efforts. Regis, Potlatch, and Diamond International are at the bottom of the list. In anticipation of the report, Potlatch ran an ad—a picture of a refinery country scene full of clear blue water, over a line: "It cost us a bundle, but the Clearwater



"As it happens, the picture was taken upstream from the Potlatch plant at Idaho, which was heavily polluting both water in its vicinity. Miss Pepper resists from data to judgment: "We're not saying should close down all old plants—that's community to decide. Dislocation has a

ting of 523 corporate contractors for the dochina, giving the total worth of their acts between January 1965 and December their rank by dollar volume—very much of information solicited by that Boston e. Even in this area, where her emotions engaged, Miss Pepper manages to maintain a professional attitude: "It's ridiculous for Union Theological Seminary what their could be—but they need the information." eils on the activities of Chrysler, Ford, and Motors in South Africa.

gh the operation has some distance to go can become self-supporting, the CEP re stimulated a good deal of attention, both gerial press and in investment circles. Miss ready has had an opportunity to learn a vital lesson of American enterprise: what- cause, somebody will figure out a way to ollar from it. She has been consulted by a from the Dreyfus Fund, who are in f developing a new mutual fund, the Drey- l Century Fund, that promises to use as of investment, along with the traditional d-cents criterion, a company's record of ental concern, product safety and purity, rity employment, as well as its contribu- ealth, education, and housing. America's en have never objected to virtue on prin- onditions permit, they are as willing to in- ean air as in dirty air. Miss Pepper, who rtain how close she ought to get to the operation, has also been invited to join the directors of yet another mutual fund ges to rely on social criteria for invest- ould she accept in behalf of CEP? "If we re we being co-opted? If we say no, are we to take on real responsibility? It's a very ision." She has, however, turned down nce company's offer of \$5,000 for a "social f its endeavors, which would presumably ed for promotional purposes.

ow, CEP has new studies in the works: nation's utilities, with emphasis on their ental effects.

ng and promotion in the banking indus- orted by \$2,500 from *Playboy*).

Aide to forty-five big companies, covering ing practices, pollution record, military on, and investments in South Africa.

urvey of U.S. transportation, raising the of which industries would profit and ould lose if federal funds were diverted hways to mass transport.

- A study of the relationship between the companies commissioned to do research and development studies for the Pentagon and the companies selected to build the weapons recommended. ("Is there any self-interest involved in the R&D stage?" asks Miss Pepper with pretended naïveté.)

The areas are amply deserving of attention—though Miss Pepper has no illusions about effecting a transformation of corporate manners: "Does disclosure make anyone behave better? Or does it just make them fudge figures? We try to stay in the real world." Whether the reports will do justice to the subjects depends on their sense of balance; CEP's leader seems to be temperamentally as well as intellectually suited to a cool approach: "What are we to do," she asks, "if we find a manufacturer of war products who has a good record for minority hiring? Suppose he has a factory in a ghetto? Do we want him to shut it down and throw those people out of work? Is it more important that Aerojet-General gives jobs to people in Watts or that they're a major manufacturer of anti-personnel weapons? We can't figure out the relative costs." Pretending to no answers, Miss Pepper sees the job of CEP for the time being as choosing significant areas of research and reporting on them fully and honestly.

That is job enough—but for the money managers whom CEP hopes to reach, particularly the vulnerable ones entrusted with church or university funds, problems remain. Whereas a student at Harvard recommended that his university invest "in companies that have clearly progressive managers and socially useful products or services," such as Xerox, a group at Princeton demanded that their university sell its shares in companies doing business in South Africa, such as Xerox.

Speaking of South Africa, it is argued that U.S. firms ought to have nothing to do with that country because apartheid is an affront to America's policy regarding racial equality. But if national policy is to be the criterion, is it not the duty of loyal companies to support the war in Vietnam with whatever weapons of destruction they can turn out? Dan W. Lufkin, an investment adviser with advanced ideas for his line, suggests that by producing for war, Boeing, whose true interests lay in building commercial aircraft, "sacrificed itself in the national interest." As the chairman of Honeywell put the case at his 1971 annual meeting, "Until our participation in this war is brought to a close . . . we believe the Government has an obligation to provide our armed forces with the equipment they need." Thus, principle demands that Honeywell keep on making fragmentation bombs and rebukes Dow Chemical for getting out of the napalm business.

Moreover, if one is offended by the thought of American firms helping to support the detested custom of apartheid, what about firms that trade with and so help to support the dictatorships of Eastern Europe? Must we boycott Polish hams and picket Pan Am because it has entered into an agreement with Aeroflot? To be sure, left-wing dictatorships

"A fundamental lesson of American enterprise: whatever the cause, somebody will figure out a way to make a dollar from it."

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Goodman  
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no longer trouble reformers very much; the ideologue who gags at Greece can swallow Czechoslovakia. But the argument insists on popping up.

Miss Tepper, no ideologue (she doesn't know what to do about Greece because the military regime seems to be helping the farmers), concedes that it might be useful to publish a list of companies trading with Communist countries and points out that CEP reports on South Africa have dealt not with trade but with U.S. firms that actually run factories there. (On the other hand, it is not enough for the Polaroid Revolutionary Workers Movement [PRWM] that Polaroid, a company with a reputation for social enlightenment, cease selling cameras for South Africa's official identification system; PRWM demands that the firm disengage completely from doing business in the country and turn over its profits from South Africa to South African liberation movements.)

To complicate the matter further, two economists recently pointed out in the *Harvard Business Review* that it is uncertain that anyone could put together an investment portfolio that was not "contaminated in some way by relationships with South Africa." They proceeded to suggest that if the moral, political, and social effects of an investment are brought in as criteria, "a case could be made for avoiding investment in virtually any company."

WHATEVER ONE'S FEELINGS about apartheid, maintain the advocates of corporate conscience (though they do not allow much leeway as to what one *ought* to feel), the question of investing in a country that practices it should not be decided on in corporate boardrooms, at least as now inhabited. America's corporations, they point out, much as Berle and Means pointed out some decades ago and J. K. Galbraith has been doing in his witty fashion ever since, are vastly powerful; their decisions impinge upon all of our lives in a multitude of ways; yet the nation has little direct say in these decisions.

The focus of discontent for the past few years has been General Motors, the biggest corporation of them all. The attack is being directed by a group of young lawyers who call themselves the Project for Corporate Responsibility.

Their effort goes back to the fall of 1969 when they entertained the idea of putting up a well-known candidate for a seat on the board of a well-known company. As Philip Moore, twenty-eight years old, out of Harvard and the University of Chicago Law School, tells the story: "It was to be a symbolic campaign to demonstrate the power corporations have and the responsibilities they ought to have." They considered nominating Wayne Morse to the board of Dow Chemical, John Kenneth Galbraith to AT&T, and Ralph Nader to General Motors. Morse and Galbraith proving otherwise occupied, they settled on Campaign GM. As it turned out, Nader's lawyers advised him not

to muddy his suit against GM by running board; he withdrew his name, though not port. Having purchased twelve of GM's 285 shares of common stock, the campaigners set in getting two proposals onto the proxy ballot by management in preparation for annual meeting. Campaign GM proposed the board be expanded from twenty-three to twenty-five members, the added three to be "representative of the public"—namely, René J. Dubos, the feller University biologist; Channing Phillips, a black Democratic National Committee member in Washington, D.C.; and Betty Furness, an affairs adviser to President Johnson; and a shareholders' committee be delegated to keep an eye on the company's social accounting. "I'm talking about charity," says Moore, who is wearing a hairline and expanding moustache, "able him to pass readily as one of the old generation. 'It's silly to send out unsafe cars and then contribute a million dollars to a safety fund.'"

Management responded in management. In the opinion of GM's Chairman James O. Roche, such proposals represent a challenge to "the system of corporate management in the United States." A booklet celebrating GM's achievements in the public behalf was sent out to stockholders. Institutional investors, who control sizable amounts of stock, were urged to stand with management. Moore describes the GM management as "arrogant and paranoid . . . You mention Ralph Nader and they explode. If they'd been smart, they would have adopted some form of our proposals and been dead."

To no one's surprise, management won. Of Campaign GM's propositions received only one of the vote at the unusually lively annual meeting. A number of institutional investors, such as from Dartmouth, the University of Pennsylvania, and the Rockefeller Foundation gave the Mr. Roche with the warning that they expected to be courageous, wise, compassionate, and enlightened thereafter. Someday soon, they hinted, might put their money where their conviction was. That Chairman Roche and his colleagues were pressed with the response to Campaign GM took clear some months after the annual meeting. Dr. Leon Sullivan, a prominent black activist in Philadelphia, was appointed to the board of a Public Policy Committee of five board members was set up to keep an eye on things like racial discrimination, and unjust wars. "A glorious success," says Moore of his 1970 campaign. "It shook 'em up."

Last spring, Campaign GM, Round II, voted on the issue of "shareholder democracy." Moore of the assault as "part of an enabling process to give voice to Cesar Chavez, George Wiley, Friedan, Jesse Jackson. . . ." He and his bent on maintaining "creative tension," so that proxies sent out by management in the election include the names of board candidates non-



stockholders as well as those nominated by  
agent; that consumers, employees, and car  
each be permitted to nominate one director  
board; that GM be required to disclose in  
report—a classy document famed for its  
information—hard data regarding air-pollu-  
tion, auto safety, minority hiring, and  
other policies.

He expected the proposals to carry at a  
ratio to which management came with proxies  
and record quarterly sales of \$7.8 billion.  
Moore's description of the corporate voting  
as a charade is not hyperbole. Still, propo-  
sals, requiring the disclosure of information,  
designed to make life easy for institutional in-  
vestors. Who could be faulted for voting for so  
much on a principle? Among the big stockholders  
were Campaign GM and its twelve shares on  
it were New York City's pension systems  
(10 shares) and the First Pennsylvania Bank-  
ing Trust Company (more than 500,000  
shares). With their help, the proposal managed to  
win 2.36 per cent of the votes. The other anti-  
management proposals did even worse.

MOST LIKELY SYMPATHIZERS for insurgent  
groups such as Campaign GM continue to be  
schools and universities, institutions which are  
supposed to have a broader perspective than the

ordinary stockholder and are subject to the pres-  
sures of liberal and radical forces on campus and  
in the ministry. However, churches and universi-  
ties have their special functions, which their invest-  
ments are designed to support and enhance. Might  
not the portfolio manager who uses his powers for  
some broad social good rather than for profit be im-  
peding the ability of his school or church to carry  
forward its inimitable works by depriving it of  
needed funds?

To this question, the socially conscious money  
manager may reply with the hopeful proposition  
that "in the long run" firms that behave in a re-  
sponsible manner do better than firms that ignore  
their social responsibilities. David W. Burke,  
spokesman for the Dreyfus Third Century Fund,  
points out that companies such as IBM, Polaroid,  
Xerox, and Johnson & Johnson have been profit-  
able as well as virtuous. His prospectus is careful to  
note: "The Fund does not intend to invest in or hold  
securities of companies merely because those com-  
panies have demonstrated corporate responsibility;  
securities must also be deemed suitable for long-  
range capital appreciation." If, indeed, profit and  
virtue can be made to go hand in hand, even if only  
in the long run, that settles the matter. Every in-  
vestor can have the satisfaction of growing rich  
with an easy conscience. (Over the short term, he  
can take his satisfaction by casting his votes for  
Campaign GM with confidence that he will lose.)

"America's busi-  
nessmen have  
never objected  
to virtue on  
principle; if  
conditions per-  
mit, they are as  
willing to invest  
in clean air as in  
dirty air."



CATHERINE URSILLO

Walter  
Goodman  
STOCKS  
WITHOUT  
SIN

Still, for the sake of argument, what if it should somehow happen that virtuous actions are not rewarded in this life? "I don't notice that DuPont stock has tripled since they announced they're going to spend \$300 million against pollution," remarks a veteran fund manager. Having lately, and belatedly, doubled its anti-pollution budget, the St. Regis Paper Company experienced a 51 per cent decline in profits in the first quarter of this year. Or what if companies that behave in unvirtuous ways make money? "What has been the cost to corporations of discriminating against blacks?" asks Phil Moore as though the answer were evident. Well, the nation is paying for it all right, but was discrimination really all that unprofitable all those years to companies that relied on a supply of low-paid workers to do disagreeable jobs?

A rough study at Princeton University, where students protested against the school's investments in South Africa, indicates that those objectionable stocks had almost a 3 per cent higher average rate of return than other securities in its portfolio. (Incidentally, it would cost Princeton an estimated \$5 million in brokerage fees to get out of South Africa altogether.) In its 1971 proxy statement to General Motors, the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Service of the Protestant Episcopal Church urged that GM wind up its \$125 million of manufacturing activities in South Africa because apartheid "will inevitably lead to turmoil and instability . . . and consequently to the destruction of foreign capital invested there." However, the church went on, GM should get out of South Africa even if it entailed a loss because "only those corporations which conduct themselves in a socially responsible way will be able to survive profitably, in the long run . . ." The Will to Believe survives among Episcopalians. At least it did before GM's annual meeting, where their proposal won 1.29 per cent of the shares voted.

And what of the managers of trust funds and pension funds? Should they be permitted to risk my money in behalf of their principles? The laws governing fiduciary relationships do not encourage experimentation, even for reasons of conscience. The Wall Street rule for persons legally charged with the management of other people's money runs as follows: "Invest funds in a company with the aim of gaining the best financial return with the least financial risk for the trust beneficiaries. If you later come to disagree with the company's management, sell the stock." This rule, we may assume, is used by many trustees to go along mindlessly with management and avoid the wear and tear of decision-making. Nevertheless, there remains a real legal question. David Silver, general counsel of Investment Company Institutes, a trade group, observes, "If a fund sells a share in a company that it thinks is a good investment because it doesn't like its hiring policies in South Africa, there could be a shareholders' suit."

But even if there were no legal problem, might

there not be a moral problem for the trustee? Peter L. Bernstein, chairman of the of Bernstein-Macauley and chairman of the investment policy committee of CBWL-Hayden, confesses that he feels some inner pressure to the funds in his charge in mortgages in many areas, with the prospect of a lower return than might bring elsewhere. But if he should succumb to that small voice, he observes, it will not be he who pays the price, but his clients: "Sorry, fellas, been elected to bear the cost." Why should the particular group suffer this special tax? More Bernstein points out that in a market economy, capital flows not toward profits but toward higher priorities, "we lose a rational measure of how to allocate capital." That, he acknowledges, is one of the limits of a market economy—and awakens in him stirrings of sympathy for radicals who would scrap the whole thing.

Not all investment advisers are as diffident as Bernstein. "We're making moral judgments all the time," Donald Weeden, chairman of Weeden Company, told the *Institutional Investor*. "As individuals, we have been picked for our openness to what's been going on." Now, no of Mr. Weeden, but I don't know any investment adviser whom I would care to have act in my name in any matter except turning a profit—and I am sure about that. The value of these special principles, I believe, lies in their limitations; they only allow themselves to see so much of the world that they become distracted.

Perhaps, though, fund managers might permit investors and let them make their own decisions when confronted by a conflict between profit and principle. Under a recent SEC decision, shareholders can vote on whether fund managers should consider the social policies of a corporation before investing in its stock. During the latest election, around, in May, the Dreyfus Leverage Fund, of 25,000 shares of GM stock, solicited the votes of shareholders on several of the insurgent proposals. In every case, most people voted with management and against the insurgents, who Dreyfus voted its proxy in favor of the proposal requiring GM to publish detailed information on pollution and so forth. "We had to vote for the proposal," explains a fund spokesman, "because we believe in it." Mutual fund democracy?

Aside from the practical aspects of how to vote every time such questions arise, the principle of allowing a cabal of investors to determine the social uses for their cash (along with the interests of investors who may not agree with them about the minorities) promises no great improvement over what now exists. We have heard from the members of Dreyfus. What would be the reaction of a group of plumbers who are asked to sacrifice part of their pension fund in order that some money be put into a marginally profitable company because it practices open hiring? At General Edison's annual meeting in May, executive



to answer questions about what they were defend the environment; the assembled ers applauded speakers from the floor who t Con Edison spend less in the fight against and pay attention to getting a better re-nvestment. Suppose that in a fit of social ness, American Motors should decide to two-year model? And suppose everyone t the company's sales would sink in the ar? How many fund managers would hold shares of American Motors? How many would stay with funds that operated in ic-spirited way?

after all, should one expect selflessness widow dependent on her capital, the father d for his children's education, the specula- ing for gain—all those stock marketeers who it a lifetime trying to make money make We may be certain that any stock whose ps to a tempting low because the Episcopal r a Boston synagogue sells it will be quickly p by investors of all religions who don't t a company does, much less the country does it.

NEED NOT SHARE Milton Friedman's faith he profit system as divinely ordained to nd that it is not going to be changed from within. An apparatus of greed is not ed to require sacrifices of the greedy. No, are not the ones to turn our economy

young people at CEP and the Project for e Responsibility have no illusions on this hey understand that their real hopes for o not rest with boards of directors. "When gets tired of us," says Alice Tepper, "our ness will disappear." The prospect of being of their jobs at an annual meeting does not any corporate officials. What can move iver, is the bad publicity they have been g, at a time when the various citadels of blishment are in nobody's good graces to th. The pressures for change are coming veral directions—including Congress, the echelons of middle management, and the ldren of directors. GM's recent innovations ot to be overvalued, but they cannot be either. "Every time there is a meeting of board," observes an investment manager, rs will have to look into a black face."

ca's corporations can be counted on to ow, as they have adapted before, and we certain that whatever expenses are incurred assed on to the consumer; it is the new-car ho pays for the safety devices that a com- required by law to install. Although any on of government regulation sets off an rning system in corporate boardrooms, and s begin firing off missiles in all directions, es have come to appreciate the advantages

of a federal law applicable to an entire industry. It takes the heat off. It relieves them of the burden of moral choice, of the need to explain to stockholders why they are throwing away money on anti-pollution devices, and of the risk that they may be more principled than their competitors and so put themselves at a price disadvantage in the marketplace.

Corporations have a long record in this country of doing what they are compelled to do, and coming out ahead. To ask more of them under existing circumstances is unrealistic. The new corporate reformers are carrying forward an intelligent campaign, but there is no reason to believe that our corporations will become truly responsible to the citizenry until they are truly controlled by the citizenry. That condition is called socialism. □

"If the moral, political, and social effects of an investment are brought in as criteria, a case could be made for avoiding investment in virtually any company."

### A blameless portfolio

An increasing number of brokerage houses employ analysts to find investments that not only promise the hope of profits but also soothe the conscience of the investor. Whatever the business, there is always the possibility that its products may reach the "military-industrial complex" or pollute the air, water, or soil. The new generation of analysts nevertheless continues to look for investments that serve the interests of both God and Mammon.

Jonathan J. Prinz, a registered representative of CBWL-Hayden Stone Inc., submitted the following list of stocks\* as an example of the kind of portfolio suggested to investors who ask questions about issues other than money. Mr. Prinz is an ordained rabbi who, prior to his arrival on Wall Street, conducted training centers for the hard-core unemployed and helped to found the anti-poverty program in Newark, New Jersey.

American Air Filter

*Manufacturers of air-pollutant-control systems*

H & R Block

*Tax consultants*

Sounderling Broadcasting

*Radio stations serving the black community*

Atico Mortgage Investors SBI

*Real estate investment trust*

Kroger Company

*Retail grocery chain*

Freedom National Bank

*Serving the black community*

Houghton Mifflin

*Publishers of educational books*

Campbell Soup

\*The list does not constitute a recommendation to buy, either on the part of Mr. Prinz or his firm, nor does it indicate that his firm is buying the stocks at any time.

# THE GOLD WHEEL

A black and white line drawing of a boy standing in a garden. The boy is in the center, wearing a sweater and trousers, looking towards the viewer. He is surrounded by various plants, including tall, spiky flowers and leafy bushes. Large trees with dense foliage frame the scene on either side. The entire illustration is enclosed within a rectangular border with rounded corners. This border is itself surrounded by a wide, decorative frame composed of various flowers, leaves, and butterflies, creating a lush, garden-like border around the central image.

It begins in the echoing loneliness of  
with no other children, in the silence of a d  
mother, in the child's head growing strange

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Loren Eiseley. From  
The Night Country by  
Loren Eiseley, sched-  
uled for publication by  
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in November 1971.*



as it prattles over immense and solitary  
The child learns that there are shadows in  
ets and a green darkness behind the close-  
curtains of the parlor. He is aware of a  
light in the basement. He is afraid only of

is the Outside: the bully in the next block  
se house he has to pass to go to school.  
all the things he does not wish to do. It is  
es in which he is pummeled by other chil-  
ig brothers. It is the sharp, demanding  
f adults who snatch his books. Noise is day.  
t of that intolerable sunlight his one pur-  
iven: to escape. Few men have such motiva-  
childhood, few are so constantly seeking for  
hole in the fern where the leaves swing  
hind them. But I anticipate. It is in the mind  
flight commences. It is there that the arc  
y their shadows. It is there, down those  
past unlit houses, that the child runs on

STOOD IN A WIDE FLAT FIELD at sunset. For the  
if of me I can remember no other children  
hem. I must have run away and been play-  
myself until I had wandered to the edge of  
they were older than I, and knew where  
me from and how to get back. I joined  
were not going home. They were going to  
called Green Gulch. They came from some  
art of town and their clothes were rough,  
es worldly and sly. I think, looking back,  
must have been a little like a child following  
home to their hill at nightfall, but nobody  
ed me. Besides, I was very small and did  
w the way home, so I followed them.

ntly we came to some rocks. The place was  
ned. It was a huge pool in a sandstone basin,  
nd dark with the evening over it and the  
ning secretly inward above the water. When  
oked down, you saw the sky. I remember  
ce as it was when we came there. I remember  
et and the green ferns dipping the green  
I remember we played there, innocently at

omeone found the spirit of the place, a huge  
le, asleep in the ferns. They pounded him to  
ith stones on the other side of the pool while  
d on in stupefied horror. I had never seen  
efore.

enly, as I stood there small and uncertain  
ghtened, a grimy, splattered gnome who had  
oping over the turtle stood up with a rock  
and. He looked at me, and around that little  
ome curious evil impulse passed like a wave.  
and drew back. I was alone there. They were  
man.

not know who threw the first stone, who  
d water over my suit, who struck me first,  
who finally among that ring of vicious faces

put me on my feet, dragged me to the roadside,  
pointed, and said roughly, "There's your road, kid.  
Follow the streetlamps. They'll take you home."

They stood in a little group watching me, nervous  
now, ashamed a little at the ferocious pack impulse  
that had swept over them.

I never forgot that moment.

I went because I had to, down that road with the  
wind moving in the fields. I went slowly from one  
spot of light to another and in between I thought  
the things a child thinks so that I did not stop at  
any house nor ask anyone to help me when I came  
to the lighted streets.

I had discovered evil. It was a monstrous and  
corroding knowledge. It could not be told to adults  
because it was the evil of childhood in which no one  
believes. I was alone with it in the dark. And in the  
dark henceforth, in some fashion, I was destined  
to stay until two years later I found the gold wheel.

I played alone in those days, particularly after  
my rejection by the boys who regarded Green Gulch  
as their territory. I took to creeping up alleys and  
peering through hedges. I was not miserable. There  
was a wonderful compensating secrecy about these  
activities. I had little shelters in hedgerows and I  
knew and perfected secret entrances and exits into  
the most amazing worlds.

There was, for example, the Rudd mansion. I  
never saw the inside of it, but I made the discovery  
that, in a stone incinerator back of the house and  
close up to the immense hedge through which I had  
worked a passage, there were often burned toys.  
Apparently the Rudd family lived with great prod-  
igality and cast recklessly away what to me were  
invaluable possessions. I got in the habit of creep-  
ing through the hedge at nightfall and scratching in  
the ashes for bits of construction sets and other little  
treasures which I would bear homeward.

One frosty night in early fall I turned up a gold  
wheel. It was not gold, really, but I pretended it was.  
To me it represented all those things—perhaps in a  
dim way life itself—that are denied by poverty.  
The wheel was grooved to run on a track and it had  
a screw on the hub to enable it to be fitted adjustably  
to an axle. The amalgam of which it was made  
was hard and golden and it had come untouched  
through the incinerator fires. In my childish world  
it was a wonderful object and I haunted the in-  
cinerator for many nights thereafter hoping I might  
secure a second wheel. The flow of toys declined,  
however, and I never found another gold wheel.  
The one I had found became a sort of fetish which  
I carried around with me. I had become very con-  
scious of gold wheels and finally I made up my  
mind to run away upon a pair of them.

**M**Y DECISION CAME ABOUT through the appear-  
ance in our neighborhood of a tea wagon  
which used to stop once or twice a week at the  
house next door. This was not an ordinary delivery  
wagon. It was a neatly enclosed cart and at the rear

Loren Eiseley  
THE  
GOLD WHEEL

beneath a latched door was a little step for the convenience of the driver when he wished to come around in back and secure the packages of tea which he sold.

Two things occupied my attention at once. First, the little footboard was of just the right height and size to permit a small boy to sit upon it and ride away unseen once the driver had taken the reins and seated himself at the front of the cart. In addition, the wheels of the cart were large and long-spoked and painted a bright golden yellow. When the horse broke into a spanking trot, those wheels spun and glittered in the equally golden air of autumn with an irresistible attraction. I had made my decision to launch out into the world upon that rear step. It was not the product of a momentary whim. I studied the habits of the tea man for several days until I knew the moment to run forward and perch upon the step. It never crossed my mind to concern myself with where he was going. Such adult matters happily never troubled me. It was enough to be gone between a pair of spinning golden wheels.

On the appointed day, without provision for the future and with a renewed sublime trust in the permanence of sunshine and all good and golden things, I essayed my first great venture into the outer wilderness. My mother was busy with her dishes in the kitchen. As the tea wagon drew up to the house next door, I loitered by a bush in the front yard. When the driver leapt once more upon his box I swung hastily upon the little step at the rear. There was no flaw in my escape. The horse trotted with increasing speed over the cobbles, the wheels spun on either side of me in the sunshine, and I was off through the city traffic followed by the amused or concerned stares of adults along the street. I jounced and bumped, but my hold was secure. Horseshoes rang and the whole bright world was one glitter of revolving gold. I had never clearly dealt with the problem of what I would do if the driver continued to make stops, but now it appeared such fears were groundless. There were no more stops. The wheels spun faster and faster. We were headed for the open countryside.

It was, I think, the most marvelous ride I shall ever make in this life. I can still hear the pounding echo of the horse's hoofs over wooden bridges. Shafts of light—it was growing cloudy now—moved over the green meadows by the roadside.

I have traversed that road many times since, but the green is faded, the flowers ordinary. On that day, however, we were moving through the kind of eternal light which exists only in the minds of the very young. I remember one other queer thing about that journey: the driver made no impression on my mind at all. I do not recall a cry, a crack of the whip, anything to indicate his genuine presence.

We went clapping steadily down a long hill and up, up against the sky where black clouds were beginning to boil and billow with the threat of an oncoming storm. Far up on that great hill I had a

momentary flash of memory: we were heading for the bishop's house.

The bishop's house, which lay thus well out in the country beside an orphanage, was a huge building of massive stone so well set and timeless that it gave the appearance of having been there since the city was built. I had heard my parents speak of it with a touch of awe in their voices. It had battlements of red granite and around the top ran a black iron fence through which, according to story, only the baptised might pass. Inside, as far as my childish mind was concerned, was another somewhat artificial natural world shut off by hedges.

As we wound higher along the skyline I began to see the ruts in the road wriggle, diverge and converge beneath my dangling feet. It was impossible to see the cause of my position at the rear of the cart any more ahead. The first drops of rain were beginning to make little puffs of dirt in the road and as we slowed to a walk on the drive leading to the gates, the storm caught up to us in a great gust of wind and driving rain.

With scarce a pause the iron gates swung open for the tea wagon. I heard the horseshoes clatter on the stones of the drive as I leaped from my perch on the little step and darted into the safety of the hedge. The thunder from the clouds mingled with the hollow rolling of the wheels, and the creaking of the closing gates before me echoed through my frightened head with a kind of dreadful finality. It was only then in the intermittent flashes of lightning that I realized I was not alone.

In the hedge where I crouched beside the path the gate were many hundreds of brown birds, sitting immovably and still. They paid no attention to me. In fact, they were immersed in a waiting silence so secret and immense that I was much too overawed to disturb them. Instead of dreading this thin world beneath the birds, the storm leaped and flickered as though he were deciding whether to harry us out of our refuge into the rolling domain of the clouds. Today I know the birds were migrating and had sought shelter from exhaustion. On that desolate countryside they came unerringly down upon the thin line of the bishop's hedge.

The tea wagon had unaccountably vanished in the storm after a time grumbled its way slowly into the distance and with equal slowness I crept unwisely out into the wet road and began my long walk home. I felt in the process some obscure sense of loss. It was as though I had been on the verge of some great adventure into another world that had eluded me; the green light had passed away from the fields. I thought once wistfully of the golden gate I had failed to find and which seemed linked to my predicament. I was destined to see it only once in the years that followed—those years in which, slower and slower, dimmed the memories, the fancies and passions of childhood away into the past. Strangely enough, it was at that final time in a moment of violence.



EVENT WAS SIMPLE. There were three of us, med into the seat of a stripped car. We were fifty miles an hour over a stretch of open d, while ahead of us still flashed the white rters of a running antelope. There was no o signs, no warnings. There was only the enceless unrolling plain and that elusive rted beast dancing away before us. river pushed the pedal toward the floor. "can kill him from here," he said, and ges- ward the rifle on my lap. not want to kill him. I looked for a barrier, an obstacle to wheels, something to stop e while it was still fun. I wanted to see that ed animal go over a hedge and vanish, leav- be a little wisp of fur on a thorn to let us had passed unharmed out of our reach. gged and said carefully, indifferently, for the man I rode with, "Why hurry? We'll all right in the end." river grunted and started to shift his weight re upon the pedal. It was just then, in one ke-screaming instant, that I saw the barrier. here and our beast had already cleared it changing his stride. It was the barrier e life and death. he was a gulch five feet wide and maybe eight p coming up to meet us, its edge well hidden rairie grass. As we saw it we struck, the heels colliding and exploding against the e bank. By some freak of pressures we re- there, stunned, the bumper holding us above In that moment, as my head snapped nearly ckness, I saw a loose golden wheel rolling ling on the prairie grass. In my ears there led the thunder of the tea wagon pounding e cobbles and the clang of the bishop's iron the midst of the storm. Then the rumbling d into the distance and I wiped the blood y nose. s gone," someone said stupidly. y my hands against the bent dashboard and y head to clear it. man with the tea wagon?" I asked before I . "The buck," someone answered a long way voice a little thickened. "That buck stepped he ravine like it wasn't there. We damn near l for good. It's like an invisible wall, a line a't see." "Yes," I said. didn't say I had wished for it. I didn't say emembered how the birds sit on those lines a never knew which side the birds were on e they sat so quietly and were waiting. You be a fugitive to know this and to know the ere everywhere—a net running through your is well as the outside world. Someday I would rough the leaves into the open when I should ayed under the hedge with the birds. an effort I lifted the rifle and climbed stiffly oking all around the horizon like a hunter. e, you see, the protective coloring of men. use of the fox—I learned it long ago. □

Augusto Monterroso

## THE RECURRENT SAVIOR

In the Jungle it is known (or should be known) that there have been an infinity of Christs, B.C. and A.D. Whenever one dies another is immediately born who preaches the same as his predecessor and is received according to the ideas that prevail at the time of his arrival—and never understood. They adopt different names and they may belong to any race, country, or creed, since they profess no religion. In each epoch they are rejected; on occasions—the most glorious ones—by violence, be it in the form of cross, stake, gibbet, or ball. This they consider a blessing, as it shortens the term of their mission and they depart assured of the value of their sacrifice. On the other hand, they are saddened by times of "understanding" during which nothing happens to them and they go their way ignored. They prefer active repudiation to passive acceptance, gallows or gunfire to psychiatry or pulpit. What they fear most is to die too old, no longer preaching nor striving to teach those who neither want nor merit guidance: oppressed because they know that like themselves in their turn, someone, somewhere, is anxiously awaiting the moment of their death to enter the world and start all over again.

## THE BLACK SHEEP

In a far-off country many years ago there lived a Black Sheep. They shot him.

A century later, the repentant flock erected an equestrian statue of him, which looked very good in the park.

From then on, every time Black Sheep appeared they were promptly executed so that future generations of common, ordinary sheep could also indulge in sculpture.



*From the book,  
The Black Sheep and Other Fables,  
by Augusto Monterroso.  
Translated from the Spanish  
by Walter F. Bradbury.  
Translation copyright © 1971  
by Doubleday & Company, Inc.*

CAROL ISELIN

# THE NECESSARY AMORALITY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Saints can be pure, but statesmen, alas, must be responsible.

by Arthur  
Schlesinger, Jr.

FOR CENTURIES, theologians have distinguished between just and unjust wars, jurists have propounded rules for international conduct, and moralists have worried whether their own nation's course in foreign affairs was right or wrong. Yet the problem of the relationship between morality and international politics remains perennially unsettled. It is particularly difficult and disturbing for Americans today. The Indochina war was first widely justified on moral grounds and is now widely condemned on moral grounds. Both judgments cannot be right. This contradiction and, even more, of course, the shame and horror of the war must surely compel us to look again at the moral question in its relation to foreign policy.

William James used to say that temperaments determined philosophies. People who respond to international politics divide temperamentally into two schools: those who see policies as wise or foolish, and those (evidently in the majority today) who see them as good or evil. One cannot claim an ultimate metaphysical difference here. No one can escape perceptions of good and evil, and no policy can achieve a total separation of political and moral principles. Nor in the impenetrability of one's heart can one easily know when political motives are moral motives in disguise or when moral motives are political motives in disguise. Still the choice of disguise reveals something about temperament and philosophy.

In this time, when both Right and Left yield with relish to the craving for moral judgment, it may be useful to set forth a minority view. Should—as both supporters and critics of the Indochina war have asserted—overt moral principles decide issues of foreign policy? Required to give a succinct answer, I am obliged to say: as little as possible. If, in the management of foreign affairs, decisions can be made and questions disposed of on other grounds, so much the better. Moral values in international politics—or so, at least, my temperament enjoins me to believe—should be decisive only in questions of last resort. One must add that questions of last resort do exist.

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## Individual vs. state morality

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HOW TO DEFINE RIGHT AND WRONG in dealings among sovereign states? The moralist of foreign affairs relies on the moral code most familiar

to him—the code that governs dealings among individuals. He contends that states should be governed by principles of individual morality. As Woodrow Wilson put it in his address to Congress on the declaration of war in 1917: “We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations as are observed among individual citizens of civilized states.” John F. Dulles said it even more bluntly, or naïvely, in the midst of the second world war: “The broad principles that should govern our international conduct are not obscure. They grow out of the practical teachings of the nations of the simple things Christ taught.”

The argument for the application of moral principles to questions of foreign policy is that there is, or should be, an identity between the morality of individuals and the morality of states. The issues involved here are not easy. Clearly, there are cases in foreign affairs where moral judgments are possible and necessary. But I suggest that there are extreme cases and do not warrant the use of moral criteria in making foreign-policy decisions. It was to expose such indiscriminate moralism that Reinhold Niebuhr wrote *Moral Man and Immoral Society* forty years ago. The passage of time has not weakened the force of his analysis.

Niebuhr insisted on the distinction between the moral behavior of individuals and of social groups. The obligation of the individual was to obey the law of love and sacrifice; “from the viewpoint of the author of an action, unselfishness must be the criterion of the highest morality.” But the state cannot be sacrificial. Governments are not individuals. They are trustees for individuals. Niebuhr quotes Hugh Cecil's argument that unselfishness is inappropriate to the action of a state. No one is right to be unselfish with other people's interests. Alexander Hamilton made the same point in the early years of the American republic: “The morality . . . is not precisely the same between nations as between individuals. The duty of nations to its own welfare the guide of its actions is stronger upon the former than upon the latter. Nations, consisting of millions, and for the most part future generations, are concerned in the present measures of a government; while the consequences of the action of an individual ordinarily terminate in himself, or are circumscribed with a narrow compass.”

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rt, the individual's duty of self-sacrifice  
ation's duty of self-preservation are in con-  
l this makes it impossible to measure the  
nations by a purely individualistic moral-  
Sermon on the Mount," said Churchill,  
ast word in Christian ethics. . . . Still, it is  
those terms that Ministers assume their  
ilities of guiding states." Saints can be  
statesmen must be responsible. As trustees  
s, they must defend interests and compro-  
principles. In politics, practical and prudential  
t must have priority over moral verdicts.

## The indifference of God

NAL SOCIETIES HAVE JOINED, to a consid-  
le degree, individual morality and political  
ss. The moral sense of a community finds  
ent in positive law. But the shift of the  
t from morality to law only strengthens the  
inst the facile intrusion of moral judgment  
ign affairs.

on's law can set down relatively clear stan-  
right and wrong in individual behavior  
it is the product of an imperfect but none-  
uthentic internal moral consensus. Inter-  
life has no such broad or deep moral con-  
it was once hoped that modern technology  
reate a common fund of moral ideas trans-  
the interests of particular nations—common  
of interest, justice, and comity—either  
the revolution in communications would  
eople together through hope of mutual  
inding or because the revolution in weapons  
ring them together through fear of mutual  
ion. Such expectations have been dis-  
id. Until nations come to adopt the same  
tional morality, there can be no world law  
ate the behavior of states. Nor can inter-  
institutions—the League of Nations or the  
Nations—produce by sleight of hand a moral  
as where none exists. World law must ex-  
world community; it cannot create it.

is not to say we cannot discern the rudi-  
f an international consensus. Within limits,  
d has begun to develop standards for con-  
ong nations—defined, for example, in the  
Conventions of 1899 and 1907; in the  
Protocol of 1925 and the Geneva Conven-  
1949; in the Charter and Covenants of the  
Nations; in the Charter, Judgment, and  
es of the Nuremberg Tribunal, and so on.  
cuments outlaw actions that the world has  
eyond the limits of permissible behavior.  
i this restricted area a code emerges that  
moral judgment in international affairs pos-  
to a point. And within its scope this rudi-  
code deserves, and must have, the most  
ing and rigorous enforcement.

ese international rules deal with the limits  
an with the substance of policy. They seek

to prevent abnormalities and excesses in the be-  
havior of states, but they do not offer grounds for  
moral judgment and sanction on normal interna-  
tional transactions (including, it must be sorrow-  
fully said, war itself, so long as war does not  
constitute aggression and so long as the rules of  
warfare are faithfully observed). They may eventu-  
ally promote a world moral consensus. But, for the  
present, national, ideological, ethical, and religious  
divisions remain as bitterly intractable as ever.

Moreover, few problems in international politics  
call for unequivocal ethical approval or disapproval.  
Most foreign-policy decisions are self-evidently mat-  
ters of prudence and maneuver, not of good and evil.  
"I do not think we can conclude," George Kennan  
noted a decade ago, "that it matters greatly to God  
whether the free trade area or the Common Market  
prevails in Europe, whether the British fish or do  
not fish in Icelandic territorial waters, or even  
whether Indians or Pakistani run Kashmir. It might  
matter, but it is hard for us, with our limited vision,  
to know." The raw material of foreign affairs is,  
most of the time, morally neutral or ambiguous.  
In consequence, for the great majority of foreign-  
policy transactions, moral principles cannot be de-  
cisive.

But this is not all. It is not only that moral prin-  
ciples are of limited use in the conduct of foreign  
affairs. It is also that the compulsion to see foreign  
policy in moral terms may have, with the noblest  
of intentions, the most ghastly of consequences.  
The moralization of foreign affairs encourages, for  
example, a misunderstanding of the nature of for-  
eign policy. Moralists tend to prefer symbolic to  
substantive politics. They tend to see foreign policy  
as a means not of influencing events but of regis-  
tering virtuous attitudes. One has only to recall the  
attempt, made variously by Right and by Left, to  
make recognition policy an instrument of ethical  
approval or disapproval.

A deeper trouble is inherent in the very process of  
pronouncing moral judgment on foreign policy. For  
the man who converts conflicts of interest and cir-  
cumstance into conflicts of good and evil necessarily  
invests himself with moral superiority. Those who  
see foreign affairs as made up of questions of right  
and wrong begin by supposing they know better  
than other people what is right for them. The more  
passionately they believe they are right, the more  
likely they are to reject expediency and accommoda-  
tion and seek the final victory of their principles.  
Little has been more pernicious in international po-  
itics than excessive righteousness.

Moral absolutism may strike at any point along  
the political spectrum. From the standpoint of those  
who mistrust self-serving ethical stances, the heirs  
of John Foster Dulles and the disciples of Noam  
Chomsky are equal victims of the same malady.  
Both regard foreign policy as a branch of ethics.  
They end up as mirror images of each other. In the  
process of moral self-aggrandizement, each loses the  
humility which is the heart of human restraint. Sir

Herbert Butterfield, after observing that "moral indignation corrupts the agent who possesses it and is not calculated to reform the man who is the object of it," makes the essential point: "The passing of what purports to be a moral judgment—particularly a judgment which amounts to the assertion that they are worse men than I am—is not merely irrelevant, but actually immoral and harmful." It is "really a demand for an illegitimate form of power. The attachment to it is based on its efficacy as a tactical weapon, its ability to rouse irrational fervour and extraordinary malevolence against some enemy."

Moralism in foreign policy ends up in fanaticism, and the fanatic, as Mr. Dooley put it, "does what he thinks th' Lord wud do if He only knew th' facts in th' case." Abroad it leads to crusades and the extermination of the infidel; at home it perceives mistakes in political judgment as evidence of moral obliquity. The issue becomes not self-delusion or stupidity but criminality and treachery; ferreting out the reprobate as traitors or war criminals becomes the goal. Those who are convinced of their own superior righteousness should recall Chekhov's warning: "You will not become a saint through other people's sins."

### Losing crusades

IF MORAL PRINCIPLES have only limited application to foreign policy, then we are forced to the conclusion that decisions in foreign affairs must generally be taken on other than moralistic grounds. What are these other grounds? I believe that where the embryonic international community cannot regulate dealings among nations, the safest basis for foreign policy lies not in attempts to determine what is right or wrong but in attempts to determine the national interest.

Though the idea is an old and honorable one, "national interest," despite the valiant efforts through the years of Walter Lippmann, George Kennan, and Hans Morgenthau, has become an alarming phrase in America in the 1970s. Mention it before students, and the audience shudders. The words should alarm no one. A moment's thought will show that every nation *must* respond to some sense of its national interest, for a nation that rejects national interest as the mainspring of its policy cannot survive. Without the magnetic compass of national interest, there would be no regularity and predictability in international affairs. George Washington called it "a maxim founded on the universal experience of mankind that no nation is to be trusted farther than it is bound by its interest."

This is not to say that national interest is a self-executing formula providing an automatic answer to every perplexity of foreign affairs. Men can argue endlessly about the content of national interest. One man's national interest may be another man's poison. Still the idea is not totally open-ended. Every nation, for example, has a set of fairly definite

strategic interests. One has only to reflect on the continuities of Russian foreign policy, whether directed by czars or commissars. When one moves to politics and economics, identification of national interest certainly becomes more debatable. Yet even here one notices that nations often preserve, through changes of government and ideology, an impressive amount of continuity. In any case, the idea of national interest provides the focus and framework within which the debate can take place. It is the delusion itself that gives the idea its content and, in a certain sense, its legitimacy.

Obviously a government can take a greedy view of its nation's interest. But an enlightened view of its nation's interest tends to become the dominant motive when there is a disparity of power between nations: thus the history of imperialism. But national interest has a self-limiting factor. It cannot, unless transformed by the injection of moral righteousness, produce ideological crusades for unlimited objectives. Any credible defender of the idea of national interest must concede that other nations have legitimate interests, and this sets bounds on international conflict. "You can compromise interests," Hans Morgenthau reminded us, "but you cannot compromise principles."

This self-limiting factor does not rest only on the perception of other nations' interests. It is also forced by self-correcting tendencies in the international equilibrium which, at least when the disparity of power is not too great, prevent national interests from billowing up into unbridled national egoism. History has shown how often the overweening behavior of an aggressive state leads to counterbalancing action on the part of other states determined to restore a balance of power. This means that uncontrolled national egoism generally turns out to be contrary to long-term national interest. Can it be persuasively held, for example, that Hitler's foreign policy was in the national interest of Germany? The imperialist states of nineteenth-century Europe have generally been forced to revise their notions as time has shown that national interest truly lies. In time this must happen to the Soviet Union and the United States.

National interest, realistically construed, should promote enlightened rather than greedy policy. As a realist like Hamilton said (my emphasis), his aim was not "to recommend a policy absolutely selfish or interested in nations; but to show a policy regulated by their own interest, *as far as justice and good faith permit*, is, and ought to be, their prevailing one." And a realist like Theodore Roosevelt could say: "It is neither wise nor foolish—and may be wicked—to think that nations will disregard theirs. But it is wise for a nation only to regard its own interest, and not to believe that such is the sole motive that governs any other nation. It should be our steady aim to raise the ethical standard of national action, and we strive to raise the ethical standard of individual action."



## Double standard

HAMILTON AND ROOSEVELT thus tempered their conception of national interest with moral considerations because, as realists, they knew that self-assertion at the expense of the value interests of others could lead to national disaster. They did so too, no doubt, because there is something emotionally frustrating about calculating national interest as the basis for decision. Men, we prefer to feel that our actions stem from profound ethical imperatives. The American tradition, in particular, has long objected to the presentation of egoism in the name of altruism. And if one has an honest sense of concern or moral outrage, it seems idle—almost—useless to deny this when supporting or condemning foreign policy. For better or worse, more democratic opinion rebels at the idea of the determination of policy by self-interest. "Let them put it into their heads that a policy is selfish and they will not follow it," A. J. P. Taylor has written. "... A democratic foreign policy has to be idealistic; or at the very least it has to be stated in terms of great general principles." This cynicism. It may well be that there is something among nearly all nations to justify their actions in terms of abstract moral principle is an important tribute to the existence of a world opinion, a latent international consensus. We must all hope will one day be crystallized into institutions. This is what Jefferson had in mind when the Declaration of Independence declared "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" as the point made in a prescient passage in the Federalist:

*Attention to the judgment of other nations is essential to every government for two reasons: the first is, that, independently of the merits of any particular plan or measure, it is desirable, for various accounts, that it should appear to be the offspring of a wise and prudent policy; the second is, that in doubtful cases, particularly where the national councils are warped by some strong passion or momentary interest, the presumed or known opinion of the impartial world may be the best guide to be followed. What has not America lost by want of character with foreign nations; how many errors and follies would she not have avoided, if the justice and propriety of her measures had, in every instance, been previously weighed by the light in which they would probably appear to the unbiased part of mankind?*

an irrespressible propensity to moral judgment in the field of foreign affairs exists. Nor, despite the perils of moral absolutism, is it without value. It may provide an indispensable reminder that all policies are imperfect and all statesmen are capable of self-deception. Indeed, the truly Christian

perspective offers the best antidote to the moralistic fallacy of transforming expedients into absolutes. John C. Bennett tells us of the meeting of a delegation from the World Council of Churches with President Kennedy in 1962. The delegation brought a message to heads of states from the New Delhi Assembly of the Council; a paragraph called for the cessation of nuclear tests. When Kennedy read this passage, he responded by discussing his own dilemma: what should the United States do to assure its own security in view of the resumption of tests by the Soviet Union? Impressed, a member of the delegation said, "Mr. President, if you do resume tests, how can we help you?" Kennedy turned to him and said, "Perhaps you shouldn't." Not all statesmen thus recognize the value of separating ultimate from immediate considerations and of preserving ideals in a world of distasteful compromise; if more did, the world would be spared much trouble.

In addition, there are certain problems in foreign policy with so clear-cut a moral character that moral judgment must control political judgment—questions of war crimes and atrocities, of the nuclear arms race, of colonialism, of racial justice, of world poverty. Some have already been defined in international documents. Others define themselves when the consequences of decision transcend the interests of individual nations and threaten the very future of humanity. Modern weapons technology has notably enlarged the number of problems demanding moral priority, for the nuclear bomb, the ICBM and MIRV, by virtue of their unimaginable powers of indiscriminate destruction, have gone far beyond the limits of prudential decision. Still other essentially moral problems arise when civilized values of tolerance and human dignity are menaced by powerful armed fanaticisms whose victory would abolish intellectual and civil freedom. I have in mind such movements as Nazism and Stalinism.

These moral considerations should be brought to bear upon the idea of national interest, but they should not supersede it. Dr. Bennett in his wise and modest book, *Foreign Policy in Christian Perspective*, has made the proper distinction: "We may say that Christian faith and ethics offer ultimate perspectives, broad criteria, motives, inspirations, sensitivities, warning, moral limits rather than directives for policies and decisions." I cannot think of any recent problem in our foreign policy that could not have been adequately and intelligently disposed of on the grounds of national interest, qualified as Hamilton and Roosevelt would have us qualify it. We are asked to consider such questions as when a nation is justified in using force beyond its frontiers or in providing armed support of or opposition to revolutions in other countries. Plainly such questions cannot be answered by *a priori* moral principles but only by careful case-by-case assessment. Burke long ago pointed out the difference between the statesman and the moralist: "the latter has only a general view of society; the

"Most foreign-policy decisions are self-evidently matters of prudence and maneuver, not of good and evil."

Arthur  
Schlesinger, Jr.  
AMORALITY

former, the statesman, has a number of circumstances to combine with those general ideas, and to take into his consideration. Circumstances are infinite, are infinitely combined, are variable and transient. . . . A statesman, never losing sight of principles, is to be guided by circumstances."

It is through the idea of national interest that moral values enter most effectively into the formation of foreign policy. The moral question arises particularly in a state's observance or nonobservance of its own best standards. Foreign policy is the face a nation wears to the world. If a course in foreign affairs implies moral values incompatible with the ideals of the national community, either the nation will refuse after a time to sustain the policy, or else it must abandon its ideals. A people is in bad trouble when it tries to keep two sets of books—when it holds one scale of values for its internal policy and applies another to its conduct of foreign affairs. The consequent moral schizophrenia is bound to convulse the homeland. This is what happened to France during the Algerian war. It is what is happening to the United States because of the Indochina war.

### Moral slogans, Asian mud

IN ORDER TO CONDEMN THIS horrid conflict it is not necessary to deliver a moral judgment on it. If our policy had been founded on a sober and deliberate calculation of the national interest, we could hardly have sunk so deeply and unthinkingly into a situation where our commitment so far exceeds any rational involvement of that interest or any demonstrable threat to our national security. This is why the analysts who have most consistently invoked the idea of the national interest—Lippmann, Kennan, and Morgenthau—have been skeptical about the Indochinese adventure from the start.

I do not suggest that its advocates did not have a national-interest argument too. This argument in its most sophisticated version was that, with the establishment of nuclear balance between America and Russia, the main source of world instability lay in Third World wars—the kind that Khrushchev called "national liberation" wars in the truculent speech of January 1961 which had so unfortunate an effect on the Kennedy Administration. If the United States proved its ability to deal with such wars, then the world could look forward to an age of peace. Unhappily, this argument assumed that Communist activity everywhere occurred at the behest of and for the benefit of the Soviet Union. It gravely underestimated the strength of national Communism, and it wildly overestimated the capacity of the United States to win guerrilla wars.

Moreover, the argument was thereafter translated into a crude series of political propositions. Our national interest was involved, we were soon given to understand, because the Vietcong and Hanoi were the spearheads of a planned system of Chinese

expansion. Therefore, by fighting in Vietnam we were holding the line against an aggressive China. If we did not fight, we would, like the Germans at Munich, invite further aggression. A billion Chinese armed with nuclear weapons would overrun Asia and turn the world's power permanently in favor of Communist China, a threat to world peace," as Vice President Johnson summed up this fantasy as late as October 1965. "is militant, aggressive Asian communism," headquarters in Peking, China. . . . The North Vietnamese is but the most current and immediate action of militant Asian communism.

The argument that Asian Communism is a monolithic movement run out of Peking was posthumous at the time. It is more preposterous these days of Ping-Pong diplomacy. William Buckley has managed to discover that Nixon's China policy abolishes the strategic argument for the Indochina war.

Since it is painful to charge our nation with stupidity, one must suppose that the analysis was only a secondary motive for our involvement in Indochina. The primary motive seems probable in retrospect, had little to do with national interest at all. It was, rather, a consequence of the belief that moral principles govern decisions of foreign policy. It was our insistence on seeing the civil war in Vietnam as all a moral issue that led us to construe the questions in ethical terms, local questions in terms, and relative questions in absolute terms.

The propensity toward thinking big in foreign policy was implicit in the Wilsonian tradition. The habit of ideological escalation grew in the years of the Cold War. It became rampant in the era of the rigidly Presbyterian Dulles. The Kennedy Administration vacillated between the idealism of the rhetoric of the Inaugural Address and the realism of its own acute sense of the limitations of American power. Then Kennedy was murdered while still in the process of giving American foreign policy new precision and restraint. With his death, moralism triumphed.

Other pressures hastened the Indochinese adventure—above all, the momentum of the military in China, with its institutional conviction that the problems have military solutions; its insatiable desire to try out weapons, tactics, and procedures; and its institutional capacity for self-delusion. The ability of just one more step of escalation to assure military success. Still, the opportunity was seized with such avidity by the military and by those who believed that America was involved on a moral mission—who applauded when President Johnson cried in 1965:

*History and our own achievements have placed upon us the principal responsibility for the promotion of freedom on earth. . . . No other power in no other time has had so great an opportunity to work and risk for the freedom of all man-*



Indochina war was a morality trip, and absolutism was the final stop. As early as the *New York Times* quoted an American who did not like to hit a village. You know you are killing women and children. But you've got to do it at your cause is noble and that the work is done." In this anointed spirit we convince ourselves the world's judge, jury, and executioner did our work in Indochina.

## Grim lessons

MORALISTIC CANT of Presidents Johnson and Nixon helped delude a lot of pilots into supposing they were doing God's work. Unfortunately, by strengthening the national-interest wing of the position to the war, Vietnam seems to have spawned an equally moralistic outburst on the part of its most clamorous critics. Too many people on both sides of the Indochina debate feel they know exactly what the Lord would do if He only knew the facts in the case.

May not these critics, emotional and extravagant as they often are, have a point? Are not even those satisfied to oppose the war as contrary to national interest still obliged to face the question of whether it may not be an immoral as well as a stupid war? I think they are, if we are to extract the full and awful lesson from this debacle.

The answer to the question is yes, it is an immoral war, and it became so, ironically, when our patriotic zeal burst the limitations of national interest: our original presence in South Vietnam hardly immoral, since we were there at the request of the South Vietnam government. Nor does it seem intrinsically contrary to our national interest: conceivably it might have been worth it to commit, say, a few military advisers if this could preserve an intact South Vietnam. But at some point the presence of troops, and the things they were intended to do, began to go beyond the requirements of national interest. This point was almost certainly reached when the decision was taken in early 1965 to send our bombers to North Vietnam and our combat units to South Vietnam, and thus to Americanize the war.

Realists talk about the principle of proportion—the principle that means must have a due moral relationship to ends. The Indochina experience, in my view, what can properly be called an immoral war when the means employed for the destruction wrought grew out of any proportion to the interests involved and the goal sought.

Encouraged by our leaders as to the sublimity of the task, we cast ourselves as saviors of human freedom, unconceived the extremely restricted character of our national stake in Indochina, and, step by step, intensified senseless terror till we stand today as a nation disgraced before the world and before our own posterity.

How will our descendants ever understand the mood in which ordinary GIs, inflamed with the belief that anything Americans did was right, virtuously massacred Indochinese women and children—or in which such crimes were condoned, if not concealed, by the theater command? How will they understand the mood in which some American citizens hailed an hysterical killer as a national hero and proposed that, instead of conviction by a military court-martial, he should receive the Congressional Medal of Honor? How will historians explain national decisions, piously taken by God-fearing men in air-conditioned offices in Washington, that resulted in the detonation over this weak and hapless land of six million tons of explosives—three times as much as we dropped on Germany, Italy, and Japan during the second world war?

For years we averted our eyes from what we were doing in Indochina—from the search-and-destroy missions and the free-fire zones; from the defoliation and the B-52s; from the noncombatants slaughtered; the villages laid waste; the crops and forests destroyed; the refugees, one-third of the population of South Vietnam, huddled in unimaginable squalor; from the free and continuous violations of the laws of war. For years we even refrained from pursuing the question of why we were fighting in Indochina—the question that will mystify future historians as they try to figure out what threat to national security, what involvement of national interest, conceivably justified the longest war in American history, the systematic deception of the American people, and the death of thousands of Americans and hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese.

The Calley trial at last compelled the nation to contemplate these questions. The days of pretending were over. No one can doubt that the ordeal of self-interrogation, however damaging it may be to our self-image and self-illusions, will be profoundly beneficial to our nation. If we have the fortitude to carry this process through, history may conclude that the brave men who died in Vietnam did not altogether die in vain.

At the very least, a full inquiry into the causes and consequences of the war, as recently suggested by the *New Republic*, would force the nation to contemplate the things we must do to provide reparation for our acts and safeguards against their repetition. But such an inquiry, one must trust, will not result in the vindication of the moral approach to foreign policy. One must hope, rather, that it would increase skepticism about moral judgments promiscuously introduced into international politics. One must hope that the Indochina experience will inoculate the nation against the perversion of policy by moralism in the future. An intelligent regard for one's own national interest joined to unremitting respect for the interests of others seems more likely than the invocation of moral absolutes to bring about greater restraint, justice, and peace among nations.

"Moralists tend to see foreign policy as a means not of influencing events but of registering virtuous attitudes."



## “OATES”

*So the days pass, and I ask myself whether one is not hypnotised, as a child by a silver globe, by life; and whether this is living.*

*Virginia Woolf, Diary—28 November 1928*

by Alfred Kazin

SUNDAY NOON ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE in Windsor, Ontario, which is not as far away as you would think. Detroit looms up just across the Detroit River—a concentrated industrial silhouette of piers, storage tanks, factory fronts, dead just now in the frosty February stillness. It's certainly quiet, genteel-quiet in the exquisite little house, on the river, of Professor and Mrs. Raymond Smith, Americans who both teach at the University of Windsor. There's peacefully enveloping snow on the ground all around us, Detroit is in front of you but looks far away, and there's a Mozart symphony on the hi-fi just behind the sofa where Mrs. Smith—Joyce Carol Oates—is enduring the interview.

Obviously the Mozart is a help to a very private person who gamely responds to every question put to her, but who volunteers nothing—not even a smile. She sits beside me on the sofa, taking me in with those extraordinary dark eyes that have been described as “burning in a dove's face.” In her photographs (“I take terrible pictures, don't I?” she says in her schoolgirl voice) those eyes seem almost too large to be natural. But when you finally see her, you realize that she just freezes up before a camera. Her eyes seem friendly enough, are as inquisitive as the rest of her, and just as timid.

She has not been easy to get hold of; no one I know has even met her! And now that I have come to Detroit this Sunday morning, taxied across the International Bridge at Windsor, and am sitting with her in her pretty, proper little house, but listening to her with some difficulty through the Mozart, I realize to my dismay that we are going to exhaust all biographical items related to Joyce Carol Oates, and that I will have no time not to return to New York this very afternoon.

The problem is not only that she is shy, that she doesn't drink or smoke, has no small talk, no juicy anecdotes, no gossip, no malice, no verbiage, no broidery of the slightest kind, and is as solemn as a graduate student taking an oral examination. It is also that we are free-associating questions and she answers so fast that I am rapidly making my way through whatever she *will* talk about. We are going through this a mile a minute, and what she says confirms the sense I get from her fiction of an extraordinary and even tumultuous and complex purely mental existence locked up behind a schoolgirl face, I didn't expect this much of her. I had rather looked forward to a leisurely conversation around at Windsor, at the university where she is an associate professor of English, at “Canada” where it does look straight at Detroit. But Joyce Carol Oates is shy, *very* reserved, and moves as if she has to; she also says things like, “I'm very interesting,” “I'm not much,” “I'm really very ambitious.” *Herself* is not a big issue with

*This is the second in a series of critical biographical histories of contemporary authors that Mr. Kazin is writing. The first, on Walker Percy, appeared in our June issue.*



most fortunate of writers: she has the self-confidence of a writer who has been writes since she was a child, but no ego. What Joyce Carol Oates is important. In Joyce Carol Oates is not exactly here. When I ask about her daily routine, what she would do today, she said with some wonder at my question, "Why, write a story. I have several in my mind now." "And when will you finish it?" "Tomorrow morning." She'd also cook dinner, and do the housework. Doesn't every woman?"

At thirty-three she looks and sounds like an altogether more mature, old-fashioned, altogether proper intellectual from another generation (or country) who is dying to get back to her work. Though she is obviously startled by all the questions she has been getting lately, and is absurdly polite to the middle-aged critic trying to draw from her an extraordinary amount of mental life in a short time. All sorts of filaments are hanging in the air, suggestions for innumerable stories, relationships. She obviously can't wait to get back to her desk.

Coming to her everything goes fast-fast-fast—she is knocking out one story after another as a prolific typewriter. Joyce Carol Oates is a lovely schoolmarm, but her life is in her writing. Her life is all the stories she carries in her head. When I say "carry," I do not mean that she is carrying a story there, thinking it out, "working it out," as writers say, against the day when she will get down to the heart-crushing business of writing it, as writers do, with many cigarettes, cups of coffee, many prayers, shrieks of despair, and curses against fate. *Dollars and cents*, said poor old Herman Melville. *Though I die in this century I should die in this century*. Poor old Joseph Conrad had positively been pushed into his chair. *Every morning, when I wake up, I feel I am on trial for my life and I am definitely not be acquitted.*

It is not the case with not-poor, not-old Joyce Carol Oates. She writes, she is said to write, the way a secretary wrote down the score already written in the composer's head. Mozart was just a secretary! And Joyce Carol Oates, who will begin a story on Sunday, will finish it on Monday, has four—or is it ten?—stories in her mind just now. Her latest novel (at least this is written), *them* (1969), was her first published novel in the past seven years, during which she also published three collections of stories; had two plays produced off-Broadway; published a fifth novel, a book of poems (*amous Sins*), a book on tragedy, and many essays and reviews. She even has two novels in manuscript that she will "probably" publish, for they may get in the way of other novels she is planning to write. In the same matter-of-fact, young-girl voice in which she asks me some wonder at the profusion of manuscripts in her house (she's had to move some of it

to her university office), she says very quietly, without boasting, without any feeling of strangeness, that she's also written stories "taking off" from actual stories by Chekhov and Joyce, and one "taking off" from Thoreau. It is called "Where I Lived and What I Lived For."

In New York, where writers talk about "Oates" without knowledge and without mercy, it is reported that her agent jokingly complained once that as soon as one story went out to a magazine, another came in, thus producing a happy and profitable glut on the literary marketplace. Obviously Joyce Carol Oates leads an altogether austere, hardworking existence straight out of the hard-pressed Thirties in which she was born—a period that haunts her as the great example of the unrelieved social crisis which is her image of America, and which recurs in her novels *A Garden of Earthly Delights* and *them*.

SHE COMES FROM THAT COLORLESS, often frozen and inhospitable lonely country in western New York, outside of Lockport, where her father is a tool-and-die designer. It was only with a New York State Regents' Scholarship and a scholarship from Syracuse University that she was able to go to college. Her frugality, simplicity, and even academic solemnity are what you would expect of a scholarship girl whose father is a blue-collar worker, belongs to the United Automobile Workers, and whose family contains recent immigrant strains in addition to the English "Oates" line. She has a Catholic background. She is going to Europe for the very first time this summer. Even her not smoking and drinking, her partiality to soda pop, her belief in the classroom, remind me of the simpler ideals and routines of working-class families during the Thirties. Her biography on book jackets reads like an application for a job:

...received her elementary education in a one-room schoolhouse and then attended city junior and senior high schools...majored in English and minored in philosophy...class valedictorian...Phi Beta Kappa...on a fellowship from the University of Wisconsin she earned her master's degree in English...at Wisconsin she met her future husband, Raymond Smith, who is a specialist in eighteenth-century literature...Miss Oates's love for writing is almost as old as she is...

Since she writes so easily, she probably has more time for reading than many writers do ("I'm just beginning to read D. H. Lawrence!"), even though she has a full teaching schedule and is obviously a dedicated teacher. "I have three geniuses in my writing class this term." She likes every writer you ask her about. Sitting with her, talking to her rush-rush-rush, seeking out a young woman who will not be sought out, I nevertheless find myself happily looking at and listening to her unbelievable "old-fashionedness." Some of her expressions come

Alfred Kazin  
"OATES"

straight out of the schoolroom of *my* youth: "And when I have written my story, I copy it out *on good paper*." Good paper! This is the way good little girls and boys in public school talked in 1929, before Joyce Carol Oates was born!

But perhaps she isn't a good little girl? Though she has so little vanity that you might think writing is her hobby, I am fascinated by the intense dislike she arouses—perhaps especially among women writers, who would like to put her down as a freak. One reviewer pointedly asked her to stop writing. Another, in a general attack called "Violence in the Head," complained of the story "What Death With Love Should Have To Do" (in the collection *Upon the Sweeping Flood*): "The plot crystallizes the motif of sex and death, a sort of lumpen *Liebestod*, that reappears in the novels. There is an authentic feeling in these stories," wrote Elizabeth Dalton, "for the physical ambience of poverty, for the grease stains, the stale smells, the small decorative objects of plastic. What seems less authentic, however, is the violence itself and the rather programmatic way it is used to resolve every situation. . . ." Miss Dalton said of the first novel, *With Shuddering Fall*: "Through the transparent implausibility of the plot there looms a sado-masochistic fantasy which endows the heroine with tremendous power." She complained of *them*: "One reason for the oddly blank effect of all the horror is the lack of structure and internal impetus in the narrative. Events do not build toward a climax, or accumulate tension and meaning, but seem simply to happen in the random and insignificant way of real life." Another woman writer complained that "Oates is entirely undramatic. Dullsville."

These complaints come more often than not from women, I believe, because Joyce Carol Oates is, more than most women writers, entirely open to social turmoil, to social havoc and turbulence, to the frighteningly undirected and misapplied force of an American powerhouse like Detroit. It is rare to find a woman writer so externally unconcerned with form. After teaching at the University of Detroit from 1962 to 1967, she remarked that Detroit is a city "so transparent, you can hear it ticking." When publishing *them* (which deals with the 1967 eruption of Detroit's blacks) she described Detroit as "all melodrama." She has an instinct for the social menace packed up in Detroit, waiting to explode, that at the end of the nineteenth century Dreiser felt about Chicago and Stephen Crane about New York. The sheer rich chaos of American life, to say nothing of its staggering armies of poor, desperate, outraged, and by no means peaceful people, presses upon her; her fiction, Robert M. Adams has noticed, takes the form of "retrospective nightmare." What Elizabeth Dalton disapprovingly called "violence in the head" expresses, I suspect, Joyce Carol Oates' inability to blink social violence as the language in which a great many "lower class" Americans naturally deal with each other.

So a writer born in 1938 regularly "returns" to

the 1930s in her work. *A Garden of Earthly* begins with the birth on the highway of a worker's child after the truck transporter workers has been in a collision. I would guess Joyce Carol Oates' constant sense of *American* collision, not to overlook characters obsessed without being able to *talk* freely, rubs the wrong way critics who like events toward a climax, or accumulate tension and "ing." Oates is unlike many women writers in feeling for the pressure, mass, density of the American experience not known to the professional middle class. Praising a little-known social by Harriette Arnow, *The Dollmaker*, Oates

*It seems to me that the greatest works of literature deal with the human soul caught in a stampede of time, unable to gauge the proportions of what passes over it, like the characters of Yeats who live through terrifying events who cannot understand them; in this way history passes over most of us. Society is caught in a convulsion, whether of growth or of decay, and ordinary people are destroyed. They cannot, however, understand that they are "destroyed."*

I do not know how applicable this is to *The Dollmaker*, a book I have not read. But this "literature" as silent tragedy is a most illuminating description of what interests Oates in fiction: what she is trying to do in her novels. Her characters seem to move through a world that is physical in its detail, yet they touch us and move us like disembodied souls calling to us from another world; "they live through terrifying events who cannot understand them." This is what makes a new element in our fiction, involuntarily moving. She does not understand why she is doing it. She is "radical" not programmatically but in the sweetly brutal sense of what American experience is really like. She knows that while "history" we save from death, people caught up in the convulsion of society cannot see the meaning of the lives that history will impose. Life as we try to save ourselves as we go, is really the life of other people; hence the many collisions in her work, the couplings that are like collisions, the crash of people against metal and of metal against metal. As Faulkner said, "it's because it happens. Too much happens." People are overpowered by their experience.

Oates is peculiarly and even painfully open to this, selfless in her imagination, so possible for other people that in an author's note to *them* she says of the student who became the "Wendall" of the novel, "Her various problems and complexities overwhelmed me . . . My initial feeling about her life was, 'This must be fiction; it can't be real!' My more permanent feeling was, 'This is the only kind of fiction that is real.' Oates' capacity for becoming one's characters (she has called it "negative capability") makes Oates' novels times impenetrably voluminous historical lives, lives; you feel that you are turning th



hat her world is as harshly overpopulated  
bway, that you cannot distinguish the  
sounds within this clamor of existence.  
other hand, much contemporary fiction by  
s, women and men, is not only peculiarly  
moodily self-assertive, but dominated by  
anxiety that mistakenly traces itself to per-  
ability. There are "Danger" signs now  
ound every personal landscape. Much of  
ary American fiction is based not only  
azingly expansive sense of self that is the  
of middle-class society—"I" means move-  
ney, the ability to take a chance—but  
vulnerability, the risk we take every day  
exposed, totally, to the destructiveness of  
power.

iddle-class American, traditionally expan-  
is estimate of life, now feels peculiarly  
l by "history." He is living a life that is  
tional to be secure. This expresses itself  
en social conflict than as individual anx-  
he anxiety is real enough, and shows itself  
ically American rhetoric of bitterness—to  
ed up so far, yet no longer to feel safe in  
This is why so many women writers now  
perfectly the American complaint that the  
er before so aware of its wants and pos-  
has never felt so betrayed. Women writers  
he spokesmen for the frustration of the  
professional middle class.

s feminine all right, and a woman writer  
sibility can sometimes detour you through  
untry. Her titles—*With Shuddering Fall*,  
*North Gate*, *Upon the Sweeping Flood*, *A*  
*f Earthly Delights*, *The Wheel of Love*—  
en from English Renaissance poems, are  
mically inappropriate to what she writes  
e once told an interviewer from *Cosmo-*  
at she is always writing about love. "The  
of love, probably that's the essence of what  
ng about, and it takes many different  
any different social levels . . . I think I  
ut love in an unconscious way. I look back  
novels I've written, and I say, yes, this  
subject. But at the time I'm writing I'm  
y conscious of that. I'm writing about a  
erson who does this and that and comes  
in end."

he means by love, you notice, is an attrac-  
erson to person so violent that it expresses  
obsession and takes on the quality of  
the emotions of her characters are stark  
truths, like the strength or weakness of  
ly. But she herself is the most intensely  
g lover in her books, as witness the force  
ch she follows so many people through  
ce of their feeling, thinking, moving. She  
obsessive in her patience with the sheer  
of human existence. This evident love for  
e" we Americans make, for the incredible  
of life in America, also troubles Joyce  
ates, I would guess. Every writer knows

himself to be a little crazy, but her feeling of her  
own absurdity is probably intensified by the dream-  
like ease with which her works are produced. It must  
indeed trouble her that this looks like glibness, when  
in point of fact her dogged feeling that she writes  
out of love is based on the fact that she is utterly  
hypnotized, positively drugged, by other people's  
experiences. The social violence so marked in her  
work is like the sheer density of her detail—this and  
this and this is what is happening to people. She is  
attached to life by well-founded apprehensions that  
nothing lasts, nothing is safe, nothing is all around  
us. In *them*, the best of her novels, Maureen Wen-  
dall thinks:

*Maybe the book with her money in it, and the  
money so greedily saved, and the idea of the  
money, maybe these things weren't real either.  
What would happen if everything broke into  
pieces? It was queer how you felt, instinctively,  
that a certain space of time was real and not a  
dream, and you gave your life to it, all your  
energy and faith, believing it to be real. But how  
could you tell what would last and what  
wouldn't? Marriages ended. Love ended. Money  
could be stolen, found out and taken . . . or it  
might disappear by itself, like that secretary's  
notebook. Objects disappeared, slipped through  
cracks, devoured, kicked aside, knocked under  
the bed or into the trash, lost . . . Her clearest  
memory of the men she'd been with was their  
moving away from her. They were all body then,  
completed.*

The details in Oates' fiction follow each other with  
a humble truthfulness that makes you wonder where  
she is taking you, that is sometimes truly disorient-  
ing, for she is all attention to the unconscious re-  
actions of her characters. She needs a lot of space,  
which is why her short stories tend to read like  
scenarios for novels. The amount of concentration  
this involves is certainly very singular, and one can  
well understand the vulnerability, the "reedlike  
thinness," the face and body tense with listening  
that her appearance gives off. My deepest feeling  
about her is that her mind is unbelievably crowded  
with psychic existences, with such a mass of stories  
that she lives by being wholly submissive to "them,"  
the others. She is too burdened by some mysterious  
clamor to *want* to be an artist, to make the right and  
well-fitting structure. "The greatest realities," she  
has said, "are physical and economic; all the subtle-  
ties of life come afterward. Intellectuals have for-  
gotten, or else they never understood, how difficult  
it is to make one's way up from a low economic  
level, to assert one's will in a great crude way. It's  
so difficult. You have to go through it. You have to  
be poor."

Yet admiring her sense of reality, so unpresum-  
ing, honest, and truly exceptional, I have to add  
that the problem of dealing with Oates is that many  
of the things she has written are not artistically  
ambitious enough. They seem written to relieve  
her mind of the people who haunt it, not to create

"This view of 'lit-  
erature' as silent  
tragedy is a  
most illuminat-  
ing description  
of what interests  
Oates in fiction  
and of what she  
is trying to do in  
her novels."

something that will live. So much documentation of the suddenly frightening American situation is indeed a problem in our fiction just now; the age of high and proud art has yielded to the climate of crisis. Oates' many stories resemble a card index of situations; they are not the deeply plotted stories that we return to as perfect little dramas; her novels, though they involve the reader because of the author's intense connection with her material, tend, as incident, to fade out of our minds. Too much happens. Indeed, hers are altogether strange books, haunting rather than "successful," because the mind behind them is primarily concerned with a kind of Darwinian struggle for existence between minds, with the truth of the universal human struggle. We miss the perfectly suggestive shapes that modern art and fiction have taught us to venerate. Oates is perhaps a Cassandra bewitched by her private oracle. But it is not disaster that is most on her mind; it is, rather, the recognition of each person as the center of the coming disturbance. And this disturbance, as Pascal said of divinity, has

its center everywhere and its circumference everywhere.

So her characters are opaque, ungiving, charming; they have the taciturn quality that comes with the kind of people they are—heavy, circumscribed, outside the chatty middle class. They speak in them, but *they* are not articulate. They do not yet feel themselves to be emancipated. They are caught up in the social convulsions, move unheedingly, compulsively, blindly, to the paces assigned to them by the power groups.

That is exactly what Oates' work expresses now: a sense that American life is taking us by the throat. "Too much" is happening and will disappear. Above all, and most ominous, is a world in which our own people, and peasants in Vietnam, get "wasted." There is a constant sense of drift, deterioration, the end of an era that contrasts violently with the era of "high art" and the once-fond belief in immortality. Oates is someone plainly caught up in the "avalanche" of time.

a story by Joyce Carol Oates

## BLOODSTAINS

HE SAT. HE TURNED TO SEE that he was sharing the bench with a young mother who did not glance around at him. The park they were in was a small noisy island around which traffic moved in a continual stream. Aged, listless men sat on other benches—a few women shoppers, pausing to rest, their eyes eagle-bright and their gloved fingers tugging at the straps of shoes or at hemlines—a few children, Negro and white, urchins from the tenement homes a few blocks off this wide main street. Great untidy flocks of pigeons rose and settled again and rose, startled, scattering. Lawrence Pryor looked at everything keenly. He knew that he was out of place here; he had come down from his office because his eleven o'clock appointment had canceled out; he was free for half an hour. The only place to sit had been beside this pretty young mother, who held her baby up to her face and took no interest at all in the pigeons or the chattering

children or Lawrence himself. He was sitting in a patch of sunlight that fell upon him through a narrow channel between two tall buildings, singling him out for a blessing.

All these women shoppers! He watched them cross quickly to the island, and quickly over the other curb, for they rarely had the time to rest. They were in a hurry. Because of them, crossing across the street, traffic was backed up to make right-hand turns. Out of the crowd of shoppers he saw a blond woman appear, walking quickly and confidently. She hurried against a red light as a horn sounded. How American she was, he thought, dressed and sure of herself! Lawrence found himself staring at her, imagining the face that she would reveal itself to him if he were to approach. She was startled and elegant and composed, seeing a face that he was no danger to her, no danger to

She did not cross the little park but t



at led around it. Avoiding the bench-  
he pigeons. Lawrence was disappointed.  
watching her, he saw that the woman  
r—her brisk, impatient walk, her trim  
and, indeed, he knew her well, the  
his own wife! He tapped his jaw with  
his fingers in a gesture of amused sur-  
prise! Beverly! As if acting out embar-  
r an audience, he smiled up toward the  
and when he looked back, his wife was  
rying across the street, moving bravely  
light while buses and taxicabs pressed

his feet to follow her. But an extraordi-  
narian got in front of him, walking quickly.  
small crowd of women shoppers, every-  
ing now that the light had turned green.  
held Lawrence back. The tall man was  
s if to catch up with Beverly. He was  
tall, freakishly tall, with silver-gray hair  
unched around his head in tight little  
k grapes. He wore a dark coat, and on the  
neck there was a vivid red birthmark, a  
shape of a finger. The shoppers moved  
a front of Lawrence, and the tall man  
nce's wife moved into the distance. All  
n made Lawrence feel slightly dizzy.  
end about him was his fanaticism about  
berly complained of this, she worried about  
s proud of it. He was a doctor and his  
ere sacred to him. And so he had better  
er his wife, because she would be alarmed  
out on the street at this time of day, and  
e might be ten or fifteen minutes before  
d et away again. She might want him to  
n with her. She might want him to go into  
her. Better to stay behind, to stay hid-  
watched her disappear—his wife hurry-  
he midst of the city—and he sat down  
ing oddly pleased and excited. He felt as  
ng secret had been revealed to him.

him the young woman was leaning her  
child, whispering. She had a pale, angu-  
illuminated by love, or by the child's  
n face, or by the narrow patch of sunlight  
moving slowly from Lawrence and onto  
den, seen like this, were gifts to men.  
cidered smiling at her. But no, that might  
ike—this was not a city in which people  
ely at one another.

LTMAN CAME INTO THE OFFICE, striding  
rd with his head slightly lowered. Bald,  
orty-five. He had a portly, arrogant body  
othes were always jaunty—today he wore  
ellow necktie that jumped in Lawrence's

hands.

ure you?"

ell. I can't sleep. I never sleep, you know  
man said.

He sat and began to talk. His voice was urgent  
and demanding. As he spoke he shook his head so  
that his cheeks shivered. Altman's wife Connie was  
a friend of Lawrence's wife. It seemed to Lawrence  
that the women in their circle were all close friends:  
in a way they blended into one another. The hus-  
bands, too, seemed to blend into one another. Many  
of them had several lives, but the lives were some-  
how shared. They lived in one dimension but turned  
up in other dimensions—downtown late in the after-  
noon, or in downriver suburbs. Their expensive  
homes and automobiles and boats could not quite  
contain them. Too much energy. Urgent, clicking,  
demanding words. While Altman talked angrily  
about his insomnia and switched onto the com-  
plaints of his wife and then onto the complaints of  
his girl, Lawrence saw again his own wife in the  
distance of his imagination, a dream he had dreamt  
while awake, moving freely and happily along the  
sidewalk of this massive city.

What mystery was in her, this woman he had  
lived with for so long? They had one child, a  
daughter. They had known each other for two  
decades. And yet, seeing her like that, Lawrence  
had been struck by the mystery of her separateness,  
her being. . . .

Altman said in a furious whisper, "I'm going to  
have her followed!"

"Your wife?"

"Eve. *Evelyn*. Twenty-five years old, a baby, and  
she tells me the plans she dreams up! She wants  
me to marry her next year!"

The numerals of Lawrence's watch were green-  
ish-white, glowing up out of a dark face. They were  
supposed to glow in the dark but they glowed in  
the light as well.

"All right," Altman said, seeing Lawrence look  
at his watch, "so I'm wasting your time with this.  
So. Check my heart, my blackened lungs, tap me  
on the back to see if I have echoes inside, to see  
what's hollowed out—I'm a sick man, we both know  
that. Here I am."

In the end Lawrence did as he always did: refill-  
ed Altman's prescription for barbiturates. It was  
for six refills, and Altman would be back again in  
a few weeks.

At the door Altman paused dramatically. His  
white shirt front bulged.

"Why do they keep after me?" he said. "Larry,  
what is it? Why are they always after me? I can't  
sleep at night. I'm planning a trip in my mind but  
when I get up I can't remember it—I don't sleep but  
I don't remember what I think about. Why are  
they always after me, those women? What are they  
doing to me?"

LAWRENCE AND HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER lived in  
a brick home that had been painted white, a  
few blocks from the lake. The house glowed in the  
air of twilight. It had the ghostly weightless look  
of something at the bottom of a lake, made perfect.

## PREPARING TO LEAVE HOME by Jay Wright

Trying to come out of it,  
I see you shutter the windows  
and silently pack my bags.  
Here, at midnight,  
even the rain is hushed.

I am not ready to leave this place,  
and turn toward the wall,  
hoping that you will stop and whisper  
that it has all been called off,  
or that, strangely, I've returned  
without incident,  
without having you sit and shudder  
for my passage.

Outside, I can see  
the last café bring down its metal gate.  
A man in a white hat  
leads a girl over the cobblestones.  
Only one light, at the taxi stand,  
stands off the assault of bugs.  
Only one driver leans on his numbered car.  
Only he and I are awake now,  
and I go with one bag,  
to offer it to him.  
to deliver myself of it,  
to ride unburdened in scented air,  
coffined in the drone of his car,  
moving as if we would glide on water,  
toward other lights,  
where I would deliver up all tickets.

I see no other passenger.  
I hear the dank sound of an empty carriage  
coming toward us, on wheels  
that jingle like horses' bells.

I still hold myself from that other sleep,  
but cannot say, now,  
what sleep I shall enter here.  
My eyes still insist  
that I have not left you here.  
I try to come out of it,  
waiting for your whisper  
to send me again into sleep.  
The melancholy bells repeat themselves.  
I have not prepared.  
I have gone too soon.

It was a place in which Lawrence might have found soundly, as he had never slept in his parents' sized, combative home in Philadelphia. of that life! He had blocked out even the memory of that life.

Behind him in the city were his patients' unhappy memories of his patients. Ten, so twelve hours of ailments—the shame of being of being weak, of uttering words better left unspoken. Office hours were worse than hospital hours. During the day Lawrence's hand turned shy, reluctant, writing out so many prescriptions with his prescribed smile, a forty-year-old man that was in danger of wearing out. His patients had too many faces. They were blotched or impatient or, like Altman's, familiar but distant, demanding something Lawrence could not give and could not understand.

Many of the ailments were imaginary; they existed, yes, but they were imaginary; how could they be?

The telephone was ringing as he entered home. He had the idea that it had been ringing for some time. When he went to answer it in the kitchen, it stopped ringing and he stood with his hand out, a few inches above the receiver, listening to the silence of the house.

**H**IS MOTHER IS COMING TO VISIT, due this morning on the nine-thirty flight from Philadelphia.

Beverly and Edie are going out again; in each other's way by the closet. Edie, thirty years old and taller than her mother, slides her arms angrily into her coat. The coat is khaki and lined with fake wool, years old; Edie will give it up in spite of her mother's pleas. She stands with the evening newspaper, watching the clock. It is six-thirty. "Do you have to go out now?" she says.

"I forgot to get new towels. I wanted to get new towels for your mother, I can't let her use old ones," Beverly says.

"New towels? You're going out now with old towels?"

"Everything is sleazy. It isn't good enough for her."

Beverly's jaws are hardening. Her eyes are bright, alert, restless. Edie is shiny-faced, the most pretty, but always in a hurry, always jumping into things. It is obvious to Lawrence that Beverly and daughter have been arguing about something. Edie knocks against a chair in the foyer and winces up her face. "God!" she winces.

"Did you go shopping downtown today?" Lawrence asks his wife.

She is frowning into her purse, looking for something. "No."

"I thought I saw you."

"Saw me? When?"

"A little before noon."



es at him, closing her purse. There is a  
it look around her eyes, a look Lawrence  
understand. Then she smiles. "Oh, yes, I  
own . . . I just drove down and back,  
some things I couldn't get out here. . . .  
running around all day. I had to pick  
school and take her to the dentist and  
w I have to go out again."

making too much out of it. My mother  
ect you to fuss over her."

akes her head and avoids his eye. He  
he tall, silver-haired man with the birth-  
ying along after her as if to catch up

MOTHER. THE AIRPORT. They have met his  
th like this many times and each time they  
se things; it seems that the same crowds  
airport. His mother begins at once to tell  
of the news at home and she will continue  
of funerals and weddings, births, ill-  
surgery, surprises, all the way home, though  
written him about these things in her  
letters.

lk at this!" she says in disgust. She holds  
nds for them to see her white gloves,  
soiled and even stained with something  
like rust or blood, a very faint red-brown

wish them out for you, Mother," Beverly  
e.

ing is so dirty. Filthy," Lawrence's  
ys.

ls her having said that before.

is mother and his wife talk. Lawrence  
lence. He's happy that his mother is visit-  
She comes often, several times a year.  
has the idea that she blames him for  
Philadelphia and coming to this city of  
where he has no relatives. The letters  
to each other do not seem to express  
death his neat, typed lines, and beneath  
d lines in their lavender ink, there seems  
other dimension, a submerged feeling or  
y that the two of them can only hint at but  
dress.

approaching Lawrence's home. "I like  
," his mother says flatly, as she always  
seems to settle something. Lawrence and  
both feel relieved.

family home had been white also. Now  
his mother lives in an apartment favored  
widows, but for decades of her life she  
house the size of a municipal building.  
ams Lawrence sometimes climbs the stair-  
e third floor, which had been closed off.  
rough the stacks of his father's old medi-  
cines, as he did when he was a child. There  
files of journals. Small towers. He spent  
hours looking through them, fascinated.  
mother's presence in his house, his own

house, makes Lawrence feel a little displaced. It  
seems to him that time is confused. His own age is  
uncertain. But he is a good host to her, helping  
Beverly out; he is gallant to her. After dinner that  
night they look through snapshots, another ritual.  
The snapshots are passed around. Then, leaning  
toward him, in a sudden stiff motion that makes  
him realize how his mother is corseted—his wife,  
also, her body slim and deft but smoothly hard to  
the touch—she hands him a photograph that had  
been taken years ago. That photograph again! It is  
Lawrence, Larry Jr., sitting on a spotted pony at  
some forgotten fair, a rented pony, Lawrence's dark  
hair combed down onto his forehead in a way that  
makes him look like a moron, his stare startled and  
vacuous, his mouth too timid to smile. Lawrence  
stares at the photograph. Why does his mother  
treasure it so much? Why does she always bring  
it along with the more recent snapshots, as if she  
doesn't remember she has shown it to him on her  
last visit?

"Look at that, isn't that darling? A darling boy?"  
she says stubbornly.

Lawrence stares down at his own face, which is  
blank and stark in the photograph. It was a face  
that might have become anything. Any personality  
might have inhabited it. It was so blank, that face—  
anything could inhabit it.

He stands suddenly. His mother and his wife  
stare at him in alarm.

"Larry? What's wrong?" Beverly says.

He passes his hand over his eyes. He sits down  
again.

"Nothing."

"Did you hear something in the house?"

"No. Nothing."

Two evenings later he is driving home when a  
car veers out around him, passing him with its horn  
blaring. The car is filled with kids—boys and girls  
—and he thinks he sees Edie in with them. His  
heart jumps. But he cannot be sure.

When he gets home it is nearly dark. His mother  
kisses him on the side of the face. She is powdery  
and yet hard, a precise, stubborn little woman.  
What do they talk about all day, women? His  
mother and his wife? They are telling him now  
about what they have done today. Their chatter is  
like music, rising in snatches about them, airy and  
incomplete. It never quite completes itself: it has  
to continue.

"Is Edie home yet?" he says.

"No, not yet," says Beverly.

"Where is she?"

"She had something after school—choir prac-  
tice—"

"All this time?"

"No, not all this time. She's probably at some-  
one's house. She'll be home in a few minutes."

"But you don't know where she is?"

"Not exactly. What's wrong? Why are you so  
angry?"

"I'm not angry."

"What she means  
as love is an at-  
traction of per-  
son to person so  
violent that it  
expresses itself  
as obsession and  
takes on the  
quality of fatality."

—Kazin

Joyce Carol  
Oates

## BLOODSTAINS

When she comes in he will find out nothing from her. Nothing. She will move her body jerkily through the kitchen and to the front closet, she will take off her coat, she will sit slouching at dinner and stare down into her plate or stare dutifully up at him, and he will find out nothing about her, nothing. His heart pounds angrily. Once Beverly said of Edie, "She has all that stuff on her face but you should see her neck—she never washes! I could roll the dirt off her neck with my fingers!"

His mother asks him about his day. Did he work hard? Is he tired?

He answers her vaguely, listening for Edie to come in. But when she does come in he will find out nothing from her. His mother switches to another topic—complaints about one of his aunts—and he can't follow her. He is thinking of Edie, then he is thinking of his wife. Then he finds himself thinking of one of his patients, Connie Altman. She wept in his office that morning. "I need something to help me sleep at night. I lie awake thinking. Then in the morning I can't remember what I was thinking about. I'm so nervous, my heart pounds, can you give me something stronger to help me sleep? Everything is running out . . ."

This puzzled him. "What do you mean, everything is running out?"

"There isn't any point. I don't see it. We are all running out, people our age, things are running out of us . . . draining out of us . . . I will have to live out my life in this body . . ."

She is a woman of beauty, very small, with childish wrists and ankles. But her face has begun to harden in the past few years.

"I need something to help me sleep. Please. I know that in the other room *he* is awake. he can't sleep either, it drives me crazy! I prefer the nights he stays out. At least he isn't in the house, lying awake like me, I don't care who he's with . . . I need something to help me sleep, please. I can't stand my thoughts all night long."

**H**IS DAUGHTER'S ROOM. Saturday afternoon. The house is empty for a few hours and he may walk through it, anywhere, because it is his house and all the rooms are his, his property.

Edie's room is piled with clothes, school books, shoes, junk. Two of the three dresser drawers are pulled out. The top of the dresser is cluttered. Lawrence's reflection moves into the mirror and he looks at himself in surprise—is that really him, Dr. Pryor? He is disappointed. He is even a little angry. His soul is neat, neatly defined as the many cards he carries in his wallet, and as neat as the curve of his haircut against his neck; neat as his files at the office and as his car, which he takes pride in. But his body looks untidy—the shirt rumpled, though he has put it on fresh only that morning—his face sallow, edgy, his hands strangely empty. Is that really Dr. Pryor, that man? How has it happened that he must wake in the morning to

this particular face and body, always, this particular human being?

He goes to the dresser, avoiding his own reflection in the mirror, and tugs at the first drawer. A pair of stockings, black tights, wool socks of various colors, filmy, gauzy things. A spool of white thread rolls harmlessly around. He starts to close the drawer and then remembers that it was part of the Good. It is good he remembered that. He opens the second drawer—underclothes of various colors, pink and yellow and green, things jumbled together, releasing to him an air of fresh, clean laundry. He stares into this drawer. What if it falls out? What if the underclothes fall out and he can't get them back in order again? But they are not in order now. Everything is a jumble. He smiles.

He has never come into this room alone before. Never. But being here this afternoon, close to his daughter and yet safe from her fifteen-year-old's curious, sarcastic eye, he feels a little pleased. She is very real to him at this moment. She might be standing close behind him, about to say into one of her greetings—"Hiya, buddy!" or a commonplace remark of hers this past month. He is about to hum into his ear one of her slanting, serious, banal little tunes.

He finds himself looking through the silk of his clothes. Things stick together; there is the smell of minor electricity. He holds up a half-slip of green with tiny white bows on it. Pretty! He likes it pretty. He wants to rub it against his face. But a kind of despair rises in him as he thinks of his daughter and these clothes, his daughter standing around this afternoon at the shopping center with her girlfriends, and these clothes which are now in his possession, here in this room, still a mystery, his having a daughter. He cannot comprehend it. He looks through the drawers, this sense of despair rising strongly in him. Rolled up in a ball, stuck back in a corner of the drawer, are a pair of white underpants. He picks them up. They have several bloodstains, some thick and stiff, almost caked. He stares. What bloodstains? Why here? For a moment he feels a little he thinks nothing. He is not even surprised when it occurs to him that his daughter was ashamed to put these soiled underpants in the wash, that she had meant to wash them herself but had forgotten, and weeks, maybe months have gone by since the blood grown old and hard, the stains impenetrable. . . . she has forgotten about them. . . . He picks up, rolled up, and stuck in the corner of the drawer, a pair of white underpants. . . . forgotten . . .

**H**IS MOTHER IS TALKING with some friends who have dropped in. An ordinary day afternoon. Beverly is handing drinks. In the mirror above the fireplace his reflection shows a bluish-white hair bobs weightlessly. Long candlesticks in holders of silver, on the mantel, wicks perfectly white, never burnt. What



out so earnestly? Lawrence tries to listen, but he is chiding him gently for working so hard. It is a familiar pattern, almost a tune, the one he has heard since his mother's death. He is Dr. Pryor, who works hard. The doctor has done nothing all day except sit at his desk, leafing through medical journals. He has not been able to concentrate on

anything, a friend of many years, is talking in a fanciful manner. He is a stockbroker, a man of himself as a social critic. A short man, with sharp features and lively eyebrows; he is considered a friend of Lawrence's, and yet the two men have never been together, alone together. They always meet at parties, in someone's living room, with other people around.

Lawrence says, "I guarantee you, a vehement hot time will be made for this nation!"

Lawrence has not been able to concentrate on the conversation. He thinks that he may not be able to do so in this minute, this very minute.

Lawrence is sitting around him. It is a ring of concentration, a ring of voices and breaths and bright glances, all revolving him. Like music, the voices do not stop. They pause shrilly; they pause in expectation. Lawrence accepts a drink from his wife, whose face looks oddly brittle. The ice in his glass makes him think of the Arctic—crystal, pure colorless ice and air, where no life can survive. It is impossible, this minute. Impossible to stand with these people. He does not know how strong and yet he understands that it has become impossible, that his body is being pushed to its breaking point, that to contain himself—his mind, his being—would take the strength of a man, not himself.

The minute expands slowly. Nothing happens.

AT THE AIRPORT. The reversal of the meeting of the week: now she is going home. The air is drawn up into it a certain number of people, including his mother among them, and then it will be over. Now there is a rush of words. Things are said. His mother complains bitterly of one of the doctors. Lawrence nods in agreement, embarrassed that he should say these things in front of Beverly—she is a doctor, yes; he will agree to anything. "What do you know? She was never married!" Lawrence's mother says, twisting her mouth. Of Lawrence's father, who died in a boating accident when he was eighteen, she does not ever speak. Lawrence speaks around him, around that solid, serious event, alluding to it with petulant references to his mother's stiff little body. Lawrence's father died alone, alone. He drowned, alone. The boat was capsized and he drowned, alone, with no one to witness the death or to explain it.

Lawrence's mother begins to cry. She will back away from them, crying, and then at a certain point she will stop crying, collecting herself, and she will

promise to telephone them as soon as she lands in Philadelphia. The visit is concluded.

THOUGH IT WAS A WEEKDAY EVENING, they went to Dorothy Clair's art gallery, where a young sculptor was having an opening. Dorothy Clair was a widow some years older than the Pryors, a wealthy woman on the periphery of their social group. It was a champagne opening. Lawrence and his wife were separated, drawn into different groups; Lawrence was not really taking part in the conversation, but he appeared enthusiastic. The champagne went to his head. His mother had stayed with them for nearly a week, the visit had gone well, everything was over. Good. It was a weekday evening but they had gone out as if to reward themselves.

Next to Lawrence there was a piece of sculpture—a single column of metal, with sharp edges. It looked dangerous. A woman seemed about to back into it and Lawrence wondered if he should warn her. He could see his own reflection in its surface, blotchy and comic. All the pieces of sculpture were metallic. Some hung from the ceiling, heavily; others hung from the walls. Great massive hulks—not defined enough to be shapes—squatted on the floor. People drifted around the sculpture, sometimes bumping into it. A woman stooped to disentangle her skirt from some wire, a thick ball of wire that had been sprayed with white paint.

What were these strange forms? They were oppressive to Lawrence. But no one else seemed to be uneasy. He went to examine the wire—it looked like chicken wire—and he could make no sense of it. Elsewhere in the crowded room there were balls of metal that were distorted, like planets wrenched out of shape. Their shiny surfaces reflected a galaxy of human faces, but the faces were not really human. They were cheerful and blatant and flat, as if there were no private depths to them. . . . How they were all chattering away, those faces! No privacy at all, nothing but the facial mask of flesh: no private depths of anguish or darkness or sweetness, nothing. The faces were all talking earnestly to one another.

Lawrence looked for his wife. He saw her across the room, talking to a tall man with silvery hair. It was the man he had seen downtown! Astonished. Lawrence could not move. He stood with his drink in his hand, as metallic and fixed as the pieces of sculpture. These columns punctuated the gallery, each reaching to the ceiling, with flat, shiny surfaces and edges that appeared razor-sharp. They made him think suddenly of the furniture in his parents' house that he had stood up on end, as a child—allowed by his mother to play with the furniture of certain rooms, upending tables and chairs so that he could crawl under them and pretend they were small houses, huts. He had crouched under them, peering out past the legs of tables and chairs. Sometimes his mother had given him a blanket to drape over the piece of furniture.

"She is attached to life by well-founded apprehensions that nothing lasts, nothing is safe, nothing is all around us."

—Kazin

Joyce Carol  
Oates  
BLOODSTAINS

The man with the silver hair turned and Lawrence saw that it was not the stranger from downtown after all—it was someone he'd known for years. Yet he felt no relief. He was still paralyzed. Beverly, not seeing him, was looking around cautiously, nervously. The man was about to drift into another conversation and leave her. He had a big, heavy, handsome head, his silver-gray hair curly and bunched, his face florid and generous and a little too aggressive, too sure of itself. Lawrence felt a sudden dislike for him. And yet he was grateful that he had not become that man—grateful that, in the moment of paralysis and panic, his soul had not flown out of him and into that man, into that other body. It might have happened. Anything might happen!

HE WENT OUT. HE WALKED QUICKLY out of his building and into the midday crowd, in a hurry, and once on the sidewalk he stayed near the curb so that he could walk fast. The day was cold and overcast. He walked several blocks to the end of the street and across the street to the riverfront. There were few people down here, only the most hardy of tourists. No shoppers bothered to come this far. There were no stores here, only concrete and walls and a ferry landing and the water, the grim cold water. He leaned over a railing. He stared down at the lapping water. It was not very clean; there were long streaks of foam in it, as long as six or eight feet, bobbing and curling and twisting like snakes.

The discontent of the past two weeks rose in his mind. What was wrong? What had happened? It had begun on that sunlit day when he'd seen his wife from a distance. His wife. His mother arrived the following morning; they picked her up at the airport as always. And his daughter—there had been something about his daughter as well—but he could not remember. In the dirty, bouncy water he saw Edie's face, grinning up at him. But she did not really see him. There was nothing there. He was alone. He thought in a panic of himself and the river: the fact of being alone like this, with the river a few yards beneath him.

There was a sensation of deadness around his eyes. His eyes had become hardened, crusted over, like crusts of blood; the wounds where eyes had once been. And now they might fall off . . . ? Another face was pushing its way through. He must scratch at the scabs of his eyes and scratch them off, to make way for the new face, digging the crusts of blood away with his nails. He must tear at himself. He must do it now, this minute . . . for at this minute his body could no longer contain itself, it was like a wrestler with superbly developed muscles bursting through his clothing, tearing his clothing with anger and joy!

The river beneath him was a river of souls: the murky, sour, rebellious souls of all the children he had been meant to father, flowing out of him and

helplessly, ferociously downstream. He the water. All of these his children! daughters of his body! He had been meant these thousands, these thousands of souls, and yet he was on the concrete wall against the guardrail, and the children were flowing by him, bouncing, lapping against the abutment, becoming lost.

For some time he stood in silence. His ache. He tried to think of what he must do, planned something? Why had he come down? If he were to drown, perhaps scenes of his past would flash to him. He would see the upturned face again—the clumsy gold-covered chair with curved legs and its gauzy bottom, the space visible through the dark gauze—he would be between the legs again, drawing his knees up to his chest, hiding there, sly and safe. He would see the big house, he would see the piles of magazines he would smell the acrid, lovely odor of the room on the third floor of that house; he would see that room and live out his life there quietly and silently. But perhaps he would fall into the water screaming. He would thresh his arms and legs, would sink at once, screaming—and no one would save him. People might come to gawk, but they would not save him. And perhaps he would see visions, all, no visions, no memories, perhaps it would be a lie about a drowning man living his life in the water. He would see nothing, nothing, he would drown in agony and be washed downstream, lost.

He glanced at his watch. After one.

He hurried back to his office. The receptionist, a pretty Negro woman, chided him for walking in the rain. She took his trench coat from him and hung it up. In the waiting room—he noticed through two partly opened doors—a few people were sitting and had been sitting for a while. He went into his private office. In a few minutes a nurse showed in his first patient of the day, a young man, Herb Altman.

"I'm back a little faster this time but the usual is the usual. Diagnosis the usual," Altman said flatly. He wore a stylish, wide green tie, and there were tiny white streaks in it that Lawrence's vision.

Shaking of hands.

"Maybe somebody should just shoot me, croak, eh?" Altman laughed. "Anyway I'll sleep, Larry. The same damn thing. Give me something strong to help me sleep, eh? And I'll hear about that bastard, that investigator, will you follow Evie? He was a friend of hers! It was he who tipped her off, I fired him and I'm dumb as a post. I believe you me, I think even she and my wife are comparing notes on me and laughing at me. I goddam wonder I can't sleep. Maybe I should shoot, croak, eh? Make things easier for everybody. What's your opinion?"

"Let me do just a routine examination," Lawrence said. "You do look a little agitated



...e: who wants it?

...re of the United States  
...nt: **Toward the Year**  
...ed by Harvey S. Perloff.  
...7.95.

...ad known then what I know  
...So much for the past! We  
...age it.

...alm of science fiction, where  
...exist that will transport us  
...as freely as our spacecraft  
...necessarily spins us into the  
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our fears, and then returning to the present. But we do not know how to deal this way with old civic harms.

**T**he future ought to be ever so much easier to handle than the past or the present. I suspect that if we were required to make an unthinking snap response to some question about what the tomorrows hold in store, many of us would find ourselves with our mouths full of wishes. The present moment is our Aladdin's lamp, intrinsically a piece of old junk but precious with the magic of the potential. Tomorrow: may we be better, may our ship come in, may the war that the vanity of our Presidents and their counselors has cursed us with come to an end. ("Sure," said my village friend. "It's their face and our ass.")

Still, going into the future we ought to be able to take with us what we now know. There seems, though, small enthusiasm for the coming time and for what we as a nation can do there. Our experience of the past decade is reason enough for that. Ten years ago, we thought we stood with President Kennedy at some historic pass, ready to rouse and use and move on with all the huge resources accumulated in the fat and lazy years. Arthur Schlesinger's prophecy, based on cyclical theories of American politics, seemed if anything too tame. He argued that "the Eisenhower epoch, the period of passivity and acquiescence in our national life, was drawing to its natural end, and that a new time—a time of affirmation, progressivism and forward movement—impended." The whole world seemed charged with new energies of possibility. Europe was strong again. Khrushchev was not, after all, Stalin; a Christian was in the Vatican; Africa was bursting into independence; Latin America was ripe for new approaches; China was weak; American racial integration could now really be implemented; slums would disappear; education could boom. America would be the hope of the world, its breadbasket, its treasury, its tutor, its free defender, its model of democracy; and so on. The athletic idealism of youth wanted only a call and a direction; and indeed the

brilliant and the young rushed to Washington for commissions. One squalid little murderer brought it all down.

In a few years, the shining plans themselves seemed to be working backwards, for our destruction. The elite of the universities, of the foundations, of industry, who had rallied to Washington, were now let loose to brazen in the nation's tool shed, fooling a Texas hick, their boss, forging an undeclared war out of lies for the secret vanities of their brainy theories. Had Goldwater been possessed in power by the worst will in the world, he could not have done so much damage to the fiber of America as was done by this wrecking crew of intellectuals. If 1971 is the future of 1961, who wants futures?

No wonder, then, that so many of us would stand still if we could, and be quiet now. All the great schemes for foreign affairs, public housing, educational expansion, racial integration, for our huge once-prosperous technology itself—these plans seem now to have been not merely failures but catastrophically counterproductive. They tore apart the very spirit of the country. The men who managed this now lounge in the pensioned luxury of their disgraceful honors. But for us to lapse into apathy or into futile rage would be to acquiesce in the harm their arrogance dealt us, to linger in the trauma of it. A great narrative of those years will not only let us understand it all, but suffer it again, and thus get free of it.

Not the least of harms accomplished in that ugly decade was that the very idea of rational planning itself became suspect, and not only among the chronically disgruntled or the new romantics. Misgivings of this sort spot the pages of a book devoted to most urgent issues, *The Future of the United States Government*, with its subtitle, *Toward the Year 2000*—a hortatory phrase, almost, as though we required urging, as doubtless we do: *let us go on*. This is the first volume produced by a working group of the Commission on the Year 2000 of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Other volumes will examine Values and Rights, Intellectual Institutions, The Life Cycle, The International System, The Social Impact of the Computer,

Science and Society, Business Institutions. The serious purpose is not, of course, divination. As the chairman of the Commission, Daniel Bell, says, there is no such entity as *the future*. There are many possible futures. The effort of the Commission "is to indicate now the future consequences of present public policy decisions, to anticipate future problems, and to begin the design of alternative solutions so that our society has more options and can make a moral choice, rather than be constrained, as is so often the case when problems descend upon us unnoticed and demand an immediate response."

Still, while dealing more with the portentous than with the oracular, the social scientists and government officials who contributed to this volume are meddling with something like prophecy, and they are wary of recent types of the prophet. Matthew Holden, Jr., Professor of Political Science associated with the Center for the Study of Public Policy and Administration at the University of Wisconsin, tackles the ominous subject of "Achieving Order and Stability: The Future of Black-White Relations." He begins by warning us that there is a danger in "the attitudes of the scientific-technological intellectuals who have made 'systems analysis' a byword in sophisticated political conversation." He is not speaking of their mere errors, such as the grotesque miscalculations of all those computers in the Department of Defense. Rather, these planners create a major new political problem that may actually diminish the effectiveness of our system. They open a serious "empathy gap" between our leaders and those of us who must follow. "This gap reduces the power of leadership to offer strategies and interpretations that large numbers of people will find both comprehensible and persuasive, and thus reduces the capacity of decision makers to provide effective leadership on such pervasive issues as the change in the racial structure of the... government."

A dire warning; and we have had and have now evidence enough of the dangers of allowing such Harvard and MIT Merlins and their apprentices to whisper into powerful ears, to plot a rational course and follow it right down into the pit, damn all faint hearts. Still, and maybe perversely, I find a pleasant reassurance in Professor Holden's articulations, as I do in much of the matter of this volume. It is not that the analyses presented here are cheerful, are any kind of good news; the "present public

policy" here described is more often than not pretty awful. True, some of the participants in this symposium charge their own group with a pervasive and unwarranted optimism. "My colleagues are perceptive," says Harold Orlans, "but at so tragic and uncertain a time, why are they so optimistic?" Because, he supposes, all Americans are optimistic; because intellectuals are bound to have faith in the spirit of reason; because intellectuals, unlike those in rougher trades, are sheltered from personal experience of violence and so underestimate it; because liberals do not want to let the forces of repression know how bad things are; and for these and other reasons, the dominance of intellectuals in our public life, foreseen by Daniel Bell, is to be feared. Like Professor Holden, Mr. Orlans (of the Brookings Institute) knows that relentless reason "can cut the bonds holding us together as readily as those holding us in thrall."

No, it is not optimism that I find interesting in these speculations, nor is it that I have any particular confidence in the prescriptions of these scholars. Frivolous and literary, I think it is fun to read this kind of thing.

The social scientists are more resistant to sheer despondency than our novelists seem to be. In "regular" fiction, the predictive mode is just now rather prominent. Walker Percy's recent *Love in the Ruins* supposes the deserved collapse of our wicked society, and then the survival of a chosen few in primitive and sacramental happiness, tending to the dominant blacks. In the course of its narrative, the book is cheerful enough and humorous, and I do not doubt the author finds the outcome also has these qualities. But there is little for the rest of us in his ruins.

In Doris Lessing's version of catastrophe, a chosen remnant finds salvation through schizophrenia. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., a graduate or dropout of science fiction, seems always to have seen our world, past, present, and future, as a normal disaster area swarming with comical and vicious maniacs. The hero of *Slaughterhouse-Five* achieves peace of mind, otherwise quite unobtainable, through hallucination. Saul Bellow's *Mr. Sammler's Planet* and Mary McCarthy's *Birds of America*, although books very much about the current moment, actually are in the prophetic vein, so much do they seem to issue from another time, so much do their protagonists seem to have fallen through a time warp into the strange

present. They evoke—conjure up in the unflinching intelligence every word—"the future consequences of present public policy." The quences are unanimously gloom far as we humans are concerned have already said farewell to planet. Not only is God dead, McCarthy's hero is informed in but Nature also. There seems say for the future, except to resign since we are all dying, the future a place where we shall be dead

**T**he social scientists of *Tomorrow Year 2000* are too brisk to. They present their future consequences in "scenarios." The term is fantastically sketchy and playacting; their kind of prose at best is as a stage direction—and as uninteresting. The scenario of a terminal disaster nothing to brood about, merely a problem—or, even, merely a statement. No matter how bad it might be, these things can be and succinctly presented. Here Professor Holden's scenarios for the possibilities of racial strife. "In essence," says, "there are five." (Does the simple statement please you? a lot nor some nor few: five.)

(1) By a dynamics of alarm, in which white and frighten each other into success more drastic escalations, one foresee the actual disruption political system as it exists. This could involve the South model, with para-military for white supremacy. (b) A drastic step would be some of territorial separatism of the recently advocated by some nationalists. (c) The most step would, of course, be an adaptation of the Nazi model physical extermination.

(2) At a lower level of coercion could conceive of the systematic development of a plural model, in which two populations would coexist, but in which the tasks of defining black-white relationships and insuring the new of order would rest in the hands of agencies of coercion.

(3) At a still lower level of coercion is the continuation of the "guised" plural society that now... One can envisage a future in which the black Americans year 2000 occupy a position comparable to that of the Polish-Americans in the year 1969.

(4) A still different outcome



lural society—"peaceful"  
with two novel features.  
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that cultural coexistence  
e. Second, the development  
stitutional forms that would  
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ere carried out to the prac-  
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dictated by reality—there  
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element of "community"  
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not cease to exist, but rela-  
o important institutional  
—public or private—  
predicated on racial dis-

inds a low probability for  
blessing of Number Five,  
community; a somewhat lower  
for the nightmare of Num-  
apartheid; some kind of  
ciety seems the most likely  
Blacks will gain political  
all our large cities. Yet this  
small good, he says, unless  
stitutional changes granting  
at least the powers of our  
es. He also sees the addition  
vice-presidents to our na-  
tive branch, among them a  
and then, a further *sine qua*  
rial peace: total domestic dis-  
But surely this kind of  
with the machinery is too  
change ever to be brought  
too minor and mechanical  
to make any difference if it  
ere left, then, so far as I can  
ne only possibility, the one  
said is steadily diminishing  
d: that of the emergence of  
reconciliation who possess  
use a new "empathy." Some-  
one, has always turned up in  
old crises. That is my solution.  
it qualifies me for a chair in  
ence.

artin and Margy Meyerson,  
hancing the Quality of the  
Environment," a comical title  
as the essay certainly does  
might put up more window  
owers. Mr. Meyerson, some-  
or of the Joint Center for  
dies of Harvard and MIT.  
Professor of Urban Develop-  
University of California at  
efore he became a president

of universities, is not cheerful, with his  
partner, about the urban environment,  
nor about those who plan it. "Urban  
experts no longer feel, as they did  
twenty years ago, that drastic inter-  
ference with the urban system can cor-  
rect a drastic problem. For example,  
the programs to eliminate slums not  
only failed to achieve their goals but  
created other problems through the re-  
location of the poor." The Meyersons  
do not seem to suppose that cities can  
just be left alone, but they want to know  
more. Computers will help someday, al-  
though now they can't even figure out  
traffic flow. The ills are clear: "chronic  
congestion, pollution, delapidation and  
slums, fiscal imbalance, regulatory  
stagnation, archaic management sys-  
tems, a dearth of open spaces and re-  
creational opportunities, dreariness of  
outlook, poverty in services. But which  
of these complaints are *critical*...?"  
The Meyersons do not mention the big  
time bomb of racial strife, or the vast  
migrations of the poor into the decayed  
zones of permanent unemployment that  
were once our cities. They want the  
computer to tell them at what point "a  
'normal' per-capita crime rate results in  
an absolute number of crimes so terrify-  
ing that residents stay away from eve-  
ning cultural events."

The truth is, everybody is tired of  
cities. In the transcript of a discussion,  
Harvey S. Perloff, editor of this volume,  
Dean of the School of Architecture and  
Urban Planning at the University of  
California at Los Angeles, remarks,  
"We *could* build great cities today, but  
I don't think we have the will to do  
it..." Such honesty I find tonic, as op-  
posed to more projections of futuristic  
drawings and grandiose nonsense. This  
book is not a blueprint, but neither is  
it a warm sludge of rotted empathies  
such as we feed on in our journalism,  
our public speeches, our gossip. "By  
the time ideas have come into good cur-  
rency," one writer here says, "they no  
longer accurately reflect the state of af-  
fairs." There are ideas here not yet in  
currency. Perhaps most of them don't  
deserve even to live long enough to get  
out of date, but they are ideas.

Herman Kahn is here again to make  
your flesh creep, thinking his freeze-  
dried, unthinkable thoughts. And much,  
much more.

P.M.S. Blackett, President of the  
Royal Society, as quoted in this book:  
"If we only discussed those things about  
which we are knowledgeable, deathly si-  
lence would descend upon the earth." □

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/AUGUST 1971



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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

### Nonfiction

**A Special Rage**, by Gilbert Moore. Harper & Row, \$6.95.

On October 28, 1967, a police radio broadcast went out to all police cars in West Oakland: *Be on the lookout for two male Negroes of any type riding in any vehicles.* A policeman, John Frey, had been shot, and the police were looking for Huey Newton, "one of the Black Panthers," and an unidentified Negro male. It did not matter much to the Oakland police which "two male Negroes" they caught in their dragnet. They knew, if the public did not, that every black man was potentially a Panther.

What Gilbert Moore does in *A Special Rage* is to bring us into the soul of an intelligent thirty-five-year-old black man who finds himself inexorably drawn to the power, the rhetoric, of Black Pantherism. It is not that Moore's life was shadowed by pain and anger. By his own admission, he has been "driven to physical violence three times in life. I was in grade school when it happened last." Yet he finds that he and Eldridge Cleaver have more in common than color or national origin. And it is the delineating of those emotional bonds that makes this book so compelling.

The author, a "special black," goes to California on a *Life* assignment to write a story on the Black Panthers. He carries with him his logic and his lucidity, his trappings of black bourgeois success. But he finds that he cannot simultaneously satisfy *Life's* editors and do the Panthers even passing justice. And so he stays in California hounded by a story that will not write itself. His assignment becomes an albatross, and he finds that he must ease the

weight by covering the trial of the kingpin, the mythmaker, the founder of the Black Panther party, Huey P. Newton. Moore's detailing of that trial is first-rate reportage. Look at the antagonists: Monroe Friedman, the presiding judge with "the myopia of an aging beagle"; Charles Garry, the emotional Panther defense lawyer whose "cock-robin swing of his broad shoulders" shows his elation as easily as despair registers on his face; Lowell Jensen, the prosecuting attorney, whose precision and persuasiveness make Moore feel "the noose tightening around Huey Newton's neck." And the defendant, Huey Newton, handsome and brilliant, relishing his chance to lecture the court on "the historical context of the black liberation struggle."

When Newton is found guilty of voluntary manslaughter, Oakland does not explode because no one is sure who won: the police or the radical/black coalition. Moore, his reportorial instincts honed, goes one year later to visit David Harper, the young black foreman of the jury who is now the president of a new black bank in Detroit. And although Harper's life is far removed from the noisome ghettos, one glimpses what the Panthers mean when they insist they be tried by their peers, by those who have more than gazed on their pain.

Why should one read another book on the Black Panthers when publishers have already coughed up reams of words that shed little light on the humanity of men who, in refusing to be scorned, came to be feared? Well, because this book carries us beyond rhetoric and into the guts of the author, who bares the ambiguity of his life: he can never be a Black Panther because fear stalks him as much as any man, yet his

encounter with the Panthers and America has left him forever changed. Now, he says, "alert in part me, part Panther, part me." Gilbert Moore has, it appears, himself.

**On Instructions of My Command**, by Pierre Salinger. Doubleday, \$6.95.

This strictly contemporary political suspense novel with national implications has had a quiet, tense flourishing—back at least *Ugly American*—and it still has the intelligent, compassionate A diplomat, or "expert," frustrates Washington's stupidity and heart. In the thirteen years since the era of Eisenhower and Burdick, the Inside-Security department, Inside-White House, Embassy, Inside-Foreign Aid, this adventure novel has swept in the hearts of readers for novelists who know enough about politics to write convincingly and have the talent for suspenseful intrigue. From them the reader gets a sophisticated view of the world revolution going on today. And since we Americans have been such simpletons, this cannot be to the good.

Pierre Salinger (like J. K. Galbraith who made his try at the form in *Triumph*) has had very special life experience, uniquely enhanced by a confidential relation with President John F. Kennedy. This, his first published novel, takes its title from a letter written by the American Ambassador in Mexico, "Clara" to the president of that country, a dangerous Latin-American count



of my government, I must that the present annual Republic of Santa Clara continued beyond the current I can assure you that my has come to this decision and after long and intensive its own most urgent priori-

this communication occurs novel, enough of the situa- already been uncovered to load e of diplomacy with irony. low that Ambassador Hood elligent, all-compassionate will be frustrated by parti- at home in a year of a election. The time is 1976. anger's Ambassador is quite deal for helping Santa Clara, point of advocating sending troops. Forgivably, Salin- ing bright the heroic image his victory in the Cuban s. And one can concede that may, after all, be necessary e somewhere. Is it now? In ? In Haiti? Where next? anger a novelist? He's a very i, bright, endowed with writ- yrtelling talent. I take it for everyone will want to read s I did. It turns out to be a one of its kind. —C.M.

er, by Edward Abbey. Simon r. \$5.95. in lives in a mountain cabin s above "the village," some- e U.S. Southwest, and keeps o the Forest Service from a steel tower, which he climbs es a day to observe and wther and fire conditions. en years old, divorced, an teacher—he walked out of om, bored by the students ocess, six years ago. He has uaintances (a mouse, some deer which come to lick the e has urinated) but is other- y, silent except for singing and for his shortwave-radio ns with the fire-control cen- calendar, no clock, no tele- mailbox. One learns his in spare, precise detail. Ex- e eats and how he prepares cast-iron skillet—for break- ity pancake of an omelet. pple. His foul-mouthed witty friend, Ballantine, who is e persuade him to return to d the world of students and e main "other," though, is

Sandy, aged nineteen, a slim, quiet girl in a kilt and sweater, with long sun-bleached coppery hair. She is working in the village clinic, in an interlude before she is to marry an Air Force cadet in Colorado, and comes to visit the weather tower on the mountain. She is conscious of being a virgin and of being engaged, but she falls for Will and from him learns in a rush the sexual love she might have discovered more slowly with her careful young fiancé. When the fiancé turns up and slugs Will, his only defense is, "I've done Sandy no harm. I even think I might have made her happy, for a while." Sandy has already disappeared, gone off to decide what she must do. Gatlin tries to find her, fearing that she has been swept over the falls of the river (the Colorado?) or attempted to descend the canyon wall on foot and died somewhere in the 120-degree heat. His own ordeal in the canyon is a physical survival test comparable to the one recounted with even greater suspense and stylistic athleticism by James Dickev in *Deliverance*.

This man is no hero, and his brief affair with Sandy is no *Love Story*, but his failure is not that he is a contemptible scum, as the Air Force cadet describes him, but that he has been locked in solitude, lacks self-esteem, and cannot talk to her in the terms she wants: "You've never really said, not once, that you love me." He is a logical development of that hermitlike Park Ranger, Edward Abbey himself, who wrote *Desert Solitaire* during a season in southeast Utah—more friend of the wonders of nature than of men. Will has perceived in his love for Sandy a blinding beauty that is human in origin. His vision of the innocent, sex-hungry startled doe of a girl suggests that the author Abbey is ready to come out into the world. —C.M.

**The Book of Daniel**, by E. L. Doctorow. Random House, \$6.95.

*The Book of Daniel* is, like so many novels these days, about a son's quest for his absent parents. Or, more properly, for the truth about them, his relationship to them, and their relationship to the larger world which, ultimately, took their lives. For though they are shown to be rather ordinary people, they were either extraordinary criminals or extraordinary victims—convicted and executed as spies who stole atomic secrets to pass to Russia.

Quite clearly Paul and Rochelle Isaacson are modeled, to some degree, upon the Rosenbergs, but E. L. Doc-

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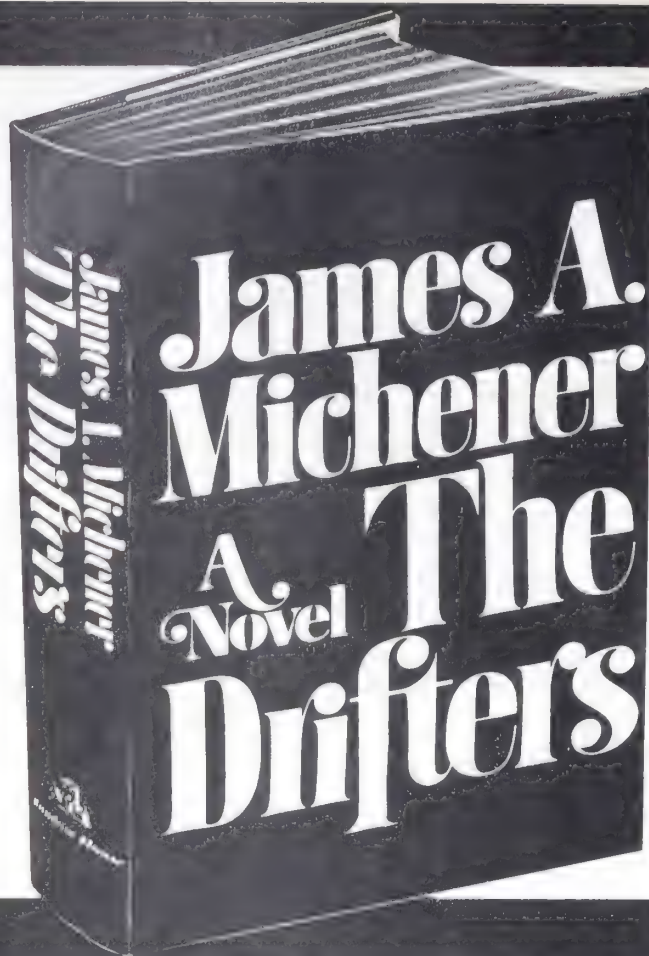
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BOOKS IN BRIEF  
torow is after something larger (better) than a tinny historical reconstruction. His novel seems to be extraordinarily sensitive both about the past that his narrator-protagonist Daniel Isaacson shared with his father and about the present in which he searches for further clues to the identities and his own. The book ends in ambiguity, with Daniel freshly unsure about the meaning of anything. All we know for certain is the agony of his quest—and its persistence. The book jumps madly and constantly from the first to the third and back again, pauses for quietly little dissertations on political and social questions, catching more than any fiction I have ever read the quality of the Stalinist mind, without sacrificing our sympathy for the elder Isaacson. Doctorow is, perhaps, on less common ground with his narrator's contemporaries, and one can't entirely escape the feeling that there is some little facile about the parallels and divergencies he finds between the Forties and the late Sixties.

Nevertheless, the novel has a rich surface and occasional depths. Mr. Doctorow's handling of the confusion of the Isaacson children, their parents are snatched away from them, the madness of their visit to them in prison, and Daniel's confrontation with their betrayed, grown senile, in the Tomorrowland section of Disneyland are especially touching. This is a political novel, sure, but it is not, so far as I can see, the work of a politicalized novelist. Rather, it is the work of a novelist trying desperately to catch hold of a fragment of the truth of our time, succeeding in getting hold of more than most have lately managed to. Indeed, the only disarming thing about it is an observation by the reviewer which accompanied review of which he says "perhaps what we live in is a condition in which all children are covered that their parents are not by the system and that murder is not what his book is about, as he thinks—it is, in fact, as specific as intelligent as his unhelpful comment is general and stupid. Doctorow is, in short, a true novelist unable to bend characters to his ever political line he's "into." It is merely a way of saying he has a kind of integrity and is worth remembering.



# IC IN ROUND

asure

ARIA CALLAS who, all but led, was responsible for the revival of interest in bel canto. She was an enormous literary treasure to be discovered (did not compose around eighty operas—forty or so?) and Callas colored them. At the time she was a soprano with a real idea of what music should go, even if she didn't always have the vocal technique or the techniques of bel canto style. Her singing was almost a lost art; it had been in decline since the 1800s, with some notable exceptions: Melba, Galli-Curci, and a few others. But Callas, with her combination of brains, temperament, and beauty, woke international audiences to the music. She was followed by a generation of singers: Joan Sutherland, Montserrat Caballé, Renée Fleming, Marilyn Horne, and others, among others.

Callas has been attracting a great deal of attention. The Spanish soprano's beautiful, silvery voice of unusual range. As an organ it is one of the most remarkable to have appeared in the young Victoria de los Angeles. In the bel canto buff she can sing. To others she is a coloratura who manqu , forcing a natural soprano into areas for which it is not prepared. Her new recording of *Il Pirata* (Angel 3772, 3 discs) is going to still the controversy.

Callas's Bellini's third opera, *Il pirata*, 1827. It is, for Bellini, an unusual, long, dramatic work, full of choruses and large-scale ensembles. Bellini and Verdi learned from the opera demands brilliant kind of singing that can be done by an orchestra, the kind of singing that can produce long, unbroken phrases followed by glittering high notes, and scale passages. Callas and his contemporaries are not far from all the leading singers of the past.

Callas is entirely convincing as an actress. The poised, arched melody. She sings those sections with

unfailing purity of tone. It is when she gets into the virtuoso sections that she is forced, and that hitherto lovely lyric sound becomes harsh. At that, she is by far the best in this cast. Her colleagues are Bernab  Mart , Piero Cappuccilli, and the chorus and orchestra of Radiotelevisione Italiana conducted by Gianandrea Gavazzeni. Neither Mart  nor Cappuccilli, well-routined singers though they may be, is up to the demands of bel canto technique. (Very few male singers today are. When is the last time you heard a real, honest-to-God trill from a tenor or baritone?) Thus this performance of *Il Pirata* does not live up to the score. But it is the only complete recording, and as such is of value.

Beverly Sills is beginning to record her share of the bel canto roles. But her latest recording, Massenet's *Manon* (Audio Treasury 20007, 4 discs), finds her outside of the Rossini-Bellini-Donizetti orbit and into one of her most sensational successes. What is more, she is singing with a cast that is vocally much superior to that of the City Opera production. Her des Grieux is none less than Nicolai Gedda, and the other two leading singers are G rard Souzay and Gabriel Bacquier. Julius Rudel conducts the New Philharmonia Orchestra.

This is the finest recording of the popular opera ever made. Sills cannot be overpraised in this role. It lies perfectly for her. In some coloratura roles she can sound flurried, but the role of Manon gives her a chance to get set, and she produces the most luscious sounds imaginable. And she also acts with her voice. The first act sees her girlish; later she is a coquette; in the St. Sulpice scene she is sexy and passionate, and so on. Here is a great singer at the height of her powers. And Gedda! He is a stylist, and his strong, clear voice with its brilliant top seems to get better as the years go on. He has, with some justification, been accused of being a white-voiced singer, but there is none of that in this performance. His singing is, in its way, as sexy as Sills' is. Souzay and Bacquier, native Frenchmen, produce a verbal as well as musical authenticity that most foreigners simply cannot match. And Rudel conducts with steady rhythm, plenty of color, and thorough identification with the idiom.

It is, incidentally, easy to underrate *Manon*. Admittedly it is not a "great" opera in the sense that *Fidelio* or *G tterd mmerung* or *Don Giovanni* are great. It is too sentimental; saccharine, even. Yet it has curiously penetrating melodic and harmonic ideas; also few operatic

heroines are so believable. Massenet understood ladies. In life as well as in music he was the eternal charmer, and in *Manon* he managed to create something that has a charm and unity of its own. This splendid recording is sure to win more converts to the opera.

Sutherland was mentioned above as one of the current great ladies of the bel canto style. Some months ago she made a recording of a somewhat different kind of literature, and this is a good place to mention it. Like Sills, she sings French music, but it is for the most part music not many know. In a two-disc album named *French Opera Gala* (London 1286), she does, to be sure, sing some popular arias, such as *Depuis le jour* from Charpentier's *Louise* or the *Doll Song* from Offenbach's *Contes d'Hoffmann*. But most of the material is an investigation of forgotten French opera of the middle nineteenth century—works by Auber, Bizet, Massenet, Offenbach, Gounod, Lecocq, Meyerbeer, and Mass , among others. Some lovely arias are resurrected here, and Sutherland, backed by the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande conducted by Richard Bonynge, is her usual self. Her diction is often sloppy, she is sometimes off pitch, but that big voice of hers is as juicy as ever, and at her best she is warm, sensitive, and exciting.

TALKING ABOUT RESURRECTIONS, there is the Paderewski *Piano Concerto in A minor* played by Earl Wild, with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Arthur Fiedler (Victor LSC 3190). And to fill out the disc is Paderewski's *Fantasia-Polonoise*, also for piano and orchestra. This music may amuse the sophisticates, but it will thrill those to whom the romantic revival means something.

And the music is not to be sneered at. It is a fine specimen of the late-romantic virtuoso concerto, with brave rhetoric, attractive (though lightweight) ideas, and a Chopin-like Polish underlay. Wild touches up the piano part a bit, and in this he is doing no less than the great virtuosos of Paderewski's time. Most of them had no hesitation helping the composer, even if the composer's name happened to be Mozart or Schubert or even Beethoven. God in His infinite wisdom gave great pianists great fingers, and the great pianists considered it a sacrilege to Him if they did not use those fingers to all-out capacity. Anyway, it's all good, clean fun. Just check your brains and enjoy. □

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ROLAS VON HOFFMAN ON WOULD-BE PRESIDENTS

September 1971 \$1.00

# Harper's

Magazine

## THE ETHNICS V. THE SYSTEM

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See page 44



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# Harper's Magazine

FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 243 NO.1456

SEPTEMBER 1971

## ARTICLES

- Nicholas Hoffman* **33** LOOKING FOR PRESIDENTS  
A wry handicapper's tips on picking the 1972 winner from a field of losers.
- Paul Novak* **44** WHITE ETHNIC  
The turmoil of affirming a Catholic Slovak heritage while rejecting the melting-pot myth.
- John Powers* **52** AUTOPSY ON OLD WESTBURY  
How a surfeit of freedom gagged one of academia's liveliest experiments.
- Norman B. Hickering* **62** STAYING HIP  
A new calibration on the breach between the generations.
- Paul Good* **66** McMANUS v. THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS  
The poignant tale of an ordeal in a "hot box" that led to a crisis of faith.
- Friedman* **86** LESSONS OF THE STREET  
Viewing New York City through a tough detective's eyes, a sensitive writer discovers that everyone looks guilty.

## FICTION

- John Updike* **82** SUBLIMATING

## VERSE

- Applewhite* **81** ROADSIDE NOTES
- Krommer* **81** KITES  
A FEELING  
A HYMN TO MODERN CANDOR

## DEPARTMENTS

- |                             |                         |            |                  |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|------------|------------------|
| <i>Shnayerson</i> <b>12</b> | SIGNS OF LIFE           | <b>4</b>   | ABOUT THIS ISSUE |
| <i>Edell Hart</i> <b>20</b> | THE ILLUSION OF VICTORY | <b>6</b>   | LETTERS          |
| <i>McIlwain</i> <b>22</b>   | PERFORMING ARTS         | <b>102</b> | BOOKS IN BRIEF   |
| <i>Wing Howe</i> <b>96</b>  | BOOKS                   |            |                  |
| <i>Schonberg</i> <b>103</b> | MUSIC                   |            |                  |

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# ABOUT THIS ISSUE

With this issue the editorial responsibility for *Harper's Magazine* passes into the hands of Robert Shnayerson, the ninth editor in chief in the 121-year history of the magazine.

It is a distinguished history—the chronicle of a nation, pieced together by the ablest men and women of American letters. Our early contributors, among them Mark Twain and Herman Melville, traveled to the California goldfields and to the Civil War. Their successors have constantly explored the country's fascinating changes and problems, through two world wars, the era of America's global responsibilities, and the current age of domestic turmoil. Meanwhile, *Harper's* has firmly maintained its tradition of editorial independence, unbroken since 1850. Thus, each successive editor has adapted the magazine to the contemporary mode, publishing whatever seemed to reflect the spirit of his time. Such editorial freedom to renew and redefine the uses of the magazine has assured

both its longevity and its immediacy.

Robert Shnayerson is well qualified to carry on that task. For the past four years he has been a senior editor of *Time*, where he had a remarkable record for innovation. He was responsible for the writing and editing of *Time's* new essay section; he supervised its first special section, "To Heal a Nation"; he planned a special issue on Black America; and started the environment section. He wrote cover stories on a wide variety of subjects, from ecology to war crimes and the problems of parents.

Earlier he had served as a reporter and assistant editor of *Life*, as correspondent for Time-Life in the Pacific Northwest, and as contributing editor on national affairs. In 1957, after taking a year off to work on a novel, he rejoined *Time* as a writer in the business section and other specialized departments. He was named education editor in 1959 and in 1964 started the magazine's prizewinning section on law.

The son of Charles Beahan, a New

York playwright and Hollywood screenwriter, Shnayerson grew up in New York City with his mother, Madalene Griffin, and his father, Dr. Ned Shnayerson, a general surgeon. He attended assorted schools, and during summers worked at jobs ranging from coal miner to hospital orderly to radio actor.

During World War II he entered the Navy at the age of seventeen. Assigned to fleet oilers, he volunteered for submarine service. After the war he became a junior reporter at the *New York Daily News*, then a student at Dartmouth College, graduating in 1950 with a bachelor's degree in English and the college's middleweight boxing championship. That year he married Lydia Todd, a pianist, schoolteacher, and graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory of music. They have two children, Michael, sixteen, and Kate, four.

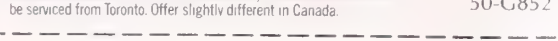
Mr. Shnayerson succeeded Morris, who was the editor of *Harper's* from 1967 to 1971.



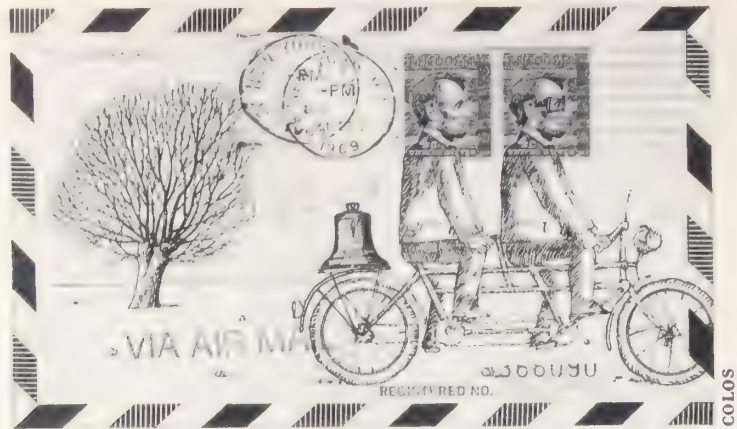


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# LETTERS



## More surprises

As a longtime admirer of much of Peter Drucker's writings, I find his piece in the July issue ["The Surprising Seventies"] surprisingly superficial and even conventionally biased, as if by a business consultant telling his clients what they want to hear.

Certainly the coming period is "the era of the young marrieds"... But the movement of the age center from 17 to 21 years old, to use Mr. Drucker's own simplification, is more likely to harden than to alter the social attitudes, economic demands, and psychological impulses already largely conditioned in these young people. And practically all the studies in the past half-dozen years suggest that even the so-called hard-hats of this new generation are light-years different from the prevailing conventional wisdom on most matters...

More fundamentally, Mr. Drucker talks as though the young will acquiesce in his capital-formation and productivity arguments dear to the heart of conservative economists. With unemployment as high as it now is among young people, and the job situation prospectively as difficult as Mr. Drucker foresees it, this age group is most likely to become impatient with an erratic, malfunctioning economy and contribute to the growing critique of the overall eco-

nomic system. This is a primary probable economic and political prospect Mr. Drucker doesn't even mention...

The coming age wave that Mr. Drucker properly emphasizes will greatly increase the debtor sector of our society as the young buy furniture, houses, and cars, and get started in life. They will powerfully augment the classes wanting cheap money and will escalate that basic struggle in our economy and politics. Whether they are successful is another matter. But Mr. Drucker does not touch on the problem.

Equally important, this group will contribute to inflationary pressures because they're a spending, not a saving, sector. Going into white-collar jobs for the most part, as Mr. Drucker recognizes, they will not raise productivity with the directness conventional economists see as necessary. That, too, can only contribute to the growing impatience with how our economy and overall society are functioning. They want affluence, wherever it comes from, and will be unlikely to heed economic orthodoxy.

This may sorely try conservatives, and the pending prospect may fly in the face of the hard economic truths that Mr. Drucker implicitly clings to in his piece. But the gathering tension should be seriously considered in relation to political populism or a more fundamental estrangement from American society as it has recently been arranged. Mr. Drucker sadly

does not include even a sentence alluding to all this.

FREDERICK I.  
Washington

I find it strange that Drucker ages to ignore the most significant aspect of the whole debate, the continual growth in population size and its well-documented effects. While he spends a bit of time discussing "population dynamics," shifts, and the general significance of population as a factor in social conditions, he erroneously implies the U.S. birthrate is at a "low" and "shows little sign of going up." Most population experts believe our birthrate is anything but low, and there is accumulating evidence that the so-called slowdown in birthrate is a temporary phenomenon to be soon reversed...

One hundred million more Americans in the next thirty years is the most widely accepted projection. It seems to me that *this*, not the aging population of 17-year-olds, is the key trend one ought to be aware of in recommending social policy.

MICHAEL E. KRAFT,  
Dept. of Political Science,  
Vassar College,  
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

We were disappointed that Mr. Drucker did not seek out the latest population statistics for his "The Surprising Seventies."



which he quotes a figure is 5 million babies born that Mr. Drucker writes, "Today rate is still bumping along at the same low level and shows no sign of going up." Examination of the most recent figures, available to the Census Bureau and the National Center for Health Statistics, would have caused the audience to make an altogether different conclusion.

For 1968 marked the end of a long downward trend in birth rates. In 1969 and 1970 there was a rise of 2 per cent and 3 per cent respectively.

In 1975, the number of women in their childbearing years (15 to 44) will increase by 11 per cent. Women 20 to 24, the age of greatest fertility, will increase by 18 per cent. Given the rather high birth rate (about 9.6), birth rates for the total population are headed in the same direction—up.

One reason for this trend can be seen in Mr. Drucker's article. The children of the post-World War II baby boom are now adults starting to have children of their own. We are beginning to experience that boom's effect. If the current and next generations of child producers do not change their attitude toward family size, we will experience the biggest boom ever, resulting in a population of 300 million by the year 2000 and 600 million by 2035—double our present size.

SHIRLEY S. LEWIS  
Asst. Executive Director  
Zero Population Growth  
New York, N.Y.

#### DRUCKER REPLIES:

Mr. Kraft faults me for not writing that he wanted me to write on birth rates. But he considers of paramount importance the shift in the birth rate. To this charge I cheerfully plead guilty. My subject was an altogether different one: the shift in the birth rate of the American population. In the first decade, the Sixties, the birth rate fell; in the next decade, the Seventies—a decade that, to my knowledge, has not yet ended. If Mr. Kraft considered birth rates irrelevant, I shall not quarrel with him. But the fact still remains that the subject he wanted me to discuss was of obvious importance,

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was simply irrelevant to my purpose.

As to his concern, America's birthrate today is at or around the "net reproduction level," which simply means that we will have "zero population growth" eventually if the present birthrate continues. It is also the lowest recorded American birthrate except for the depth of the Depression. This may well be too high to attain the population levels that Mr. Kraft and others consider desirable. (Personally, I am by no means enamored of a "zero growth population," which, assuming mortality rates remain as they are, means a population dominated by people over 40; I don't know, frankly, which of the two, continued population growth or gerontocracy, I'd consider the greater evil.) But historically our present birthrate is "low," very low indeed. I myself expected it to go up much earlier and much faster—as did every other student of population. I am therefore skeptical of the "accumulating evidence" of its going up "in the near future," which simply consists of the predictions of experts (including myself) that so far have proved erroneous or at least premature. By the way, I do expect it to go up in the next five to ten years, which would, incidentally, greatly strengthen the emphasis on family, home, children, and finance that I anticipated in my article. Indeed, I had included this prediction in my first draft but took it out because so far the prediction has not been significantly borne out.

Finally I did *not* recommend "social policy," whatever that may be. To the best of my knowledge, I did not recommend anything; I tried to report.

As to Mrs. Lewis's comment, I do indeed use the "latest population statistics." I have been obtaining them as soon as available since around 1938. I did not, as Mrs. Lewis seems to assume, say or imply that the birthrate is still going down. In fact, the sentence she quotes makes it quite clear that the birthrate stopped going down in 1968, the reason I referred to that year. But it is "still bumping along at about the same level," for the increases in 1969 and 1970 were so small as to be almost statistically insignificant. The 1971 birthrate, ac-

cording to all indications so far, is not going to be higher, and may actually be somewhat lower, than that of 1970. For 1972 one must expect a fairly sizable drop because a fair number of pregnancies have been "postponed," as always happens in years of recession and unemployment. If earlier recessions are any guide, the 1972 birthrate should be back to where it was in 1968.

I still expect a fairly sharp upturn of the birth figures in the Seventies, for the reasons Mrs. Lewis gives. But this has little, if anything, to do with what my article was about. The babies born in the Seventies will not become adolescents, let alone adults, before the late Eighties. If the increase in birth numbers is as great as Mrs. Lewis expects, it will only intensify the economic pressures on the young adults, that is the young parents, during the next decade and accentuate the new concern with jobs, income, and so on, which was the subject of my article.

—P.D.

For the first time in as long as I can recollect, Peter Drucker has chosen to throw away his most important tool as a social analyst—his objectivity—and to allow wishful thinking to permeate his work.

Mr. Drucker attempted what millions of other adults of his generation have sought to do: provide simplistic reasons for youth's dissent, convince himself that the dissent is evanescent, and assure himself that his generation shares no responsibility in the affair.

This attitude is dangerous: the very adults who shape the policies that cause so much discontent among the young will find comfort in it, and convince themselves that they have no guilt for which to atone. I am surprised that an astute observer like Mr. Drucker could con himself into actually believing that "population dynamics" and a growth in college enrollment could explain generational polarization. The revolution of the young is a complex event springing from multiple causes; probably the single greatest cause is not the post-war baby boom but commercial pop culture, which had its real birth in the Sixties and is still growing.

I am sorry, Mr. Drucker, but I'm

afraid it may be *you* that the Seventies will surprise. It may just be today's youth *are* different, change things, and *won't* be quite subject to grubby materialism other generations have been in the past.

PETER NORD  
Shorewood,

Army

I found the article "Military Technology" [Lewis Lapham, July] enervating, if frightening, but will point out a misconception of a folk idiom, presumably misunderstood by Mr. Lapham (and George Hunt?) because the referent appeared from our culture too long ago. Rather than "I didn't know Chi Minh from Adam's old foot," it should be "... Adam's *off ox*," in the context of riding or dramatics means "right," as opposed to "near" (left). The whole phrase is an intensifier of "didn't know him from Adam," this device for adding emphasis being common in colloquial English.

HENRY W. BECK  
Ashland,

As I began reading "Military Technology," I was pleasantly amused. Mr. Lapham's droll observations. However, as I got further into the article, I saw unfolding before me the exposed innards of what I call a true insanity.

Behind a superstructure of vitality and "elegance . . . of verandas" lurks a self-sustaining viciousness of thought, evidence of one blithe desire to wipe out a million . . . a million and a half beings as a satisfactory tactical maneuver. The paranoia seems to run through the minds of these official custodians of the chunk of our fiscal resources created by outlandish fantasies, suspecting the Soviet leaders of going to pick up and suddenly throw themselves into the framework of the U.S. government.

The overall impression of our Officer Corps was that of an elitist, isolated body, ignorant



an American thought. Its lack of empathy for the addition in general is appalling. Officers' self-serving ruthlessness and neurotic worship for "D," hoping to prove their service this kind of exposure. To satulate Mr. Lapham on a fluffy article—free of righteous rhetoric, and thus all the more persuasive.

STEPHEN E. CAMPBELL  
West Newton, Mass.

### Across the border

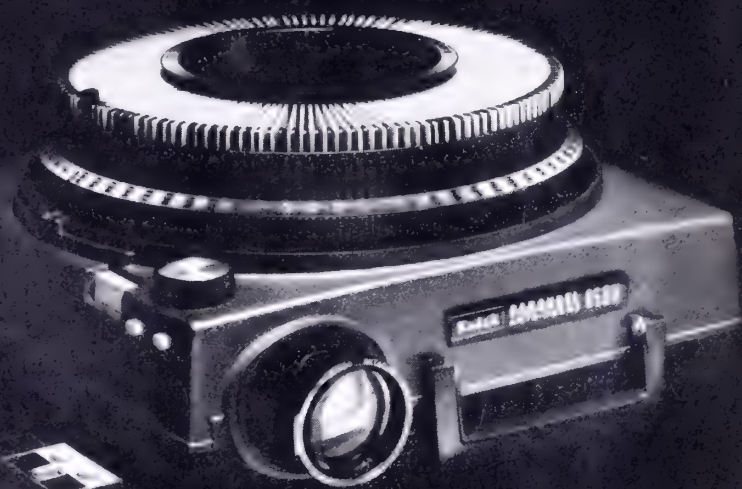
as that Rick Salutin—a man of obscure reputation in this country—is still busy entertaining Canadians with masochistic jokes about his latest effort being assigned to write "Oh! Canada!" for the July *Harper's*. All the elements of the surefire journalistic gag: Glib, flip, inaccurate, anything to get a laugh. What an amusing little game you—a prostituted, schizophrenic nation begotten and raped while beating the tambourine drum. . . .

se, there is some truth in it. Much. Had Salutin not been engaged in concocting a good story, he might have mentioned some facts about Canada that would not flatter you. For example, our judicial system works better than yours. The Laporte murderers were convicted by the Quebec courts with a conviction that would startle a councilman at the Chicago Seven trial when it was open.

Salutin doesn't mention this. It is more amusing to portray Canada as a somewhat high-spirited, essentially lovable freedom-loving country. He doesn't even say that Laporte was murdered by the FLQ, but insists on referring to as kidnappers. Nor does he recall that the FLQ killed or injured other innocent people with bombs during the 1960s, presumably thinking this would detract from his argument that Trudeau was terrorizing the country by warning us that we were not as safe from the FLQ.

The funniest part of Salutin's joke is his instant conversion to Cana-

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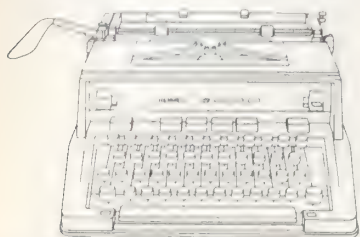
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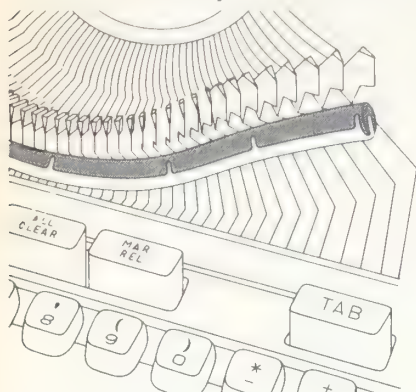
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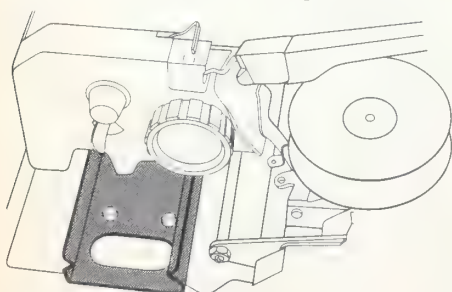
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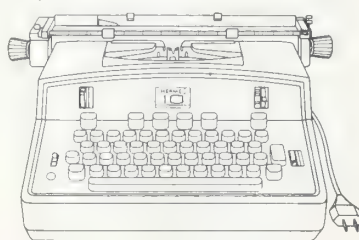
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know enough about this cou  
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HAROLD A. J.  
Enders

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being a small nation living  
the American colossus. But l  
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able is Mr. Salutin's disclaim  
responsibility for his country  
lems: they are entirely the fau  
U.S. and "a small group of  
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JONATHAN B. D.  
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# SIGNS OF LIFE

Wanted: the first President brave enough to lose a war

ACCORDING TO the Madison Avenue sages, the last thing I should be writing about these days is Vietnam. Americans, I'm told, are sick of the subject and an editor is well advised to avoid it. It just doesn't sell magazines. Well, I'm fed up too, really fed up. Which is why I can't help wishing in print that somebody official would give us a decent answer to a simple question: why are we in Vietnam—*still* in Vietnam?

It's not that I don't believe we're withdrawing, but the process does seem to be taking far too long. So long, in fact, that I have begun to nourish a small theory. It is that much of our agony in Vietnam derives from a single unfortunate maxim: "I am not going to be the first American President to lose a war."

Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon—all five Presidents in the past two decades have repeatedly uttered the same or similar words to justify their miscalculations in Indochina. It makes you wonder how often supposedly rational policies are really based on emotions. In this case, a slogan represents the unthinkable, a Presidential refusal to concede that America can ever be defeated by any nation on earth—and surely not by a third-rate Asian Communist power.

The attitude is understandable. No leader in history, including the pacifist Nehru, has ever willingly presided over his country's defeat in war. That way lies personal shame, political oblivion, perhaps execution. No, we cherish implacable Churchills and despise appeasing Chamberlains. We abhor even those pragmatists (sometimes called traitors) who claim to save a defeated people by collaborating with the victor; history reserves a special contempt for men like Laval, Pétain, Kadar, and their ilk. Such is national pride, the modern form of tribalism, that most of the world hon-

ors glorious defeat rather than inglorious surrender, even if a nation is destroyed in the process.

Nonetheless, I like to think that most of us have begun to put aside such primitive feelings, especially in the era of the H-bomb. It may even be time to heed a competing tradition, common among certain weak countries that know the delicate art of surviving in the shadow of powerful neighbors. The practical-minded Thais, for example, have thrived for centuries by flattering the world's winners rather than fighting them. When the winds of power shift, the Thais merely smile in a new direction. Another point to ponder is that some winners who become losers tend to outgrow jingoism and even benefit by losing. The argument can be carried too far, of course, because utter defeat can be so embittering as to arouse a ghastly yearning for national revenge. But if a losing country is not badly frustrated, if it rises from the ashes with renewed hope, defeat may conceivably be therapeutic. It might even be said that every people needs at least one defeat—together with leaders who understand the uses of tragedy—in order to find a revived sense of common purpose.

All this is by way of noting the obvious, that America only now confronts a dismal experience that most other nations have suffered several or many times in the past. Until recently, we viewed ourselves as permanently undefeated, the only country that took its victories for granted as a virtual law of history. Thus five Presidents have recoiled from any hint of cowardice in Vietnam; they have insisted, moreover, that our involvement is a profound test of our credibility as a nation, of our willingness to help other American allies in their resistance against Communist aggressors. We're a chosen people, the self-elected

guardians of all the globe's dominions. Or so say our Presidents.

Not many of us would disagree with this in principle; culturally we are trained to come running in emergencies ("Lafayette, we are here!") and we hate to lose at anything, whether war, business, sports, or love. America is competition. Still, we do have another aspect to our character: a willingness to "cut your losses," close unprofitable branches, head for a new frontier, start over at something more profitable. "There are no second chances in American lives," insisted Fitzgerald. But he was wrong: losing so marks this country as open to self-renewal.

Unlike the Thais, of course, we don't smile benignly at anyone who attacks our country. But when it comes to foreign entanglements, Washington's phrase, our patience is clearly not limitless. More than given credit for these days, we are a people able to distinguish between the workable and the unworkable, between true challenges and delusions. In this sense, it would be fair to say that all those Presidents have suffered from a certain cultural lag, a misreading of our limits. Isolated from the world by virtue of their enormous responsibilities, they have understood power but not people, whether Americans or Vietnamese. Imprisoned by their own concerns, unable to tell them frankly with us, they tended to become emotionally deaf—a failing oddly common to many politicians, including several of those preening Democratic doves who postured toward the White House.

MEANTIME, we have Richard Nixon, an earnest leader with global visions, who somehow lacks the human touch that he often appears to have stopped trying



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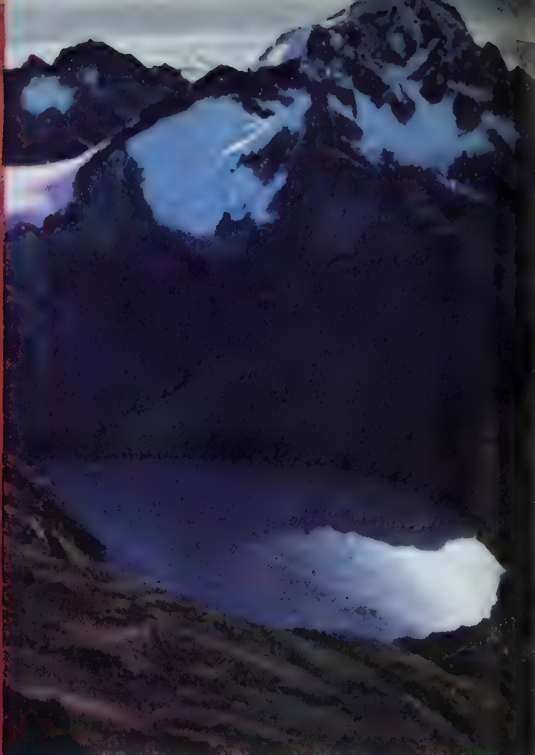
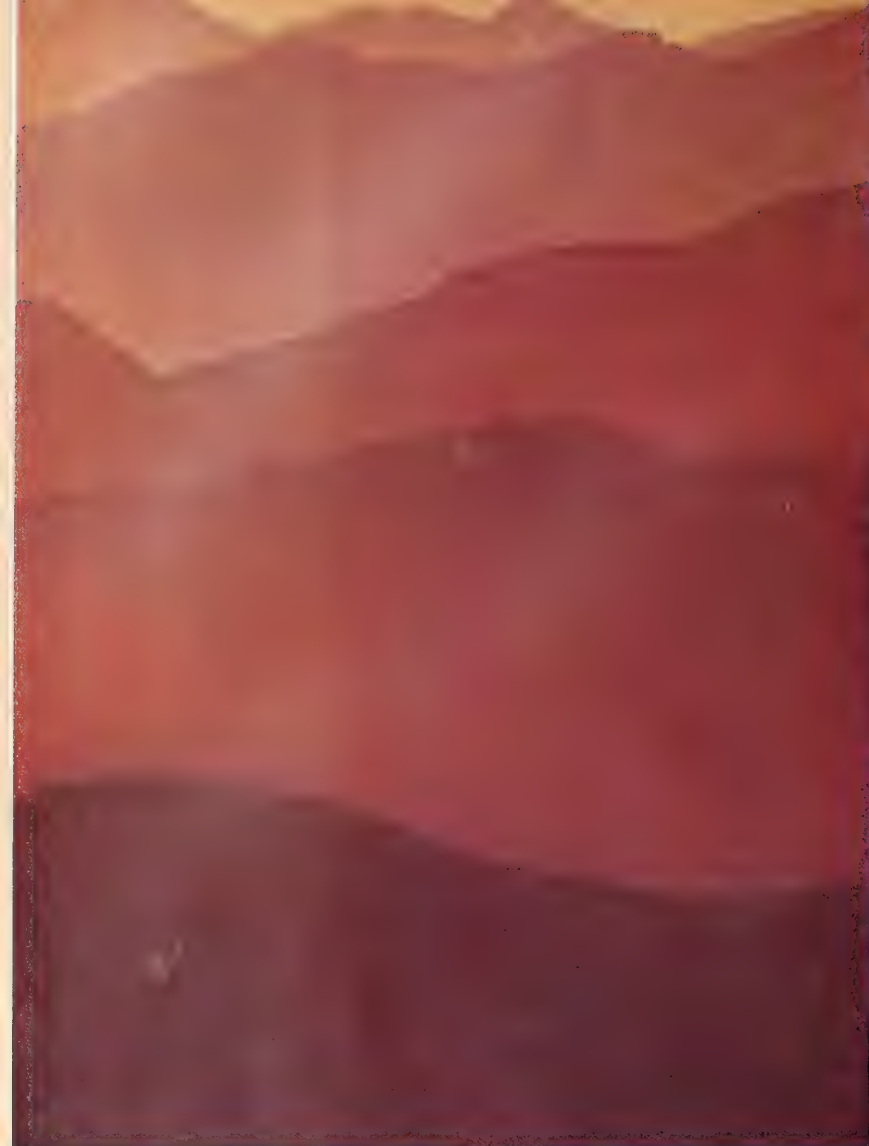
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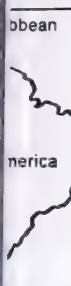








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quire it. What does come through is the President's deep concern about "defeat," which at least suggests that he is worried about something we can discuss—his place in history. The need for plain talk is obvious. Unless Nixon feels widely supported in his efforts to end the war, unless he feels truly released from the old Presidential imperative, our Vietnam involvement may be longer and bloodier than most Americans expect.

The trouble is, of course, that this President is an intensely private man who tends to speak only to certain people he trusts, and he does not trust many. Even if we only wanted to express our sympathy, which he surely deserves, the odds against our getting in to see him seem pretty astronomical. I feel so dubious about it, in fact, that I propose we voters settle for a strictly imaginary conversation with Nixon. It might go like this:

VOTERS (after appropriate salutations, obeisances, etc.): Mr. Nixon, if we can speak hypothetically and in total candor, what do you think would happen to the first American President to "lose" a war?

NIXON (slightly paling): Are you sure this is strictly off the record?

VOTERS: Absolutely.

NIXON: No attribution? Not even to a "high Administration official"?

VOTERS (with more obeisances, etc.): We wouldn't dare tell anyone what the President thinks.

NIXON: Security, you know. It's bigger than any of us.

VOTERS: Sir, we understand you completely.

NIXON: In that case, let me make one thing perfectly clear: you've asked a fascinating question. In fact, it's just the one I sit here pondering while Haldeman guards the door. Now, if you're talking about me . . .

VOTERS: Only hypothetically.

NIXON: . . . then I'm afraid the answer is that Nixon would be a one-term President, and this country would languish under twenty more years of Democrat administrations.

VOTERS: But doesn't the answer really depend on how we ourselves define "loss"? For example, if we quit the war tomorrow and insist we've won it, how can we feel anything but victorious?

NIXON (smiling, as if upon children): According to Aiken's quaint theory, that both sides ought to do. And I think I haven't tried hard to go in that direction. Unfortunately, my enemy won't cooperate. He keeps retreating. And any time our people face either of two things—American retreating or an ally falling to Communists—well, I can't blame the people using any other word for those events but "loss," or worse, "defeat." Sheer defeat.

VOTERS: Frankly, we thought the boys were already retreating on your orders. And beyond a few minor adjustments and so forth, we haven't heard many Americans complaining about it.

NIXON (stiffly): My order has nothing to do with retreat. They are for an orderly disengagement consistent with the Republic of South Vietnam's soaring capacity to defend itself from Communist aggression. Prudent disengagement is proceeding very rapidly. And I warn any other Presidential candidate that, next year, our commitment will be limited to an all-professional force of about 50,000 men, perhaps kept there by Election Day, Vietnam's independence won't be an issue.

VOTERS: Mr. President, we read your newspapers . . .

NIXON: Ugh.

VOTERS: . . . but we'd like to get over all the speculation about various contingencies that might delay your schedule.

NIXON: Thank God.

VOTERS: How seriously do you see this losing-another-ally-tonism problem?

NIXON (gesturing with his hand): Very seriously. If we let Vietnam drain the drain without doing anything, then I fear a new isolationist disregard for our responsibility as a great power that will ultimately endanger world peace.

VOTERS: But won't America come more isolationist the longer we stay in Vietnam, the more we become disillusioned?

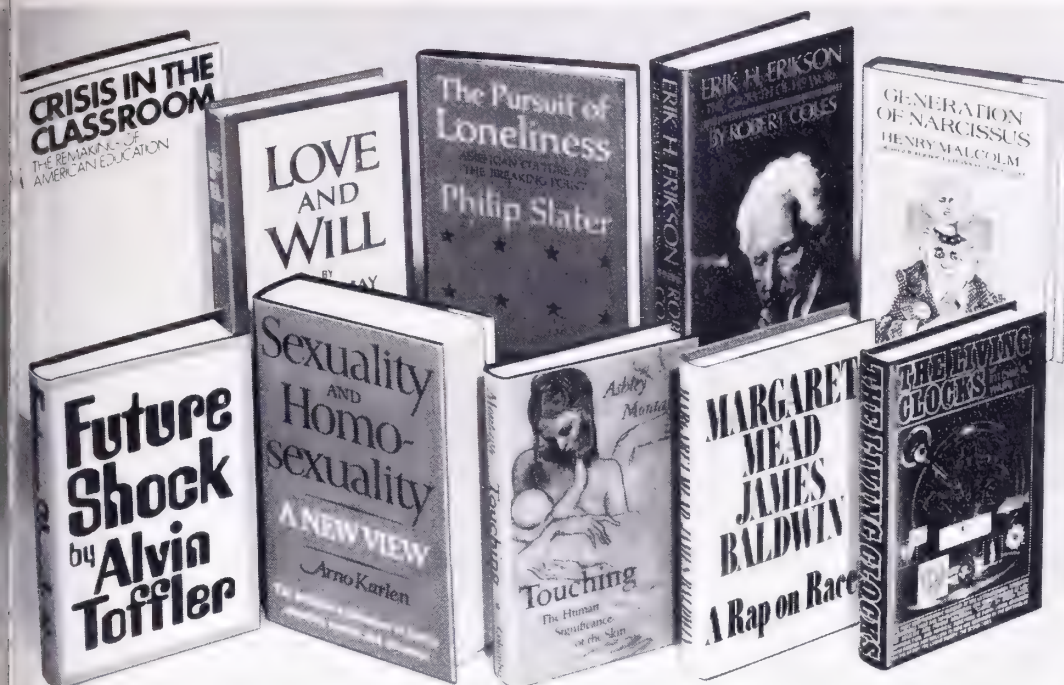
NIXON: That's why I'm pulling out as fast as possible, but I refuse to let our South Vietnamese friends feel abandoned.

VOTERS: We couldn't agree



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assuming we have that many friends left. But how do we protect them?

NIXON: Very delicate negotiations on that point are going on right now in Paris and other places. I just can't comment.

VOTERS: Would you trust Communist assurances?

NIXON: Not if I can help it.

VOTERS: Maybe the real point is that mass reprisals will hurt only the Communists. Even Communists can't afford to alienate a whole country if they hope to govern it.

NIXON: You're assuming they'll get that chance.

VOTERS: Don't you?

NIXON (irritably): I'm sick and tired of idle speculation. I have a program to guarantee South Vietnam's independence. I know it's working.

VOTERS: Forgive us, but we may never have another chance like this to ask you questions. For example, do you still believe in the domino theory, the notion that a North Vietnamese victory in the South would send the Communists into nearby countries?

NIXON: Since this is off the record, I don't mind saying that North Vietnam is a shattered country and its postwar energies are likely to be focused on rebuilding, not conquest.

VOTERS: Doesn't that undercut one of the chief arguments used to get us into Vietnam in the first place?

NIXON: Only if you assume, which I don't, that the North had no aggressive ambitions before we shattered it.

VOTERS: Quite a few people in Asia and elsewhere seem to think that we were the aggressors, not the North Vietnamese.

NIXON (more irritably): Sheer twaddle. That's the "war criminal" argument, and I simply won't go into it. If you really care about world peace, what we really should discuss is how our Vietnam performance is likely to affect countries elsewhere. Are we still believable as an ally? If not, will a lot more countries, friendly as well as unfriendly, plunge into nuclear proliferation because it's now relatively easy and they think they have to? Tell me, if you were Golda Meir, and you thought America no longer had the nerve to help Israel in a crisis, would you start building H-bombs?

VOTERS: We would rephrase question. If we thought America foolish enough to continue war resources on a war not in its interests, would we start dropping those bombs? Answer: Yes, we could no longer count on America's power, to say nothing of its son.

NIXON: In other words, you're staying in Vietnam actually violating our credibility?

VOTERS: Yes.

NIXON (serenely): You don't understand *realpolitik*. The word Kissinger will be glad to elaborate.

VOTERS: Frankly, Mr. President, you haven't given us many very good reasons for hanging on in Vietnam much beyond next month. We all say this, but we tend to think you're mainly worried about domestic politics.

NIXON: You're overlooking the fact that of seventeen million South Vietnamese we're sworn to protect, I grant you that most of them want peace, no matter which side provides it. Beyond that, you're substantially right. I concede I'm in a little trouble.

VOTERS: We'd like to be as honest as you're being. We don't think you're in all that much trouble, at least not on the losing-a-war issue.

NIXON: How so?

VOTERS: According to a recent Gallup Poll, only 36 per cent of Americans still want to go on fighting long enough to preclude a Communist takeover. That's a drop from 62 per cent in 1968. In fact, a clear majority (64 per cent) want to get out now, even though that leaves South Vietnam to the Communists.

NIXON: I saw that poll too and certainly did seem to give me a little throw on the "defeat" issue. But I'm not looking at it more closely. The trouble is that most of the antiwar majority is made up of chronically anti-Nixon voters. They're mostly young or baby-boom Easterners who don't trust Nixon in any situation. That leaves me with the hawks, who worry about defeat. I could switch to someone like Lee Harvey Oswald. Meantime, I've got to think about the economy. That's the real issue.

VOTERS: No one has to tell



economy doesn't improve, really had it. Which is pretty much we came here to talk the war: why don't you quit and galvanize the country in or?

(hopefully): Tell me more.  
is: To be blunt, you need a rocket to stay in office. It won't come out through slow withdrawal from Vietnam. Your big hope, we think, is in dramatically ending the war, appealing to exactly those who distrust you. You need to show we think you can still make a difference if not love you.

(fervently): In all candor, nothing better. Nothing.

is: We suggest that one clue is in that same Gallup Poll, which contained a startling finding: that all our new personal fulfillment said, too many Americans feel the United States has "slid back" in the past five years. Few other nations on earth feel that way today. 60 per cent of Americans believe that international tensions are now grave enough to "lead to a real breakdown of the country." Significantly, the poll suggests that we are worried less about personal ills than about common problems—drugs, crime, the environment. We are also tired of a system that doesn't work; more of us have lost faith in national leadership and institutions. We may welcome demagoguery, but most of us yearn for something basic, "systemic" reform and leadership to carry it out. How's that for a Presidential agenda?

N: I entered this office with a lot of all that in mind. I could not have been more determined to heal the country's wounds; read my Inaugural Address. But sometimes I've had bad luck and worse advice. The course, has overshadowed everything.

is: Then get rid of it. Seize it and run with it. How did you manage to extract the French Army from Algeria, surmount talk of "détente" stem the very real threat of an "ab-in-the-back" civil war? He was insisting that the war was being won by appealing to every Frenchman's higher loyalty to the mystic of nationhood, of *gloire*. He

did it by offering hope—a new common purpose in restoring France to intellectual and technological pre-eminence. We are very different people, but we too yearn for great leaders with a powerful sense of the true national interest. In his time, Lincoln stated the proposition: "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that." In short, our greatest President, the first Republican, believed that a leader's paramount duty is national preservation.

NIXON: I sense and respect your call for me to articulate true priorities, but I am still not sure what specific actions you advocate.

VOTERS: Start by heeding General Ridgway's advice that we quickly resolve the prisoner issue and forthwith "remove every U.S. uniform from the mainland of Vietnam except Embassy guards." In other words, don't leave any "residual" force; that way lies more enemy attacks and more fighting. Face the facts and get out cleanly. Stand fast against any charge that America was defeated; instead, stress that we have won a greater victory—a new freedom to focus on the problems that are tearing this country apart. Then *lead* us in solving those problems. Above all, risk being a one-term President: that way, you may even get reelected. But if you do not, be assured that history is likely to reserve a far more luminous place for a leader with the moral courage to quit a useless war than for one who extends it for expedient reasons.

NIXON: What you are asking for, in short, is the first American President *brave* enough to lose a war for the sake of a greater national victory.

VOTERS: Precisely.

NIXON (standing and nodding at Haldeman): Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, and I herewith order this entire dialogue to be strictly on the record.

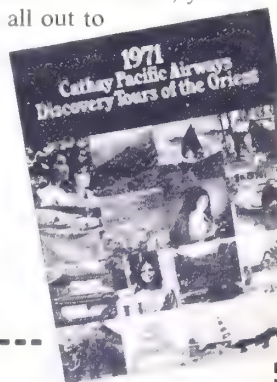
VOTERS: Thank you, Mr. President. ☐

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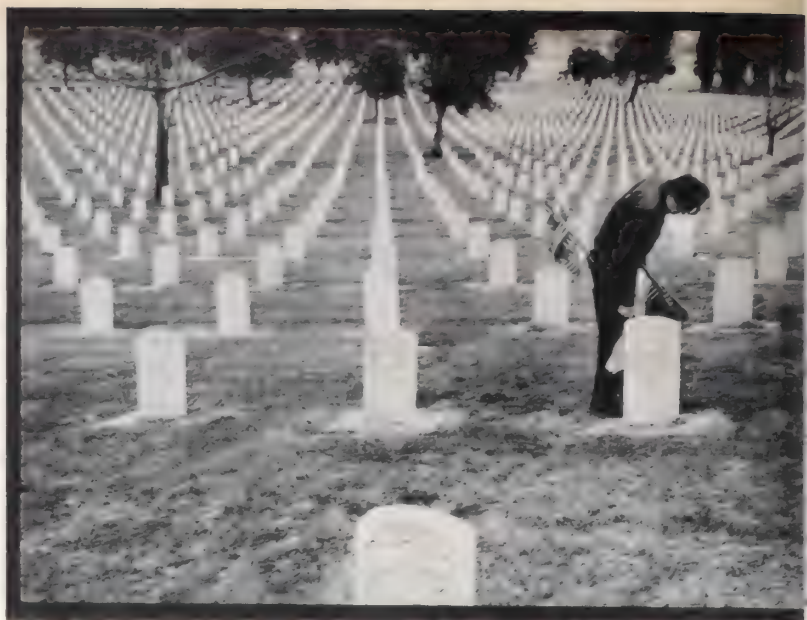
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# THE ILLUSION OF VICTORY

by Sir Basil Liddell Hart

Apt advice from one of the world's great scholars of the uses and abuses of war



**W**E LEARN from history that after any long war the survivors are apt to reach common agreement that there has been no real victor but only common losers. War is profitable only if victory is quickly gained or if a long effort can be economically proportioned to the national resources. The end must be adjusted to the means.

It is wiser to run risks of war for the sake of preserving peace than to run risks of exhaustion in war for the sake of finishing with complete victory—a conclusion that runs counter to custom but is supported by experience. Indeed, deepening study of past experience leads to the conclusion that nations might often have come nearer to their object by taking advantage of a lull in the struggle to discuss a settlement than by pursuing the war with the aim of “victory.”

Where the two sides are too evenly matched to offer a reasonable chance of early success to either, the statesman is wise who can learn something from the psychology of strategy. It is an elementary principle of strategy that, if you find your opponent in a strong position costly to force, you should leave him a line of retreat—as

the quickest way of loosening his resistance. It should, equally, be a principle of policy, especially in war, to provide your opponent with a ladder by which he can climb down.

Since an aggressor goes to war for gain, he is apt to be the more ready of the two sides to seek peace by agreement. The aggressed side is usually more inclined to seek vengeance through the pursuit of victory—even though all experience has shown that victory is a mirage in the desert created by a long war. This desire for vengeance is natural, but far-reaching self-injurious. And even if it be fulfilled, it merely sets up a fresh cycle of revenge-seeking. Hence any wise statesman should be disposed to consider the possibility of ending the war by agreement as soon as it is clear the war will otherwise be a prolonged one.

The side that has suffered aggression would be unwise to bid for peace, lest its bid be taken as a sign of weakness or fear. But it would be wise to listen to any bid that the enemy makes. Even if the initial proposals are not good enough, once an opposing Government has started bidding, it is easily led to improve its offers. And this is the best way to loosen its hold on its troops and people, who naturally tend to desire peace (so long as they can regain it without being conquered) when they find that the prospect of a cheap victory is fading.

The history of ancient Greece

showed that, in a democracy, emotion dominates reason to a greater extent than in any other political system, thus giving freer rein to the passions which sweep a state into war and prevent it from getting out—at a price short of the exhaustion and destruction of one or other of the combatants. Democracy is a system which puts a brake on preparation for war, aggressive or defensive, but it is not a system that conduces to the limitation of warfare or the prospects of lasting peace. No political system more easily becomes out of control when passions are aroused. These defects have been multiplied in modern democracies since their great extension of suffrage. Their vast electorate produces a larger volume of emotional pressure

**H**ISTORY SHOULD have taught statesmen that there is no moral or political halfway house between complete subjugation and a complete victory. History also shows that the former is apt to involve the victor in endless difficulties, which is carried so far as to amount to self-destruction. The latter requires a settlement reasonable that the losers will accept it but see the advantage in maintaining it in their own interest.

Wellington's best contribution to the future of Europe, after victory, was in the making of a

*Sir Basil Liddell Hart, who died in 1970, wrote more than thirty books on warfare as well as biographies of Scipio and T. E. Lawrence. This excerpt is from his posthumous book, Why Don't We Learn From History, to be published shortly by Hawthorn Books, Inc.*

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glory. He saw the value of  
He kept the end in view, in-  
falling in love with the means.  
Napoleon, he was not infected  
romance of war, which gener-  
lusions and self-deceptions.  
as how Napoleon had failed,  
llington prevailed.

also a recurrent illusion in his-  
t the enemy of the moment is  
lly different, in the sense of  
ore evil, than any in the past.  
narkable to see how not only  
pression but the phrases re-  
emselves. And even historians  
to lose their balance when  
n from the past to the prob-  
their own time. The eminent  
n Stubbs, writing in 1860,  
ritain feared an invasion by  
on III, asked why "the English  
Germans have always been  
celoving nations of history"  
remely unhistorical remark in  
es). He answered his own  
n: "Because France shows  
today as she has been through-  
course of a thousand years,  
ive, unscrupulous, false." □

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## PERFORMING ARTS

The earthly delights of stock-car racing

**W**E WENT OFF for two days of riding and two nights of racing, Richard Petty and his friends and relatives and I. Not all of his friends and relatives. He doesn't have enough cars and vans to take all of them at once. We met at eleven o'clock in the morning at Richard's home. That night, Richard would be driving his blue Plymouth Roadrunner, Number 43, worth \$22,000, in a 100-mile race in Kingsport, Tennessee. We would get back at four o'clock the next morning, and Richard's friends and relatives would work on the car until daylight so that he could run another 100-mile race that night in Greenville, South Carolina. After that race, we would get back the next morning at three o'clock and a few of us would sit around and drink some liquor and talk about racing. Not Richard, though, because he had to leave the following morning for Daytona Beach. He would be getting ready to run a 400-mile race down there.

To get an idea of Richard Petty's dominance of his profession, you need to consider that Cale Yarborough, another big name in the business, has won fourteen Grand National races and LeeRoy Yarbrough, another big name, has won fourteen, David Pearson, who has won sixty, is the man nearest Petty. Petty has won 129.

Petty Enterprises, in Level Cross, North Carolina, takes up a space much larger than Yankee Stadium, but not so large as Central Park. It is a surprise to see there, in the pine-woods, an automobile manufacturing plant, which is what it is, even if the

*William McIlwain, former editor in chief of Newsday, has written a novel about the South—The Glass Rooster.*

Pettys manufacture only a few automobiles a year, piece by piece, all done delicately by hand. Next to the plant or garage, which is enclosed by barbed wire, is the home of Richard's father, Lee Petty, one of the greatest of all the early stock-car racers. Next to Lee's is Richard's home, where Richard will leap on a Yamaha motorcycle, looking like a big man on a tricycle, and fly through Lee's backyard on his way to the garage. Across the road is the home of brother Maurice Petty, thirty-two; he is eighteen months younger than Richard and he builds the engines that go into all of Richard's Plymouth Roadrunners and Plymouth Superbirds, those blue birds that have helped Richard win more Grand National races than any other man in the history of the National Association of Stock Car Auto Racing—and most probably more Grand National races than anyone else ever will win. Down the road is the home of Dale Inman, thirty-four, Richard's cousin, an amiable man with a trick biceps like Popeye's. Dale is the chief of Richard's pit crew. And in all directions, scattered, are the others who work for Richard Petty—his father-in-law, his teen-age brother-in-law, his uncle, and fifteen friends. The friends are as disparate as a bearded young Michigan State graduate with a double major in history and business administration (Chuck Gaa, who recently moved to another racing job) and a good-swear-ing mechanic who knew how to make moonshine whiskey when he was fourteen (Duck Holder). What all of them share is an almost Peace Corps zeal in their approach to working on racing automobiles and a tremendous respect for Richard Petty.

Very much—perhaps almost all of Richard Petty's life is taken up with racing. When he was twelve, he started working with his father in the garage, a small operation in Kingsport, Tennessee. From that day, he works in the garage from seven in the morning to seven at night, doing whatever is at hand, working like an ordinary mechanic. His knowledge of what makes cars run gives him an advantage over many drivers.

Richard ("If my mother wanted to call me 'Dick' she would have named me 'Dick'") is lean, hard, six-feet-two, 190 pounds, a sort of country man, his length you would never have guessed a few years ago in Level Cross, where sideburns that reach halfway down his jawbones. He played football, basketball, and basketball at Randolph High School and came back later to meet a cheerleader whom he married. Lynda Petty drives their Chrysler Imperial to races nearby, taking care of their children, Kyle, ten; Sherry, nine; and Lisa, six. After the race, Lynda opens the Imperial's trunk and Richard and his pit crew eat fried chicken, ham, and biscuits, and drink iced tea and beer on the South Carolina racetracks, where the air temperature ranges from 85 to 105 degrees and the asphalt track temperature reaches 150 and the temperatures inside the race car up to 140.

**A**T QUARTER TO FIVE, in bright June sunshine, we pulled into the Kingsport track, a tiny thing, a tenth of a mile around, high-backed asphalt, cut into red clay, with grandstands on each side. This





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ck to drive, the straightaways too short, with cars bunch-  
 ercely on the turns. But Rich-  
 7 drives them all, short and  
 ere were about a thousand  
 s in the stands, having come  
 watch the practice and quali-  
 os. Stock-car races are big  
 ents. Earlier, in the spring, I  
 1 to Charlotte, North Caro-  
 re the "World 600" is run—  
 le race, on a mile-and-a-half  
 tendance 70,000, with prize  
 f \$193,080.  
 t think there is a citizen in the  
 o wouldn't profit from going  
 (ce) to the World 600. It cost  
 , and \$20 in the grandstands  
 in the elevated stands. Twen-  
 ours before the afternoon the  
 to be run, cars, trucks, trail-  
 mpers, vans, motorcycles,  
 and minibikes began stream-  
 ough the woods toward the  
 bs of red earth that enclose  
 rack and grandstands. Many  
 were going to the "infield,"  
 expanse of grass and dust en-  
 ed by the track itself. The  
 efore the race there were  
 persons in the infield and, as  
 by a young fan, lean, bare-  
 burned by the sun, wearing  
 ie slacks. "Lord, we had a  
 7e drunk some liquor. We  
 me liquor." And on the morn-  
 the afternoon of the race, the  
 f friendship among fans did  
 inish. Teen-agers kissed on  
 es perched high above the  
 held up there by steel plat-  
 n pickup trucks. Hardly any-  
 on a total suit of clothes, man  
 an. The good old boys, their  
 angling over their belts, look-  
 as they do in movies about the  
 alked around with no shirts  
 king beer. Women wore bath-  
 s, halters, and tied-up blouses,  
 their stomachs, some fat,  
 an. Almost everyone ate fried  
 and drank beer.  
 smaller tracks, tonight Kings-  
 ve only \$3,600 in prize mon-  
 l they don't have preachers  
 e by helicopter to pray before  
 as the big tracks do, or big-  
 nouncers. But there will be a  
 mini. It's a bad day or night,  
 a small track, when they can't

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hustle up a mini, sometimes a little chunky in the thighs, to circle the track in a convertible, standing up, blowing kisses to the crowd in the stands and to the drivers and mechanics in the pits. At the bigger tracks, there may be two, three, or a half-dozen minis.

Now, before the race, Dale and Wade Thornburg are adding weight to Richard Petty's car. It must weigh 3,800 pounds and it has come off the officials' scale twenty-five pounds light. They are bolting twenty-five pounds of metal into the trunk.

The "skeeee-reet-skeeee-reet-skeeee-reet" of air wrenches fills the night above the pits, carrying above all other sounds. Always, air wrenches mark the start of a race. Nervously, pit crews are trying them. When the cars fly in, the air wrenches must work. Men who change tires have lug nuts on wires, hanging from their belts. *Skeeee-reet*. Off spin the lug nuts on the wheels. The men don't pick them up from the track but instead take fresh ones from their belts. *Skeeee-reet*. That is how two tires are changed in twenty seconds.

**R**ICHARD WALKS INTO THE PITS, having changed into his fireproof, cream-colored racing suit. He and Dale sit down on the guardrail and begin studying a small black book that Dale pulls out of his hip pocket. It looks as if they are checking a girl's telephone number. But it's another of the "edges" that Petty Enterprises brings to a racetrack. Richard Petty has run so many races on so many tracks under so many circumstances—and Dale Inman and Maurice Petty have logged them all in black books—that when Richard goes out to run now, they look it up in the black book, the way you would go to a road map to find the turn that will take you to the Mother Bunch Islands in Lake George. Dale's book will show, for example, how much "wedge" Richard ran with the last time he was here, and how well he ran. (The automobile's four wheels put different amounts of weight on the track. If the right front and left rear wheel put too much weight, the driver will say the car is "pushing" on the turns, wants to run out of the track

and through the fence. If the right rear wheel and left front wheels are putting too much weight, the driver will say the car is "loose." If you alter the weight of the right front wheel, you automatically alter the weight of the left rear wheel, and vice versa. And the same with the right rear and left front. That's "wedge.")

Richard climbs through the window of the car (the doors are welded shut) at 5:45 and begins running practice laps. Ten minutes later, he pulls into the pits, takes a hammer, and begins beating at the seat he rides in. Apparently the contour is not as he wants it. His pit crew has the rear end on jacks, putting in a new gear. This sort of thing goes on until qualifying time. Then Richard goes out and runs the fastest qualifying lap of the twenty-two cars that will race. That puts him in the "pole position," the first car on the inside, as the cars line up in a double row to begin the race.

Before racetime, other drivers come by to look at the new Petty car. Jabe Thomas looks at the interior, then goes around to peer at the engine. "Every time these boys build a car," he says, "they do something different—something better."

The lights come on overhead, although it is not yet dark, and the drivers begin moving their cars, some of them pausing to speak to each other.

The "pace car" rides in front of the racing cars, keeping them in their starting position for several laps, then the starter waves a green flag and they are off, blasting into the very quick first turn of this tiny track.

Richard comes out of the turn in good shape, with his pursuers swarming after him. On the straightaways, he goes up high on the steeply banked track; on the turns, he swoops down low. Getting too high on a turn puts a driver "up in the marbles," as they say, a point from which he stands an excellent chance of hitting the wall or crashing through the fence. There are 297 laps to be run, and after only a few, it is apparent that Bobby Isaac is going to give Richard a tough night. His car, a red Dodge, Number 71, seems clearly faster than Richard's on the straightaways. Isaac is riding al-

most on Richard's bumper, trying to pass, but it is a small track and Richard won't let him by.

At eighty-five miles an hour, Richard nudges the back of Richard's car. Richard holds firm, running on. Bobby Isaac pops him again, a little harder. Richard gets inside, passing him, but Bobby comes hard out of a turn and bumps Isaac.

**I**T GOES THAT WAY for several laps, the noise deafening and the cars almost piling over each other in the turns, and then Isaac gives Richard a good, hard shot. It isn't on the turn this time, as the other races have been, but on the right rear wheel. Richard goes into a slide, high on the track between the first and second turns. (Of a skid that would send an average man to death, race drivers say, "I got sideways.") Richard drives his way out of the skid, goes straight, and remains in front of Bobby Isaac. But on the fifteenth lap, Bobby streaks by; he is running so fast that it seems Richard Petty will never catch up again tonight with Bobby Isaac.

In the pits, Dale Inman picks up what looks like a child's slate, a small board with letters, with chalk, he prints: "GOD WEDGE?" He holds it aloft as Richard approaches. Just abreast of the pits Richard waves his left hand. He has read Dale's sign. This is the driver and his pit crew communicate. Questions are asked, directions given, sometimes at 190 miles an hour on the big tracks.

Pit crews must be extremely precise. Each man has a job to do at blinding speed. Two or three seconds gained when a driver pulls in his car "serviced" can win a race. On the big tracks, when Richard Petty is driving his "winged" Superbird, Bobby Baker is driving a compact car, Petty Enterprises will have fifteen to twenty men working in the pits. But tonight there are only

Bobby Isaac is flying. Richard is in the same lap with him, but he is gaining. Then, without any warning, Bobby Isaac smacks into the wall on the fourth turn. Richard passes Bobby Isaac drives slowly to the pits.

Six weeks earlier, Richard



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ard Petty, then, will be coming  
n if you watched closely, you  
see all of this, but here is how  
pit crew has planned to work  
will work: Dale Inman will  
the right front tire, Wade  
burg will change the right rear  
ck Holder will pour the gas,  
ell will carry two new tires to  
t side of the car and then help  
ith the second can of gas, Les  
ill jack up the right side, then  
ade Thornburg with the right  
e. Regardless of how many  
in the pits, only five at a time  
mitted to cross the pit wall and  
a the car. Usually a sixth man  
behind the wall and washes the  
eld with a brush on a six-foot

handle, while a seventh hands Richard ice water or a soft drink on a long pole.

Lap after lap, Richard rides, in good shape now, it seems. And then Elmo Langley blows a tire coming out of the first turn and slams straight into the driver's side of Richard Petty's car, hitting just about at Richard's hip. Richard goes into a spin, headed rear-end first into the infield, and his pit crew starts running toward him. But Richard (who later said he knew exactly what he was doing) wheels the car around and tears up grass and dust coming out of the infield, the way a farmer in a pickup truck would come out of a plowed field and onto a highway. He's on the track and running again. After that, Richard is never in trouble. He has to pit twice more, the last time with only twelve laps to go, when he "feels" the right front tire is hot and about to blow.

At the end of the race, as he climbs out of his winning car and fans swarm around him, Richard looks still strong. The race, of course, has been much cooler than a day race and it has not been a long one. Even so, some drivers wilt. Richard Petty apparently never does, and his grin never seems phony. Sitting on the hood of the car in Kingsport, signing autographs, he grins at the little children. Whether he wins or loses, he is patient with his fans. They would stay there all night in Kingsport, it seems, but finally Richard eases through the crowd toward the blue-and-silver diesel, knowing it is time to start for home.

It will be a long ride. After that, his pit crew will work until daylight getting the Roadrunner ready to race the next night in Greenville. Before Dale, Les, Wade, Larry, and Duck go to bed, they will replace the rear springs, put in new brakes, wash the car, change the oil, repack the wheel bearings, change the torsion bars, take out the rear end, and put in a new gear.

No one talks much on the way back. Richard drives a good part of the way, sitting easy and relaxed, running at seventy-five miles an hour, watching the red light ahead grow fainter as Wade Thornburg, traveling even faster, tows the blue Roadrunner home.  $\square$

# Jotter Ball Pen survives real acid test

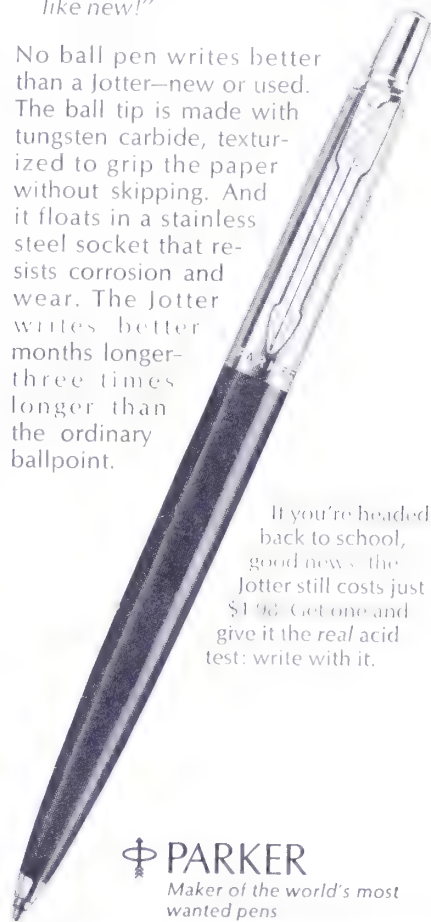


L. T. Zimmerman writes from Cincinnati: "Your Jotter ballpoint pen accidentally went through the following operations in our metal-finishing plant:

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- It still writes and works like new!"

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blas von Hoffman

## LOOKING FOR PRESIDENTS

a week the media lose interest and, like the family dog, drop the rubber bone fetch the rubber mouse."

THE LAW MANDATES that in fourteen months there be an election for the Presidency of the United States of America. There's no getting around it, no escaping and certainly no hiding it if you own a television tube.

The ideal solution would be to declare the office vacant for a term or two. Anarchy at the top would induce tranquillity and order at the bottom, but an election there must be, and we all, each and every one of us, make our tiny contribution, either by taking part or refusing to. Any of us, out of force of habit or despair, may try to pick a candidate. The difficulty is that we've been stung so often now that we don't know how. The inherited wisdom of the civics teacher, the better government/goo-goo tradition has it that the good citizen carefully informs himself of the men and issues and then picks the most qualified person. But with the Presidency there is only one qualification: getting the job. This year there are an abnormal number of people who think they can do that. The list of candidates is so long and so unstable it's impossible to complete it. Every month there's another name in part this is due to the mass media's short attention span. After a week they lose interest like the family dog, drop the rubber bone and fetch the rubber mouse.

In deference to the tradition of paying candidates much heed, we shall supply a little Washington-type, winter book analysis. None of it should be given any predictive value whatever. You might just as well study these guys by their type or weight or church affiliation.

In Washington where I live and suffer, a man is judged *episcopalis* by the quality of his staff. If he's got a good staff, they take him seriously even if he has 3 per cent public recognition like Harris Poll. This is the way it is with Birch

Bayh, an unknown Senator from Indiana who is reputed to have pots of mysterious money he won't talk about and "the best staff on the Hill." Whether that means they remember to keep the colored flags on the map moving so they don't get dusty and therefore give visitors the impression of progress, or whether it means something greater, is hard to say.

What is known is that Bayh spends a great deal of time on the horn honking at fellow pols throughout the country and that his staff is supposed to have the best, most up-to-date lists of key contacts, givers, local leaders, and prospective delegates. It's this bustle of professionalism that impresses the professional political handicappers in Washington.

The rest of Senator Bayh is a little harder to be sure about. He has a set of very nice dimples, he unquestionably led the fight to fend off Haynsworth and Carswell, but on the war and such he is all over the lot. Write him and ask him his position. He has a good staff so you'll probably get a lot of material back by return mail.

An unbayhised view of the Senator's chances suggests he has virtually none, but as a kind of WASP Sammy Glick, the hustling Hoosier Boy Scout does come through with some quotes that make you wish he would become a major force just so we could enjoy him. Some of his best concern the divinity: "I'm fundamentally very religious. I developed a very personal relationship with my God . . . I'm no prude and I'm no saint. I'm in between. Maybe we need somebody who can articulate across that spectrum of thought."

Bayh also writes poetry to his wife, whose name is Marvella.

The other poet in the race is, of course, Eugene McCarthy. It doesn't matter if he has a good staff



McCarthy glows and glows, but despite the luminescence, fewer and fewer people can put up with him or even understand him.

Humphrey hasn't stopped talking long enough in twenty years to hear anything.

because the man is too much of an obdurate loner to use it. The least political of all the men mentioned for the job, the former Minnesota metaphysician has been acting like the unblinking, infinite eye in the triangle on the back of the dollar bill. He glows and he glows, but despite his charm and luminescence, fewer and fewer people can put up with him or even understand him. If there is to be a fourth party and he leads it, it will not have any material effect on the election's outcome. At this writing, McCarthy's most telling effect on the process we are about to see unfold may be his continuing ability to keep a small group of large contributors hypnotized, thereby blocking off from McGovern the money he badly needs.

### Humphrey and other follies

**H**UBERT HORATIO HUMPHREY doesn't have a campaign staff yet. That may be just as well because, when he did, it was reputed to be awful, one of the worst, which, as you see, was no bar to his seizing and holding major office. HHH says he hasn't made up his mind, but one does get the feeling that he's waiting for the other guys to kill themselves off, so he can jump into the last couple of primaries and, hand in hand with George Meany and Dick Daley, swipe the nomination to the disgust of millions.

Officially his position is a marvel of mixed metaphor: "I've got my sails up. I'm testing the water. I'm not salivating but I'm occasionally licking my chops." Even Hubert knows he has a problem, and so he's jumping around in his hyperenergetic way, armed with a horrendous dark-red dye job that makes his real hair look like a wig, while he tells people things like, "I don't think I'm old hat. I think I'm with it . . . I am one emancipated Senator."

But if Humphrey is laughable to you, he isn't to the residual powers, organizations, lobbies, and contributors that have dominated Democratic party politics for two generations. If the people who can't stand him sit home pouting with their thumbs in their mouths, he will be nominated, thus causing a dreadful overload on our mental health facilities, as well as guaranteeing a fourth-party split and Nixon's reelection.

Although by nature a moderate and humane man, Hubie's political enthusiasms have made him an unacceptable extremist in his own party, first to the left many years ago, and now to the right. The greatest service he could perform is to get out of the race and play a supporting role, but he's not about to do that, so what is needed is

a compromise candidate . . . which brings us to Edmund S. Muskie.

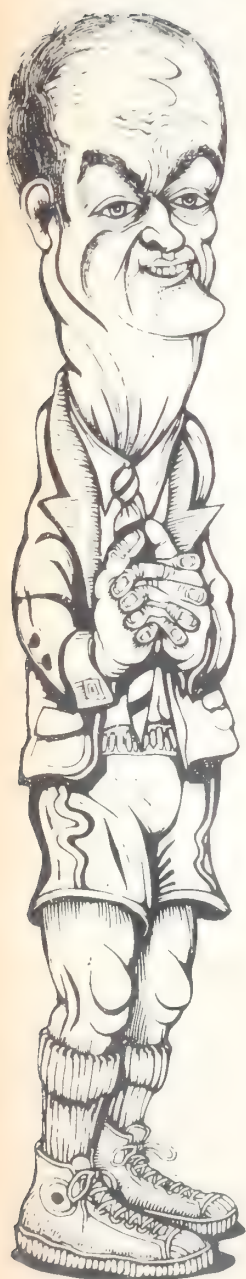
Ordinarily, compromise candidates come late. It is unheard of for one to be a front-runner a couple of years before the election, but Muskie isn't only an intraparty compromise, he is a national compromise: the good, grave, kind, and not unfirm man who won't do anything crazy. He offers little besides sobriety, stability, and a feeling you get when you look at him that he will not get us all blown to kingdom come.

With that face he betokens long, dull, safe evenings. And it is quite a face. Still, if you carefully stare at it till your eyes get tired, it begins to resemble the hind end of an elephant. It has all sags and bags and wrinkles, not prettifying or reassuring the way an elephant is when seen from the rear; large, swaying, but strong, not easily knocked off those weighty feet that can be so dainty avoiding small, furry ground animals.

Lincolnesque, his admirers will say. Maybe, but it's true that, more than any of the other men who push themselves forward for consideration, Muskie's appeal is his personality. He doesn't have a program; he doesn't need one. In fact, it would hurt him, because his strength and point is a diffuse and expanding goodwill and decency that will get him elected if Mitt Romney/Agnew/Nixon wage a campaign of small, narrow, and large libels. Edmund Muskie is the backlash candidate of the people who abhor anger and rancor as governing principles in public life. You may sniff and think that ain't much, but remember the squads of *Mitchellists* issuing orders from the Justice Department with their intense and close-clipped sideburns, their electric blue tie tacks, and their attaché cases heavy with transcripts of phone conversations and grand jury indictments.

The upcoming election is the wrong one to sit out. There is a difference, even between Humphrey and a Muskie, meandering and unformed as he is, as likely as he is to rely on the Clark Clifford and Harry McPhersons, old Johnson guards and advice. He's using them already, but if they've changed in the past couple of years, so have they, and, if they're incapable of overseeing the turn in another direction that so much of our ica awaits, they will swing the prow a few degrees the hopeful way on the compass.

By vote of those who claim to know, Muskie has the worst staff of all. They mess up major contacts, fail to phone key contacts, leave important politicians uncovered and open to be snapped up by their man's opponents. On the other hand, the shambling Senator from Maine has been attacked by Evans and Novak for having





by the Trotskyites into blessing their  
ull, and very pacific antiwar march in  
ton last April. Any man who gets it from  
Ovak can't be wholly without character.  
not lacking in character is the South  
Methodist minister's son, George McGov-  
starts off with the handicap that almost  
can take anybody from South Dakota  
y, and when he gets on television and  
e looks like the parson who inadvertently  
ed a pickle and is trying to make the  
id society believe that he loves it. The  
n has the damnable look of the ordained  
m, an institutional sweetness. Whenever  
him you can't help imagining he's wear-  
inged collar or Geneva bands. Unfortu-  
or him, when he talks, the sound of his  
s prissy, not thunderously evangelical,  
u, God only knows that's not true of the  
e. Read this, delivered in the well of the

*have foolishly assumed that the war  
oo complicated to be trusted to the peo-  
forum—the Congress of the United  
ta. The result has been the cruelest, the  
barbaric, and the most stupid war in our  
nal history. And every Senator in this  
ber is partly responsible for sending  
0 young Americans to an early grave.  
chamber reeks of blood! Every Senator  
is partly responsible for that human  
rage at Walter Reed and Bethesda Naval  
ill across our land—young boys without  
g or arms or genitals or faces or hopes.  
o talk to them about bugging out or na-  
l honor or courage. It doesn't take any  
ge at all for a Congressman or a Senator  
President to wrap himself in the flag and  
y're staying in Vietnam. Because it isn't  
u blood that is being shed.*

re not going to get a politician who is  
o front than that. Indeed, McGovern has  
up front that he is now accused of being  
ssue candidate. That, however, is one  
ue than some of his rivals possess. Still, it  
dvantage in a contest against a man who  
fied with no issue, and therefore has the  
ty that derives from being a warm,  
, reassuringly ill-defined blob.  
McGovern candidacy is worth discussing  
veral angles. First off, the presence of the  
by people has caused some to speculate  
Govern is just a stalking-horse for Teddy.  
of Washington nobody has ever seen one  
quadrupeds, but in the city of marble  
dome, they are sighted daily. McGovern  
stalking-horse for Kennedy, and Fred Harris

is a stalking-horse for McGovern, and Muskie  
is a stalking-horse for Humphrey, who is prob-  
ably a stalking-horse for Bayh, who is stalking  
for Scoop Jackson, who is doing it for Ramsey  
Clark, who is actually a decoy for Wilbur Mills,  
the House Ways and Means Committee chair-  
man, who is the foreordained nominee.

Not so. Running for the nomination is too  
bruising and enervating an obsession for one of  
these ambitious, slightly tetchd men to do it  
for somebody else. They are doing it for them-  
selves, and Teddy, by every known yardstick—  
the reports of his friends, the judgments of his  
former staff people, the opinion of his political  
allies—is not running for President. In neither  
public nor private is he acting like a man who  
would turn around and run.

But if McGovern isn't a stalking-horse, he as-  
suredly is the foremost antiwar candidate, and  
beyond that, the man who most broadly and  
forcefully expresses the ideas of the liberal/left.  
This has brought a lot of young people to him  
and made him increasingly appear to be the  
purest and most uncompromised of the lot.

The result is that if he loses the nomination—  
and right now the odds are that he will—a lot of  
people may be tempted to pack it up and go  
home for the duration. That's a fine attitude if  
you don't care who stays in the White House, or  
if you regard your support of McGovern as part  
of your duties as a votary of some kind of re-  
ligio-political mystery. Votaries, acolytes, and  
such can treat politics as a self-cleansing rite;  
they can say, well, those aren't good enough, not  
pure enough, they don't have the credentials.

Nobody's pure enough. Not even McGovern.  
For while he questioned the war as far back as  
1963, he voted for the Gulf of Tonkin resolution,  
which doesn't make him a bum, but merely a  
politician who was wrong on that day. In truth,  
there are only a handful, a few thousand people  
over the age of twenty-four or twenty-five who  
can't legitimately be taxed with assorted sins or  
stupidities.

Yet, long shot that he is, the South Dakota  
man could find himself nominated by the youth  
that is so attracted to him. Next Election Day  
there will be something on the order of twenty-  
three million (various figures are given) people  
between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five who  
will be eligible to vote. Every indication suggests  
that they are heavily Democratic in their sym-  
pathies and more inclined toward George McGov-  
ern than to any of the others. If they should regis-  
ter in large numbers before the Miami conven-  
tion next summer, the odds on the Senator could  
shorten.

McGovern  
questioned the  
war as far back  
as 1963, but  
voted for the  
Gulf of Tonkin  
resolution,  
which doesn't  
make him a bum  
but merely a  
politician who  
was wrong on  
that day.





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*Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa.*

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ngers can trace rock gouges that mark  
7 of Ice Age glaciers.

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## THE PROBLEM OF STUDENT REGISTRATION

Whether the youthful new voters will indeed be a factor in this and other elections depends in part on the outcome of a skirmish likely to be waged for several months to come. Now that it has been resolved *whether* the student may vote, the issue has become *where* he may vote.

Politically, many students and student leaders see advantages in having young people vote where they go to school—and where they constitute a more easily organized and potentially powerful bloc. Some local officials and residents fear this possibility as a transient whirlwind that could well sweep away stability and hard-won property values. Both groups know that even without the incentive of being able to vote themselves, young students provided the energy that sustained Eugene McCarthy's 1968 Presidential campaign. Just a portion of the youth bloc—that portion previously enfranchised—has helped to elect radical local officials (in Berkeley and Madison) and to take over party organizations (the entire Minneapolis-St. Paul metropolitan area, for McCarthy, in 1968).

The local officials and residents have law and precedent on their side. The principle is that a person votes where he resides, and Utah's law is not unusual in defining a person's residence as the place "in which his habitation is fixed, and to which, whenever he is absent, he has the intention of returning." Many state laws and constitutions presume a student lives with his parents and explicitly say he does not change his residence by the mere fact of going away to school. These laws are based on the premise that the serious business of voting should be entrusted only to those who have knowledge of, and continuing interest in, local candidates and conditions.

But the law does not bar every student from registering at school, since some—many married students, for example—are clearly on their own. Local practice varies widely. Detroit and Minneapolis have a reputation for being liberal in registration. In some states—including Alabama, Florida, Illinois, and New York—officials often ask a number of personal questions in attempting to determine a student's residence: Where do you get your money? Where was your driver's license issued? Where do you spend your holidays? Where do you pay your taxes?

The most dramatic criticism of present procedures is the contention that denying the student the right to register at school may deny him the right to vote altogether, as in North Carolina, where absentee ballots for primary elections are issued only to persons who will be out of state on Election Day. This provision caused a problem for some conscientious students of the University of North Carolina when the primary fell on the day before final exams and the only way to vote

was to spend the day traveling to their childhood homes. Many students cannot vote because their states do not provide for registration by mail.

Some students who have attempted to register at school complain that they are discriminated against. A registrar might ask a college student about his intention of settling down, but he would never think of asking the same question to a married thirty-three-year-old engineer for a computer company, even though the engineer may have been transferred three times in the last five years. A lawyer in the Voting Rights Project of Common Cause has figures that indicate the young student is actually less likely to move than a nonstudent of the same age. The attorney general of Utah has warned registrars in his state that it may be unconstitutional discrimination to ask students any questions they would not ask other newcomers seeking to register. These matters likely to be the focus of court cases during the next year.

But equality may not be enough. Ordinarily a person who changes his residence has to re-register. But a student—even if he spends his entire college career at one school—is likely to shift his living quarters several times. Does he have to re-register every time? If he moves across the dorm hall? Across the quad? Across the campus? Some people in the youth-registration movement fear that the need for repeated re-registration may emasculate their efforts, and they are considering the need for a long legislative struggle leading to a special definition of "change of residence" to apply to students.

In the meantime, a student who feels he has been unfairly denied the right to register can try to determine how confident the registrar is of his ground—has he made an offhand judgment or is he following unwritten rules from some higher official? The student should ask about legal provisions for appealing a decision. Campus political organizations may provide helpful advice.

National organizations are also involved in registration efforts. Most will provide information and some may even offer legal help. Some of the organizations are: Youth Citizenship Fund Inc., 2317 M Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20037; Common Cause Voting Rights Project, 2100 M Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20037; The Student Vote, 530 Seventh Street, Washington, D.C. 20003; Frontlash, Inc., 112 East 10th Street, New York, New York 10003; United States Youth Council, 120 East 32nd Street, New York, New York 10018; League of Women Voters, 1730 M Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20036; Democratic National Committee, 2600 Virginia Avenue NW, Washington, D.C. 20037; and Republican National Committee, 310 First Street SE, Washington, D.C. 20003.



## Darker horses

WILL THEY? Past experience says no. People between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five have tended not to vote, or, if they do, they go along with their parents' preferences. It is dogma among the hard-nosed political types in Washington that this mass of votes, which could be decisive (Humphrey only lost it by a half a million), will either not show up at the polls or will distribute itself too evenly to have any effect.

This judgment is reinforced by the prevalent attitude at the campuses: quiet and apathetic. People have chosen the mainline of heroin in the mainstream of politics. Because of the attitude of the past several years, a lot of observers say they have desecrated apathy whenever they place where the ROTC building isn't bombed.

You assume the opposite of apathy is riot, but there's apathy. But pending the first tallies of registrants, there are other more instructive places to look. One of the most important names ever Allard K. Lowenstein may be. Lowenstein, you may remember, was the one-term governor of New York, Congressman who led the dump-Johnson movement. He is one of those they-said-it-couldn't-be-done types who was deeply involved in a nationwide effort to get the eighteen to twenty-threes.

If he succeeds, he will be much more important in this election than any of the candidates whose names have been mentioned here. If he is elected, and that means registering not all, but about half of twelve million in this vote pool, he will outpace Humphrey, Jackson, the whole New Deal Frontier-Fair Society groups; he will outpace Muskie and push the party in the direction of McGovern.

If Allard K. Lowenstein promises to be the principal figure in this election, there are still others in the running for the lesser or more prominent positions. Ramsey Clark is a good man who has repented of some of the things he did when he was Johnson's Attorney General, but he has no base, only a smattering of electoral support. John Gardner, founder of the National Cause, a coeducational League of Women Voters, is also admired, Republican that he is, for his dignified air and his concerned attitude. All in all another decent chap, but not much to write about. All Gardner has going for him is that he looks like Warren Gamaliel Harding, the way a President was supposed to look in the days when banks were built with

imitation classical facades. Another Republican who has no future in his own party but must look to the Democrats is John Vliet Lindsay, who would be the best-looking President since JFK, better looking, in fact, and also prone to the same kind of mistakes—governing through platoons of Harvard Business School consultants. But is America ready to elect the man who nominated Spiro T. Agnew?

There is one last man. Congressman Paul McCloskey, Jr., the California Republican who has announced his intention of going up against Nixon in the primaries. Some see in this a Republican version of the great McCarthy excursion against Johnson, but they don't appreciate who votes in Republican primaries, and they fail to understand that the party that would nominate Nixon will renominate him.

When they do that, they will still have failed to nominate their most depressingly frightful candidate, the scourge of youth, that enemy of welfare loafers everywhere and friend of oil and agri-business, California's own Ronald Reagan. But Reagan is getting old and increasingly unpopular in his home state, so that whatever scant chances he may have depend on Nixon's pulling out and doing what Johnson did in 1968. That's not going to happen either. Nixon isn't smart enough to know when he is beaten. If he were, he wouldn't be President today.

So the successful opposition to the President will have to come from one of the flawed Democrats, but flawed though they may be, you can't even beat a nobody like Nixon with a nobody-nobody.

## Modest hopes and moral lectures

STILL MANY PEOPLE are going to shrug and say, "It's not worth it, it won't work, we've tried everything and it's all failed."

Most of the people who talk like that haven't tried everything. They've rung a few doorbells in a couple of campaigns, attended a few teach-ins and maybe been in an antiwar parade. If stopping a war, altering the foreign policy, dealing with racism—if any of these objectives were so easy that a mass stroll with a folk singer could accomplish them, they would scarcely be important enough to trouble ourselves over. To belly-ache that universal world peace doesn't come easily (in, for example, a handy-open, pop-top, nonreturnable, costumer-convenience container) is dilettantism. It is also a denial of the quite obvious changes that the tumult and agitation of the past ten years have brought to thought and

Edmund Muskie is the backlash candidate of the people who abhor anger and rancor as governing principles of public life.



Nicholas  
von Hoffman  
LOOKING FOR  
PRESIDENTS

practice in every part of American life. Look at what has happened to the black people of the country. Granting that the end of their difficulties is not yet in sight, just that short time ago their leadership consisted of Roy Wilkins and A. Philip Randolph; white allies were scarce, and Bayard Rustin was the big black radical. In the intervening time, not only the outreaching demand but the thinking and self-definition of a whole people has been transformed.

From that beginning in the old civil-rights movement, change has begat change upon change. Ralph Nader has moved from being a guy who was lucky to get printed in *The Nation* into being a bigger problem than Volkswagen for General Motors; in other areas the idea of self-determination has been reintroduced as a powerful political issue in our life. The notion that all the benefits America does confer on a few must be shared by all has been converted from a utopian bromide into a snarled and snagged everyday political fight.

For the first time in thirty years, foreign policy has been taken out of the poisonous ambience of bipartisan consensus. Not only has Congress been forced to resume its responsibilities and begin to debate what we do abroad, but the crisis managers, the military, and all the foxy gentlemen who play the Free World interventionist game have been made to realize that American lives and money are no longer obediently and unquestionably at their disposal. To arrest the U.S.A. in the middle of one of its wars is a feat.

In a decade, every part of our public life has been changed, blown so hard in new directions that even Nixon gives lip service to many of the ideas promulgated by the SDS in the mid-Sixties. Belatedly and without serious intent, he too feels he must call for revolution, for health insurance, and some form of participatory democracy.

Another proof of how the country has moved is the way the Democratic party will pick its candidate next year. As a result of the 1968 Chicago convention there have been enormous and fundamental changes in how the Democratic candidate is going to be picked at the Miami convention and who is eligible to join the delegates in the picking process. These changes probably will be more important than who is chosen; they will shape his politics no matter who he may be or what his personal thinking is at the moment. For the first time in American history, the convention will not be a meeting of middle-aged white men.

At Chicago in 1968, according to the figures of the Democratic National Committee, 13 per cent of the delegates were women, 5.5 per cent were black, and 4 per cent were under the age

of thirty. A third of them had been all but in 1967 so that their selection completely sl the galvanic events of the convention year pestuous and tragic spring.

None of that at Miami next summer. In of race, sex, and age (between eighteen thirty), the delegates must be roughly p tional to their numbers in the populat large. Not only must all of them be selec the year of the convention, but also it v longer be possible for governors or nationa mitteemen to stack the deck by planting friends and cronies in each state deleg That's gone. Gone too are many of the sly that professional politicians have used to access to the election process as difficult and sible for the concerned amateur.

State Democratic parties must now h formal set of printed rules under which th erate. None of the shifting and nutshelling allowed them to hide precinct meetings or gee people out by telling them they followed some regulation of which they deliberately kept in ignorance. That's all as is the unit rule, the favorite son, hokey demonstrations, and much of the rest tricknology and sham that have helped political conventions dull, disreputable, in ing, and undemocratic.

Not that all the changes and new rules w been carried out. Many state organizations shifty and recalcitrant, but the massive mov into a new kind of party, new way of doing ness is under way, past the point of backs

The Miami convention will be differen tainly different enough to persuade many although they believed they couldn't work old system, their efforts have brought fo not a new system, at least one that a lot people with a lot less money can get their on and use. It may also be that these chang not move the Democrats nearly so far in a li left direction as some hope and others. but what it certainly ought to do is bring public a new kind of candidate. Whiche these men wins, he will not have been able it as John Kennedy did, with some kind of Mafia" machination, or as Johnson gave Humphrey, after first stripping him of hi nity, and then tossing him the nomination thing not worth having.

The Miami candidate, whoever he may b after whatever kind of dirty fight, should e with a special authority that comes to one c by a process people believe in, and that al this time of disillusion and disrespect, m worth more than winning the election.

*Nicholas von Hoffman is a columnist for the Washington Post, where, three times a week, he traffics in wit, iconoclasm, and social satire.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE  
SEPTEMBER 1971



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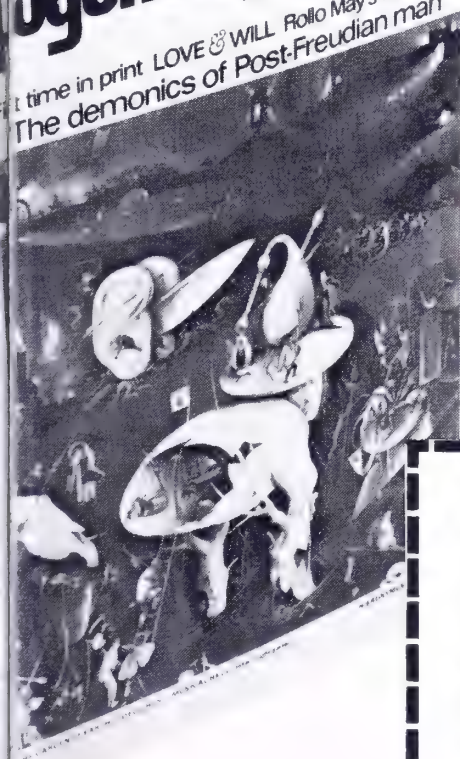
oedipal complexes, guilt feelings or sexual hang-ups—  
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## WHITE ETHNIC

The anger of a man disinherited by the authorized American fantasy

GROWING UP IN AMERICA has been an assault upon my sense of worthiness. It has also been a kind of liberation and delight.

There must be countless women in America who have known for years that something is peculiarly unfair, yet who have found it only recently possible, because of Women's Liberation, to give tongue to their pain. In recent months, I have experienced a similar inner thaw, a gradual relaxation, a willingness to think about feelings heretofore shepherded out of sight.

I am born of PIGS—those Poles, Italians, Greeks, and Slavs, non-English-speaking immigrants, numbered so heavily among the workingmen of this nation. Not particularly liberal, nor radical, born into a history not white Anglo-Saxon and not Jewish—born outside what in America is considered the intellectual mainstream. And thus privy to neither power nor status nor intellectual voice.

Those Poles of Buffalo and Milwaukee—so notoriously taciturn, sullen, nearly speechless. Who has ever understood them? It is not that Poles do not feel emotion: what is their history if not dark passion, romanticism, betrayal, courage, blood? But where in America is there anywhere a language for voicing what a Christian Pole in this nation feels? He has no Polish culture left him, no Polish tongue. Yet Polish feelings do not go easily into the idiom of happy America, the America of the Anglo-Saxons and, yes, in the arts, the Jews. (The Jews have long been a culture of the word, accustomed to exile, skilled in scholarship and in reflection. The Christian Poles are largely of peasant origin, free men for hardly more than a hundred years.) Of what shall the man of Buffalo think, on his way to work in the mills, departing from his relatively dreary home and street? What roots does he have? What language of the heart is available to him?

The PIGS are not silent willingly. The silence burns like hidden coals in the chest.

All four of my grandparents, unknown to one another, arrived in America from the same country in Slovakia. My grandfather had a small farm

in Pennsylvania; his wife died in a wagon accident. Meanwhile, a girl of fifteen arrived on Ellis Island, dizzy, a little ill from witnessing deaths and illnesses aboard the crossing ship, with a sign around her neck lettered "ASAIC." There an aunt told her of the man who had lost his wife in Pennsylvania. She went to Pennsylvania. They were married. Inheriting his three children, she lived for five years she had one of her own. She was among the lucky, only one died. When she was twenty-two, mother of seven, her husband died. And she resumed the work she had begun in Slovakia at the town home of a man known to us now only as "the Professor" who housecleaned and she laundered.

I heard this story only weeks ago. Strange that I had not asked insistently before. Odd that I should have such shallow knowledge of my roots. Amazing to me that I do not know what my family suffered, endured, learned, hoped for in the past six or seven generations. It is as if there were no project on which we all have been involved. As if history, in some way, began with my father and with me.

Let me hasten to add that the estrangement that I have come to feel derives not only from a lack of family history. All my life, I have been made to feel a slight uneasiness when I must say my name. Under challenge in grammar school concerning my nationality, I had been instructed by my father to announce proudly: "American." When my family moved from the Slovak ghetto of Johnstown to the WASP suburb on the Long Island Sound, my mother impressed upon us how well we must be dressed, and show good manners, and be polite—people think of us as "different" and we mustn't give them any cause. "Whatever you do, don't marry a Slovak girl," was other advice to a similar end: "They cook. They clean. They take good care of you. For your own good."

When it was revealed to me that most of the stars and many other professionals had adopted European names in order to feed American fantasies, I felt only a little sadness. Of my uncles, for business reasons and rather for

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inged his name too, to a simple German. Not long, either, after World War II. Where in my schooling do I recall an attempt to put me in touch with my own history. The strategy was clearly to make an American English literature, American literature; in the history books, as I recall them, were mainly by Anglo-Saxons from Boston (most historians seemed to live). Not even in Pennsylvania, let alone my Slovakia, counted for very many paragraphs. I remember feeling envy or regret: a feeling, of unimportance, of remoteness, of not heft enough to count. The fact that I was born a Catholic also complicated. What is a Catholic but what everybody in reaction against? Protestants reformed the Tower of Babylon, others were "enlightened" from it, and Jews had reason to help criticism and the social structures it was in to fall apart. My history books and the language of education hummed in upon that point; crucial years I attended a public, not a private (al, school): to be modern is decidedly not to be medieval; to be reasonable is not to be irrational; to be free is clearly not to live under totalitarian authority; to be scientific is not to believe in ancient rituals, cherish irrational symbols, or engage in mythic practices. It is hard to grow up

Catholic in America without becoming defensive, perhaps a little paranoid, feeling forced to divide the world between "us" and "them."

We had a special language all our own, our own pronunciation for words we shared in common with others (Augustine, contemplative), sights and sounds and smells in which few others participated (incense at Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Forty Hours, wakes, and altar bells at the silent consecration of the Host); and we had our own politics and slant on world affairs. Since earliest childhood, I have known about a "power elite" that runs America: the boys from the Ivy League in the State Department, as opposed to the Catholic boys from Hoover's FBI who, as Daniel Moynihan once put it, keep watch on them. And on a whole host of issues, my people have been, though largely Democratic, conservative: on censorship, on Communism, on abortion, on religious schools . . . Harvard and Yale long meant "them" to us.

The language of Spiro Agnew, the language of George Wallace, excepting its idiom, awakens childhood memories in me of men arguing in the barbershop, of my uncle drinking so much beer he threatened to lay his dick upon the porch rail and wash the whole damn street with steaming piss—while cursing the niggers in the mill, below, and the Yankees in the mill, above: mill-

"Nowhere in my schooling do I recall an attempt to put me in touch with my own history. The strategy was clearly to make an American of me."



CHARLES GATEWOOD



stones he felt pressing him. Other relatives were duly shocked, but everybody loved Uncle George: he said what he thought.

We did not feel this country belonged to us. We felt fierce pride in it, more loyalty than anyone could know. But we felt blocked at every turn. There were not many intellectuals among us, not even very many professional men. Laborers mostly. Small businessmen, agents for corporations perhaps. Content with a little, yes, modest in expectation. But somehow feeling cheated. For a thousand years the Slovaks survived Hungarian hegemony, and our strategy here remained the same: endurance and steady work. Slowly, one day, we would overcome.

A special word is required about a complicated symbol: sex. To this day my mother finds it hard to spell the word intact, preferring to write "s--." Not that much was made of sex in our environment. And that's the point: silence. Demonstrative affection, emotive dances, exuberance Anglo-Saxons seldom seem to share; but on the realities of sex, discretion. Reverence, perhaps; seriousness, surely. On intimacies, it is as though our tongues had been stolen. As though in peasant life for a thousand years the context had been otherwise. Passion, yes; romance, yes; family and children, certainly; but sex, rather a minor part of life.

Imagine, then, the conflict in the generation of my brothers, sister, and myself. (The book critic for the *New York Times* reviews on the same day two new novels of fantasy: one a pornographic fantasy to end all such fantasies [he writes], the other about a mad family representing in some comic way the redemption wrought by Jesus Christ. In language and verve, the books are rated even. In theme, the reviewer notes his embarrassment in reporting a religious fantasy, but no embarrassment at all about the preposterous pornography.) Suddenly, what for a thousand years was minor becomes an all-absorbing investigation. It is, perhaps, one drama when the ruling classes (I mean subscribers to *The New Yorker*, I suppose) move progressively, generation by generation since Sigmund Freud, toward consciousness-raising sessions in Clit. Lib., but wholly another when we stumble suddenly upon mores staggering any expectation our grandparents ever cherished.

**Y**ET MORE SIGNIFICANT in the ethnic experience in America is the intellectual world one meets: the definition of values, ideas, and purposes emanating from universities, books, magazines, radio, and television. One hears one's own

voice echoed back neither by spokesmen of "middle America" (so complacent, smug, naive and Protestant), nor by "the intellectuals." Most unavoidably, perhaps, education in America leads the student who entrusts his soul to a direction that, lacking a better word, might call liberal: respect for individual science, a sense of social responsibility, trust in the free exchange of ideas and procedures, consent, a certain confidence in the ability to "reason together" and to adjudicate the differences, a frank recognition of the vitality of the unconscious, a willingness to protect workers and the poor against the vast economic power of industrial corporations, and the like.

On the other hand, the liberal imagination appeared to be astonishingly universalist and relentlessly missionary. Perhaps the metaphor of "enlightenment" offers a key. One is invited into light. Liberal education tends to separate children from their parents, from their roots, from their history, in the cause of a universal, superior religion. One is taught, regarding the unenlightened (even if they be one's Uncle George and Peter, one's parents, one's brothers perhaps), what can only be called a medieval equivalent of *odium theologicum*. Richard L. Stroup described anti-intellectualism in America, more accurately in nativist America than in ethnic America, but I have yet to encounter a comparable treatment of anti-unenlightenment among our educated classes.

In particular, I have regretted and keenly felt the absence of that sympathy for "the simple human feeling" that might have produced the intelligence to muster: that same sympathy that the educated find so easy to conjure up for the culture, Chicano culture, Indian culture, and other cultures of the poor. In such cases, finds, the universalist pretensions of liberal culture are suspended: some groups, at least, entitled to be both different and respected. But do the educated classes find it so difficult to understand the man who drives a beer truck or the fellow with a helmet working on a street across the street with plumbers and electricians while their sensitivities race easily to Mississippi or even Bedford-Stuyvesant?

There are deep secrets here, no doubt, unvoiced fantasies and scarcely admitted racial resentments. Few persons, in describing "Middle Americans," "the Silent Majority," Scammon and Wattenberg's "typical American voter," distinguish clearly enough between nativist American and the ethnic American. The first is likely to be Protestant, the second Catholic. Both may be, in various ways, conservative.

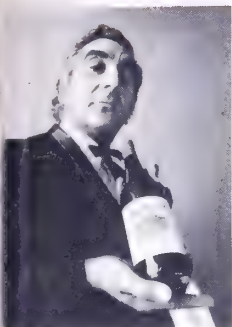


# A LITTLE BOTTLE OF WINE SHOULDN'T MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE A FOOL.

Wine with a meal should be one of life's biggest pleasures.

But the act of ordering and tasting it can be one of life's biggest pains.

That's because how much you know about wine has somehow become an index to how much you've been around. And when the waiter hands you the wine list, it's as if he's handing



you your final exam. And the worst part is, it's an oral exam.

We at Inglenook Vineyards would like to help. We think if you knew exactly what all the usual was about, you'd feel a lot more comfortable about ordering fine wine with your meals. Which is certainly in our best interests.

## BE PREPARED.

First, you ought to be able to pronounce wine names correctly. Nothing can shake your confidence more thoroughly than to blurt out your order and pronounce it completely and totally wrong.

Or worse yet, just pointing to a wine on the list and saying, "Er, ah, we'll have a bottle of that one."

Most people have trouble with wine names because they're mostly French words. Actually, they're really not that hard if you work at them a bit. This pronunciation guide should help.

## KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING.

Now let's go through the whole thing step by step. First you order the wine, pronouncing it correctly. So far, so good. The waiter brings it out and shows it to you. At this point, you're supposed to inspect the label to see if it's the wine you ordered. Check the brand, the type of wine, and the vintage.

That done, the waiter should now open the wine. This is a ritual in itself. A good wine steward should remove

the cork and smell it. This is to see if everything is alright. If the bottle has been stored in an upright position, the cork could dry up and air could get through and spoil the wine.

The cork should be placed beside your plate and the wine left open on the table, but not poured. This allows the wine to come into contact with air, which expands its bouquet and gives it a fuller taste. Just before the main course, the waiter should return to pour the wine.

## "IT'S A GOOD POISON, BUT IT'S NOT A GREAT POISON."

What follows here is a ritual dating back to the Middle Ages. At that time, a good way to kill off your enemies was to invite them to dinner and slip a little poison in their wine.

Needless to say, everyone soon got a little paranoid about going over to someone's castle for dinner. So in order to set the guests at ease, the host would take the first sip of wine.

We do the same thing today, but there's a more practical reason for this. The host, or man

at the table, takes the first sip of wine simply to see if the wine has turned. If a wine has "turned" it has begun to dry out or oxidize. All wines will become corky and sour, if they are exposed to the air for a long period of time. So if the wine tastes unsatisfactory to you, send it back.



## AN EASY WAY OUT.

If you still feel a little threatened by the whole situation, here's an easy way to get on top of it.

Ask the waiter which wines on the list are estate bottled.

An estate bottled wine is made only from grapes grown in vineyards under the constant supervision of the vintner.

Then ask him, of those wines, which ones come from Napa Valley.

And of those, which wines are vintage wines.

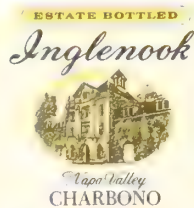
That should narrow it down to Inglenook.

Which will probably be the most expensive wine on the list, and the best.

The waiter is sure to give you some points for your selection of wine.

Because no fool ever ordered Inglenook with his dinner.

INGLENOOK'S GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION	
WHITE DINNER WINES	
Pinot Chardonnay	sha-blee'
Pinot Blanc	pea-no shar-doh-nay'
Chenin Blanc	pea-no blanh
Sauterne	she-nahn blanh
Sauvignon Blanc	so-tairn'
Sauvignon	so-vee-nyonh blanh
Riesling	say'-mee-nyonh
Sylvaner	ree-ling
Traminer	al-ey-ber
	truh-may-ner
RED DINNER WINES	
Charbono	shar-bo-no
Gamay	stah-may
Pinot Noir	pea-no no-ahr
Red Pinot	red pin-oh
Cabernet Sauvignon	kab-er-nay' so-vee-nyonh
Zinfandel	zee-fer-dill
Gamay Beaujolais	gah-may boh-sho-lay



# INGLENOOK

We make the most expensive wine in America.

loyalist, and unenlightened. Each has his own agonies, fears, betrayed expectations. Neither is ready, quite, to become an ally of the other. Neither has the same history behind him here. Neither has the same hopes. Neither is living out the same psychic voyage. Neither shares the same symbols or has the same sense of reality. The rhetoric and metaphors differ.

There is overlap, of course. But country music is not a polka; a successful politician in a Chicago ward needs a very different "common touch" from the one used by the county clerk in Normal; the urban experience of immigration lacks that mellifluous, optimistic, biblical vision of the good America that springs naturally to the lips of politicians from the Bible Belt. The nativist tends to believe with Richard Nixon that he "knows America and the American heart is good." The ethnic tends to believe that every American who preceded him has an angle, and that he, by God, will one day find one too. (Often, ethnics complain that by working hard, obeying the law, trusting their political leaders, and relying upon the American Dream they now have only their own naïveté to blame for rising no higher than they have.)

It goes without saying that the intellectuals do not love Middle America, and that for all the good warm discovery of America that preoccupied them during the 1950s, no strong tide of respect accumulated in their hearts for the Yahoos, Babbitts, Agnews, and Nixons of the land. Willie Morris, in *North Toward Home*, writes poignantly of the chill, parochial outreach of the liberal sensibility, its failure to engage the humanity of the modest, ordinary little man west of the Hudson. The intellectual's map of the United States is succinct: "Two coasts connected by United Airlines."

Unfortunately, it seems, the ethnics erred in attempting to Americanize themselves, before clearing the project with the educated classes. They learned to wave the flag and to send their sons to war. (The Poles in World War I were 4 per cent of the population but took 12 per cent of the casualties.) They learned to support their President—an easy task, after all, for those accustomed abroad to obeying authority. And where would they have been if Franklin Roosevelt had not sided with them against established interests? They knew a little about Communism, the radicals among them in one way, and by far the larger number of conservatives in another. Not a few exchange letters to this day with cousins and uncles who did not leave for America when they might have, whose lot is demonstrably harder and less than free.

Finally, the ethnics do not like, or even understand the intellectuals. It is no feel uncomplicated affection for those who call you "pig," "fascist," "racist." One had grown accustomed not to hearing "Fink," "Polack," "Spic," "Mick," "Dago," and so on. At no little sacrifice, one had apologized for foods that smelled too strong for Anglo-Saxon noses, moderated the wide swings of Slavic Italian emotion, learned decorum, given up on education American style, tried to learn tolerance and assimilation. Each generation criticized the earlier for its authoritarian and European and old-fashioned ways. "Up-to-date" was a moral lever. And now when the process is in completion, when a generation appears who speaks without accent and goes to college, you are considered pigs, fascists, and racists.

Racists? Our ancestors owned no slaves. Most of us ceased being serfs only in the last 200 years—the Russians in 1861. What have we done against blacks or blacks against us? Competition, yes, for jobs and homes and communities, competition, even, for political power. Italian-Americans, Slovaks, Poles are not, in principle, against "community control," or even against ghettos of our own. Whereas the Anglo-American model appears to be a system of atomic individualism and high mobility, our model has stressed communities of our own, attachment to family and relatives, stability, and roots. Yet we do have a fierce sense of attachment to our neighborhoods, having been homeowners less than three generations: a home is almost fulfillment enough for one man's life. We have most ambivalence about suburban assimilation and mobility. The melting pot is a kind of homogenization, and its mores only partly appeal to us: to some, yes, and to others, no.

It must be said that we think we are more people than the blacks. Smarter, tougher, more working, stronger in our families. But many of us are not so sure. Maybe we are not. Emotions here are delicate. One can understand the immensely more difficult circumstances under which the blacks have suffered, and one is often unaware of peculiar forms of fear, envy, and suspicion across color lines. How much of all this we have learned in America, by being made conscious of our olive skin, brawny backs, accents, and cultural quirks, is not plain to us. Racism is not our invention; we did not bring it with us; we found it here. And should we pay the price for America's guilt? Must all the gains for the blacks, long overdue, be chiefly at our expense? Have we, once again, no defense for ourselves?



VISION ANNOUNCERS and college professors seem so often to us to be speaking in a men they say "white racism," it does not be their own traditions they are impugning it is paranoia, but it seems that the accompanying such words is directed at workers, auto workers, truck drivers, and at us. When they say "humanism" or "us," it seems to us like moral pressure to our own traditions, our faith, our association in order to reap higher rewards in the of the national corporations—that quantity, homogeneity, replaceability, ability. They want to grind off all the old us to the lathes, shape us to be objective, bureaucratic, orderly, and fully American. In recent years, of course, a new cleavage has opened among the intellectuals. Some seem to favor technocracy—for that alliance of industry, and humanism whose heaven is progress." Others seem to be taking the view of ecclesiastical conservatives and traditionalists: that commitment to enlightenment is narrow, ideological, and hostile to the interests of mankind. In the past, the great for progress sprang from the conviction that knowledge is power." Both humanists and traditionalists could agree on that, and labored in

their separate ways to make the institutions of knowledge dominant in society: break the shackles of the Church, extend suffrage to the middle classes and finally to all, win untrammelled liberty for the marketplace of ideas. Today it is no longer plain that the power brought by knowledge is humanistic. Thus the parting of the ways.

Science has ever carried with it the stories and symbols of a major religion. It is ruthlessly universalist. If its participants are not "saved," they are nonetheless "enlightened," which isn't bad. And every single action of the practicing scientist, no matter how humble, could once be understood as a contribution to the welfare of the human race; each smallest gesture was invested with meaning, given a place in a scheme, and weighted with redemptive power. Moreover, the scientist was in possession of "the truth," indeed of the very meaning of and validating procedures for the word. His role was therefore sacred.

Imagine, then, a young strapping Slovak entering an introductory course in the Sociology of Religion at the nearby state university or community college. Is he sent back to his Slovak roots, led to recover paths of experience latent in all his instincts and reflexes, given an image of the life of his grandfather that suddenly, in recog-

"The ethnic tends to believe that every American who preceded him has an angle, and that he, by God, will one day find one too."





WHITE  
ETHNIC

nition, brings tears to his eyes? Is he brought to a deeper appreciation of his Lutheran or Catholic heritage and its resonances with other bodies of religious experience? On the contrary, he is secretly taught disdain for what his grandfather *thought* he was doing when he acted or felt or imagined through religious forms. In the boy's psyche, a new religion is implanted: power over others, enlightenment, an atomic (rather than a communitarian) sensibility, a contempt for mystery, ritual, transcendence, soul, absurdity, and tragedy; and deep confidence in the possibilities of building a better world through scientific understanding. He is led to feel ashamed for the statistical portrait of Slovak immigrants which shows them to be conservative, authoritarian, not given to dissent, etc. His teachers instruct him with the purest of intentions, in a way that is value free.

To be sure, certain radical writers in America have begun to bewail "the laying on of culture" and to unmask the cultural religion implicit in the American way of science. Yet radicals, one learns, often have an agenda of their own. What fascinates *them* among working-class ethnics are the traces, now almost lost, of *radical* activities among the working class two or three generations ago. Scratch the resentful boredom of a classroom of working-class youths, we are told, and you will find hidden in their past some formerly imprisoned organizer for the CIO, some Sacco/Vanzetti, some bold pamphleteer for the IWW. All this is true. But supposing that a study of the ethnic past reveals that most ethnics have been, are, and wish to remain, culturally conservative? Suppose, for example, they wish to deepen their religious roots and defend their ethnic enclaves? Must a radical culture be "laid on" them?

America has never confronted squarely the problem of preserving diversity. I can remember hearing in my youth bitter arguments that parochial schools were "divisive." Now the public schools are attacked for their commitment to homogenization. Well, how *does* a nation of no one culture, no one language, no one race, no one history, no one ethnic stock continue to exist as one, while encouraging diversity? How can the rights of all, and particularly of the weak, be defended if power is decentralized and left to local interests? The weak have ever found strength in this country through local chapters of national organizations. But what happens when the national organizations themselves—the schools, the unions, the federal government—become vehicles of a new, universalistic, thoroughly rationalized, technological culture?

Still, it is not that larger question that con-

cerns me here. I am content today to voice difficulties in the way of saying what I wish to say, when I wish to say it. The tradition of liberalism is a tradition I have had to acquire, despite an innate skepticism about many of its structural metaphors (free marketplace, individual autonomy, reason naked and undisguised, enlightenment). Radicalism, with its bold and stark optimism about human potential and its antitendencies, has been, despite its appeal to me, a vehicle for criticizing liberalism, freighted with emotions, sentiments, and convictions about which I cannot bring myself to share.

In my guts, I do not feel that institutional liberalism is "repressive" in any meaning of the word; it leaves it meaningful; the "state of nature" is not to me, emotionally, far less liberating, far less undifferentiated and confining. I have not worked for so long in the profession of the intellectual that I find it easy to be critical and harsh. In fact, most everything I see or hear or read, I am struck first, rather indiscriminatingly, by all the good I like in it. Only with second effort can I bring myself to discern the flaws. My emotional values seem to run in affirmative patterns.

My interest is not, in fact, in defining liberalism over against the American people and the American way of life. I do not expect as much of liberalism as all that. What I should like to do is come to a better and more profound knowledge of myself, whence my community came, and whence my son and daughter, and their children's children, might wish to head in the future: I wish to have a history.

More and more, I think in family terms. Ambitiously, on a less than national scale, I see differences implicit in being Slovak, and Catholic, and lower-middle class seem more and more important to me. Perhaps it is too much to speak to all peoples in this very various world of ours. Yet it does not seem evident that by coming more concrete, accepting one's finite and limited identity, one necessarily becomes more parochial. Quite the opposite. It seems more likely that by each of us becoming more profoundly what we are, we shall find greater unity, in the depths in which unity irradiates diversity. By attempting through the artifices of the American "melting pot" and the cultural religion of science to become what we are not.

There is, I take it, a form of liberalism wedded to universal Reason, whose ambition is not to homogenize all peoples on this planet, but whose base lies rather in the imagination of the diversity of human stories: a liberalism should be happy to have others help it find.





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# AUTOPSY ON OLD WESTBURY

The politics of free-form education

**B**Y 1966 American college officials had sensed they were an *ancien régime* threatened by revolutionary discontents. In that year the State University of New York, hoping to avoid the troubles besetting her sister university in California, announced plans for a new four-year college with "an almost unrestricted opportunity for innovation" in which students would have "full partnership." In 1967 Harris Wofford, a former director of the Peace Corps in Ethiopia and a Kennedy civil-rights aide, was appointed president of the new college, to be called the State University at Old Westbury.

For nearly a year Wofford invited suggestions from students, academics, and prophets of the new youth culture, including four Diggers from San Francisco who stopped by on their way to the march on the Pentagon in October 1967. Wofford's ambitions for the school were high. "It shouldn't be called Old Westbury," he told one of the first people he hired, "because it's going to be a school of the world."

A fire on the original Old Westbury, Long Island, campus forced the school to move to a 409-acre estate in nearby Oyster Bay, a town of staggering affluence about an hour from New York City. In September 1968, the first eighty-five students arrived in Oyster Bay for two years of experiment before the "real" students, eventually to number 5,000, arrived at the "real" campus still under construction at Old Westbury. During the next eighteen months, while the academic world watched closely, the following entirely typical events took place:

- At a meeting the first night, the students spent four hours arguing whether all, some, or none of the school's bathrooms should be co-ed. No conclusion was reached.
- A girl spent one entire semester polishing a four-foot-high piece of bark.
- Perhaps one thousand proposals were met with the objection, "What's new about that?"
- A course on the oppression of women turned into an activist group that mothered the entire Women's Liberation movement on Long Island.
- Two campus buildings were burned, and

bomb scares repeatedly emptied classrooms.

- All students received grades of "pass," "no credit," but grades of "no credit" were not recorded.

- Students and faculty failed to agree on anything except the urgent necessity of Wofford's resignation.

This agreement was about to be formalized at an open meeting in the spring of 1969 when Wofford insisted on speaking first. He then announced, with regret, that he was leaving. State University officials in Albany, picking up the echoes of these events, appointed a five-member committee, named for its chairman, Clifford Craven, to assess the school's progress. The Craven Committee, whose members believed in courses, departments, and grades, spent two days on the Oyster Bay campus and then submitted a report that amounted to an academic counter-revolution. The result was a decision to close the college in Oyster Bay and start again in the fall with a new president, John D. McGuire, a theologian, on the rebuilt campus at Old Westbury.

Wofford left to become president of Brandeis University. A black anthropologist was appointed acting president of the Oyster Bay campus for a final year, and the school became, in two brief semesters, one of the best undergraduate colleges in America, a fact not as widely recognized in academic circles as the now immaculate piece of polished bark.

The State University at Old Westbury had been intended as a response to the discontent expressed in the Free Speech Movement. "I am a student—do not fold, spindle or mutilate." It was not to be a "multiversity" without technicians for corporate America, but a "free" institution in which students would direct their own education in "relevant" subjects. Ever since the school was closed as a failure, its enemies of academic experiments have cited Old Westbury as reason for leaving things alone. In fact, however, the failure of the school had nothing to do with the experiments, and a lot to do with the divisions in American society.

*Thomas Powers recently was awarded a Pulitzer prize for his national reporting for UPI. He is the author of *Diana*, and is at work now on another book.*





## Symbol of white America

A COLLEGE determined to face the American Crisis, locating itself on a Long Island estate that might have been Jay Gatsby's was ing and, as things turned out, something a mistake. The three main factions at the —white radicals, hippies, and the Non-Caucus—arrived on the campus in an otypic mood, in the fall of a year dominated by assassination, riot, and street fighting. No one is prepared for the lush physical beauty of the environment where a rich marine insurance broker had spent forty years creating one of the best arboretums in America. The geodesic domes that housed the school were surrounded by a variety of trees, including American crab apple trees, Japanese maples, and pines, purple beech, and Camperdown Elm. Old Westbury Hall, a Victorian-Gothic building named after the estate's former owner, was closed the year before, but students used to sneak in and wander admiringly through the enormous rooms. Frank Miata, a leader of the white radicals, summed up the first time he saw the campus. Miata, who spent a year as an SDS regional organizer in upstate New York before he came to Old Westbury, had grown up on Long Island's Shore, where affluence is paid for on time. He saw the Ruling Class, for those who believe in it, as a symbol of abstraction. At Old Westbury, Miata dis-



HARVEY DINNENSTEIN

covered that the Ruling Class lived next door. He saw its members coming home from Wall Street in the evening in rented helicopters. He passed their gate cottages and their long tree-lined driveways. In 1969 Miata married another Old Westbury student, Pat Sweeney, in Coe Hall. When Pat and her father, a working man from Chicago, drove up to the campus he asked, "What is this? A forest preserve?" A friend of Pat's, Deborah Leavy, did a research project on the membership of Oyster Bay's 100-year-old Sewanakah-Corinthian Yacht Club. What she found was a corporate world as tightly bound by blood, marriage, and money as the city-states of Renaissance Italy. White radicalism at Old Westbury was not weakened by the knowledge that the Coe estate was once *one man's home*.

The effect of the school's location was equally arresting to other students. The hippies took one look and decided that Old Westbury ought to be a liberated zone where youth culture could flourish in magnificent isolation. A distinct minority, they spent their days in a dreamy state known as "grooving in the grass." The bark-polishing devotee, a former high-school cheerleader, later designed a course that she called "Poetry of Life" and described as follows:

*Now I hear beautiful music. Then I paint a mind picture. Later I walk in the wood. Reverently I study my wood, know it. Converse with a poet meaningful to me. Make Love.*





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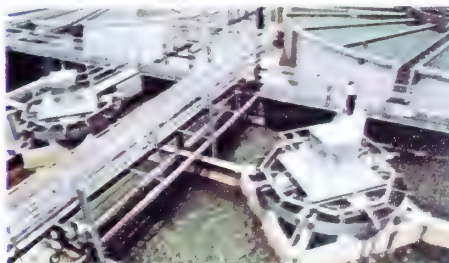
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For the hippies, Old Westbury was the Enchanted Wood. In their spiritual enthusiasm, they neglected to remember that eventually the State University would give them B.A.s in Life Poetry and send them back to Queens and Brooklyn. They wanted to retreat from the society collapsing around them, a notion that brought them into immediate and continuing conflict with the rest of the school.

For the Non-White Caucus, the Oyster Bay campus was final proof that America was indeed two nations, separate and unequal. Blacks were regularly reminded that they were new to the town of Oyster Bay, and not altogether welcome. When one black girl tried to cash a state check at a local bank, the teller refused. She produced a driver's license, an Old Westbury student card, and other identification. He still refused. She asked why. "Well," he said, "you could have stolen it." The bank finally accepted the word of a school administrator. Oyster Bay was a hostile white environment, and black students responded by depending on each other. Black-white couples were resented, and political cooperation between the races was cautious, when it occurred at all. While the white radicals saw Old Westbury as a living reminder of the Class Enemy, and the hippies saw it as a refuge, the Non-White Caucus saw it as a symbol of everything white America had reserved for itself. Black students did not altogether trust the motives of those who had brought them to Old Westbury, and were determined not to forget the reality of the world they had temporarily left behind.

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### No paths to moderation

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THE FIRST (1968-69) ACADEMIC YEAR at Old Westbury was intensely political. The three factions had definite ideas about how to save America and were inclined to view disagreement, much less resistance, as reactionary obstructionism. Everyone felt time was running out, and was correspondingly short-tempered. Nobody gave anybody the benefit of the doubt. As a result, all disputes created a maximum of bitterness.

The sharpest fight of all naturally centered on who was in charge. Students understood "full partnership" to include everything, not only the free election of courses but determination of what courses the school would offer, the hiring of faculty to teach them, the sort of grades to be recorded, the allotment of money for field projects, even the overall purpose of the school. At the same time, they did not want to limit the

right of students in later years to decide these questions all over again.

The struggle for control of Old Westbury sharpened by the experience of some students on field projects in New York City. Wofford and his planners had decided that most of the year would be spent in urban field projects, a plan immediately opposed by some black students who objected that they had just *left* the city, and most of the hippies, who liked sitting around the grass. That fall, during New York City's prolonged teachers' strike, the white radicals decided to take sides with the communists and teach in Bedford-Stuyvesant, one of the country's worst ghettos (a decision reached only after a week of agonized argument about the propriety of crossing picket lines). Students who agreed with the idea of creating a Brooklyn "Summer hill" of loving spontaneity were shocked by poverty and what it had done to the kids they were trying to teach. The daily contrast between Bedford-Stuyvesant slums and Oyster Bay's elegance did nothing to encourage political moderation.

In some ways Old Westbury relived in a matter of months the history of political radicalism in the Sixties, which began with the discovery that rich and poor live side by side in America. The classic effect of such an experience is radicalization, the willingness to take extreme measures to correct social wrongs. There is a morally valid argument why the rich should be happy in Oyster Bay and the poor miserable in New York. That morality is beside the point. The truism learned only over a period of time was that Old Westbury radicals did not know what to do about the things they saw during second semester field projects, but they returned to Long Island in May with an angry determination to do *something*.

Another issue that split the school still was a proposal to bring the faculty and student body to an even 50-50 balance between blacks and whites, a proposal eventually defeated in a referendum. Even before the referendum, however, Wofford had announced that he would veto the 50-50 plan no matter how many favored it. This and other arbitrary acts heightened the prevailing discontents on the question of campus control, which resulted in a struggle for power as bitter and resolute as if a nation had been at stake. On May 19, 1969, the school opened a two-week "evaluation session" to sum up the Old Westbury experiment thus far. The session opened with a picnic to which white radicals pointedly brought two large cakes in celebration of the birthdays of Ho Chi Minh and Malcolm X.



on was rapidly approaching. When Mrs. le Bagdon, Wofford's secretary, left the t's office that day, she wondered whether nt to lock the files. She hesitated, then "That's not what Old Westbury is all and left them open.

rd formally opened the evaluation ses- ne old carriage house, with a lofty speech Robert Frost and Gandhi. Most of the sat in stony-faced silence. Finally Frank ot up and said, "This is obscene. We've tening and listening. I'm not going to ymore." He turned, stumbled over a nd marched out, followed by the rest of e radicals and most of the Non-White The ensuing one-week sit-in ended any ssibility of reconciliation, particularly e white radicals went through Wofford's l learned that a lot of people had been a good thing out of Old Westbury. A con- for example, had apparently been paid ice for 150 days of consulting at \$100 a had yet to do any consulting. The range es also came as a shock. One hardwork- setary was paid only \$4,700 a year, while ssor made \$22,000.

his enchantment extended to Wofford him- e public Wofford was a man of passionate ual idealism. His correspondence sug- o the radicals that he was still concerned estions of political power and position— it well be expected of any former asso- the Kennedys. And the possibility that d might have political ambitions of his uck the radicals as somehow deeply im- None of them ever called him by his first gain.

ng one period, Miata and Wofford had iscussed their political differences. Wof- eely admitted what he hoped Old West- ould do to young radicals like Miata. "I elieve in this system," Wofford told him z, "and I want to co-opt you into it as far n." When Miata finally turned against ool, it was with a sense of having been personally betrayed. By the time the sit-in the white radicals had decided Old West- as as corrupt as the rest of the country. omises had all turned out to be lies, they d the ideals a sham. They were even begin- o suspect that Old Westbury had been d principally to isolate radicals from the the State University system.

le making a final break with the adminis- the white radicals also cut themselves off uch of the rest of the student body. On t day of the sit-in they announced to the



HARVEY DINVERSTEIN

large group of students crowded into Wofford's office, "There are people here who are not our friends." The nonfriends were expelled. If this is not quite Stalinism, it is not exactly participatory democracy, either. Politics, in short, was allowed to discredit the educational experiment at Old Westbury.

Given a student body deliberately recruited for its interest in educational experiment and social change, power conflicts were inevitable, especially since the "full partnership" idea was never well defined. Power seemed to be there for the taking, and everybody reached at once.

Old Westbury's problems can be traced back to Berkeley where the Free Speech Movement in 1964 gave birth to organized student activism. In 1966, shortly before Old Westbury entered its planning phase, the slogan "Student Power" was adopted by the SDS at their national convention in Iowa. (The group was fascinated by the phrase "Black Power," which Stokely Carmichael had coined during the Meredith march through Mississippi in early June.)

There has been a tendency to tar all educational experimentation with the brush of student excesses. In fact, the SDS frankly considered student power solely as an organizing tool; they



# Until They Found the Shelter, Their Home Was Danang's Streets

By GLORIA EMERSON

Los Angeles Times Staff Writer

DANANG, South Vietnam—He is a very different boy, even in this country where not many children lead safe, childlike lives. Vo Van Be is too small, too solemn, too silent for a boy of 11—although he does not really know if that is his exact age.

One of 24 youngsters who live in a bare, decaying, dirty house in this city, Vo Van Be very much likes his new home. He shines shoes, as do the other boys, to earn money. They all have tiny wooden boxes that hold bits of polish, part of a rag and a brush.

"He has a lot on his mind; most of the other kids have only themselves to worry about, but he has two sisters to support," Richard Hughes, a 27-year-old American, said of Vo Van Be. Mr. Hughes, whose home is in Pittsburgh, was an actor in the Boston Theater Company. He came to Vietnam as a journalist in 1968; two weeks later he was deeply involved in running a home in Saigon for "wandering children"—as the Vietnamese call these homeless youngsters.

If Vo Van Be seems to be a child listening always to voices no one else hears, the two small sisters seem even more removed.

## A Child Beyond Surprise

The youngest, whose name is Bong, is 5, perhaps 6. She does not cry or often break her silence. Nothing seems to surprise her now; she only stares ahead.

Her older sister, Bi, has a swollen face and watery eyes that seem to hurt her in the sun.

They are by themselves during the day when their brother and the other boys go out to look for customers. Sometimes Bong plays a little with the big blue comb that all the boys seem to use. There is nothing else for shoe-shine boys. The little girls should not be in the house that is at the end of an alley on a well-to-do middle-class street, but Vo Van Be has nowhere else to take them.

He cannot read or write. The young Vietnamese student, Vo Cong Tai, who lives with the children, tries to teach the illiterate. But there are not enough pencils, and nothing at all to write on.

Vo Van Be cannot answer questions about his past. The words do not come. Three years ago, his village in Quang Tin Province was bombed by American planes.

"Most died," Vo Van Be says. His parents did, but he does not mention this. He and his sisters took a bus to Danang where, for three years, they lived in the outdoor market, sleeping on the streets. Other shoeshine boys told him about the house and led the trio to it.

It is hard to understand why Bong does not have a clean shirt and why Bi cannot have the rash on her body treated. The answer: no money.

Dick Hughes, who is responsible for raising the \$2,500 a month for the four homes he runs, speaks quietly of his daily, monthly, yearly chase for funds.

"In the United States, people don't care anymore. They want to forget about Vietnam and kids like these," he said. "If you ask them for help, so many people say, 'We're spending our money for things at home.'"

## Busy With His Projects

An American philanthropist said, sorry, he could not help the shoeshine boys because his projects were arms,

control and birth control. A Congressman, touring Vietnam, promised to help, but nothing has happened.

Three American women, whose husbands are the highest-ranking members of the United States Mission here, dropped in at the boys' hostel at 195 Pham Ngu Lao in Saigon, and made the appropriate comments about Mr. Hughes's splendid work. But the ladies said they were busy themselves helping Vietnamese refugees from Cambodia and did not commit themselves.

"They did send us a television set—maybe the last thing in the world we need," Mr. Hughes said, with a grin.

A general has chipped in \$50, but the huge American community has mostly remained aloof. Mr. Hughes does not like to hold out his hand to them, either.

The financial situation in the last two and a half years has usually been desperate. Mr. Hughes needs each month about \$2,500 to run the Danang hostel and the three in Saigon, where a total of about 130 youngsters live. On one occasion, the actor even cashed in his return ticket to the United States to meet bills.

There are more than 44 voluntary agencies in Vietnam.

"They don't even begin to dent the problem in this country," Mr. Hughes said. "The voluntary agencies are tied down by regulations and restrictions. They don't want to go out on a limb, so they only support a successful project. They write letters to me like, 'Send us a letter from your president or board of directors.' That's a joke."

The Saigon companies of Esso and Shell—two of the world's leading oil companies—have contributed about \$100 each. The most generous and spontaneous help has come from the Foremost Dairies of Vietnam, whose manager is Stanley Pantell.

"In Saigon he had the electricity redone, the toilets fixed for us. Twice he's given us grants and even money out of his own pocket when I was really up against it," Mr. Hughes said.

A few American friends, some of them with voluntary agencies, have helped him face the crushing problems of giving youngsters a feeling of being wanted, of not needing to steal. In Danang, there is 25-year-old James Trullinger of Syosset, N. Y., who is the American deputy adviser to the Mayor of Danang, and largely concerned with social welfare.

The boys, who are from age 6 to 18, must only follow one strict rule in the hostel here: no smoking. Many of them, sometimes at age 9 and 10, like to light up a cigarette to show that they are tough and worldly. Few demands are made on the boys. Mr. Hughes does not want them to feel they are being "rehabilitated."

There are squads for doing the simplest chores: cleaning the latrine, sweeping the floors, washing the dishes, but any Vietnamese housewife would groan at the results.

The boys here own so little that it hardly matters. The one piece of furniture where they can put things consists of two relics from the scrapyard. The other piece of furniture is a long bench where they sat, with two benches

thing—the basic premise must learn to care about the American said. The hardest of all things to Some of the shoeshine



Vo Van Be, 11, is the youngest of the three boys who supported their mother, Vo Van Hong, left, and Vo Van Bi, 10, who were killed three years ago. They now live in home run by American Richard

boys in Danang and Saigon have been bimps and pickpockets. They have been in jail as vagrants, and they are often persecuted by the police.

"One of the boys, Nguyen Loi, was stopped twice during the last two weeks by policemen here who wanted money," Mr. Trullinger said. "A policeman said to Nguyen Loi, 'Hey, stop right here. Give me 50 piasters so I can go to the movies.'"

But Nguyen Loi refused to come across. Mr. Trullinger said, and the boy was taken to the police station.

"His hands were held behind his back, and he was hit in the mouth with a gun," said Mr. Trullinger, who complained to the Mayor. It is not certain what the Mayor can do.

Some of the children have been hurt by the war beyond repair. Such as little Vo Van Be and his two sisters, or 17-year-old Nguyen Van Tri, who lost his right leg and half of his left leg when a Viet Cong mine exploded.

Some children ran away from brutal parents and refuse to go back to them.

There are others who have forgotten who they are, what they suffered: A tiny boy with a wide grin and long spindly legs has been christened Moritz by a Vietnamese housemaster for he does not know what his real name is. He is a Montagnard from the central highlands of Vietnam. No one else in the hostel here can find out anything more.

Phuong Van Nhan, 8 is a tormented child whose parents both had seizures of insanity. He ran away. When he talks, he cannot stop rubbing the table with one hand. Sometimes he weeps and cries out at night.

There are older boys who are heroin and morphine addicts; boys with polio who can crawl, but not walk, bright boys and slow ones; boys who have been professional thieves; boys who fight with knives, and boys who will, as Mr. Hughes puts it, never become "Horatio Algiers." Mr. Hughes does not lecture or preach. He shares what they have, and he is always there.

"Once a boy trusts you, all else will follow: school, discipline, work, dignity,

and the difficult search back in themselves, as to how they can comfort for what they have lost and how they can possibly even be happy," said

## Luxury Is Not Necessary

He does not think it would be good for the boys if they suddenly found themselves in luxurious surroundings.

"If the boys stick with you, love, when there are few clothes, conveniences and facilities, all money, the project is sound," said "Then the trust will last through better, more affluent times."

The problems never stop: The illnesses that must be treated, the lievable red tape before a boy is sent to a school, the struggle with lords who want to raise rents, the effort to give the youngsters a feeling of "family."

"After all, no matter how successful our hostels are, they will always be the second best thing," Mr. Hughes said. "Our sort of 'family' will have to wait until some order is restored, until the boys can return to homes that are shattered and at odds."

For two years, Richard Hughes has faced the crises almost alone. He has never when to interfere between quarrelsome boys who have butcher knives, to let a fistfight go on, how to caress a head and take time to a very dirty small boy tell him what happened that day.

Seven months ago, he hoped he could pull out and let the Vietnamese take over, but it has not yet happened. He does not really feel he will leave now. Years from now, he still will not have stopped working how they are.

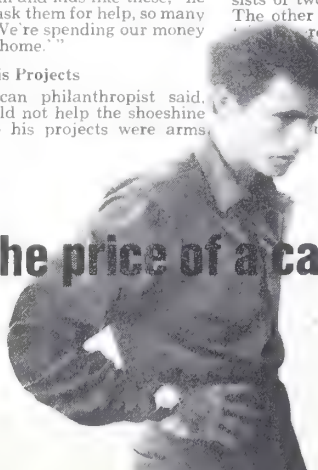
It has been worth it for him, he said. Once writing home to his family about the boys who have been on as waifs, criminals and outcasts, he wrote:

"I care very deeply for each one of them. They are gallant and brave. And I cannot fathom where all the love had gone before I came."

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how Dick Hughes has given his life to the street children of Saigon. Many have already helped Dick Hughes. But much more is needed. If you can spare the price of a carton of cigarettes, send it to Dick Hughes, JUSPAO Mailroom/Saigon, APO San Francisco, California 96243. If you'd like more information call us at 212-685-0517.





really plan to take over schools, and abandoned educational issues for larger questions. By the end of 1967 the SDS ed against student power as evasion of problems of American society, which it nning to see in traditionally Marxist-terms. In the meantime, however, other in the university community sensed er education was on the verge of break- Educators realized that something had ne to give students a sense of participa- their own lives, and one of the tentative proposed was to give them a voice in the schools they attended.

surface, student power in this sense had able appeal. It seemed a simple exten- he democratic process in a country that ed itself on democracy. At the same time, er power evoked immediate opposition by es jealous of their power over appoint- urriculum, grades, and related matters. s not simply old fogeyism, but a reflec- genuine doubts about how scholarship ure under the control of passionate lay- d Westbury was only one of many at- o resolve these dilemmas.

d Westbury, as on many other campuses, re two broad factions: a group of what be called disciplinarians, who sought ce excellence and felt that teachers, the d experts, are entitled to exercise a cer- hority over students; and a group of ans, who believed that learning thrives tions of freedom and teachers are there students toward the things they want to ld Westbury's educational struggle was by Wofford's admiration for the Great rogram at St. John's University in Mary- ich, in effect, put him in the camp of the arians. He envisioned a school centering he considered to be the three great divi- Western intellectual life: law, medicine, ology. One of Old Westbury's original planners, more sensitive to the times, t would be fine as long as it meant crime, and heresy.

e students or teachers took any interest in l's experiment. He had a real love for intellectual ideals, he believed in Socratic e as mental exercise, even as a way of life. dialogue did not answer pressing ques- ell, answers might come later. Students Westbury were suspicious of large ideas tted to overlook the actual state of things. tral experience of their generation, after been that American democracy in theory fact were two quite different things. Dur-

ing one seminar Wofford spoke eloquently about "In some ways law as the fundamental principle of human Old Westbury relived in a society. A skeptical black student asked, "But matter of what about the laws that let big corporations relived in a evade taxes?" "That's not the kind of law I'm months the his- talking about," Wofford answered. Old West- tory of political bury students, however, were interested in ex- activism in the actly that sort of law. Wofford's set of the Great Sixties..." Books remained in his office, rarely used, while the rest of the school pursued a fiercely contem- porary course of study.

The passionate struggles for control of Old Westbury and the effort to involve students in the problems of their time were barely alluded to in the Craven Committee's report. The committee was primarily concerned with standards, of which it found few during its two-day study of the school. This did not necessarily mean that nothing of value was taking place at the school, but it did mean that the results were difficult to evaluate. In its report, the committee diagnosed the problem this way: "There appears to be a philosophy at Old Westbury which deliberately seeks to guard against the possibility that the quality of a student's work as a whole might jeopardize his status." In other words, it was impossible to *fail*.

The school's badly outnumbered disciplinar- ians, openly doubtful if not contemptuous, ob- jected to nonacademic courses like "The Craft of Sewing," "Candlemaking," "Guitar Country Blues," "Afro Dances," and "Verbal and Non- Verbal Conversation." They believed in stan- dards: in right and wrong answers, in good and bad work, in valid and invalid arguments.

The disciplinarians frequently cited Luis Camnitzer, a South American artist who was reluctant to tell students what he wanted them to do. As a result, they often did nothing. Occa- sionally, however, he would set problems for the class, such as asking them to create something that would change their psychological environ- ment. The class finally made a huge papier mâché boulder and hung it over the entrance to the dining hall. Everyone agreed that it added an air of doom to the campus. On another occa- sion, Camnitzer's class cut eye holes in paper bags and put them on. The students drew faces on each other's bags (which the wearer, of course, could not see) and then carried on con- versations that seemed significant because of the contrast between the speaker's mask and what he was saying. The disciplinarians did not view this sort of thing as education, and more than a few students found that Old Westbury's freedom left them confused and depressed. Everything was so indefinite; by the time a class had decided

Tom Powers  
AUTOPSY  
ON OLD  
WESTBURY

what to study and how to study it, the year might be half over.

Next to educational anarchy, the disciplinarians most disliked educational polemics. There was, naturally, an extensive offering of courses on Marxism, the Cuban revolution, the war in Vietnam, American foreign policy, and similar subjects. The Craven Committee cited a course in "Domestic Imperialism" that consisted entirely of movies about welfare agencies, OEO projects, SDS community organizing, and other attempts to solve American social problems. The description of the course in the 1970 *Spring Curriculum* said students would receive only two credits, "because for the first eight weeks we will be simply sitting in our ivory tower, gasping at American atrocities in America." The Craven Committee clearly felt that two credits were two too many.

### Relevance is hard to assess

THE LIBERTARIANS ARE READY to admit that Old Westbury never found a way to measure its progress, but they insist it was an educational success anyway. Donald Bluestone, who left Roosevelt University in Chicago because he wanted a freer relationship with his students, invited open discussion at Old Westbury. Although he was singled out for criticism by the Craven Committee, which apparently felt his course in nineteenth-century American history amounted to an anti-American bull session for credit, there was, in fact, a reading list of thirty books; Bluestone's students were conscientious, and the seminar generally stuck to the point. If the tone of the course was critical, that was because it centered on slavery and Reconstruction, not exactly happy themes in American history. Short of attending the course, however, there was no way for the Craven Committee to have known what it was really like. Bluestone admits the committee might have formed a different impression if he had graded his seminar students or given an A-plus to one particularly brilliant paper by Pat Sweeney. On the other hand, Bluestone feels, giving grades would have made his seminars cautious and dull, and if Pat Sweeney had been more interested in an "A" than in her argument, her argument inevitably would have suffered.

The question of grades was not taken lightly at Old Westbury. The disciplinarians were convinced that nothing else could keep students honest. Libertarians like Bluestone felt that grades interfered with learning, and were painfully aware of a grade's relationship to a stu-

dent's standing in the draft. Zonia Krassner, who taught a tightly organized course in the social sciences, wonders how grades could have recorded what *she* learned. Her students, for example, convinced her that eugenics could never be neutral, that every conceivable standard for the control of human breeding would inevitably contain racial and cultural biases. The kind of exchange makes education a messy process, Mrs. Krassner feels. The Craven Committee failed to take note of it.

Another thing the committee did not see was Old Westbury's attempt to provide a education that students would find socially and politically relevant. Wofford's paradigm of the Peace Corps was predictably out of phase with the harsher student radicalism of the late Sixties, but the students experimented with other techniques of social change that had real effect. The Young Lords, an activist party of Puerto Ricans in New York's Spanish Harlem, grew out of discussions that began at Old Westbury.

Radicals also point to a course in the education of women organized by students in the fall of 1969. At the end of the first semester, student Lenora at a local high school invited members of the course to speak on Women's Liberation. When the Old Westbury students also handed out leaflets, including one on "The Myth of the Virgin Orgasm," the high school's principal protested, and the incident was reported in local papers. The result was a steady stream of invitations from other Long Island high schools and colleges.

That spring the group held a conference on Women's Liberation that led directly to the organization of more than twenty other groups. When the Cambodian invasion and the Khmer Rouge State killings in May 1970 sparked a nationwide student strike, the women's group used its extensive contact list to organize the strike throughout Long Island. The success of the course in moving beyond academic subjects to an active role in society is indisputable, but the State University's response was naturally ambivalent. Radicals argue that it was successes like these which led Albany officials to close Old Westbury.

The least discussed part of the Old Westbury experiment was the attempt to recruit black and Puerto Rican students from ghetto schools. Cultural differences between the races emerged immediately. The white students had a sentimental regard for the blues-singing Southern Negroes of the early civil-rights movement but felt distinctly uneasy around loud-talking ghetto boys in leather caps and chartreuse pants who stayed up until three in the morning. A more important but even less freely acknowledged, cau-



hite tension was white fear of black vio-  
fear not entirely unfounded. During one  
argument at an open student meeting, a  
ed black suddenly grabbed a white by  
coat and shouted, "You're stalling us!  
been stalled for three hundred years!"  
white student broke a ban on drugs by  
LSD to an unprepared Ethiopian student,  
threatened to "ice" him if he ever re-  
o Old Westbury. He conferred with a dean  
mpus) and transferred to another school.  
Old Westbury's third and last year, rela-  
between white and black students relaxed.  
on-White Caucus was never formally dis-  
though it ceased to function. Luis Elisa,  
student who was active in running the  
found race at Old Westbury compara-  
tuted after several semesters at New York  
mity College, where a professor had once  
that black Africans had never made a  
contribution to Western civilization. At  
estbury, Elisa found, teachers were pre-  
to accept blacks as people. He doubts  
r he could have graduated from any other

### Never any compromise

THE FOUR EXPERIMENTS at Old Westbury,  
ly one, "full partnership," was a clear  
The attempt to include blacks was, in  
el, a success; the concern with urban prob-  
as a partial success; the granting of near-  
ademic freedom was, at worst, inconclu-  
ld Westbury's freedom and sense of com-  
r, even when it was a community at war  
self, were both unique. The school was  
uing new in the world, and everyone con-  
with it fears that it may be gone for good.  
ate University is committed to going ahead  
reorganized school on the new campus,  
e old willingness to take a chance may no  
be there.

Westbury had the bad luck to open at a  
t when political passions throughout the  
y were unrestrained. In retrospect, dis-  
at the school are generally described in  
of lofty principle, but, at the time, they  
ouched with passionate irreconcilable ani-  
es. Hippies called radicals fascists, blacks  
whites racists, faculty members called  
ther anarchists and reactionaries. It was  
rgued on one occasion that student con-  
faculty appointments meant (if carried  
ogical limits) the end of Western civiliza-  
he bomb scares during the school's second

year and a steady rise in thefts at the student-  
run bookstore helped reinforce such fears. Few  
now like to remember the time when hundreds  
of thumbtacks were carefully set out point up on  
a stairway in the administration building, or the  
morning when a secretary discovered human  
feces smeared across her desk.

The struggle for power at Old Westbury did  
not end until the State University announced the  
closing of the school. The effect of that decision  
was an instant clearing of the air. Meetings, for  
the first time, began coming to the point, ending  
before midnight and reaching conclusions. Fac-  
tions began to blur and bitterness faded. Few of  
the experiments at Old Westbury were incom-  
patible with a strong central administration ex-  
ercising clearly defined powers for a clearly  
defined purpose. If any lesson can be drawn  
from the whole chaotic experience, it was prob-  
ably this: campus conflict is inevitable as long  
as the question of ultimate control remains open.  
Old Westbury proved that students could be  
granted enormous freedom in choosing what  
they wanted to study. It also proved that running  
a school and getting an education are not easily  
reconciled, although President Maguire's admin-  
istration fervently hopes to avoid the pitfalls of  
the past.

The final graduation party was held at the  
very height of spring, on May 22, 1971, when  
the air was heavy with the scent of flowering  
trees and new-mown grass. The school's impend-  
ing death naturally put everyone in an elegiac  
mood. Wofford was only a memory, and the old  
battles, lost and won, no longer made any differ-  
ence. Students and faculty who had left a year  
or two before returned to see friends and former  
enemies a final time. Don Bluestone read a poem  
and Russell Ellis, who came all the way from  
Berkeley, spoke about the unique bond that  
joined people who had both loved and hated each  
other. Students presented a well-liked adminis-  
trator with a plaque that read, "In the beginning  
God created Old Westbury and it was good." If  
there were sharp words, they were all directed at  
state officials in Albany. Nevertheless, some of  
those present felt that it had been not the state,  
but they, who had killed the school.

Along with the good feelings, inevitably, there  
were reminders of the way things had been. Two  
unpopular professors came but left after a few  
awkward minutes. Some people only nodded.  
Certain subjects were not discussed. Three years  
of struggle had taught people to be delicate with  
each other. On its final day in Oyster Bay, Old  
Westbury practiced the one virtue it had always  
lacked—forbearance. □

"The Young  
Lords, an acti-  
vist group of  
Puerto Ricans  
in New York's  
Spanish Har-  
lem, grew out  
of discussions  
that began at  
Old Westbury."

# STAYING HIP

by Sherman B. Chickering

## 1966

### AGE AND ACADEMIC STATUS

18; college freshman.

### BOOKS

Has library of some 200 volumes. Leading off the fiction list are: *Catch-22* (Heller), *The Green Berets* (Moore), *Thunderball* (Fleming), *Candy* (Southern), and *Lord of the Rings* (Tolkien), followed by a whole series of existentialist and sci-fi titles—and a formidable stock of Great Anglo-Americans assigned in freshman English. The nonfiction list features: *The Art Of Loving* (Fromm), *The Prophet* (Gibran), *The Secular City* (Cox), *Growing Up Absurd* (Goodman), *The Gospel According to Peanuts* (Short), *New Radicals* (Jacobs/Landau), and *Understanding Media* (McLuhan), plus the usual overweight assigned in the social sciences. There are also a couple of how-to books covering exam cramming and sorority hopping. And a how-to book *behind* the bookcase dealing with activities popular in Denmark.

### MAGAZINES

Subscribes to *Newsweek* (38-week student plan). Also has up to a half-dozen copies of the following magazines lying around his room: *The New Republic*, the *Oberlin Activist*, *Mad*, *HiFi/Stereo Review*, *Motive*, *The Realist*, Marvel comics, *Ski*, *Fact*, *The Goldwater Coloring Book*, *Campus Street*, and seventeen copies of *Playboy* with the centerfold removed and the interviews torn out for eventual filing.

### TELEVISION

Watches every episode of *Man From Uncle* and sometimes (yuk) *Beverly Hillbillies* with claque from dorm. Retires to Late Show and even Late Late Show on nights before course papers are due. Attends to Cronkite whenever anything is scheduled to go up or down, and checks in occasionally for major sports events like the Demolition Derby.

Goethe once wrote that "the destiny of a nation, at any given time, depends on the opinion of its young men under five-and-twenty." The U.S. definitely no exception: adults spend an inordinate amount of time looking after young people, looking for young people, and looking into the matter of young people. Of all this concern has emerged, respectively, the

## 1971

18; dropout from senior year of high school.

Does not own any books. Has five paperbacks temporarily in his possession: *Hot Cherry* (stolen from bus station newsstand); *Pre-Columbian Burial Rites* (found in a campus parking lot); *The Aesthetics of Capitalism* (borrowed from the pocket of a sleeping musician); *The Boy Scout Handbook* (picked up hitchhiking from a meaning driver); and Abbie Hoffman's *Steal This Book* (stolen from a friend who bought it).



Carries a copy of Atlanta's *Great Speckled Bird* containing the Yippie Manifesto and a copy of *Cabbage Seed* with a spread entitled "Rehearse For The Apocalypse." Also carries a Crumb comic and a copy of *Moondog*, the magical post-nuclear blind man. He is known to read *Rolling Stone* inside sleeping bag with a flashlight.

Watched television for eight straight hours one day last month. Although set was turned on for the first time, does not remember what it was turned on to. More recently videotaped full half-hour program on a tape as birthday present for a friend in bed with the film. Subject: three pickles, a soda jerk, and a side of coleslaw merging with a chocolate sundae.



Gap, the Halfway House for Runaways, and the Teen-ager. The destiny of the nation has yet to be decided. For this reason it may be appropriate to examine the Relevant Teen-ager. The Relevant Teen-ager is the Average Teen-ager. He is Goethe's teen-ager, the Man Of Parts, and the glass of current fashion. He comes from a suburban household where his father

can more or less afford to pay for his highest possible education. He is the chief beneficiary of and heir to the successful American Dream. To accentuate his most portentous characteristics, the Relevant Teen-ager 1971 is presented here up against his opposite number from the year 1966. Clearly from this comparison the nation has, in the past five years, come, or gone, a long way.

Collection of 67 LPs, most of which are left over from rock hop days (Elvis Presley, Chuck Berry, Frank Sinatra). Current favorites are latest recordings by Paul & Mary, the Rolling Stones, the Supremes, the Beatles, the Serendipity Singers, the Warlocks, and The Jefferson Airplane. Plays records regularly while studying or making out.

Stays perpetually tuned in to FM "underground" radio despite the fact that it is "plastic." Blows fender bass and will sit in on a session if it looks like a together gig. Recently mixed and mastered a couple of sides for favorite local group. Will join conversation if someone mentions Big Boy Crudup or Stockhausen.

Drinks once a month on 3.2 beer. Pops a dex or a valium occasionally, especially during exam week. Smoked marijuana at a be-in last summer and would do it again if someone had it lying around. Likewise, peyote.

Is off everything at the moment—pot, hash, speed, acid, STP, mesc, psyl, coke, scag—because "It's all a bummer, man; I got my head together." Has not had much success convincing his fourteen-year-old brother to do likewise, however, partly because his sinuses still sound as if he's been snorting. His body continues to cycle a modest quantity of marijuana because of the air he breathes and the food he eats. Is a Thunderbird wine man when somebody's sharing.



Sees a chance to ridicule James Bond from the comfort of his room. Otherwise sees almost everything that comes to town, being especially big on the films showing at the campus film society. Is interested in the distinctions between the Italian and American filmmakers and the Swedish one.

Saw *Easy Rider* at a screening for high-school newspaper editors, using a phony press pass. Joined a picket line protesting Woodstock prices, eventually seeing the film when the picketers snake-danced through the palace guard. Played a freak in a sexploitation film. Shot substantial 8mm footage of five friends immobilizing and redesigning a parked police car; later screened the film under the title *We Didn't Do It*.

Spent last summer as a lifeguard teaching swimming to privileged kids. Plans to go abroad this summer to teach in the Sudan. Picks up extra money during the winter by selling *Time* subscriptions to his classmates.

Lasted two weeks as a night sorter in a Xerox copy-center; fired when he ran off 10,000 copies of a leaflet on the draft which tersely exhorts readers to commit carnal knowledge upon it. Lasted three weeks as a security guard at a McDonald's hamburger hangout; fired when he responded to foul and abusive language by Macing an old woman's hot dog. Currently sells bootleg record albums and still deals dope whenever it falls his way.

**EXTRACURRICULAR ACTIVITY**

Joined a sit-in on the dean of women's lawn in protest over parietal hours. Plans to attend spring teach-in on Vietnam. Is a member of the campus debate society, College Young Democrats, and is heeling for the position of National Student Association Coordinator. Has organized a tutorial program for the neighborhood ghetto.

**RELIGION**

Nominally Protestant. Attends university chapel services whenever somebody like Reinhold Niebuhr or Martin Luther King is the visiting preacher. Digs the campus chaplain because he went on a Freedom Ride and is a stud. Considers joining campus chapter of University Christian Movement because it takes the same line as SDS but features middle-class rather than working-class members.

**DIET**

Breakfast: bacon, eggs, toast, juice, coffee  
 Midmorning: doughnut, coffee  
 Lunch: hamburger, french fries; coconut cream pie, Coke  
 Dinner: double cheeseburger, french fries, chocolate sundae, coffee  
 Study-break: ice cream, cake, coffee  
 Midnight: salami sandwich, half a bag of Fritos, Coke

**HOBBIES AND GAMES**

Collecting campaign buttons, posters, and paraphernalia; photography; surfing and skiing; Frisbee; poker

**DISEASES AND INJURIES**

Afflicted with chronic depression leading occasionally to acute paranoia, at which point he visits the shrink at the university health center (and pops a Valium). Suffers from regular postnasal drip and smoker's cough which deepens into a heavy cold during the winter. Right hand is in a cast from when he tried to jimmy open the door on his Volvo coupe. Is currently trying to get rid of his latest attack of acne.

Spent total of 13 days in various lockups during the year on the following charges: Unlawful Congregation, Disorderly Conduct, Breach of the Peace, Incomplete Public Thoroughfare, Resisting Arrest, and Assault on a Police Officer. Either forfeited bail or was released on dropped charges in each case. In some of the cases he was trying to do something. One case involved a riot strike against the local slumlord (the university). Another involved celebrating Independence Day at a munitions plant.

Nominally Buddhist. Joined the Nichiren Shoshu on a trip through Los Angeles. Occasionally chants the sutra. Is now mainly into transcendental meditation off work. Is of Baba Ram Das and Satchidananda. Throws the I Ching once a month or so, and flips an occasional tarot card. No longer bothers with his chart.

Day: Granola, organic raisins, organic honey, skim milk, tea  
 Night: soybean salad, whole grain bread, goat cheese, tea  
 Between meals: apple, orange, sunflower seeds

Doing it.



Afflicted with chronic euphoria leading occasionally to acute paranoia, at which point he bundles up with his friends and does a little chanting. Plagued with general inability to speak up which deepens into aphasia on rainy days. Carries sundry small cuts, lacerations, and minor communicable diseases, plus four stitches in his skull contracted after he assaulted a policeman's back with his head. Is currently trying to get rid of his latest attack of gonorrhea.



Kennedy  
Carmichael  
nsky

Hog Farmer Hugh "Wavy Gravy" Romney  
The dudes who ripped off the FBI files at Media, Pa.  
The folks who did the number on the Capitol washroom

approaching ear lobe from all sides  
ayed blue button-down open at neck over  
rt; turtleneck  
d Ivy tweed; ski jacket  
eans (standard); chinos  
lesert boots over white socks; loafers with no

Hair: pulled back into a ponytail, covered with floppy  
felt hat  
Shirt: lumberjack; tie-dye  
Coat: buckskin; costume dealer's Civil War remainder  
Pants: work jeans (covers chest, crisscross down  
back); cord bells  
Shoes: construction workers' boots; bowling shoes  
Additional: back pack and sleeping bag

nt nearly every weekend to campus events, local  
ques, and films. During week has occasional  
tes. Selects dates from among activist women  
age to be articulate on the subject of sex. Also  
Liberated Woman with whom he is trying to  
w to do it.

Sometimes travels with a female, sometimes not. When  
crashing (shacking up for the night), is likely to curl up  
with available female(s) without incident. Incidents do  
take place on occasion but only if the vibes, stars,  
throws, and various readings happen to coincide. That  
usually happens when favorite friend Aphidista Vista  
decides to make herself available.

an  
t: hl  
nnon

William "Anarchist Cookbook" Powell  
Stewart "Whole Earth Catalog" Brand  
John Lennon



## RY SERVICE PLANS

ot think about draft much except as an issue.  
es to escalate student deferment through grad  
until *de facto* cutoff age of 26. Considers the  
ing options should plans go awry: 1. The National  
six-month program; 2. Resistance.

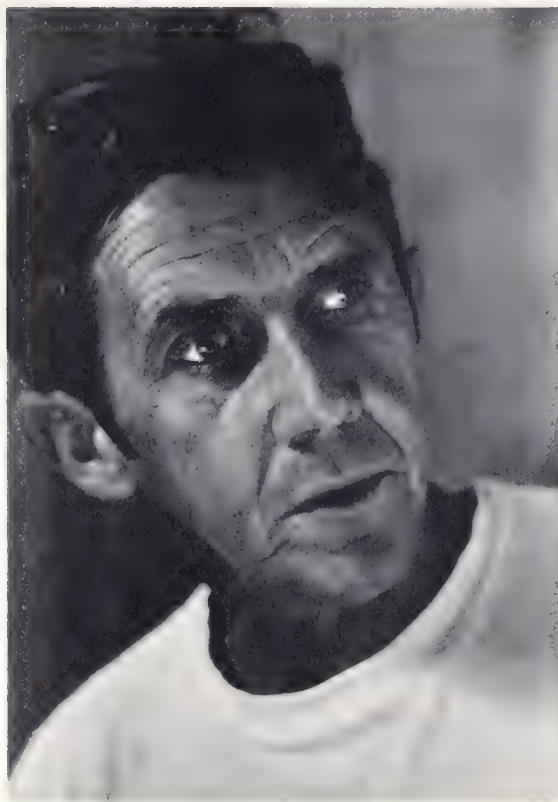
Has low lottery number, hence is obtaining letters from  
three psychiatrists declaring him mentally incompetent,  
plus the services of a freak lawyer to oversee the appeal  
for a 1-Y. If that fails, will secure letters from three  
ministers declaring him opposed to war in any form, and  
appeal for a C.O. deferment. If that fails, will show up for  
physical after three days on Methedrine and no sleep or  
food. Failing to fail that, will head for Canada with  
Aphidista Vista.

## R PLANS

iplates becoming a "poverty lawyer," defending  
its while living as close as possible to the Inner  
also considering work on staff of a liberal/left  
ssman, after a hitch with "Poverty Corps" as a  
. Anticipates marriage, kids, nice house, and  
money.

Digs working in leather, wood, metal, and the cane fields  
of Cuba (for a month). Is also into making music, films,  
and videotapes. Expects to build a geodesic dome and  
raise consciousness within it, surrounded by friends.

## McMANUS V. THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS



by Paul Good

**R**OBERT McMANUS BEGAN THAT SUNDAY, as he did every day of the week, with Mass at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church in Bethel, Connecticut. His hands, rough from construction work, fingered a rosary as he received Communion, a short, wiry man with a craggy face pried from an Irish mold. Black-haired, brown-eyed Bobby McManus was a familiar figure around the church and town, a Bethel boy who had served in the Air Force, fathered a handsome family of four with another on the way, and worked up a nice little business. A God-and-country man if ever there was one. That morning of February 6, 1966, some knew that in the afternoon, Bobby McManus would take a

step befitting a mature Catholic male. He would undergo the initiation rite of the third degree in the Knights of Columbus, and join more than 1,100,000 other men in that venerable religious, social, and charitable order.

Twelve hours later, the secret initiation was over and McManus lay in Danbury Hospital. One side of his face caved in, eyes black and swollen, body bruised, a finger broken, and—undetected at the time—his faith in the Church shaken.

"I went home first and my wife, Anne, asked me what happened," McManus recalls to the press. "I said, 'What the hell do you think happened? They beat me up.'"

*Paul Good is a widely published free-lance writer whose books include The American Serfs (a 1968 documentary on Southern racism and poverty) and Once to Every Man (a novel). He is concerned with all aspects of civil rights.*



McManus talked while we walked along street in January, the reply fit his wintry—a hard-nosed construction worker in law, stocking cap, and heavy boots—with more profane than pious. But man is a complex image and a bantam hard-hat is also a source of complexities. At his most complex, McManus combines a medieval faith with the cynicism of the American 1970s that permits a cynicism, however sacrosanct, to remain a question. Not, as his story makes abundantly clear, that McManus had expected to change his institutions that Sunday afternoon he entered the gaunt brown building on Wood Avenue, where Octavia Council K. of C., had gathered to bring twenty Catholic men of Bethel into the order. At thirty-five, midway between birth and his outer limit, McManus was pleased to take one step deeper into the Catholic con-where devotion was its own reward. For in the youth of middle age, the Knights offered solid ground while all around the shifting of society shifted. But in the course of a ceremony that many thought beautiful, violence occurred that turned McManus's world upside down, his soul inside out. He was moved from believer to skeptic, from communicant to a man in a civil case unique in the long history of the Knights. That Robert McManus rejected the faith of his fathers and then spent four-and-a-half years struggling to reclaim it, a turncoat and often a stranger to himself, is a cautionary tale for those who dismiss the common man with a quick reading, certain they can judge him by his cover.

LET THAT SUNDAY in McManus's own time, it is necessary to retrace his path to the K. of C. Back to the late 1930s, when he was a boy of seven or eight, a Bethel Catholic kid in his beginning to acquire a sense of what he could and what he could expect from the world around him. The town was New England nonstop, sprawling by some Berkshire foothills bisected in half by the Danbury spur of the New Haven Railroad. It was a town of boxy houses where middle-class white Americans made a living from local manufacture, a few marginal farms, and a man thanked God that he was making it through the Depression with body and soul intact. The boy's mother had been a Dolan and her father, B. J. Dolan, was becoming a self-made millionaire, establishing businesses to leave to his sons. Those sons ran with cousin Bobby,

although his father wasn't in B. J. Dolan's financial league. John McManus was a masseur during a time of slim demand for massages. But there was also a touch of faith healer in him, and he had worked minor miracles with polio victims before word of Sister Kenny traveled from Australia to Bethel. His hands provided; his sons and daughters did not go hungry.

"He had a touch and like, it was God-given," says McManus. "He made you believe the pain would go while his hands worked on you. I could talk all day and never tell you what a man he was. Tough as nails. He believed in keeping in shape, and to convince me and my brothers he'd have us whack him in the stomach as hard as we could, even when we were getting big. It never fazed him. But his hands were so gentle you always trusted them if you hurt. My father's principles were tough too—right was right, wrong was wrong, and nothing in between. I learned a lot about faith from him because while we never had much dough in the house, faith and love we always had."

So McManus grew up, a small, dark boy, strong for his father's church and enthusiasms, the kind who ran from baseball fields to Catechism classes, memorizing the Catholic dogma on the fly as he prepared for First Communion. He learned to give up candy for Lent, and he was initiated into the mystery of the sacraments, the anxiety of the confessional and the release of absolution. Bobby McManus took Communion, accepting as an article of faith that the wafer actually changed from a man-made concoction of flour and water into the literal body and blood of Christ. And he came to revere the priest who performed the rite of transubstantiation and placed the taste of God on his tongue.

By high school, McManus was a young man who took a realistic measure of himself and knew that he would have to stretch his abilities to their utmost if he was going to make it. He loved sports, for example, but even in the days before basketball players came in minimum lengths of two yards, McManus was short, only 5 feet 7 inches. He made the most of what he had and became basketball team captain and starting quarterback in football. One day on the gridiron, a leg injury introduced him to Dr. Arthur Trimpert, a civic-minded physician who ministered to Bethel athletic teams in addition to being ex officio medic for the Knights of Columbus. Dr. Trimpert told young McManus that his leg was broken and had to be set. But John McManus would not hear of it. He worked a "cure" with his hands and the boy played again the next

"The Knights had a roster of outstanding American Catholic men like the late President John F. Kennedy."

Paul Good  
McMANUS V.  
THE KNIGHTS  
OF COLUMBUS

week. Twenty years later, on the Sunday afternoon of the initiation, Dr. Trimpert would make another disputed diagnosis on an injured Robert McManus.

The high-school athlete had no illusions of college glory. His skills were too small for a scholarship and the family had no money to send him. McManus worked after graduation, then joined the Air Force and came out a sergeant after four years. The GI Bill gave him a crack at college, and he was accepted at nondenominational Beloit College in Wisconsin. But he was destined to have only a taste of it, a few semesters, and then a sister's fatal illness brought him back to Bethel to help his parents care for her. Like many men, he felt himself carried by life's momentum, circumstance denying him a degree and perhaps a go at worlds beyond Bethel. Instead, he put on the blue collar of the construction trades.

In 1956 he married Anne Durgy. She was a petite, devout Catholic girl, pretty enough to have modeled for *Saturday Evening Post* covers painted by a local artist. His parents died; children were born. By initiation day, the McManus family included Bethy, nine; Margaret, six; Pattie, five; and Brian, two.

A modest American success story was unfolding. McManus loved construction; it was "an individualistic thing, not like stamping out factory parts, but something where you were always measuring what you knew against the job to be done, and no two jobs alike." He organized his own construction crew and on the eve of 1966, he could put eighteen men on a given job. It was mostly small stuff—shops, garages, a car wash. "In 1966, I was going to put it all together," he says. "Every cent had been plowed back for equipment up till then, but I had an inside track for some good contracts and I could see things about to take off. The crew had been with me for years and I could trust them. They could start jobs without me so I had a free early hour I could go to Mass in. For three-and-a-half years, I don't think I missed a morning. I wasn't trying to prove anything; Mass made me feel good."

The McManuses felt good as a family helping out around St. Mary's Church, and this, more than anything else, led McManus to the Knights. He was fond of his pastor, Monsignor Scully, a priest in the liberal tradition of the late Pope John. McManus believed that some organized assistance should be given the Monsignor with church and parish business, so when a neighbor asked him to join the Knights, the invitation seemed to be an opportunity for service to St. Mary's.

McManus knew the Knights had a distinguished record of religious and secular achievement. Founded in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1882 by Father Michael J. McGivney, the Knights had a roster of outstanding American Catholic men like the late President John F. Kennedy. Around Bethel it helped support the Little League and each year gave a Christmas party for retarded children.

McManus had been approached to join years earlier. "I said 'no' then," he relates. "Frankly, I didn't like the secrecy aspects of things I'd heard about the initiation of the degree. But my neighbor, Charlie Nejar, told me it would be a 'no-nonsense' ceremony, a thing of beauty," I remember him saying. "Something you'll never forget the rest of your life."

"So many Bethel people I knew were in the whole lot of cousins, well-off men like Bill Dolan, Jr., who was on the board of the bank that held my house mortgage—all of them in the Knights. Even Monsignor Scully, he was a K. of C. chaplain. That would make it a pretty fine line up members to help him. So nobody was in my arm; I made the decision. On the application it asked why you were joining and I put down two words: To Work. I meant we'd work for Monsignor."

The first two degrees leading to Knighthood are instructional exercises designed to teach certain principles of the order, and McManus completed them in the weeks before February. It was the third and final degree, part of the reputation had troubled McManus. At the time McManus did not know it, James T. Farrell alluded to the Knights' ceremony thirty years earlier when he described Studs Lonigan's initiation into what Farrell called the "Order of Christopher." In *Judgment Day*, Farrell wrote about what was to come when Studs discussed pending initiation with his father and younger brother Martin.

"And won't I laugh if Studs comes home with his face full of lumps," [Martin said].

"Martin, get that out of your head. It's the wrong slant," Lonigan said ponderously. "The Order of Christopher isn't a gang of barbarians. Nearly every leading Catholic of importance in the country is a Christy."

"Anyway, I hope I'm not letting myself in for something," Studs said.

"Bill, that's not exactly the best way to express it. It's not something you just let yourself in for." A chuckle seemed to roll over him and he beamed. "But golly, I've seen some initiations that were beauts."



MANUS WROTE A DESCRIPTION of his own initiation day soon after the event, a thirty-longhand document he hopes will be book. It begins:

*e, who was pregnant, had bought me white bow tie all the candidates had to I remember her kidding with the children I went out the door: "Look at Daddy shed out in his new tie." Down at the home men I knew were waiting to take degree—John Spain, the prosecuting attorney in Danbury, and Dick and Ed Shannon. Dr. Trimpert was on hand to give physicians to the candidates, and other officers in robes kept passing back and forth. I didn't help thinking they must have been robes left over from some Rube Goldberg Seminary. Each was more outlandish than the one before, and there were five guys dressed up like Swiss Guards from Mack Sennett comedy.*

present were a dozen strangers said to be from New Canaan. One with a bandage was reported to be suffering from a dog bite, and another in clerical garb was called by a local priest as Father Murphy, a noll missionary come to take the third. Apparently nobody remembered that we were excluded from the rigorous third-

degree ceremony. The rings of the strangers and Bethel men alike were taped with adhesive; other valuables were deposited.

No sooner had all lined up for the initiation than the dog-bitten stranger crashed to the floor, thrashing in apparent convulsions. The Shannon brothers were ordered to help him upstairs along with the rest of the candidates. When the stranger again flopped like a fish en route, the line began losing its cool. It was ushered into a dimly lit room through a door that was promptly locked. The room measured 13 by 11½ feet and was known in K. of C. parlance as "the hot box."

"Men in black hoods and black masks stood around the perimeter," McManus wrote. "They reminded me of something an executioner would wear in the fourteenth century. Altogether about forty people were in the room. It was stifling. The door was guarded by the Mack Sennett guys in the hoods. A lot of shoving began—most of it, I noticed, started by the New Canaan group. Then a big fat guy stormed in wearing a short red robe with a skull and crossbones on the front. Underneath he had on basketball shorts. He smelled like a distillery. He started calling everybody a dumb Wop, stupid Polack, black-and-tan potato-eater, appleknocker, coward, yellow—all that kind of stuff. He looked about six foot tall and 250."

"At his most complex, McManus combines a medieval faith with the cynicism of the American 1970s that permits no institution, however sacrosanct, to remain above question."



Paul Good  
McMANUS V.  
THE KNIGHTS  
OF COLUMBUS

The man was Frank J. Robotti, forty-eight, captain of the degree team, one-time Stamford Police Commissioner, former chairman of the Stamford Democratic Town Committee, and now a meat dealer. To McManus, Robotti loomed somewhat larger than life; in fact he weighed 200 pounds and stood 5 feet 10 inches. During sixteen years as captain, Robotti had taken his team throughout Connecticut and into New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Vermont, initiating about 25,000 Knights. His son was among the New Canaan "strangers," all decoys from Stamford whose role was to arouse the candidates and guard the captain. Later Robotti would describe that Sunday's third degree as "very typical."

Typically, one sensation followed another. The man with the dog bite threw another fit, collapsed to the floor, and was attended by Father Murphy amid pushing and shoving. A robed Knight entered holding a dagger and summoned Tom O'Neil, a lanky Bethel telephone lineman, and one other candidate from the hot box. They would be held, said the Knight, until they gave 100 drops of blood. Father Murphy cried, "In the name of God, get this sick man out of here!"

Some tried to rush the door, pounding on the walls and shouting; the robed figures held firm.

"The fat guy started slapping candidates," recalls McManus. "He hit one stranger and blood exploded from his mouth like he was really injured. O'Neil came back, stripped to the waist, and the gorilla slapped him. I noticed the strangers bunched up around the big guy to guard him, and I realized it was all a charade—though what they wanted to prove was beyond me. But I was worried about the priest. He seemed really shook about the guy who had passed out. 'Father,' I said, 'this whole thing is just a game.'"

"With that, the bitten man started to foam at the mouth. The priest looked at me wild-eyed and said, 'This man is dying and I'm going to give him conditional absolution.' But he shouted to the big one that I had called it a game, and if it was a game he wanted out right away. I got between them because I thought the priest might actually attack him. The gorilla said something to me about being the Great Grand Warden, and I told him to get lost. He slapped me with his right hand. I remember falling down and then grabbing for his robe. It seemed everyone in the box was holding me and hitting me, my head and body were being broken, and I still don't know how I got out of the box."

There was a brief melee in the hot box, punches flying, and then the door opened and

everybody spilled out into the Council where the ceremonial was to be concluded. McManus was furious, looking for Robotti. He saw attorney Spain, eye puffed and ringing. O'Neil was also there, fingering his nose. McManus and Spain compared notes and decided to leave. But a cousin of McManus persuaded them to stay for an explanation. Trimpert came over to McManus with Mitchell, a cigar-chewing Bethel butcher and of C. deputy district director who had been Frank Robotti's team.

"Dr. Trimpert told me I just had a minor sprained finger," recalls McManus. "I didn't feel it felt like a nail was inside my finger. They got it out, and he put a splint on it. They said I was all right. I said, 'I'm hurt, but I'll be right. But you people are very sick.'"

As an official from the K. of C. state council rose to explain about the decoys, the bitten man, smiling, ripped off his bandage. The other brothers, who had helped him up the stairs, were praised for their charity, which demonstrated that they had learned the lessons in the third degrees. But O'Neil, who had offered to give 100 drops of blood when called from the hot box, had erred. The thoughtful candidate, an official, must refuse to inflict a wound upon himself since any wound could prove fatal, and was act forbidden by the Church.

McManus, groggy but feeling little pain in his facial nerves that had been paralyzed by the blow, lapsed bone, was not surprised by these explanations. But the next one stunned him. The knoll missionary stripped his Roman collar, revealing himself as bogus. McManus sat back at his gullibility and betrayal, while the priest said of the "priest": "Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing. Whether you know it or not, gentlemen, we are at war, at war against Communism. It is hard to know who your friends are; they infiltrate labor unions, even the Church. Communism is out to destroy the Church and Christianity. The third degree represents fraternity and brotherly love, and the Knights of the Church displaying brotherly love to each other are going to prevent the Communists from destroying it."

McMANUS REPLAYED THAT EXPLANATION in his mind during the next few days in Danbury Hospital, ordered there by his family doctor, who had examined him and had driven home alone from the K. of C. Flowers came to the hospital room, and Frank Robotti. Dr. Trimpert dropped by



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peat his diagnosis of a black eye and sprained finger. But X rays by McManus's doctor showed two fractures of the right cheekbone that required surgical insertion of an instrument to restore the facial plane. The left middle finger was broken, the left ear lacerated. Beyond the pain of his injuries, McManus felt a spiritual pressure rubbing his nerves raw.

"I kept thinking about that priest," he says, "and wondering how an organization with such prominent members could permit a lurid, sacrilegious initiation like that to occur. There was like a parade of Knights came through my room and not one saw anything wrong in it. Abe Mitchell wanted me to sign some kind of accident report and I said I'd sign if they took out the word 'accident,' because none of it was accidental. They wouldn't and I didn't.

"Charlie Nejame, my neighbor; my cousin Bernie Dolan; Larry Glennon, the town tax collector—they all came and said it was hard for me to understand the significance, but six months later I'd see the beauty of it all. Glennon said, 'Bobby, how can you be right criticizing it when over a million others took it and they all can't be wrong?' I said, 'You had slavery in this country for three hundred years and even Presidents said it was okay.' But they all were so sure, I had to wonder whether I was wired right."

McManus drove home to Bethel from the hospital, a sense of alienation gnawing at him. Physically, it was still much the same town of his boyhood: the square, named for Bethel-born circus king P. T. Barnum, displaying its statue of a World War I doughboy, jaunty with tin hat and flourished bayonet; the houses of his youth now middle-aged but holding pleasant associations of the past; the buildings his line had plumbed and his hands had raised. But as he drove past the K. of C. hall off the square, it suddenly struck him as "a house with many windows where the sunlight never seemed to enter . . . a hollow shell." And as he passed St. Mary's, a shadow fell over his Catholic memories. Keen spiritual emotions, solemn and joyous, evoked by a whiff of incense or the golden glow of the chalice in a priest's hand, now were muted by his recollection of the Maryknoll "missionary" revealing dress shirt and tie under the Roman collar. An apprehension was growing in McManus that the place he occupied might be untenable now.

Material problems accompanied the philosophical ones. In winter, with scant construction work, McManus managed a car wash he had built, keeping machinery in repair for the owners. When he returned from the hospital,

finger in a splint, he could not handle paint and lost the job. Dizzy spells and headaches unpredictable and incapacitating, left him unable to do construction work, and contracts were lost. A few hundred dollars in accident compensation went quickly. He owed home mortgage payments and installments on the truck. With no money coming in, he was soon broke.

The Knights made no move to compensate him, although the Bethel council had passed an extraordinary resolution to national headquarters in New Haven. It urged a "moral reformation" on the unwritten part of the third degree, a petition being presented with the hope of convincing the Council that never again in our history would anything occur or take place in the working of the 3rd degree that will be like or similar to what happened at Bethel on Feb. 6, 1966."

McManus told an attorney to ask the national headquarters what it intended to do. While awaiting an answer, he struggled with a problem of his own. He discovered that he could no longer go to church and attend Mass.

"Sundays came, and I couldn't believe I was me sitting home," he says. "But I couldn't take part in it. It all seemed a sham. Look, in our social strata everybody has his place. A priest is a cut above me. He has the power of Holy Communion, a trust I don't have. Yet a priest I knew had introduced the phony mission. I never had a doubt about him in the hospital. I would've died for him. But when priests take part in fakes, what can you believe in?"

"There was Monsignor Scully, who I learned part of it. Teaching charity in the guise of intolerance. Should you learn the Ten Commandments by being taught how to kill a guy? How can you take Communion from him after that? Our church with those guys from the council wouldn't say wrong was wrong? I tried to see the Bishop so he could explain why the Church was mixed up in it, maybe show me if my head was on wrong. But I couldn't get an appointment."

Perhaps people marked McManus as a creature of his environment, not so much a leader as a listener. Something of a hard-nosed Irish talent for hotheadedness, but new to the town to make waves, to rock the boat. A good man, the product of a few hundred confessions and a few thousand Masses, who one day might laugh over the time he got his lumps down the K. of C. hall.

Two months after the initiation, a letter arrived from New Haven: "The Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus has no control over the manner in which members of any given initiation team conduct themselves during



ication of a degree of initiation. We can-  
efore, at this headquarters accept lia-  
injuries that a candidate might have  
during the course of his initiation."

McMANUS, IT WAS AS IF a keystone had  
a way that February Sunday and the  
ills of his life dropped around him. His  
was in shambles, his Catholic faith lay  
ne ruins, he hurt physically and spiritu-  
d still nobody would listen to him.  
is decided to make himself heard. He  
Knights of Columbus for a quarter of a  
dollars.

s terrified," his wife says. "They had so  
ower and what did we have? I started  
onymous phone calls—all from women  
y how could my husband do such a thing  
ght arm of the Church, hinting there was  
hind it. The children couldn't under-  
ay their father wasn't working, why he  
o to Mass with us anymore. Beth, the  
ried a lot and had nightmares. She said,  
ht the Knights were part of the Church.  
they hurt Daddy?"

McManus began learning the price of protest.  
who used to stop and chat on the street  
ved and went on.

Father Francis Medinsky came from St. Mary's to talk to him, and left convinced that McManus was sincere but closed to any defense of the Church: "He couldn't cope with any explanations. I think he was hurt too deeply, physically and emotionally."

There was another jolt of physical hurt. By midsummer, McManus was trying to get the construction business going again. One day he suffered a dizzy spell on a roof, reached for a ladder with his bad hand, pulled back with pain, and fell twelve feet. Another ten days in the hospital, and this time Bishop Walter Curtis came to see him.

"He told me the Knights were upset and wanted to straighten it all out," recalls McManus. "I said, 'I'd like you to explain why the Church lets priests take part in a mockery of Christian religion.' He said, 'I don't want to know what happened there. I have no power to stop a priest from belonging to any organization.' Well, it was the same hypocrisy all over again. Nobody would say it plain—the Knights were doing wrong things with Church knowledge, and had been for a long time."

The Bishop, however, offered Mrs. McManus a \$5,000 loan for a year and the McManuses accepted. How did McManus square this with his principles? He smiles a tight smile when he re-

"Like many men, he felt himself carried by life's momentum, circumstance denying him a degree and perhaps a go at worlds beyond Bethel."



GEORGE GARDNER

Paul Good  
McMANUS V.  
THE KNIGHTS  
OF COLUMBUS

plies: "My mother always told me it was a sin to refuse money. I couldn't earn a cent, there was a new baby, medical bills, and all that anybody came up with was a loan, another debt. I didn't want that or a handout. I wanted justice."

By the end of 1966, Tom O'Neil—the telephone lineman also injured in the initiation—had joined the suit. But months passed and years loomed before it would be heard. McManus's truck was repossessed while he sat idle. He began doing jigsaw puzzles, starting with 200 pieces and working his way up to 1,000. He felt his own manhood fragmented by insufficiency. Even the birth of a second son, Mathew, did not help him to piece it together. Before, he had been a father who commanded with a word, never a slap. Now his hand was quick. When headaches darkened his mood, Anne cleared out the children and hours were lost to brooding.

"There was a lot of self-pity on my part," he admits. "Frustration. I could never make people see my point. I still believed in God, and I missed the Church till not going was like an ache. But I couldn't make myself go back in."

"I owed \$500 to a building supplier, a Knight. First he said he'd let it ride, and then he sent the sheriff around to slap a lien on. I went to the rich side of the family for a loan and the Knights question came up and that was that."

Anne has a slightly different memory of those days. "I think as many Knights were good as were bad," she says. "St. Mary's let the children's tuition go. My mother stuck with us. But it ground him down to have to ask for help. He had been a real strong figure in the house, and it hurt to see the change in him."

After fourteen months' idleness, McManus was able to hold a menial factory job, but he no longer trusted his head or hands for construction. Paint flaked off the boards of the house, shabbiness moved inside and stayed, and \$2,000 in medical bills lay in the drawer.

Looking back on those days, McManus reflects: "I don't think I ever had any racism, but for the first time I started to understand what it must be like to be colored. I always thought that if you did right and worked hard in America, you got justice. But there I was, white and broke, and couldn't get it. Someplace along the line, Christianity had been bent all out of shape, and I could see why blacks demonstrated and burned."

The longer McManus waited for his day in court, the more he came to view the trial as a kind of secular Judgment Day when moral verdicts would be handed down on himself, the Knights, and the Church. For a man who missed

his religion and its trappings, there were parts in a courtroom—the robed judge, the witness-box like a confessional where he stood under an oath to God to tell the truth, the bestowing penance or absolution.

**T**RIAL BEGAN IN SUPERIOR COURT, BRIDGEPORT, on November 30, 1970, with Francis Robotti and the Knights of Columbus as defendants. From the first, there was a curious lack of publicity, a disinclination by Connecticut newspapers and wire services to cover the only suit in the history of the Knights.

The courtroom held a concentrated version of America. Presiding was Judge Joseph W. W. danski, one of Fordham football's 1956 All-American Blocks of Granite and a commanding presence despite a trace of Lawrence Welk in his manner. The jury included eleven Protestants and one Catholic. Defendant Robotti had the handsome complexion of a Roman, a bulky figure who seemed to wear whatever he wore. Representing McManus were Martin Wolf and Richard Albrecht, both from a leading Bridgeport law firm. Wolf, balding, meticulous, and untheatrical, a partner, a former Manhattan assistant attorney, had a kinetic, pouncing style. The corporate presence of the national Knights of Columbus was embodied in attorney Thomas O'Connell, a man of courtly manner whose gestures moved like a bishop's, in quiet dignity. The distance in the room between O'Connell and Robotti's lawyer, John E. Smyth, Smith, cut and earnest, understood that his client was on his own as far as the Knights were concerned. McManus sat with Anne, who looked away as the mother who passes herself off as a stoic. In the hand lotion commercial, there was co-plaintiff O'Neil, who had been through a series of personal misfortunes related to the initiation. He winced continually if feeling a life-pain that never went away. McManus told the story he had been in court with for four-and-a-half years, not wanting to be in the spotlight, while he watched the stenographer tap silently away, translating his grievance into record. The alleged slaps Robotti was a crucial link to injuries sustained that Sunday and later in the fall. But the Knights' attorney O'Connell seized on the slaps, he drew a candid admission from McManus.

*Q. Do you claim that all the injuries resulted from that one blow from Robotti?*





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Don't know how they occurred. I believe it was highly improbable all those occurred from it.

McManus's title of prosecuting attorney was a prize witness. He generally supported Manos's description of violence and in the hot box, and said that he saw it hit. Medical experts, replete with anatomy lessons about zygomatic bone and maxillary antrum walls, described the injury when Frank Robotti took the stand. Although an adverse decision could wipe out financially, his testimony was forward. He told how he had learned from observation of a predecessor nearly two years earlier how to conduct the dramatic of the third degree and had even performed at a national convention held in Connecticut. Robotti said candidates' rings were to prevent injury and he admitted men who refused to leave the hot box were detained against their will. The echo of his big hands hitting the wall was almost palpable.

Do you think you said you slapped two of the third degree team members?

Yes sir. . . .

Now on this particular day, I think you also slapped Mr. O'Neil?

Yes sir. . . .

Exactly what physical contact did you have with Mr. McManus?

I got hold of my robe. I asked him a few questions and gave him a half push and a slap across his left side of his face. . . .

Did there come a time when you slapped him?

Yes sir.

What did Robotti ask you about the degree? Robotti was not facile with words, referring to the instrument used in connection with the 100 drops of blood as a "snake" dagger. But phrases from the degree helped him explain the tie to Christopher Columbus: "... He braved the perils of unknown waters amid contempt and scorn of his countrymen. Care not for love nor glory. He loved his countryman. Do you likewise. . . . Regard your country with an eye of favor . . . and be slow to believe in false rumors against him. Also there is a lesson that appearances are sometimes deceptive. A great lesson."

McKnight John W. McDevitt was a tall, red man who had been superintendent of the prison in Waltham, Massachusetts. His conduct in the third degree differed from Robotti's.

Had he ever heard of a fraudulent priest being used?

A. I have never heard officially, as the Supreme Knight or an officer of the order, as to a complaint on using, as has been described, a fraudulent priest.

Q. Have you ever heard of the use of a man that has been bitten by a dog as a decoy?

A. No. . . .

Q. I assume you agree that it is not necessary to refer to a man's ethnic background?

A. Positively forbidden.

Q. And what about the laying of hands on any candidate?

A. Positively forbidden.

The jurors learned that, in any event, the old ceremonial order had been revamped under a commission established in 1965 by McDevitt after complaints were received. The complaints, he said, dealt with "archaic" language. McDevitt testified that the unwritten portion was completely eliminated in 1969 and many delegates to that year's Supreme convention in New Haven were unhappy about it.

"They even hired an airplane," he said, "and flew over the Yale Bowl during the Giants-Jets game, trailing a sign, 'Retain the Old.' And some of it, 95 per cent of the people in the Yale Bowl didn't know what it was all about. And one lad sitting next to me said, 'Well, I hope it means retaining Old Fitzgerald because I'm for that.'"

"That, I assume, is a whiskey," Albrecht put in.

"I wouldn't know," the Supreme Knight replied. "I'm not familiar with that."

Early in the trial, the Knights offered to settle for \$18,000. After McManus's lawyers presented his case, the offer increased to \$32,000. His lawyers and Judge Bogdanski urged him to accept it. But McManus refused.

Attorney Albrecht disagreed with his client's decision but understood his reasoning: "McManus didn't feel he or the judge or anybody else except the jury could put a price on the loss he had sustained, because it was something that affected his faith. He believed that a jury, after hearing all the facts and rendering a judgment, would grant almost divine justice. He felt that even if a verdict came in for a lesser amount, he would be more satisfied in his soul."

The defense called Dr. Trimpert. The peppery doctor testified that he was not in the hot box that Sunday, then added: "No one in the room could have seen Mr. Robotti strike anybody because of the milling about of the various number of people. Anybody who said Mr. Robotti struck

"Beyond the pain of his injuries, McManus felt a spiritual pressure rubbing his nerves raw."

Paul Good  
McMANUS V.  
THE KNIGHTS  
OF COLUMBUS

anybody, in definitiveness (*sic*), is not telling the truth." Plaintiff lawyers were quick to point out that Robotti himself had said it.

The defense attorneys, in their summation, did not spare each other's clients.

Smyth described Robotti's long, unpaid service to the Knights in helping to induct 25,000 dues-paying members. He asked rhetorically what Robotti had received for it. "He received," said Smyth, "an appearance in this court by the Supreme Knight who attempted to whitewash and divest himself and the national organization of any knowledge of what occurred." Smyth called McDevitt "evasive" in denying he knew of "phony priests or the use of a man with a dog bite." "This was the unity Mr. Robotti received for eighteen years," Smyth said quietly. "This was the strong fibre of the national organization of the Knights of Columbus, leaving Mr. Robotti hanging by a thread."

Attorney O'Connell was equally explicit: "We say if there were such an assault, that was Mr. Robotti's responsibility. He was off on conduct of his own for which the Knights of Columbus is not responsible." As the jury deliberated, McManus sought out Robotti in the corridor. He shook his hand and said, "I think you're an honest guy. And I want you to know that, whatever the jury decides, I'll never take a dime from you."

The jurors, in a complex finding, decided that McManus had been injured and that Robotti had assaulted him. But they ruled that the injuries resulted directly from unlawful imprisonment in the hot box caused by Robotti while acting as an agent of the Knights of Columbus. McManus should receive \$60,000 and O'Neil \$10,000 from the Knights. Robotti sighed with relief. McManus cried and thanked the jurors. Some of the jurors cried too.

**I**N THE AFTERMATH, the two protagonists whose lives crossed in a Bethel hot box searched themselves for meanings.

In the cramped office of his small meat supply plant, Robotti talks to a stranger. "They let me down," he says without anger. "The big boys knew what was going on. But like my friends say, the hierarchy lost their feeling for brotherhood, for unity. But I'll always respect the Knights. They've been good to me. I was a kid with only a high-school education and they opened doors to different people, different experiences. . . ."

McManus?

"Yeah, he said I wouldn't have to pay him. I

felt he was sincere. But as far as losing with concerned—think of the people who suffer from cancer or something, who watch a loved one die. Look at God sending His Son to be crucified. Christ on the cross. That's a real test case. McManus got off easy."

Does he still believe in the old third

"Slapping around was the traditional and I followed it. I've come home with black eyes, twelve stitches once . . ." He smiles at the recollection. "Okay. People are more educated. They don't go for the rough stuff. They could have sent out word to cool it. They didn't have to throw everything out. Time was one of the most beautiful enactments in everyday life, charity, brotherly love . . ."

Robotti's voice trails off and for a moment the big man seems on the verge of an characteristic emotion. It passes and he says, "Aw, you try to do right in life, be a good man and you wind up with the dirty end of the stick."

In Bethel, McManus has set out cinder block for a small extension to his house, the first construction work he has attempted in years. He sits on a sagging couch covered with a bedspread. He and his wife sit in a room hung with Christmas artifacts—a Crucifix, a palm tucked beneath a lithograph of a vapid Christ. Another puzzle is taking shape, the habits of four years half years persisting. Habitual attitudes linger—the feeling he remains a stranger in his own hometown, the fear that he will never be able to work as before, to "put it all together" he almost had in 1966. McManus is divided between pride that he was vindicated and his problems beyond vindication.

"Some people are coming around to understand it," he says. "I'm no rare individual. Things broke a certain way, I did what I had to do, and a lot of life is never gonna be the same. I don't care. To hell with it. The jury says that, no matter what you are in life, you ought to win out with the truth." He pauses, smiles, and says with a good lawyer—I don't kid myself about that part."

The verdict has apparently restored his flagging faith in the system. But he believes judges, jurors, and lawyers had a larger role. "You know, Bethel means House of God," he says. "How else could we have survived? It would have been the reason for it all any day."

McManus, at any rate, is satisfied. The road is unblocked his way back to church. And his reappearance at St. Mary's been received.

"We've been back for two Sundays," he says. "And the walls are still standing. The roof hasn't fallen in."



## IDE NOTES IN RAGGED HAND DRIVING FROM SOUTH CAROLINA

Applewhite

er has torn me open to feel everything again

s broken to fists by winter still clinging branches,  
th crunch into my feelings like pebbles  
e my chest the hidden water running like song  
ed quick-hidden where the brush piles:

berries on a spray

my wife without guilt  
yet landscape of so many emotions  
e of the time and distance between us  
es hill-edge clay rusting to gullies.

buzzards this blue day  
b ncing on windy edges the clouds make  
w den cows far on a hillslope  
as if a very small hand had set them there

tentative and rocking  
h dling with upbent feathers at wingtip edges  
r bulking up into sky  
s ater tank towering pines, boulders to fat  
d ls irregular cheeks

it is love I think

h ens these four things together  
the bird the cloud the tree the stone  
t rivers would not run  
and all things break apart to dissimilitude.

home I remember first love with my wife  
all dark gullies with grass in any country  
me of then, deep cave  
le shining and keen with a skein  
h tes my wandering always

engaging manhood

approach home broomstraw is roseate, moving  
ith winter light on all fields around me  
last stretch of road I take is dirt  
l red as flesh, cobbled with many rocks like buds of a tongue.

## KITES

by Judith Krommer

Every consolation of a kite is up:  
We stay, control in hand, below—  
point: there I am;  
let out some string, but know  
that kite extended is still kite attached;  
prisoner and the prison oddly matched  
until the sad persistent patient reach  
shows us how it happens: shows the breach.  
And so we aid the fugitive in his flights:  
the things that fly reserve direction rights.  
Deference is the joy in that we know;  
and knowing that, we quietly  
let go.

## A FEELING

Something was left unsaid.  
Everything was ready for it  
and it led to other words:  
but tacitly;  
unheard.  
Something was left unheard.  
was wholly felt:  
it was the free gift of the soul  
unfettered by the word.  
There was a certain goal in that.  
It was the same word only better  
for what it meant:  
it was to be gently understood  
and caught  
for choosing its own way of being sent.

## A HYMN TO MODERN CANDOR

The age of chivalry  
is fortunately  
dead—  
no more courteous murders or  
polite adulteries.  
Now reasoning we are  
refreshingly discourteous  
and impolite about  
such things:  
this is what intervening faith  
in human nature brings.  
The age of chivalry  
is fortunately  
dead—  
and we can all be  
openly  
ill-bred.

# SUBLIMATING

a story by  
John Updike

THE MAPLES AGREED THAT, since sex was the only sore point in their marriage, they should give it up: sex, not the marriage, which was eighteen years old. A week went by. On Saturday, Richard brought home in a little paper bag a large raw round cabbage. Joan asked, "What is *that*?"

"It's just a cabbage."

"What am I supposed to *do* with it?" Her irritability gratified him.

"You don't have to do *anything* with it. I saw Mack Dennis go into the A&P and went in to talk to him about the new environment committee, whether they weren't muscling in on the conservation committee, and then I had to buy something to get out through the check-out counter so I bought this cabbage. It was an impulse. You know what an impulse is." Rubbing it in. "When I was a kid," he went on, "we always used to have a head of cabbage around; you could cut a piece off to nibble instead of a candy. The hearts were best. They really burned your mouth."

"Okay, okay." Joan turned her back and resumed washing dishes. "Well I don't know where you're going to put it; since Judith turned vegetarian the refrigerator's already so full of vegetables I could cry."

Her turning her back aroused him. It usually did. He went closer and thrust the cabbage between her face and the sink. "*Look* at it, darley. Isn't it beautiful? It's so perfect." He was only partly teasing; he had found himself, in the A&P, ravished by the glory of the pyramided cabbages, the mute and glossy beauty that had waited thirty years for him to rediscover it. Not since preadolescence had his senses opened so innocently wide: the sphericalness, the shy cellar

odor, the solid heft. He chose, not the flattest, but the roundest, the most ideal, carried it naked in his hand to the check-out counter, where the girl, with a flicker of embarrassment, dressed it in a paper bag and charged him three cents. And now, cutting a slice from the pale cheek, he marveled across the years at the miracle of the wound, at the tender cooperation of the leaves, each tuned to its curve as a guitar string. The taste was bland, a childhood memory of it, but the texture was delicious in his mouth.

Bean, their baby, ten, came into the kitchen. "What is Daddy eating?" she asked, looking at the empty bag for cookies. She knew Daddy was a snack-sneaker.

"Daddy bought himself a cabbage," he said to her.

The child looked at her father with a mixture of which amusement had been pre-prepared; but there was a serious warmth that Mommy and nannies, especially horses, gave off, and everything she had the coolness of comedy. "That was silly," she said.

"Nothing silly about it," Richard said. "It's a bite." He offered her the cabbage as he would an apple. Inside her round head he envisioned leaves and leaves of female psychology, and so snugly the wrinkles dovetailed.

Bean made a spitting face and harshly said, "That's nasty," she said. Bolder, brighter, she flirted: "You're nasty." Trying it out.

Hurt, Richard said to her, "I don't know either. I just like my cabbage." And he looked at the cool pale dense vegetable once, twice, three times; Bean gurgled in astonishment.

Her back still turned, Joan continued to wash the sink, "If you *had* to buy something, I would





d Calgonite. I've been doing the dish-  
for days."

ber it yourself," he said. "Where's the  
o for my cabbage?" But, as the week  
e cabbage withered; the crisp planear  
ach slice by the next day had browned  
ed. Stubbornly loyal, Richard cut and  
slow way to the heart, which burned  
ue so sharply that his taste buds even  
ult dullness were not disappointed;  
ered how it had been, the oilcloth-  
ble where his grandmother used to  
cabbage into strings for sauerkraut  
m the leftover raw hearts for a snack.  
not buy another cabbage, once the  
ten; similarly, he never returned to a  
nce Joan had discovered and mocked  
eyes, that is, had married and merged  
nd in the middle shared one her dry  
emale clarity would always oust his  
s.

VERS, ON THE OTHER HAND, he never  
ered while she had them. Months or  
later she would present an affair to  
ete, self-packaged as nicely as a cab-  
nan remarried or moved to Seattle, her  
ds licked in secrecy and long healed.  
w, coming home one evening and de-  
roseate afterglow in her face, that he  
cover only some new wrinkle of inno-  
vertheless, he asked, "What have you  
today?"

old grind. After school I drove Judith  
nce lesson, Bean to the riding stable,  
the driving range."  
was John?"

yed home with me and said it was bor-  
d him to go build something so he's  
a guillotine in the cellar; he says the  
le is studying revolution this term."  
s he using for a blade?"  
ttened an old snow shovel he says he  
arp enough."

ld could hear the child banging and  
below him. "Jesus, he better not lose a  
his thoughts flicked from the finger to  
his wife's even white teeth to the fact  
weeks had passed since they made their

ly she unfolded her secret. "One fun  
ough."

e taking up yoga again."

be silly; I was never anything to him.  
e's an automatic car wash opened up  
a, behind the pizza place. You put three

quarters in and stay in the car and it just hap-  
pens. It's hilarious."

"What happens?"

"Oh, you know. Soap, huge brushes that come  
whirling around. It really does quite a good job.  
Afterwards, there's a little hose you can put a  
dime in to vacuum the inside."

"I think this is very sinister. The people who  
are always washing their cars are the same  
people behind our boys in Vietnam. Further-  
more, it's bad for it. The dirt protects the paint."

"It needed it. We're living in the mud now."

Last fall, they had moved to an old farmhouse  
surrounded by vegetation that had been allowed  
to grow wild. This spring, they attacked the  
tangle of Nature around them with ominously  
different styles. Joan raked away dead twigs  
beneath bushes and pruned timidly, as if she  
were giving her boys a haircut. Richard scorned  
such pampering and attacked the problem at the  
root, or near the root. He wrestled vines from  
the barn roof, shingles popping and flying; he  
clipped the barberries down to yellow stubble; he  
began to prune some overweening yews by the  
front door and was unable to stop until each  
branch was a stump. The yews, a rare Japanese  
variety, had pink soft wood maddeningly like  
flesh. For days thereafter, the stumps bled amber.

The entire family was shocked, especially the  
two boys, who had improvised a fort in the cav-  
ity under the yews. Richard defended himself:  
"It was them or me. I couldn't get in my own  
front door."


"They'll never grow again, Dad," Dickie told  
him. "You didn't leave any green. There can't  
be any photosynthesis." The boy's own eyes were  
green; he kept brushing back his hair from them,  
with that nervous ladylike gesture of his genera-  
tion.

"Good," Richard stated. He lifted his pruning  
clippers, which had an elbow hinge for extra  
strength, and asked, "How about a haircut?"

Dickie's eyes rounded with fright and he  
backed closer to his brother who, though young-  
er, had even longer hair. They looked like two  
clumsy girls, blocking the front door. "Or why  
don't you both go down to the cellar and stick  
your heads in the guillotine?" Richard sug-  
gested. They ran away. In a few powerful mo-  
tions he mutilated a flowering trumpet vine.  
Richard had a vision, of right angles, clean  
clapboards, unclouded windows, level and  
transparent spaces from which the organic—the  
impudent, importunate, unceasingly swelling or-  
ganic—had been finally scoured.

"Daddy's upset about something else, not  
about your hair," Joan explained to Dickie and

*John Updike's work in-  
cludes Rabbit Run,  
Couples, Bech: a Book,  
and Midpoint and Other  
Poems. Rabbit Redux,  
a novel, will be pub-  
lished this fall.*



John at dinner. As the pact wore on, the family gathered more closely about her; even the cats, he noticed, hesitated to take scraps from his hand.

"What about then?" Judith asked, looking up from her omelette. She, at sixteen, remained Richard's only ally.

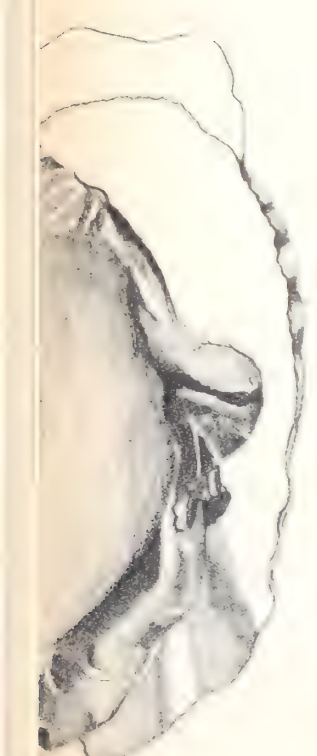
Joan answered, "Something grown-up." Her older daughter studied her for a moment, alertly, and Richard held his breath, thinking she might see. Female to female. The truth. The translucent vista of scoured space that was in Joan like a crystal palace.

But the girl was too young and, sensing an enemy, attacked her reliable old target, Dickie. "You," she said. "I don't ever see *you* trying to help Daddy, all you do is make Mommy drive you to golf courses and ski mountains."

"Yeah? What about *you*," he responded weakly, beaten before he started, "making Mommy cook two meals all the time because you're too *pure* to sully your lips with *animal* matter."

"At least when I'm here I try to help; I don't just sit around reading books about dumb Billy Caster."

"Casper," Richard and Dickie said in unison.



Judith rose to her well-filled height; her bell-bottom hip-hugging Levis dropped an inch lower and exposed a mingled strip of silken underpants and pearly belly. "I think it's *atrocious* for some people like us to have too many bushes and people in the ghetto don't even have a weed to look at, they have to go up on their rooftops to breathe. It's *true*, Dickie; don't make that face!"

Dickie was squinting in pain; he found his sister's body painful. "The young sociologist," he said, "flaunting her charms."

"You don't even know what a sociologist is," she told him, tossing her head so that circles of agitation rippled down toward her toes. "You are a very *spoiled* and *selfish* and *limited* person."

"Puh puh, big mature," was all he could say, poor little boy overwhelmed by this blind blooming.

Judith had become an optical illusion in which they all saw different things: Dickie saw a threat, Joan saw herself of twenty-five years ago, Bean saw another large warmth-source that, unlike horses, could read her a bedtime story. John, bless him, saw nothing, or, dimly, an old pal receding. Richard couldn't look. In the evening, when Joan was putting the others to bed, Judith would roll around on the sofa while he tried to read in the chair opposite. "Look, Dad.

See my stretch exercises." He was reading *Million-Dollar Shots*, by Billy Casper. "The back must be coiled, tension should be felt in the back muscles and along the left leg during the backswing. Illustrations, with arrows." The dog on the sofa was twisting into lithe knot. Judith was double-jointed and her prowess at yoga had been why Joan stopped doing it, (but) Richard glanced up and saw his daughter like a staple, her hands gripping her knees, the glossy bulge of supple belly held a natural acme. At the top of the backswing, the back of the left hand should form a straight line. He tried it; it felt awkward. He was a bona fide collapser. Judith watched him pondering his own wrist and giggled; then she kept giggling insistently, flirting, trying it out. "Daddy's a narcissist." In the edge of his vision she seemed to be tickling herself and flicking her hair in circles.

"*Judith!*" He had not spoken to her so sharply since, at the age of three, she had spilled sugar all over the kitchen floor. In apology he added, "You are driving me crazy."

THE FOURTH WEEK, he went to New York City on business. When he returned, Joan told him during their kitchen drink, "This autumn everybody was being so cranky, you floundered, the weather lousy, I piled them all into the car, and everybody except Judith; she's spending the night at Margaret Leonard's—"

"You *let* her? With that little bitch and her druggie crowd? Are there going to be any more there?"

"I didn't ask. I hope so."

"Live vicariously, huh?"

He wondered if he could punch her in the face and at the same time grab the glass in his hand so it wouldn't break. It was from her hand the moon set of turquoise Mexican glass. Only three were left. With their shared eyes, they saw his calculations and her face went still. Break his fist on that face. "Are you going to finish my story?"

"Sure. *Dites-moi*, Scheherazade."

"The dog was hilarious, she kept barking and chasing the brushes around and around the house trying to defend us. It took her three rotations to figure out that if it went one way it would be coming back the other. Everybody was howling; we had Danny Vetter in the car with him and one of Bean's horsey friends; it was a party." Her face was pink, recalling.

"That's a disgusting story. Speaking of which, I did something strange in New York."



Y slept with a prostitute.”  
Al ost. I went to a blue movie.”  
H scary for you, darley.”  
W it was. Wednesday morning I woke  
an and didn’t have any appointment until  
o I wandered over to 42nd Street, you  
w th this innocent morning light on every-  
g d these little narrow places were already  
n —can you stand this?”  
Su All I’ve heard all week are children’s  
pl ts.”  
id three bucks and went in. It was  
ly ark. Like a fun house at a fairground.  
p for this very bright pink couple up on  
so en. I could hear people breathing but  
se anything. Every time I tried to slide into  
w kept sticking my thumb into somebody’s  
t nobody groaned or protested. It was  
the bodies half-frozen in whatever circle  
of Hell. Finally I found a seat and sat  
nd after a while I could see it was all  
leep. At least most of them seemed to  
sp. And they were spaced so no two  
h; but even at this hour, the place was  
fi. Of motionless men.” He felt her disap-  
nt; he hadn’t conveyed the fairy-tale  
id f the experience: the darkness absolute  
ea the undercurrent of snoring as from a  
le ragon, the tidy way the men had spaced  
ves, like checkers on a board. And then  
h had found a blank square, had jumped  
se as it were, into it, had joined humanity  
u ed witness of its own process of perpetu-  
n.  
asked, “How was the movie?”  
A ul. Exasperating. You begin to think en-  
y technical terms: camera position, mike  
n And the poor girls, God, how they work.  
atly to get a job in a blue movie a man  
to be blond and impotent.”  
Y,” Joan said and turned her back, as if  
or eal a train of thought. “We have to go to  
e tonight with the new Dennises.” Mack  
n had remarried, a woman much like  
r only slightly younger and, the Maples  
e not as nice. “They’ll keep us up for-  
ut maybe tomorrow,” Joan was going  
a f to herself, timidly, “after the kids go  
r eparate ways, if you’d like to hang  
r . . .”  
N” he took pleasure in saying. “I’m de-  
d to play golf. Thursday afternoon one  
a counts took me out to Long Island and  
ith borrowed clubs I was hitting the  
e a mile. I think I’m on to something; it’s  
ere.” He showed her the top of his back-  
the stiff left wrist. “I must have been

getting twenty extra yards.” He swung his empty arms down and through.

“See,” Joan said, gamely accepting his triumph as her own, “you’re sublimating.”

In the car to the Dennises, he asked her, “How is it?”

“It’s quite wonderful, in a way. It’s as if my senses are jammed permanently open. I feel all one with Nature. The jonquils are out behind the shed and I just looked at them and cried. They were so beautiful I couldn’t stand it. I can’t keep myself indoors, all I want to do is rake and prune and push little heaps of stones around.”

“You know,” he told her sternly, “the lawn isn’t just some kind of carpet to keep sweeping, you have to make some decisions. Those lilacs, for instance, are full of dead wood.”

“Don’t,” Joan whimpered, and cried, as darkness streamed by, torn by headlights.

In bed after the Dennises (it was nearly two; they were numb on brandy; Mack had monologued about environment and Mrs. Dennis about the interior decoration of “her” house), Joan confessed to Richard, “I keep having this little vision—it comes to me anywhere, in the middle of sunshine—of me dead.”

“Dead of what?”

“I don’t know that, all I know is that I’m dead and it doesn’t much matter.”

“Not even to the children?”

“For a day or two. But everybody manages.”

“Sweetie.” He repressed his strong impulse to turn and touch her. He explained, “It’s part of being one with Nature.”

“I suppose.”

“I have it very differently. I keep having this funeral fantasy. How full the church will be, what Spence will say about me in his sermon, who’ll be there.” Specifically, whether the women he has loved will come and weep with Joan; in the image of this, their combined grief at his eternal denial of himself to them, he glimpsed a satisfaction for which the transient satisfactions of the living flesh were a flawed and feeble prelude; love is merely the backswing. In death, he felt, as he floated on his back in bed, he would grow to his true size.

Joan with their third eye may have sensed his thoughts; where usually she would roll over and turn her back, whether as provocation or withdrawal it was up to him to decide, now she lay paralyzed, parallel to him. “I suppose,” she offered, “in a way, it’s cleansing. I mean you think of all that energy that went into the Crusades.”

“Yes,” Richard agreed weakly. “I think we may be on to something.”



# LESSONS OF THE STREET

by Bruce Jay Friedman

JOHN WILLIAMS



On learning to distinguish between leapers, hits, the Argentine stash, gobblers, keys, toasties, and Puerto Rican third basemen

JOHN IS A NEW YORK CITY plainclothes detective whose clothes are not all that plain. He wears webbed belts, bell-bottom slacks, and all-in-one suede and corduroy suits of a type purchasable at what the radio commercials refer to as "in" shops. This fondness for mod outfits makes him a bit unusual in his profession, most detectives favoring baggy slacks and white anklets or what John politely refers to as "period dress." But the clothing helps John blend into the background when he is at work in certain "swinging" neighborhoods, particularly those along Manhattan's upper East Side. He also keeps a conservative gray double-breasted suit on hand for Wall Street operations, and in a flash he can get himself up as a junkie when called upon for a narcotics caper.

John has ten years as a detective under his belt and sees the city with a certain shrewd streetwise vision; it was for this reason that a mutual friend suggested I meet and hang around with him since I would be amazed at how different detectives' eyes are from anyone else's. Well, actually, I wasn't going to be that amazed; I'd written about detectives before: a few articles, stories, a novel called *The Dick*. But my fascination, not so much with crime as with detectives, continues to operate on a high burner—the guns, the hair-raising amount of power, their ability to keep a grip on their sanity, however razor-thin. John is a lonely fellow, I was told, and would be happy to meet a new friend, particularly a literary type.

Bruce Jay Friedman is a distinguished playwright and short-story writer.

I keep an office-apartment in Manhattan's East sixties and it was agreed that we would have our project under way at my place. John showed up punctually at eight one night, although he'd been crouched at the door to make sure his arrival was right on the dot. As advertised, he turned out to be a dapper young man with a constant look of incredulity on his face, as though all his life someone had been whispering a long, amazing story in his ear. At times he seemed handsome, at other times snotty-looking; on appearance alone, it would not be surprising if he was revealed to be another Kennedy brother, long hidden away in some obscure religious order.

Halfway through the door, John began to fiddle with my lock, asking if it was the right one assigned to me by the building. I had to admit it was, and John, with a sad shake of his head, said that not changing it was a blunder on my part since the contractors had already sold the basic key pattern to the racketeer who was making my flat a pushover for burglars.

I told John that the building seemed to have pretty good security, with squadrons of attendants guarding each of the entrances. John said they would all be sitting desks. I mentioned an Argentinian husband-and-wife team who had cut through a building of this sort like a knife through a wheatfield. "They are very fine people who can walk through the front door with dignity alone. The husband breaks-arms and the wife's skirts are the stash. They go to schools for these people in Argentina, aiming them in assorted con games."

John patted his breast pocket and said, "This, incidentally, is the best place to carry your money." Tapping his backside, he said, "Here's the worst." Moving deeper into the apartment, John spotted the wraparound glass window and said, "A voyeur's paradise, I see. I'd like to see you up nine perverts in a place like this. When you wind up with is one fat man and a bag of money. Like other detectives I've known (and many of them are Force officers) John is obsessed with the subject of homosexuality. Given the slightest conditional opportunity—or none at all—he will refer to it in a fag reference or girlish imitation of the sort.

I offered him a drink, which he declined in favor of coffee, explaining that he never drinks while carrying a gun, which is always on his person. His weapon is a .38, and he has mastered the art of wearing it in his mod slacks so that it is not too tight, the gun is difficult to draw, and on one occasion, a homosexual interpreter



about to get the weapon as an over- is the only weapon John carries, al- eral months before he had been back-up man who wore a pair of waist, one attached to his back, an- e crotch, and a long, saberlike knife o his boots. John wears his one gun d off duty and on occasion has been oy girls who've run across it during ounters. He has killed two men he nd a vague number of others in shoot- all hell broke loose and exactly who m was unclear. As to the drinking, to stay away from bars where he is hey will slide ninety-six free drinks nd then, invariably, there will be a ie goon pushing people around, and epected to deposit him outside on his

across to the windows, John was re- d his work with "leapers"—suicidal om high buildings. As he told it, the such dry-divers forget is that at some are going to hit the ground. "They about the flying-through-the-air part. I've ever heard the sound of a leaper for a landing, you'll never forget it. o tons of wet laundry dropped from a

hn would rather deal with a leaper any e week than be assigned to a "roast- a rackets victim who is burned up in a or car. There is a requirement that ic tags be affixed to each section of c's body, a particular problem when are involved. "You'll be standing there r in one hand and a foot in the other. upervisor will be hollering, 'All right get those ninety-five tags on.'" A procedure for a detective who is tag- es is to put a rag in his mouth to keep om throwing up.

g to an only slightly lighter topic, John he street below and informed me that a Old Fag Row, five blocks that aging als had marked off as their turf. "You umbers on their backs and chart their ke salmon going upstream." But, in he said, the entire East Side deviate s fun and games compared to a certain e section of Central Park referred to by s as "Gobbler's Nook."

e it really gets vicious," said John. "One e is like going into the jaws of death. ho passed by would get killed for her . Many of the fags are actually junkies e so they can take someone off. The

trees whisper to you. You look up and see a huge "A standard pro- 'gorilla fag,' with white teeth and wash-and-wear cedure for a hair, standing on a branch and grinning at you." detective who is John, who turned out to have many unique ideas for ending the Vietnam war, said one quick tagging bodies is to put a rag method would be to turn 200 or so Central Park in his mouth to "gorilla fags" loose on the Cong. keep himself from throwing up?" "All right," said John, leaping to his feet, "time to go out and harass the public."

### A junk cop has the supreme mix

ON THE WAY DOWNSTAIRS, John proudly filled me in on the fact that he had made detective after only three years on the beat, and without the help of a "rabbi"—a friend in city government. Further upward movement, however, was going to be rocky without influence. "The police commissioner can expose himself in the middle of 42nd Street and no one'll pay attention to him. Yet all you need is one dumdummy in the mayor's office pointing to a cop and saying, 'I like that boy,' and the next day he's got a promo- tion." Despite this beef, John felt the department was a virtual playpen now, compared to a period in recent memory when police internal security men had more power than the Gestapo. "If they knocked on your door at three in the morning and said you were out, that's exactly what you were—out. It didn't matter if you were Spell- man's nephew. No phone calls, no hearing, no nothing. It's still a department run on Catholic morality—for Catholics, by Catholics, and for the benefit of Catholics." Actually, it had been a long time since I'd met anyone who was as strenuously Catholic as John was—and for a moment I thought of a time when I passed St. Angela Merici's each day on the way to public school, afraid of being whisked inside and forced to wear a parochial school uniform.

John broke my reverie as he, for some reason, next turned his anger to the FBI, which he and his fellow detectives regard with the same contempt that combat infantrymen reserve for the boys back at Headquarters. "Do you know those guys actually believe the movies and TV shows. An agent with his suit and striped tie will rap on a door and say, 'Open up in the name of the FBI!' The only trouble is, the junkie inside hasn't seen the movie, so he fires a round through the door. The FBI guy feels all this blood coming out of his suit and can't believe it. 'How could he *do* that,' he says. 'I *told* him I was with the FBI.'"

By the time we reached the street, John was in a total lather over the federal agency, sticking

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LESSONS  
OF THE  
STREET

a finger at my nose and saying, "And they'll get you, too, don't worry, if they want you for something. If they say you're a murderess, then you're a murderess if they got to dig up a corpse and stick one in your lap. If they want you for junk, they'll run into your apartment and start scaling bags of heroin off the walls, one kilo for you, one kilo for you over there, and one for the baby. And you're all under arrest for possession of dangerous drugs."

Once on the subject of drugs, John was off to the races, most of his years on the street having been spent as a "junk cop," which he regarded as a thankless, dreary job, but one possessed of a certain grubby nobility. "We're at the bottom of the toilet bowl, but for reliability, dependability, give me a junk cop any day of the week. It's the supreme mix—with everything coming down on us—rape, burglary, arson, homicide. The department can't exist without the junk cop and his fresh street information. A detective is only as good as his informants—and the junk man has the most, since every junkie is an informant."

Since I'd first met John, I'd been waiting for this kind of "commercial." Throughout my experience with the police, I'd never met a vice cop who didn't claim that vice work was the only place there was any real action, or a homicide dick who didn't insist that murder was the only aspect of crime worth bothering about.

When we reached my car, I held John off for a moment to ask if the vehicle's security was in good shape: it had door locks, an ignition lock, and a third little lock-switch of which I was particularly proud, tucked away at the base of the steering column. "You're fair against amateurs, a dead duck against a professional." Well, then, was a burglar alarm system worth installing? Not really. The only surefire path to absolute security in a city-parked car was to unscrew the rotor and take it along. "It's a bit messy," said John, "but you'd be surprised—more and more people are walking into restaurants with them."

### A trained dick sees the hits

ONCE IN MY CAR, John suggested we drive over to Manhattan's West Side, where we would be sure to see junkies in action, although he quickly apologized for its not being as heavy a dope scene as the East Bronx. "Up there, it's just one big syringe, with more glassine wrappers on the street than cigarette butts. The only man ever reported for suspicious behavior is a guy who's not a junkie."

Briefing me as he drove, John said at five years ago and the arrival of sti laws, Italians controlled the heroin ma it wasn't all that bad since at least the t orderly and the prices firm. The dons cide to import 150 keys (kilos) one year and it at that. But now that the Cubans ar mand, all bets are off and the traffic i wild. The footloose South Americans pendent operators, with no controlling etv and you might have as much as 800,00 k year coming into the country. As w along upper Broadway and then turn or bleak and sourly cast section of Colum then Amsterdam, John said he would oo pointing out some junkies "on the set. Ro down the window to wink at an effemine man, John said, "Hi there, Holly Goligh when a car up ahead blocked our th mentally, John quickly marked its dri as an out-of-towner on the hunt for ar tion. "Look at him, so horny he can ha the wheel. If the radio cars spent as n prowling as he does, there'd be no cri city. He'll pick up a little guppy, contr and bring it home as a present for his mi Topeka. They'll spend all their lives loim a cure."

We passed another corner which h scribed as a notorious nesting place f impersonators, most of them Puerto P an ex-islanders being especially philosophi this aberration. "They'll say, 'Poor Jos, wh shame, but that is the way it goes.' Ai these people make as much money off t regular pross [prostitutes]. The guy g to his hotel dreaming happy dreams and occurs to him that he's been worked ( Puerto Rican third baseman in drag."

On a particularly forlorn corner of ( Avenue, John double-parked, dug a fin ribs, and pointed to what he described a of junkies "on the set." I turned to loo said, "Don't just wheel around that wa see two of us staring, it's all over. Prete talking to me and use the car mirror." very Paul Newman, I did so and saw a stooped-over people not having very m with one another. "A junkie 'hanging' at means either one, he's had his shot; steering people to a connection; or the actually holding something. Watch, a see some shit go down." After a mome one of the men ambled over to another. said John, "closer, closer—" The two changed a Harlem "take five" slap of h John said, "That was it."



Deep  
in the  
heart of

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"That was it?"

"That was it," he repeated.

"I don't really think I saw anything."

"Of course you didn't," said John. "Neither would a radio car, circling the corner for hours. It takes a trained junk dick to see a hit like that."

Feeling as though I'd slowed the march of justice, I asked John if, under normal circumstances, he would have made an arrest in a case like that. He said no—the department doesn't have enough personnel to bother with one-bag transactions. "What you're after is your half-load and full-load twenty-five bags of heroin collar. When you get one, you immediately turn the man into a confidential informer. 'You give us X number of collars and we'll write a letter to the D.A. to get you a suspended sentence.' The trick, though, is always to work up, getting a half-load man to lead you to a one-key man."

"And then one day," he said, swallowing hard, "you make that fifteen-key collar."

The thought of pulling off a coup of such proportions put John in a jovial mood. Doubling back to Amsterdam, we came across a parked car with a man leaning in, talking to the driver and slipping him a package. As far as I was concerned, it might have been two fellows discussing a recent Mets game. John slowed up, then stepped on the gas, and with genuine anger, said, "Damn! Of all nights not to be traveling with my partner. There goes one of the top collars of my career."

I told John I wasn't sure I was following and he said, "What do you think was in the box—Fanny Farmer chocolates? That's at least a two-key pinch. We'll circle 'round five gets you ten they'll be gone. The driver takes one look at my face and did you see he turned white? He knew I was The Man, all right. Total honesty, I hadn't seen any of this, but I circled the block and sure enough, the corner talkers had disappeared. "That was it," we call a telephone delivery: swift, precise, every half hour on the hour. Check your watch. I did and had to admit it was 10:30 on the dot. "No offense about before," said John, patting me on the knee, "but I really did need one more gun."

"How come?" I asked.

"Because there were four more sitting in the back that you didn't see. On a two-key pinch, you're going to be guns and knives, D'Artagnan, not O.K. Corral."

"Oh, Jesus!" he said. "What a colossal mistake would have been! The guy in the car was a one-key man. He can get all the weed he wants to. So the fact that he was dealing with a Cuban, they hate each other—can only mean he was a one-key man."

"Well," he said with a sigh, "till you see him again." He then rattled off a detailed description of the car, its color, year, condition, plate number, and a precise physical rundown on the men we'd observed, right down to a small scar over the left eye of the Cuban. This struck me





nce we'd sailed past them in a matter of minutes," said John. "Getting used to sur-  
roundings, the rhythm of the street. Be-  
cause," he said, "the Cuban is a dead ringer for  
a restaurant I love to eat at."

### Watch for the tip-offs

ING ABOUT WITH A DETECTIVE, it  
feels like being in a mild accident or  
a fever. You feel fine while it's going on, even  
in the shock of what has happened—or  
what might have happened—doesn't set in  
until later. I enjoyed John's company, and  
others are actors too, mimics, role-  
players. In a kind, I felt a little detectivelike  
the next few days, looking people  
over carefully and attributing the very  
possible motives to their behavior. As for  
myself, I was able somehow to block out  
that he carried a loaded gun at all times  
and was paid, when the circumstances  
brought people's heads off with it.

He took off our next meeting at Frankie  
Carmine's, a favorite steak restaurant of  
John's, as dapper as ever but still grumbling  
about the abulose collar he'd missed. A medium-  
built man distracted him somewhat, and two  
women sitting alone helped things  
along more. There was a hint that John  
himself to be a ladies' man. I asked if  
they were fascinated by men in police work.  
"An old saying," said John. "Put a uni-  
form on a hanger and it'll get laid by itself."  
John expressed a certain sympathy for  
anyone who lived alone in the city; just in case  
of a lady-love in this circumstance, he ad-  
vised she never allow a man to follow her  
within less than a five-foot margin. And if  
he got into an elevator with a male tenant,  
she was to let him push his floor button first  
so she knew the fellow. "And for God's  
sake," said John, "tell her to make sure she  
locks the door each time she leaves the apart-  
ment if it's just to take the garbage to the  
generator. That brief moment with the  
garbage is the worst—Freaksville Time."

John, a bit overdressed, suggested I  
go back to his bachelor apartment on the  
East Side, where he could change clothes, and  
look at his scrapbook. He lived in a  
building on a quiet street. Because there  
was some indiscreet passage of junk in the  
past, he had let it be known that he was a detec-  
tive. Now, there's a guy six-foot-nine who bows

down to me every morning on the way to work."

The first thing to greet the visitor to John's  
pad is a large, comic drawing of what used to be  
known as a "yegg," pointing a pistol straight at  
the door. This is a police target and John said  
he has to qualify in marksmanship twice each  
year. Was he a good shot? He wasn't sure, since  
most shoot-outs are held at less than ten feet and  
the winner tends to be the one who gets his gun  
out fastest. The apartment was glum, temporary  
—the lighting faded in the style of some of the  
West Side street corners we'd surveyed. John  
never stopped apologizing about it. I leafed  
through his scrapbook, on the first page of which  
was an empty shell, secured with Scotch tape and  
proudly inscribed, "My First Round—With  
Many More To Come." John sneaked up alongside  
me, aimed a .45 at my eyes and pulled the trigger,  
shouting, "Bang! Bang!" The gun turned out to  
be an almost perfect replica of the real thing, com-  
plete with gun clip. John had taken it from a jun-  
kie stick-up man whose victims, presumably,  
would actually be able to hear the clip being in-  
serted in case they had doubts about the weapon's  
authenticity. I asked John if he would mind not  
doing that again and he said, "Okay, okay."

An hour later, driving along the East River, I  
was prompted to ask about the relationship be-  
tween crime and the city's rivers. John said that  
most "floaters" were a signal from the organized  
crime people that they were still in business and  
not to mess around with them. The particular  
style of the killing was always significant. "We  
find a drowning victim with his tongue cut out,  
it's not because he's skipped confession." Thus,  
a body found in the river was generally meant to  
be discovered. If there was a need to dispose of  
a body totally, the syndicate would use either  
car-crushing machinery or lime pits.

"Now *there's* something wrong," said John, as  
we bounced along the quiet and seemingly crime-  
free upper East Side, my new friend having  
promised to give me further examples of his in-  
stinct for smoking out breaks in the rhythm of  
the streets. All I saw was a moving van parked  
in front of a luxurious seven-story building.  
"Fine," said John, "except when was the last  
time you've heard of someone in this neighbor-  
hood moving at eleven at night? If it was over  
on the West Side, it would be perfectly natural,  
you'd know it was a 'Midnight Mover,' some  
Puerto Rican guy ducking out on the rent." In  
other words, what was normal behavior in one  
section of the city was a dead giveaway to wrong-  
doing in another. A group of men—even one  
man—parked in a car at night on the East Side  
was suspicious. Something, someone was prob-

"A detective is  
only as good as  
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ably being cased. The same group parked on the rundown West Side meant someone had probably said, "Let's go sit in John's car," the vehicle being much more comfortable than the apartment of anyone in the crowd.

As we headed downtown to the East Village, John flipped his gun into a new position, between his legs, whipping it out quickly to demonstrate how he'd be able to gain an extra second in case he had to fire off a round through the windshield. As we got into the twenties, on Second Avenue, two young men sprinted by and John asked me what I saw. "Two fellows running," I said.

"Without jackets?" he said. "In this weather? Here's where my eyes are different from yours. What I saw was two pair of hands looking for a purse to snatch." The two young men disappeared into what seemed like a small dance hall. "They've got their coats in there and, if questioned, can say they've been there all along. It's not much of an alibi, but it's something." Suddenly, everyone on the street looked a little fishy to me. I pointed to a man carrying a stick and said, "How about him? He doesn't look right to me."

"Nice going," said John. "You're getting the hang of it. The stick is a tip-off that the fellow's a junkie. Also the stooped walk. To avoid being taken off, junkies always carry something, a stick, umbrella, or a rolled-up newspaper. Not for the editorials. It's got a knife inside."

John said that most people were under the false impression that the majority of junkie crime was committed against the public. "Negative," he said. "It's committed on one another, strong junkies smelling out weak ones and sticking it to them."

### You can tell a man by his walk

**B**EFORE LONG, WE WERE DOUBLE-PARKED ON St. Marks Place in a colorful swirl of head shops and ice cream stores, advertising such flavors as Acapulco Gold and Panama Red. A pretty young girl skipped out of a clothing store and approached a late-model car with a group of men inside. "Where'd you get the car, boys?" we heard her ask. "You gonna help me cut that bitch?" Seemingly intrigued by the proposal, one of the men opened the car door, and she hopped inside. "We're in luck," said John. "That's one of the toughest little chicks on the Eastern seaboard. Pisses icewater. She's obviously jumped bail and the car she got into is a stolen job. Let's give them a light tail and see what happens."

Since I'm always at one of a half-dozen bars and restaurants and keep seeing the same people, I'd always had the feeling that the Great New-York was a myth—and that the city was actually quite small in size. But John, who had passed a corner without seeing someone he recognized, made it seem smaller.

He waited until the car had turned a corner and then zipped off in pursuit, explaining that following the tail it was always a good idea to keep a few feet between yours and the one you were following. "I think they've spotted us," said John, and he stepped on the accelerator and racing off after them through red light after red light. That was his favorite part, a boyhood dream. I knew the detectives were underpaid, but it seemed to me that getting to go through red lights and around the front of fireplugs was worth at least five extra dollars a year in salary. Before long a radio car with sirens howling and a cigar-smoking sergeant at the wheel, pulled up alongside and cut John off. The cigar was against regulations.

"Where you off to, chaps?" asked the sergeant.

"Nowhere, now," said John, flashing his badge.

"You just caused us to lose our tail."

"Sorry, brother," said the driver.

"Enjoying the smoke?" John asked.

"Just fine," said the driver, considering whether to dump the cigar in the ashtray or whether to risk a grand, Joe Levinsky-style puff to show he trusted John not to turn him in.

"Dum dum," said John, driving off. He was apologetic for our losing the bail-jumper, but he assured me that before the night was gone he would come up with something.

A block from the Police Academy, on the corner, his word, John spotted two bearded men in their twenties, pacing up and back on the corner and shooting suspicious glances at their shoulders. "They're going to try to get that little Volks on the corner," said John, and he was going after them. Observe my walk as I observe my approach. It will be a street-style move, so as not to put them on the alert." Before we left, John explained that he was a street-style walker and could tell exactly what New York neighborhood a man was from by the manner of his walk, even pinning it down to an Italian neighborhood who grew up in a black neighborhood or a Jewish youth who grew up in a Jewish one. "Observe what you walk," said John, leaving them moving toward his prey with a jaunty, rhythmic like stride that reminded me of Ray Charles' movements in a Forties' musical called *Jupiter*. I followed behind, trying to imitate Bolger myself, but giving it up quickly.



## Answers to some questions frequently asked by sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

**How much does it cost to sponsor a child?** A. Only \$12 per month (our gifts are tax deductible.)

**How do I choose the child I wish to help?** A. You may indicate preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors are able to select a child from our emergency list.

**Will I receive a photograph of my child?** A. Yes, and with each photograph will come a case history plus a description of the child and the Project where your child receives help.

**How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me?** A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in 4 to 6 weeks, giving you complete information about the child and the Project where your child receives help.

**How do I write to my child?** A. Yes. In fact, your child will receive your letters a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters will be translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, and a copy of the letter in the home or project overseas.

**What help does the child receive from my support?** A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide the child with food, clothing, medical care, adequate school supplies, and other necessities.

**What type of projects does CCF support overseas?** A. Beyond orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has supported projects for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

**Who supervises the work overseas?** A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, project superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel meet high professional standards—plus have a deep understanding of the children.

**Is CCF independent or church operated?** A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is ever turned away from a Home because of creed or race.

**When was CCF started, and how large is it now?** A. 1938. Beginning with one orphanage in China. Today, over 100 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, CCF is not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be effective between the American sponsor, and the child being sponsored overseas.

**Can I visit my child?** A. Yes. Our Homes around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the project superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

**Can church groups sponsor a child?** A. Yes, church classes, office groups, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that the group serve as correspondent for a group.

**What happens to the children orphans?** A. No. Although many of the children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandoned homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, or serious illness of one or both parents.

**Can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child?** A. Yes. CCF keeps close check on all children through field supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are supervised by our staff. Each home is required to submit an audited statement.



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IS ALL  
SHE HAS  
EVER  
KNOWN**

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Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

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one could truly imitate the great dancing star—and going back to my normal slouching style. In a flash, John had both men against a wall, frisking them for weapons, finding only a “roach” in one man’s cigarette pack. “A roach, eh?” said John. “Don’t do that again.”

Driving back uptown, John said, “Maybe now you’re getting some idea of what this job means to me. The hunt. The defense reading the offense, constantly moving your linebackers around. When I’m doing work like this, I’m as hooked as any junkie.”

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Criminals may want to be caught

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AS A SPECIAL AND FINAL indoctrination, John called and said he was going to take me on a nighttime tour of Harlem. At the same time, he cautioned me that it might get a little hairy, and that we would have to stay on the alert and keep our doors and windows locked. “We are not visiting the College of Cardinals,” he said.

Several nights later, doors and windows battened down, we made our way uptown, John a bit sorry I was going to miss Harlem’s nine o’clock Sunday morning “Bryn Mawr Show.” All up and down Lenox Avenue, according to John, you’d see pretty little blond finishing school girls staggering out of Harlem tenements, dazed, their stockings rolled down around their ankles.

The previous night, on the West Side, Village, someone had invited them to “What the guy neglected to tell them is the party.”

We slipped into Harlem through its small tidy upper East Side Italian neighborhood known as “Northern Mulberry Street.” I had somehow missed in my previous tour about the city. John agreed that the street was quiet and orderly but said that most of the time criminal escapades were being plotted beside the many “social clubs” that lined the street.

John, who was quite democratic in his slurs, dealing them out good-naturedly to Irish, and blacks alike, now took a swipe at the Italians. “I just don’t see why they’re supposed to be so smart. If you have an organized crime group lit up, the idea is to find the man, the don, right? With the Italians he does all the work for you. You’ve got the cops on them, six guys in undershirts playing pinnochle, another six doing a John Wayne number in the corner. Then in comes this old nothing-looking mozzarella-head you’d rarely pay no attention to. Except that every time in the place jumps to their feet and gives salutes and you know who your man is.”

But John felt that was true of all criminals: the need to be caught. “A guy committed in a purple shirt and orange pants and he’s all upset about being collared.”





re?" you ask. "I just wanted to wear nice," he tells you."

ve into Harlem proper now, John down behind the wheel, on the alert, tical purposes in enemy territory. "All s it," he said. "A white man comes up has got to be some sort of crime commis person—his wallet goes, his jacket is throat cut, something. When I see n get out of his car, my only interest as left a next-of-kin note on the front structions on where to ship the body. come up here alone, make sure your er starts at fifty. A red light is the in ambush."

moved through the sad, bleary-eyed oods of Lenox and St. Nicholas Ave went into some kind of weird inverse ice monologue. I'd been with detec e, and the grim attitude toward blacks o great surprise to me. But I'd never s the revulsion-fascination machinery n operation. "All right, folks, up here wall junk. Open the window you get osmosis. See that building, fifteen t in front? On Park Avenue you pay nth and get one doorman. Here you ... It's ten o'clock at night now, that's the morning in the rest of the city. ple are just waking up to start the day. s a guy doing karate in the wind. He's mpress some dingbat chick in the bar executed one movement properly. . . . guy with a golfing hat. Now I ask you, an ever pick up a nine iron? . . . See booth on the corner? It's fine except floor in it. Go in to drop a dime, you a banana boat going to Panama. . . ." eally drove John wild were the hats arlem's residents. To him, the area was ig hat show and he couldn't seem to . Hats were "toilet bowls," "inverted

ou look at that chapeau!" John said particularly flamboyant topper. "He v his hat's goin' north and his head's h. Will you look at that man dig him- kes a perfectly good Panama number, it, chews on it, pours on a little rib l thinks it looks groovy. The skinnier e bigger the brim. The fatter the guy r the brim. Maybe I'm wrong?" I den wanted secretly to jump out of the art trying on all the hats in Harlem. we left the neighborhood, John pointed urant-hangout where criminals obeyed st of social hierarchies, the pimps sit-

ting in one section, disdainful of the stick-up "On the first page of his scrapbook was an empty shell, secured with Scotch tape and proudly inscribed, 'My First Round—With Many More to Come.' "

As a final piece of advice, John said the time you know you are in trouble in Harlem is when someone asks you the size of your shoes. If you give the right answer, your questioner will undoubtedly say, "Hey man. That's my size too. Put your hands in the air." And you're on your way back home, barefoot.

Driving downtown once again, John said that one good thing about detective work is that you get rid of your violent urges in the day's work.

But then we passed a magnificent Bentley limousine, waiting for a green light, with some almost parodically rich and social Peter Arno types inside.

"Just once," said John, "I'd like to sail into a car like that, going around eighty miles an hour. Get 'em right in the grill."

**M**AYBE I'M WRONG." This phrase had the slightest trace of poignance each time John used it. After I'd left him, I had to wonder what it would be like to grow up as a nice Catholic boy in a nice Catholic New York neighborhood, taught to honor God, home, and country. Everything neat. Mother cooks the stew, the corner cop's your friend, Jews are sissies, the flag makes your eyes water, and only mentally retarded girls put out. And then suddenly absolutely nothing fits; every step you take, another sacred vessel explodes in your face like a flashbulb—the flag is used to roll joints, veterans fling their medals at the White House, star pass receivers get arrested for indecent exposure, blacks get elected mayor all over the place, even appointed admiral, for Christ's sake.

Detectives are one group with a legitimate right to paranoia—there really are a lot of bad people hiding in the bushes—but what in the world was next—Nixon joining a commune? Hoover opening a macrobiotic restaurant?

It was enough to make a man go out and . . . well, write a book or something, which, as it turns out, is what John was doing the last time I talked to him on the phone. I thanked him for the glimpse he'd given me of the city through a detective's eyes, and much to my surprise he thanked me for the glimpse I'd given him of the same city through a writer's eyes. Then, with the tentative clack of a typewriter in the background, he excused himself and said he had to get back to his first chapter. And besides, the phone was probably bugged. □

# BOOKS

## Slaves, Pioneers, and Women

**Slavery in the Structure of American Politics, 1765-1820**, by Donald Robinson. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$13.95.

**The Israelis**, by Amos Elon. Holt, Rinehart & Winston, \$10.00.

**Man's World, Woman's Place**, by Elizabeth Janeway. Morrow, \$8.95.

How is it," asked Samuel Johnson, with an eye toward the noisy American colonies, "that we hear the loudest yelps for liberty among the drivers of negroes?" The question, despite its edge of Tory polemic, was a good one, and for decades to come, as the colonies made themselves into a nation, it would haunt the minds of at least some Americans. Not haunt them enough, or haunt enough of them, one wants to add upon reading Donald Robinson's solid account of slavery in American political life between 1765 and 1820. Mr. Robinson, professor of government at Smith, has written a book with little claim to originality, for he leans heavily on such earlier historians as Kenneth Stampp and David Brion Davis. But through a reflective synthesis of the material, Mr. Robinson lights up an all-too-shabby aspect of our history.

What he does is to demonstrate, with enormous detail, the truth in David Brion Davis's remark that, in our colonial and early republican experience, slavery, so far from being the mere blemish we were taught to suppose, was actually "an intrinsic part of American development." He shows that without fundamental concessions to the slaveholding states—

concessions made by Founding Fathers who felt some moral squeamishness over the sale of human flesh but would not let that stand in the way of their nation-building—this country would never have been formed. The blot of guilt for acquiescing in slavery spreads across our entire early history, from Federalists to Republicans, from North to South: this, indeed, is our original sin. And what gives Mr. Robinson's book its force is that in exploring this guilt he writes not as a propagandist but as an historian of conscience.

The controlling philosophy by which the early American leaders justified their rebellion against England was that of natural rights, a doctrine (really, a faith) which makes the very thought of slavery intolerable. Yet, unless we succumb to the foolish notion that the Founding Fathers were mere hypocrites, the question persists: How could they? How, as men of intelligence and sensitivity, did they manage to speak as they did and yet own slaves themselves or enter a political compact with those who owned slaves?

Some, of course, were tormented by such questions. At the age of twenty-six Jefferson introduced a proposal in the Virginia House of Burgesses to make it easier for masters to free their slaves; nothing came of it. Seven years later, in his first draft for the Declaration of Independence, he included a harsh attack on King George—omitted, on the insistence of the South Carolinians, in the final draft—for permitting slavery and the slave trade to trample on "the most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him." But suppose, one won-

ders, George III had possessed the wit to reply, "Sir, who has deceived the colonists to continue an error? What you, Mr. Jefferson, rather than this assemblage of horrors?"—then would Jefferson have said?

In his *Notes on the State of Virginia*, composed in 1781, Jefferson again wrestled with the problem of slavery and race, simultaneously acknowledging the inherent contradiction of the "peculiar institution" and through a half-hearted plunge into anthropology, providing what Robinson calls "a virtually innumerable argument for the necessity of slavery in a racially balanced society." Later in life, when the slave revolt of 1800 had risen in their midst, Jefferson began to feel that the problem was beyond solution. "If something is not done, we shall be the murderers of our children," he wrote, "to emancipate slaves and colonize them abroad shall be the murderers of our children." Yet upon becoming president he agreed to the embargo of 1806 against Domingo blacks, an act that Adams would later call "a more disgraceful statute ever enacted by the United States government." How painful it is to see Thomas Jefferson—in fact and not merely in name the architect of liberty—struggle clumsily and with such evident reluctance to strike a balance between principle and expediency on an issue in which a balance could be struck!

Yet it is only fair to add that they saw the problem, even the Founding Fathers who in the end slavery were trapped in an inescapable situation. They might refuse to enter a political compact with the slave-owning states, but they had to enforce the abolition of slavery

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perception of the social distance between free black slaves, could they a possible adjustment be-ces following the unlikely ancipation. Some of them, ne more sensitive South- hed that the slaves had ed American shores, but lavery was here, deeply e Southern economy, they of coping with the prob- so aggressive a New Eng- sman as Samuel Adams ive felt helpless before it. Robinson writes:

[Adams] is said to have slavery often with his Boston, and although doubt that he hated the thoroughly, contempo- ported that he never, by deed, sought to interfere 'sewhere in the country, e believed that if he did, jeopardize the unity of es, which was essential to vement of his primary ely, independence.

re was the heart of the if slavery were seriously or the issue seriously Southern states would have participate in neither the nor the Constitutional . A good many Americans , to be sure, cared little moral issue, regarding an institution appropriate ast special—to the South, g no contradiction between ce of liberty and the customs untry. Others decided that e was compromise with the triumphant colonies would cess of Balkanization, and apart from its domestic dis- g, would be that one or an- opean power might be reestablish dominion over me of the colonies. "Those l the Revolution forward ously," writes Mr. Robin- ed around them, not for practices that needed re- for imperial intrusions . . . resentment."

matter, is it so unfamiliar ost two centuries after the of the republic, that human



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beings, even those of the greatest probity, should be trapped in the most extreme moral inconsistencies? That they should in all sincerity see no contradiction between the ideals they profess and the practices they tolerate? Who, it may then be asked, are we—we, with our Vietnam war and our wretched cities—to pass judgment on men like Washington and Jefferson, Adams and Madison?

Yet I want to urge the view that, to some extent, we must pass judgment. Even as we recognize fully that the Founding Fathers were, like all human beings, creatures of their time, which means men who could further liberty while acquiescing in slavery; even as we admit that for those who cared above all to create a new nation there was no way but opportunism; even as we rightly warn ourselves against the temptation of retrospective moralizing—even then, we must pass judgment. For it is not as if many of the Founding Fathers did not *know* that they were acquiescing in the most ghastly of evils or that its incorporation into the life of the new nation would bring endless miseries. Consider the ambivalence of Madison, major theorist that he was of republican government. He represented a slave-owning state, often defended the special interests of the South, yet worked desperately to keep the word “slavery” out of the Constitution. Was this mere verbal fastidiousness, a sign of moral revulsion, or some secret hope that he might thereby help the emancipators of a later time?

And surely some moral revulsion, for whatever it may be worth, must be forthcoming when we read in Mr. Robinson’s scrupulous account of the Constitutional Convention that, except for a rousing anti-slavery speech by Gouverneur Morris, which turned out, sadly, to be no more than a regional maneuver, the issue of slavery itself, the right or the wrong of it, never so much as came to the floor. Formulas for granting the Southern states representation for their slaves, formulas for allowing the slave trade to continue a while longer, formulas for adjusting sectional economic interests in the new Western states—all these were craftily worked out. But about the ownership of men that the

republic accepted as a given, nothing was said. When the Constitution was sent back to the states, one Joshua Atherton of New Hampshire fervently announced that he would vote against ratification because he refused to enter a covenant with “manstealers.” Perhaps he was politically mistaken, but how much, in reading Mr. Robinson’s pages, one wants to cry out, “Good for you, Joshua!” And it is with a kind of relief that one watches Mr. Robinson drop his usual quiet and allow himself to comment on the Constitutional Convention:

*On the question of the representation of states in Congress, many Northerners had shown themselves willing to take the Convention to the edge of collapse. One cannot help wondering what concessions could have been wrung from the slaveholders if a similar will had been shown to limit the power of slavery. Could slavery have been confined to “states now existing”? Could the rights of free Negroes have been defined and secured?... It is impossible to say, because the Convention never really broached these subjects.*

Soon enough, the price had to be paid. The hope of many Founding Fathers that slavery would gradually disappear proved to be a delusion. The “peculiar institution” prospered; by 1820 the slave labor of blacks had become “an integral part of the process by which the American industrial economy got started.”

The final impact of Mr. Robinson’s book is grim. The nation that has traditionally seen itself as mankind’s second chance, a new Eden for the oppressed, brought from Europe all too many evils of the past. Perhaps there can be no clean slate in human affairs, perhaps nothing better can be expected than a constant struggle against the worst. Yet, looking back today, one can’t help responding to the American experience with those images of darkness and dismay that control the work of the two American writers who have dealt most profoundly with the national past, Hawthorne and Faulkner. In the fiction of Faulkner, the past is seen as a burden of shame, and as he moves from book to book, the burden comes to be rec-

ognized and named. In the stories of Hawthorne, the persuasion is that mankind can quite escape from the stain of the past. You will have blood cries one of the characters in *House of Seven Gables*—and Mr. Robinson’s sober book helps to feel that, yes, Maule’s curse has been fulfilled, we have had our drink.

Amos Elon’s book on Israel is a contrast between the Israel who created the country and the younger generation that now defend it, has been wildly corrupted in this country. As political or historical record, it suffers from loose impressionism, a refusal to analyze in disciplined history such problems as Jewish relations between world wars, and the failure to take into sufficient account those continuities between generations which may dwarf the changes. No matter. What makes *Israel* so pleasing is its fundamental honesty of attitude and tone, an eagerness to be fair to all parties, especially the Arabs in the Middle East. And at a time when much of our political writing is from a wilful fanaticism, there is something reassuring about the manly openness of Amos Elon. To say in Yiddish (and, it is increasingly in English), his *chutzpah*.

Elon likes stories more than history. First there were the pioneers, socialist Zionism who came in the second *aliya* or wave of immigration in the years between 1900 and the second world war. Elon admires formidable people, but allows them a little, for the matter, their will, the sheer power of their collective energy.

He is very good at tying the pioneers with the environment of European Jewish life at the turn of the century, that brilliant ferment of messianic aspiration and claustrophobic ideology which led some people to Bolshevism, some to Zionism, and still others, it ought to be added, to the United States. In the face of it, the differences



een those young Jewish  
o wanted to make the revo-  
Russia and those young  
icals who said that a true  
could be made by Jews  
gh achieving a national re-  
ideologies apart, all these  
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t than most of them cared  
ze.

e pioneer generation came  
ne, it found desolation,  
ess, and poverty, but also  
to be the historical fulfill-  
nturies-long Jewish aspira-  
young pioneers committed  
to a life of puritan simplic-  
corrupting possessions and  
indulgence. Ancient senti-  
nationality were linked to  
objects for communal farm-  
ibbutz) and industrial de-  
in the cities.

bis of a new secular faith,"  
Zionists wanted to break  
what they regarded (some-  
h too harshly) as the "un-  
" life of the East European  
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cal became, for these sons  
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ne: the kibbutz, "a monastic  
out God." An early settler,  
n Zvi, talked about her life  
at some young Americans  
ay find completely sympa-

ould we tie ourselves to a  
ay of life? Why bother to  
d amass furniture? Thus  
ehold does not require too  
ther. In a minute the straw  
red, the tin cups are rinsed  
ve are at full liberty.

awed by these people, a  
yed by their righteousness  
a little troubled by the  
the sons can never equal  
re, Elon writes of the pio-  
a notable effort to under-  
be fair to them. At one  
nt he is critical, and that is  
omes to the "blindness" of  
ionists to Arab aspirations:

re blind to the possibility  
Arabs of Palestine might



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☐ Please send me further information.

☐ If for a group, please specify \_\_\_\_\_  
Church, Class, Club, School, Business, etc

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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*entertain similar hopes [of a national renaissance] for themselves. More responsive than most people of their time to the compelling force of ideas, they ignored the power of related ideas on their adversaries.*

Now, as a sign of how younger Israelis can be free of narrow-minded chauvinism, this kind of passage is admirable. But as history it will not do. In fact, the early Zionists were aware of Arab aspirations, and discussed them not only among themselves but with the Arabs too. They simply believed, rightly or wrongly, that an equitable relation between the two aspiring peoples could be worked out in Palestine, as well as an equitable allotment of the land (for at no point did the Jews expect to possess, and at no point have they possessed, more than a tiny portion of Palestine). At such points Elon's impressionistic method simply collapses.

Later in his book Elon himself realizes the need for certain qualifications:

*The sins of the Zionists . . . call for censure, but also for compassion. They were committed in an apocalyptic atmosphere by bewildered men and on the eve of the greatest disaster that any group in modern history has experienced.*

For it was the holocaust in Europe that gave the Zionist idea a new urgency and, even in the eyes of its critics, a new authenticity. "The Nazi holocaust," writes Elon,

*caused the destruction of that very same Eastern European world against which the early pioneers had staged their original rebellion, but to which, nevertheless, Israel became both outpost and heir. There is a latent hysteria in Israeli life that stems directly from this source . . . It explains the obsessive suspicions, the towering urge for self-reliance at all costs . . .*

When he turns to the younger generation, Elon is necessarily less vivid because he is confronting a social group far less picturesque and self-assured than the older one. These young Israelis are suspicious of the personal dramatics and ideological posturing of their fathers. They are less inclined to spartan denial. They show little concern with political ab-

straction. They are happily free of nationalist venom. They want a life that will be more unpredictable, more at ease with nature and the world than the older people could foresee. Yet at every moment they must be prepared for battle.

A careful history or sociology Amos Elon's book is not. But it provides a voice of decency and conciliation that ought to make the Israeli old-timers happy, even as they start preparing their critiques of it.

Elizabeth Janeway, an experienced novelist, has written a book about women that is notably free of the fanatic violence that marks so much of the recent literature on this subject. Her book is serious, intelligent, and well argued, the work of a mature woman whose mind is not merely theoretic but shows some bruises of reality.

Mrs. Janeway has become absorbed by the idea of "social myth," that complex of feeling, fact, and fantasy which comprises our deepest layer of collective belief. The social myth she examines is that of "woman's place," declared by our culture to be properly in the home, and she has no trouble, of course, in demonstrating that a great many women are no longer in the home. Two-fifths of the married women in the U.S. hold jobs, more than half of these being mothers of children under eighteen and more than a fifth mothers of children under six. Mrs. Janeway suspects that the coexistence of these facts and the myth of "woman's place" is evidence of "a profound ambiguity in our approach to life, an ambiguity that attempts to contain opposing drives by means of myth-making."

For most of Western history the place of women was anywhere but in the home; indeed, it was at work in the fields or the manor house or as manager of a combination of shop and home. The "cult of domesticity" started, apparently, in the eighteenth century, when the family tried to hold society at a distance. The historian Philippe Aries writes:

*The organization of the house [in the eighteenth century] altered in*

*conformity with this new effort to keep the world at bay. It was the modern type of household rooms which were independent cause they opened on to a . . . It has been said that it dates from this period; it is at the same time as don't privacy, and isolation.*

Mrs. Janeway ably denies that the myth of woman's place is an historical development; it is coextensive with neither Western civilization nor the life-span of a family as an institution; that numbers of people, especially the poor, it never described very well their lives; and that it is not able to correspond with the actualities of modern society.

Equally good are passages on the consequences of this social myth—the female as figure of power and the female as figure of power dependent on the male for satisfaction and able to control him through regulation of solace and favors of all are Mrs. Janeway's humane remarks about the present moral uncertainties that lead us to isolate sexuality from the text of emotional life, and the idealization that brings mortals to grief:

*Today we tend to see sexual intercourse as the way to transcend self-validating experience, to gain knowledge via the body; and we have mortgaged our emotions, achieving deliverance by turning from the doubts and dilemmas of everyday life.*

Mrs. Janeway's book seems open to two kinds of criticism. In pointing out the weaknesses of the feminists, she writes as if to show that portions of our social conduct are culturally conditioned and argue against their origins in biological makeup. But this seems too simple. The "bourgeois family" for instance, may be a fairly recent historical creation; but it is not possible, as recent experience in Communist countries indicates, to satiate the "bourgeois family" satiate the needs of twentieth-century people that are likely to be bourgeois society. Some fringes

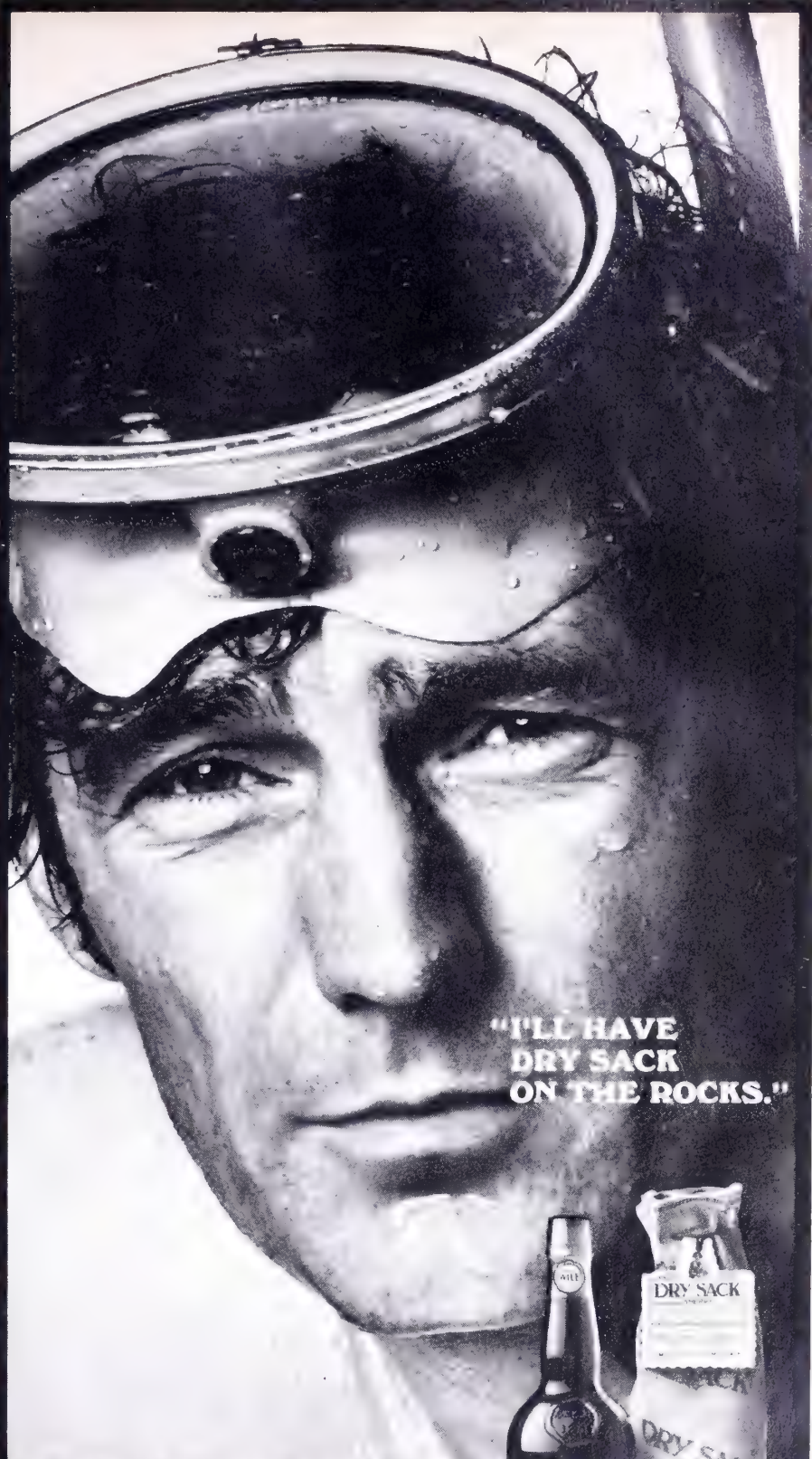


upper-middle class are these days with a rejection of , and spiffy journalists s a universal portent; but ions of ordinary middle- g-class people the family rong hold, as a source of gratifications that neither status nor daily work can ere is also, I think, a para- fact that enlightened writ- . Janeway are combatting f "woman's place" (they o do so) and urging the men to enter the world of ecisely the historical mo- work itself has become lematic, and bolder inve- e raising the question of v satisfactions to replace

Janeway can do little with the metaphysical speculations al relations in which writ- g; from D.H. Lawrence to Mailer have indulged. Of can dismiss such specula- nsense or male fantasias, that may be to deny our we are creatures with a cal dimension and that ir existence is set by what on calls "the ground-plan y." Mrs. Janeway quotes a m Mailer in which he says Miller "captured some- e sexuality of men as it had n seen before . . . man's e before women, his dread sition one step closer to or in that step were her ." Even though Mailer has ot of nonsense on this sub- s also reached genuine in- trying to grasp something nal or "darker" mysteries as men and women. Such n't readily harmonize with t fashion of cultural rel- which Mrs. Janeway gives incritical allegiance.

She has written a good book kely to do more for the men's rights than the work ier contemporaries. Or, to , it would do more for the women's rights if people e days for rational compre- d disciplined argument. □

THE NEW YORKER, SEPTEMBER 1971



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# BOOKS IN BRIEF



## Fiction

**Mrs. Fraser on the Fatal Shore**, by Michael Alexander. Simon & Schuster, \$6.95.

There once was a lady in her late thirties with a couple of kids and a husband who traveled a lot. Winter was coming, the grind was about to start up again, so she decided to accompany her husband on one of those trips. Besides, his digestion was awful (he had an ulcer) and if she went along she could see that he ate the proper things, and so on. And thereby hangs a tale.

For this isn't strictly the story of a middle-class lady hoping to escape the dreary refrain of her responsibilities. Eliza Fraser was pregnant at the time (which was 1835) and her husband was in the sea captain business. Their ship was the *Stirling Castle* and they were bound from London to Sydney, Australia. The ship capsized off New South Wales; her baby drowned aborning in a flooded longboat; and she, her husband, and what was left of the crew were captured by the Kobi aborigines. Most of them were tortured and murdered, leaving Eliza on her own. She was appropriated by a tribe—a white adornment to their blackness.

Her life among these people was so gruesome that one can scarcely bear the details (running sores, eating grubs and roast tenderloin of human being, people being devoured by red ants). But, I figured, if she could live through it, I could read about it. And endure she did in that businesslike manner some people

manage in unimaginable circumstances. Explaining to ourselves and our children how any of us could possibly live through real danger, we say that the scratches hurt worse than the cuts. Who knows really how it happens? Mrs. Fraser was certainly buoyed by a Victorian sense of purpose and duty that seemed to trivialize psychological problems and to soar above genuine adversity. She makes a fine heroine.

It was after our heroine was rescued that even stranger things happened. Conflicting stories were printed about the nature of her ordeal and the details of her rescue. Then (as now) everyone wanted a piece of the action. Not least of all Mrs. Fraser, who promptly set herself up in the destitute-widow business. With breathtaking duplicity and determination she tried to hustle her experience and travail (though by now she had made a second marriage and was nicely fixed). She was undoubtedly one of the all-time champion survivors and every bit as canny and resolute in civilization as she was among the Kobi. Indeed, someone might have asked the Kobi for their side of the story. At the close of Mr. Alexander's book, Mrs. Fraser appears in a side show, posed before a painted backdrop depicting her ordeal, thus making Lola Montez's adventures, though perhaps similar, sound like abridged Nancy Drew.

The book abounds with maps and pictures and a surfeit of commemorative poetry. It appears to be carefully documented. Among its many desirable attributes are brevity and good writing. It is a truly curious historical document and peculiarly welcome because it seems so irrelevant to our own experience. Or is it? —J.W.

## Nonfiction

**Living Well Is the Best Revenge**, by Calvin Tomkins. Viking, \$6.50.

Literary legend has it that Gerald and Sara Murphy sat for the portraits of Dick and Nicole Diver in F. Scott Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night*. It

turns out, however, that a good deal more interesting than Fitzgerald's fiction, though less dramatic. For as Calvin Tomkins makes clear, the Murphys were extraordinarily gracious, and, under the great pressure that occurred in their later years, courageous people who only superficially resembled the Divers and who, indeed, were better from Fitzgerald than they in life or on the page.

They did know how to live, but it was scarcely a formal art. Instead, it was a blessing. Their hospitality was of the sort that is refreshed through simplification rather than complication, the sort that sensitive people need most desperately but find least frequently. Many of it—writers as diverse as Henry James and Archibald MacLeish, painters as different as Vincent van Gogh and Paul Gauguin, composers as odd as Erik Satie and Igor Stravinsky and Cole Porter—all, only Fitzgerald abused the privilege once again (as nearly everyone does when one reads autobiographies and memoirs) to grow retrospectively immoderate in his praise of them. Only surpassing talent—could justly be forgiven the mere talent—could justify the rages he perpetrated on them. He tried to help him, and could not, and he admires the patience and endurance of the Murphys in putting up with him.

In the end they shared a common thing—the fact that the legends were their great strength—and personally I find them more attractive of them than they continued to demonstrate under pressure (the death of their children, financial reverses, apparently forced abandonment of an interesting career as writers while Fitzgerald collapsed under pressures (celebrity and the death of it, his wife's breakdown) surely no worse. Anyway I am glad that Mr. Tomkins has rescued the Murphys from the late and conjecture and given us a magnificent drypoint sketch, proportioned in its brevity to the moving—a literary-historical work of the highest interest.



passing uniformity of the avant-garde

I attended a concert of contemporary music in Prague, Musica Viva. Three Czech foreign composers were played very well, by this ensemble. (Instrumentalists in Prague are as high as singing standards are here.) The setting was distressingly large hall in which people were present. The Prague likes contemporary more than corresponding where else. The music distressingly familiar. There standard orchestration, violin and all. Musicians were in the case of the piano, the bellies of their cellos. The techniques and sonorities was terribly depressing. The composers had anything to say, despite their desperate or novel sounds and textures, following the curriculum by Father Boulez, Schoenhausen, and Uncle

As later I happened to be where the festival of the International Society for Contemporary Music (ISCM) was being given. It was founded in the early 20th century and had a brave and valiant

Bartók, Hindemith, and the other heroes of the avant-garde. At that time a threatening schism between critic and composer. Stravinsky had said as much, that the public was not following his new (neoclassical) Now, in 1971, the schism incomplete. If the new music had of following, it was not at the ISCM concerts ex-

cept for one major event: a Boulez-conducted program that contained music by Bartók and Schoenberg, as well as some newer material.

Otherwise, the programs were sparsely attended. Audiences consisted almost entirely of ISCM delegates from the various nations, plus perhaps a publisher or two, some critics, and other parties with special interests. Listening to the music was far more a professional than an aesthetic experience. This was an audience of professionals, after all, interested in hearing what their opposite numbers around the world were doing. And not liking it very much, judging from intermission gossip: some of the remarks were devastating.

The point is that this was an inbred group, just as nearly all of the music was inbred and doctrinaire. It was the same kind of music as that heard at the Musica Viva concerts in Prague—the same solemn pluckings of piano strings and rappings on string instruments; the same post-*Pierrot* kind of vocal lines; the same double notes from reed instruments; the same kind of scoring; the same kind of postserial harmonies. Boulez himself, it is stated on very good authority, hated one of the new works he was called upon to conduct; though, being Boulez, he mastered it and saw to it that every note was in order. (Conductors do not necessarily have to like the music to give good performances. When the great Karl Muck conducted the American premiere of Schoenberg's *Five Orchestral Pieces* with the Boston Symphony, he admitted that he despised the score. "But," he added, "every note in it was played as the composer would have wished.")

The net feeling after a week of submersion in the ISCM concerts was one of futility, at least for this listener; and there were delegates who agreed. Some of them believed that the screening committee should have

been more selective about the music chosen for performance. Some raised dark questions about the actual method of choice, with the implication that certain interested publishers had thrown their weight around in favor of composers on their lists. Such complaints generally turn up at ISCM concerts, and often there is a good deal of truth to them.

The ISCM festival, however, cemented the point that there do not seem to be many major talents around. In the 1920s and 1930s, composers still were rugged individualists, and the big men of the avant-garde wrote music that had their own personality stamped on it. Nobody was ever going to confuse a Stravinsky work with one by Bartók, or Schoenberg, or Prokofiev, or Hindemith, or Poulenc. Today there is a dismal uniformity. When Stravinsky died, earlier this year, it marked the end of an epoch in more ways than one. Previously in the history of music, there had been one or more major figures to take over when a great man died. Today there is no oncoming talent to do so, certainly none who commands any kind of public response.

EVER SINCE WORLD WAR II, composers all over the world have been looking for a style. Some have hopped from one experiment to another in much the same way that painters and sculptors nimbly jumped from one fashionable bandwagon to another. For a while, the international scene was dominated by the serial composers, but that did not work out very well; the phenomenon seems dead now. The looser music (if that be the word) of John Cage and his school has exerted much more influence. Cage—with his combination of Dada and antimusic, his insistence on music-as-accident, his free-form structures, and his philosophy of in-



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MUSIC

determinacy—has put a strong mark on the musical thinking of the international avant-garde.

But what has come out of it? Stockhausen and his electronic doodlings? Karlheinz Stockhausen had two concerts in New York last season—one with the New York Philharmonic, one at Tully Hall. Audiences were fairly large, though heavily papered, and the audience response was one of respectful interest. In my reviews for the *New York Times*, I suggested that Stockhausen was (like Cage) more a salesman than a composer; that whatever cosmic ideas he had, the music itself was lifeless and boring. Some of the mail response from the younger generation was interesting. You miss the point completely (the letters said). We young people adore Stockhausen because he is a natural rebel and as such speaks our language. We are completely on his side. Of course (the letters said), his music is lousy, but that's beside the point. . . .

Perhaps it is. We have had theorists aplenty in the past decade telling us that music is dead; that the only viable music from here on has to be computer-constructed, or built on random sounds, or anything that is a complete breakaway from the concert hall with its standardized instruments and weight of tradition. And, of course, many important composers of the past advanced a similar kind of argument about dead tradition and the necessity for breaking loose. But those composers of the past, from Haydn through Stravinsky, had one thing working for them: their own individuality. They may have taken from the past, as all composers do, and they may have also plundered the techniques of lesser innovators in their own time. But whatever they touched, they made their own.

The difference today is that no really strong personality has come out of the avant-garde since the serialists seized control around 1945. There have been innovators, true. One thinks of Cage, Berio, Boulez, even Stockhausen. But one also thinks of something said by James Branch Cabell, to the effect that it is all very well to leave footprints on the sands of time, but it also is important that

they be pointing in the right direction. There has to be something basically wrong with an avant-garde that has so alienated the public. Cultural lag does not take thirty years ago, as Schoenberg were telling us that his music would have waited other ten years for recognition. Twenty years ago they were telling us that it would take another ten years. Ten years ago, as Stravinsky would do the trick. Twenty years ago they were telling us that it would take another ten years. But will it ever come?

It seems only yesterday that Thomson in the *New York Tribune* was assuring us that the tide for modern music had been turned. But it hasn't. Contemporary music still remains the domain of a small, very specialized audience. There is no present indication that the situation will change. It is a movement consists largely of figures copying the latest fashions and devices. That has always been true in the 1850s. Lesser men wrote in the style of Chopin and Schumann; it was true in the 1890s, when the composer Wagnerian opera was a fad; it was true in the 1900s, when Stravinsky's influence ruled the score after score of shifting rhythms and dissonances.

But also running concurrently with the minor men were such figures as Brahms and Verdi, and Franck, Bartók and Mahler. All of those were authentically great, and they could dominate the period. Nobody of that stature is currently around: and do not know unknown geniuses under the earth. There is no such thing as a new genius. The very expression of tradition in terms. When a genius comes along, even he constantly knows it. His message is resented or disliked, but he knows that a major force is at work. The tragedy of today's music is not in its language or its theories. It is rather the fact that after some twenty years not a single creative figure has come up whose music means anything to the public.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/SEPTEMBER



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: AN UNPUBLISHED ESSAY

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OCTOBER 1971

## ARTICLES

- Lieberman* **61** **PROFESSORS, UNITE!**  
With nothing to lose but status, angry academics are donning union labels.
- Israel Kaplan* **72** **THE BALKANIZATION OF THE SUBURBS**  
A single traffic light illuminates America's political darkness.
- Robert G. Hoyt* **76** **BAFFLED BISHOPS**  
The moral confusion within the American Catholic hierarchy.
- Harold Grossman* **86** **CHINA & THE U.S.: THE TWAIN SHALL MEET**  
An overture to this fall's dramatic production at the U.N.
- Bernard Shaw* **96** **OUR LOST HONESTY**  
A celebrated wit advances a beguiling argument for Socialism.
- Frances Lafore* **108** **IN THE STICKS**  
A provincial Easterner discovers the unexpected joys of Iowa.
- Richardson* **116** **REQUIEM FOR FELDMAN**  
An imaginary defense of a man imbued with the spirit of his time.

## ENVIRONMENT

- David Neuhaus* **100** **NOT NATURE ALONE**  
Too many eco-ideologists are blind to human needs.
- John Ogburn* **106** **A MODEST PROPOSAL**  
How to save car-choked cities with everyman's Electricart.

## FICTION

- Luis Borges* **82** **TOM CASTRO, THE IMPLAUSIBLE IMPOSTOR**

## VERSE

- William Stafford* **58** **SOME DAYS OF ITS GIFT**  
**HIDE AND GO SEEK AT THE CEMETERY**
- William Brautigan* **58** **CROW MAIDEN**

## DEPARTMENTS

- |                                    |                             |            |                           |
|------------------------------------|-----------------------------|------------|---------------------------|
| <i>John Fischer</i> <b>14</b>      | <b>THE EASY CHAIR</b>       | <b>4</b>   | <b>ABOUT THIS ISSUE</b>   |
| <i>Michael Goldstein</i> <b>32</b> | <b>PERFORMING ARTS</b>      | <b>6</b>   | <b>LETTERS</b>            |
| <i>Thompson</i> <b>46</b>          | <b>RECORD ALBUM NOTES</b>   | <b>126</b> | <b>MUSIC IN THE ROUND</b> |
| <i>Ian Adkins</i> <b>48</b>        | <b>LETTER FROM CAPE COD</b> |            |                           |
| <i>Thompson</i> <b>120</b>         | <b>BOOKS</b>                |            |                           |

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# LETTERS

## Politics and morality

I read Professor Schlesinger's article ["The Necessary Amoralism of Foreign Affairs," August] hoping for a clear and perhaps creative approach to the subject. Someone who combines his experience in government with a chair in the humanities might be hoped to have insight that could be helpful in rethinking our guidelines. The article proved disappointing and even misleading, primarily because of the Professor's obvious confusions in both traditional and contemporary social ethics.

Schlesinger is unclear as to how morality as applied to foreign affairs ought to be defined. He quotes approvingly the late Reinhold Niebuhr's distinction between the morality of the individual and the morality applicable to society, a distinction that has deeply influenced both theologians and social scientists. Yet no sooner does he assert the distinction than he ignores it, and proceeds as if the only possible morality applicable to social problems is the ethic of the Sermon on the Mount. Not a single of the moral theologians of twenty centuries of Christian history would assert that the simplistic ethic of the Sermon on the Mount could be applied on its own terms to complex international situations: not St. Augustine, not Thomas Aquinas, not Luther, not Calvin, not Niebuhr. What Professor Schlesinger is attacking is not morality at all, but what he once calls "moral absolutism," a particularly nasty kind of self-righteousness that

most serious moralists would reject at least as heartily as does Schlesinger.

In place of moralism (or, as he insists on calling it, morality) Schlesinger postulates "national interest" as the best motivation for formulating foreign policy. But how is this national interest to be judged? It may be either "greedy" or "enlightened." Both are words with an ethical content; what is the relation of morality to this self-interest?

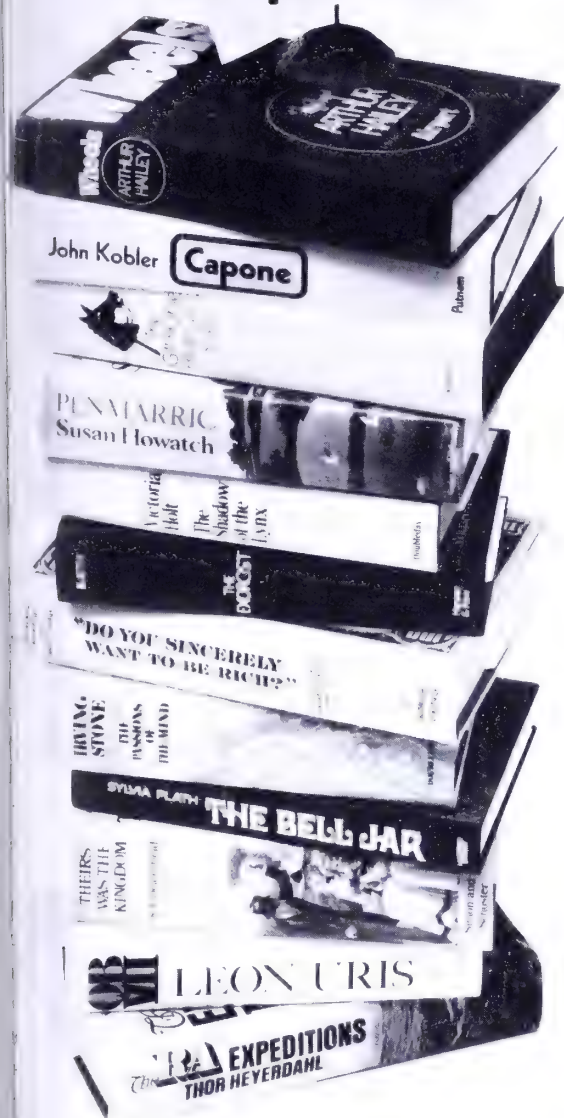
The matter is not so simple. National interest, we learn, must sometimes be seasoned with a dash of morality, since "an irrepressible propensity to moral judgment in the field of foreign affairs exists. Nor, despite the perils of moral absolutism, is it without value." And what is this value? It is to stand on the sidelines holding up an absolute for those whose hands are soiled with the ambiguities of reality. Here is a second definition of morality: a "morality of the fringes," to be considered in certain extreme circumstances. There are after all certain questions that are so potent that moralists be imported to consider them. "... there are certain problems in foreign policy with so clear-cut a moral character that moral judgment must control political judgment—questions of war crimes and atrocities, of the nuclear arms race, of colonialism, of racial justice, of world poverty." Obviously this point contradicts the title and the initial paragraphs of the article, for now we are told that in the most crucial areas—matters of life and death—morality does have a role in foreign policy. Surely Schlesinger must be

aware of his own contradiction. Without an underlying morality it is impossible even to decide what questions are to be judged as involving moral questions! The criteria are *em* *moral* in this broader sense.

Having confused three different approaches to morality (individualism, Niebuhrian ethics, morality of the extreme), Schlesinger turns at last to a specific area which he wishes to "de-moralize": the Vietnam war. But he does not at all depart from an amoral viewpoint. The Vietnam war became, in his view, what can properly be called a moral war when the means employed and the destruction wrought were of any conceivable proportion to the interests involved and the ends sought." And what is the basis for this judgment? The "just war" concept first introduced during the Middle Ages, and yet a *fourth* kind of social morality.

What has gone wrong? By confusing many definitions of morality, Schlesinger omitted to mention what we desperately need: a morality which will provide us with ways of making decisions not just about fringe questions but about all concrete moral issues. What we need is not amoralism but a new understanding of morality. We are searching for a basis for decision making that will take into account the complexities of the situation and the realities of human nature. It is not that questions affecting the welfare of the world are not moral questions, but that the current view of morality is a paltry view of morality. Perhaps Schlesinger would do well to pretend to an amoralism that

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denies, but to help articulate a definition of morality broad enough—and realistic enough—to make it possible to live with our freedom.

REV. JOHN L. KATER, JR.  
McGill University  
Montreal, Quebec

Arthur Schlesinger's article is based on an incorrect separation of morals from practice. This in turn is an expression of the incorrect philosophical separation of values from facts and of theory from practice. In a word, Schlesinger's epistemology is cockeyed. He seems to hold to a theory of knowledge that hinders rather than furthers his thinking. All this would be of small interest if it were only philosophical esoterica. However, the controversy involves the crucial area of social conflict over clashing values.

Schlesinger describes values as "abstract moral principles," "ultimate," and "profound ethical impulses." Viewed in this way, values are something very removed from practice; out of touch with specific situations in space and time (an ideal-

ist notion); and deeply sunk within an individual (subjectivism). Unfortunately, as such, values are beyond the reach of intelligent criticism. This in itself should be a warning signal to arouse our suspicion.

Moral values, writes Schlesinger, should play as small a role as possible in foreign-policy decisions. How is such policy to be guided? By the national interest. According to the author, a system of nations, each pursuing its national interest, forms a self-correcting system that tends over the long term to restrain any nation that gets too "greedy." This is very much like Adam Smith's laissez-faire conception of an Invisible Hand guiding self-interested individuals to a happy equilibrium. Unfortunately, in Schlesinger's model the Invisible Hand is busy laying wreaths: war seems to be the most important "self-correcting tendency."

We need a better approach. In developing such a model, it is crucial to look at the conduct of foreign affairs as a process of solving problems with the cooperation of conceptions and existences, in which experimentation

plays a key role and in which values and morals are continually re-evaluated. We should unify the theory and practice of foreign policy. The cooperation of both is needed to guide intelligent behavior in dealing with any problem, including moral problems, which are problems for all others.

What does it mean to unify theory and practice in dealing with problems? It means that the "right or wrong or in-between" is not a question of matching the proposed policy with a hierarchy of values or ultimate and eternal principles. It is a question of disaggregating the proposed policy into a set of consequences, and projecting the possible consequences. It is in the calculation of means with respect to the ends in achieving ends, and of the means with respect to the means required to achieve them, that objectivity is introduced. This procedure brings moral principles down to earth and tests them against the conditions existing in specific situations. So many moral principles and foreign-policy principles are absurdly general in scope and reference. This makes them irrelevant as guides to behavior in specific problematic situations. It is not surprising that moral principles are assigned to the status of commandments and ultimate dicta. This is to safely out of the way and we hope to trot them out for ceremonial purposes.

Schlesinger warns that the moral aspect of political behavior is there whether we like it or not, that is so noxious. The mistake is to view certain goals as ends in themselves, beyond the reach of criticism to be achieved regardless of the consequences. This is a more accurate description of U.S. policy in Asia since 1961 than "blind zeal."

No determination of the national interest can be considered valid if along the way it refuses to ask "Should we do this?" (moral decisions) must be

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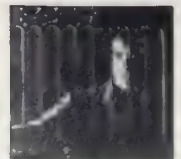
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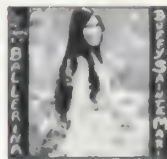
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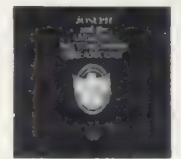
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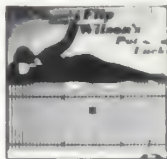
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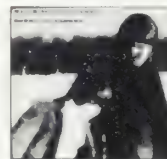
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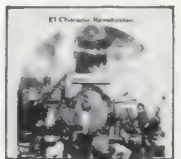
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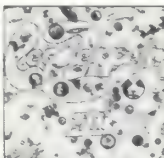
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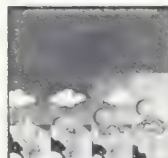
33134 B. J. THOMAS  
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33182 SUSAN SINGS  
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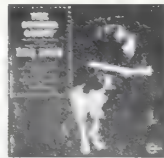
28082 TREASURY OF  
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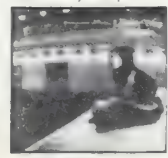
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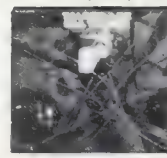
42988 ROGER WIL-  
LIAMS Love Story  
Kapp LP, 8TR, CASS



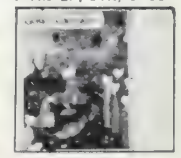
37833 ROD MCKUEN  
In The Beginning  
Sunse LP, 8TR



65784 MELANIE  
Leftover Wine  
Budda LP, 8TR, CASS



65796 CAL TJADER  
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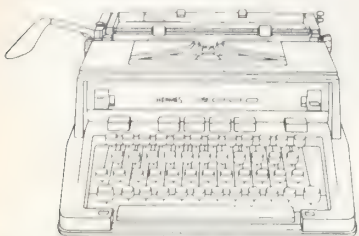
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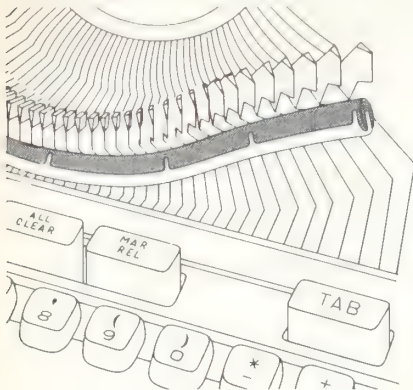
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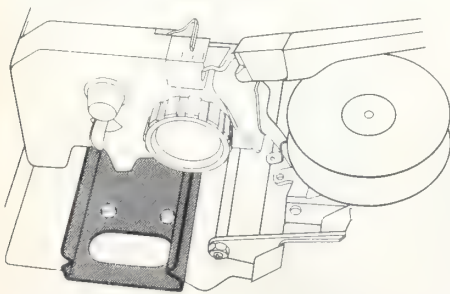
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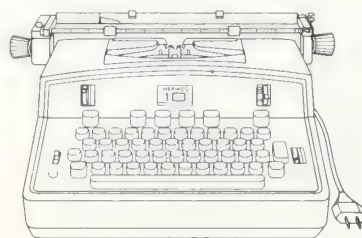
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LETTERS

included. The choice is not to include them, but of what to use in making moral choices. Schlesinger is wrong in offering a choice between moral behavior and amoral behavior. In fact we choose between better and worse behavior. We need to apply the method of intelligent, critical inquiry to some values, discard others, and produce new values.

When he supports a full inquiry into the causes of the Vietnam War, Schlesinger seems to approach the position of this letter, yet immediately afterward he denies the relevance of such an inquiry to moral decisions. This is wrong. Morals and social behavior need (among other requirements) to come under the domain of critical, scientific behavior if the species is to progress to a stage of peace and freedom.

E. R. WEISS, FA  
Population Studies  
University of Pennsylvania  
Philadelphia

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR. FPL  
I should first note that my essay in the August *Harper's* was based on the Christian A. Herter Lecture given last spring at the School of Advanced International Studies of the Johns Hopkins University.

I fear that some readers may have reacted more vigorously to the article than to the essay. Let me say that I was not responsible for the title, that I do not like it any more, that I have not approved it, that I have not read it until I opened my copy of *Harper's*, and that it does not convey what I was trying to say. My point was the "necessary amorality" of foreign policy. The word "amorality" is to be found in the essay. My point was to discuss the necessary interactions of morality and international politics and to suggest that, in the case of nation-states, international relationships are likely to conform to practical morality if national interest is the basis of national interest, except the legitimacy of the interests of other nations than if they are the executors of universal moral principles. Macaulay had it right when he said, "Interest never lies" (a quotation I owe to Charles E. Johnson).

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# THE EASY CHAIR

Good news, in a small way



A FRIEND OF MINE recently checked into a hotel in Vienna, where he was visiting for the first time. The concierge handed him a small packet of mail, mostly letters from home and from his Chicago office. Among them he noticed, with faint alarm, an official-looking envelope from the American embassy. In all his years of travel abroad he had never received any communication from an embassy, and he wondered as he opened it whether this could foreshadow some kind of trouble. Vienna, he remembered, was supposed to be a notorious center for espionage, smuggling, and underground trafficking with the Eastern Bloc countries. A warning, maybe?

Nothing of the sort. Addressed to "Dear Fellow American," the letter began: "Your embassy welcomes you to Vienna. Since this may be your first trip, here are a few suggestions and some information to make this

city more interesting and your stay more enjoyable and comfortable."

It went on to give the addresses and phone numbers of the embassy and consulate, plus the extensions to call for tourist and commercial information and a reminder that someone would be "on duty at all times for emergencies." The following four pages were crammed with useful advice—where and how to rent a car, tipping customs (10 per cent is plenty), the best shopping streets, easy ways to arrange sight-seeing tours and get tickets to the opera, and the addresses of American branch banks.

If a visitor needs a conference room where he can meet Austrian businessmen, the letter added, it can be supplied by the American Chamber of Commerce, which also is glad to provide a telephone, typewriter, and secretarial and translation services. The Austrian Chamber of Commerce (telephone: 52-15-11) will be glad to arrange contacts with local importers, manufacturers, and agents.

The letter also contained a thumbnail history of Austria, basic data on its economy, and suggestions about the more important museums and cultural centers. It ended with a listing of English-speaking doctors and dentists, with their addresses and phone numbers, and was signed: "For the Ambassador, Joseph O. Eblan, Commercial Attaché."

My friend was both charmed and astonished. He had always thought of foreign-service officers as remote, icy characters who were too preoccupied with the arcane tasks of diplomacy to bother their heads about an ordinary American visitor. And a few days later, when he lost a filling, he was grateful for that tip about English-speaking dentists.

Ever since I heard this story I have been thinking about it with a

satisfaction that I find hard to count for. One reason, I suppose, is that people with Mr. Eblan's sensitive, warmth, and common sense are rare in any organization, public or private. Then, too, it is nice to have across a good, inexpensive service that can and should be provided by American embassies throughout the world. Besides, it's been a long while since I've heard a kind word about the State Department or most any other federal agency. My younger acquaintances, especially, usually speak of them with respect, if not loathing, as part of the Establishment.

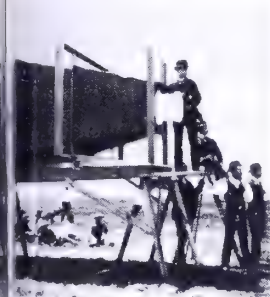
At bottom, however, I think I am simply grateful for a crumb of good news. During the past few years I have been unfolding my daily newspapers with increasing reluctance, because they seem to be laden more with chronicles of human misery and folly. As a former newspaperman myself, I realize, of course, that in the canon of the trade news is no news. Nevertheless, I realize that I am getting fed up with an almost exclusive diet of tales of muggings, drug addiction, terrorism, and bombings foreign and domestic. So when the odd cheer comes along, I now treasure it around in my memory during those gray hours of insomnia.

I HAVE NEVER MET Richard Barrow (nor Mr. Eblan for that matter), but I am grateful to him too. A policeman in Norfolk, Virginia, last night May he found a car with a wife and three children sleeping in it. They were parked in a lot and had nowhere else to lie down. Instead of booking them for violation, Officer Barrow took them home, where they lived for two days until Mr. Barrow and his fe-

*John Fischer served as acting editor in chief of Harper's from March until September. He now returns to the assignment of associate editor and writer of The Easy Chair, the oldest column in American journalism.*



# TIME-LIFE BOOKS presents the **LIFE** Library of Photography



camera was built by a  
make a single, perfectly  
photo of an entire luxury  
as never used again.



Series includes  
darkroom techniques.

**Accept  
volume 1 for  
10 days' free  
examination**

## FREE with Volume 1: Photographer's Handbook and Camera Buyer's Guide

- This valuable 64-page pocket-size manual contains hundreds of tips and ideas for taking and making better pictures. Includes 150 photos and drawings, dozens of charts and tables.
- In addition, you will receive an informative *Camera Buyer's Guide*, containing up-to-date facts and prices on cameras and accessories.



Life Library of Photography  
**Camera Buyer's Guide**



ens makes the sun seem much closer.

## TIME magazine's masters of photography help you develop your talent for taking- and making-great pictures.

For years, LIFE magazine has featured the best photographers and photo the world. Now TIME-LIFE BOOKS them to teach you everything they you too can produce great pic- put all their theories, techniques ets into one exclusive self-study en-covers"—the LIFE Library of

For photographers show you, step- agnificantly illustrated volumes, shooting techniques for all kinds udio shots, portraits, sports, chil- still lifes—they tell you how to ure...how to compose it...how eak" to the viewer. They discuss , various kinds of films, sets and In easy-to-follow illustrated se- show you the many things they've r long careers.

### Use the darkroom creatively

Lab men who develop and print ells and film packs every year— most famous photographers. In strated essays, these specialists ake good photographs even bet- how to use your equipment not ician, but as an artist.

of the LIFE Library of Photog- ed over archives, old albums and ing you hundreds of the most ctures ever taken. Ranging from Eastman, through Stieglitz, n and Penn, to Avedon and is gallery shows you the genius y at every stage of its evolution.

It demonstrates not only what the latest equip- ment can do to increase the possibilities in a photograph—it also shows you how a superb picture can be taken by an amateur with the simplest kind of camera.

Each of these famous photographs is accom- panied by an analysis: how the picture was con- ceived, the special effects used and why, as well as other points of interest. Understanding how these men succeeded so brilliantly, you'll be better able to develop your own style, your own sense of what makes an unforgettable picture.

Whether you're a working photographer, an advanced amateur, a beginner, or simply some- one who loves great pictures, you're invited to receive Volume I of the LIFE Library of Pho- tography for a 10-day free examination.

Artistic, documentary and scientific photog- raphy...cameras and lenses and how to choose them for your particular purposes...a buyer's guide to cameras...you'll find all this and more in Volume I, *The Camera*.

Then, either return it without further obliga- tion, or keep it for only \$7.95 (plus shipping and handling). By keeping Volume I, you will be entitled to receive other volumes in the series—one every other month—with the same 10-day free examination and the same price.

Fill out and mail the reply form for Volume I, and we'll enclose with it the 64-page *Photog- rapher's Handbook*, plus an up-to-date *Camera Buyer's Guide*—yours to keep free with your decision to buy Volume I.

So for a free 10-day "workshop" with the world's greatest photographers, send the reply form today or write to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 1201, Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 60611.



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- Silver-stamped black-cloth binding.
- Over 2,000 monochrome and color pictures, including daguerreotypes, plantinotypes, ambrotypes, collodion plates.
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TIME & LIFE BUILDING  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611**

Please send me Volume I, *The Camera*, of the LIFE Library of Photography on a Free- Examination basis, together with the illus- trated *Photographer's Handbook* and *Camera Buyer's Guide*. After ten days I may return the books without further obligation. If I keep them I will be billed only \$7.95 (plus shipping and handling). I will then receive other books in the library as they are issued: one every other month. Each comes on a 10-day Free Trial basis and is priced at \$7.95. I may cancel this arrangement at any time simply by notifying you; thereafter no further books will be sent.

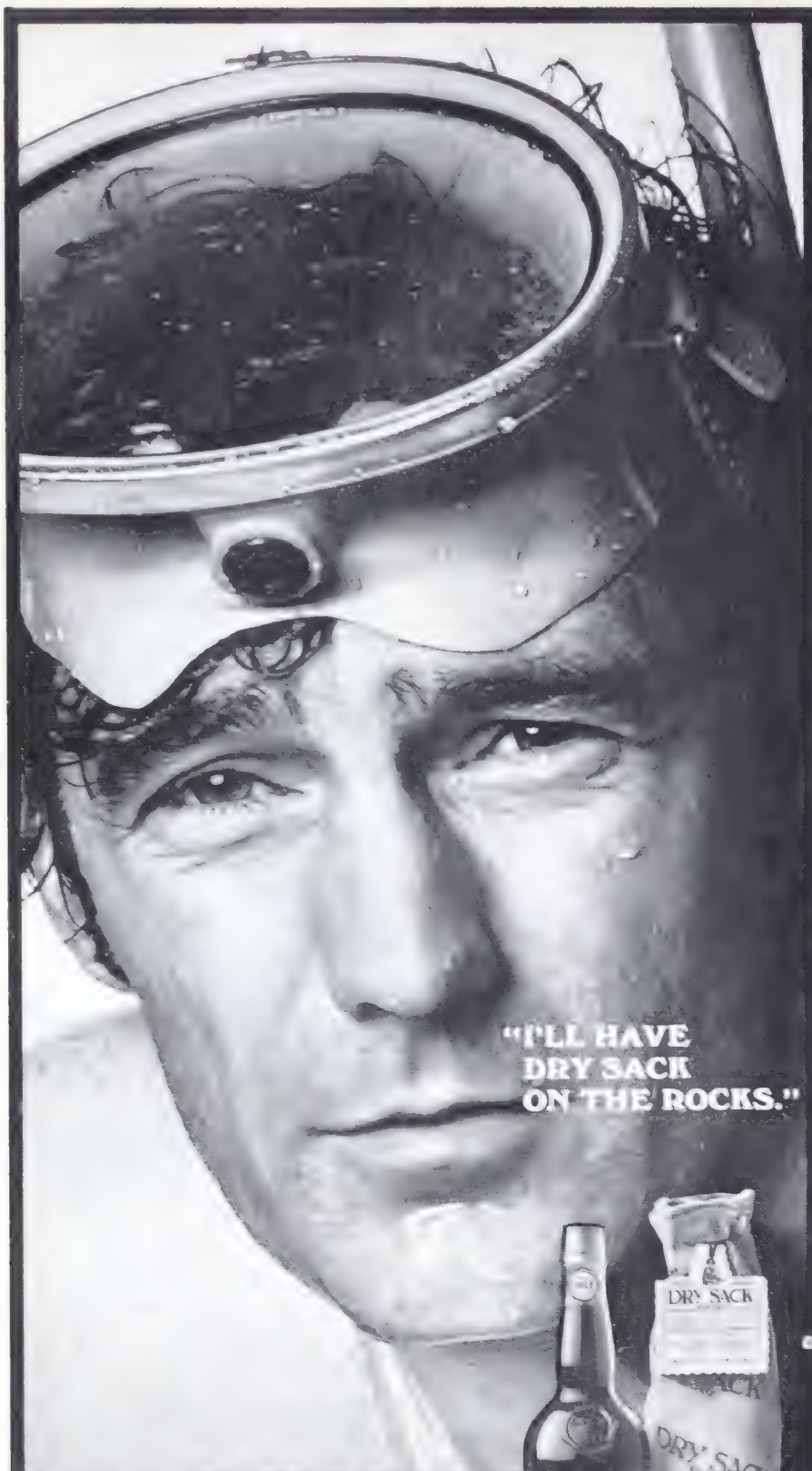
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_





"I'LL HAVE  
DRY SACK  
ON THE ROCKS."

Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink  
before lunch or dinner. No wonder  
Dry Sack, the man's sherry, is so popular.

World-Famous Sherries From Spain  
**WILLIAMS & HUMBERT**

**DRY SACK**



#### THE EASY CHAIR

cers were able to find them ar  
ment and a job.

The Associated Press car  
brief item about the incident  
newspapers throughout the  
decided it wasn't really news  
few printed it. A lot of peop  
saw it apparently were in a  
mind much like my own, for  
gan to write and phone Mr.  
to commend what he had do  
last I heard, he had receive  
than 150 letters: some of the  
tained money—about \$800  
to help the castaways he h  
friended.

**E**VERY FEW WEEKS brings  
ful report about yet  
species of wildlife threaten  
extinction. Whale, polar be  
mountain lion are about to b  
out by hunters. The fashion  
menaces leopard and alligato  
cides may well destroy the osp  
pelican: when they eat fish c  
nated with DDT, few of the  
hatch. Poison bait set out for  
also kills off the bald eagle.  
it goes.

But until a few days ag  
never heard that other spec  
most extinct in their natural  
are being saved by trans  
tion to the American Squ  
There several million acres  
arid land, unsuitable for col  
livestock, are now being  
with such exotic beasts as the  
kudu, gemsbok, ibex, and  
gazelle, all once plentiful in  
desert regions of Africa a  
This rescue operation is la  
work of Frank C. Hibben  
pologist at the University  
Mexico, and his colleagues  
state's game commission, of  
is chairman.

He began with the wild  
sheep, a handsome, massiv  
animal that can survive o  
scrub and go several days  
water. Once common throu  
barren mountains of North  
was almost completely dest  
native hunters during the  
years after World War II. T  
first breeding stock, the com  
had to buy fifty head from



#### **The real**

Man has created a technology that distorts his humanity.



#### **The ideal**

We can shape a new technology that moves us toward a future which honors the human dimension.

Suddenly, we know man's technological genius has not been an unmixed blessing. Blinded by its power to create material abundance, all of us allowed it to become an end unto itself and, in the process, to ravage the environment.

We must balance technological and human factors. Working together, we can build a humanized technology that is our servant, not our master.

**AtlanticRichfieldCompany** ♦



The cleanest source  
of electrical energy  
is a water fall.

A nuclear plant is next.

The modern nuclear power plant is  
ably man's biggest single achievement  
combating air pollution. Zero smoke,  
zero smell. But . . .

What about radioactivity?

Do you know how much extra radioactivity  
you'd get living next to a nuclear  
power plant? Less than 1/10 the  
radioactivity you'd get living in an  
untouched wilderness.

"Earth Legend 1970" by Larry Calcagno. From the Westinghouse Collection.



how about warm water? What  
to to fish and plant life?

actually places where it does  
ing shellfish grow faster, for  
but that's the exception. What  
re warming the water could

r is—electric utilities know  
dle the problem. And are  
ith cooling towers. With cool-

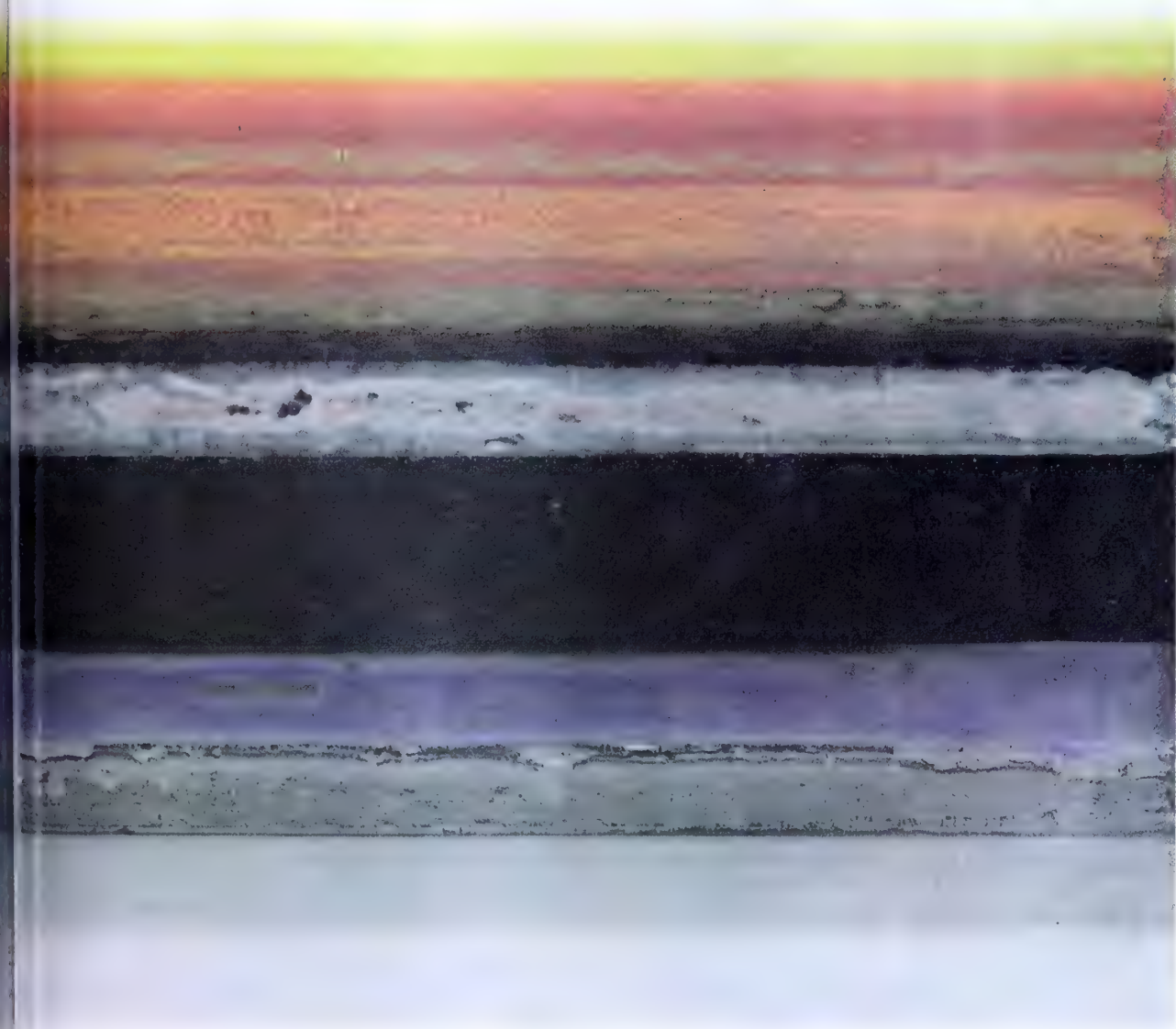
ing channels. With cooling ponds or  
lakes (great fishing).

Westinghouse is helping. We've even  
created a separate Environmental Sys-  
tems Department whose whole business  
is making environmental studies for  
electric utilities. To make a good  
situation better.

Westinghouse Electric Corporation,  
Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.



You can be sure...if it's Westinghouse







You're looking at India, as viewed from a Gemini spacecraft.

You're also looking at one of the world's largest classrooms, as "viewed" by a broadcast relay satellite.

In an experiment now being planned, a NASA satellite will relay educational broadcasts directly to TV sets in thousands of remote villages throughout India. Programming will highlight subjects such as family planning and improved agricultural techniques.

It's a concrete example of how space technologies can help bring mass communications and practical education to the underdeveloped countries of the world.

Think about the possibilities.

**The Boeing Company**



val collectors. These were re-  
 1952 in the rocky canyon of  
 Chadian River in central New  
 They thrived so well that  
 Mexico now has about 4,500  
 in three herds—more than  
 in all of Africa—and addi-  
 breeding herds have been  
 in Utah, Texas, Nevada, and  
 or 0.

uraged by this success, Hib-  
 friends imported eight Sibe-  
 x and built a small artificial  
 in to make them feel at home.  
 so acquired ten specimens of  
 ter kudu—an African ante-  
 arly as big as an elk that  
 spectacular spiral horns up to  
 long—plus a few gemsbok,  
 antelope from the Kalahari  
 hat has the unique ability  
 ight months without a drink.  
 close to extinction on their  
 ounds, and both took happily  
 in New Mexico. More re-  
 he commission has added  
 eding pens ibex and gazelles  
 in. Elburz red sheep, and  
 an markhor. As their num-  
 ld up, they will be turned  
 opulate mountain and desert  
 at cannot support any of the  
 mals native to America.

ally, I am most grateful to  
 en for his salvation of the  
 To judge from old Persian  
 , they were once a favorite  
 f the mounted bowmen of  
 court; today only a few  
 survive. A few years ago I  
 ainted with a pair of them  
 e then tethered in a garden  
 among avenues of roses and  
 They were the most winning  
 s—about the size of a small  
 friendly as kittens, and as  
 graceful as a prima bal-  
 world without them would  
 erished indeed.

T ILLUSTRATION of the way  
 erican attitudes have  
 s provided by the Connec-  
 t & Power Company. Last  
 ir of ospreys built their nest  
 near Mystic, Connecticut,  
 ried a 33,000-volt power  
 rly they were in imminent  
 electrocuting themselves,

# Bushmills. The whiskey that spans the generations gap.



A BLEND OF 100% IRISH WHISKIES—46% ALC/VOL—BOTTLED IN IRELAND. THE JDS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©1970

For 300 years, a whiskey from Bushmills has been with us. 15 generations, fathers and sons, have refined it. The result: Near perfection. Bushmills. Full of character. But not heavy-handed about it. Flavorful. But never overpowering.

Bushmills is unique. Reflecting the past beguilingly, with a light and lively flavor that is all today.

Compare it to your present whiskey. One sip at your favorite pub will tell you why Bushmills has intrigued so many generations. It is, simply, out of sight.

IMPORTED

# BUSHMILLS

FROM THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY.









Some telephone people have built a softball that blind children can hit.

This is the 60th anniversary of Telephone Pioneers of America. And most of their 350,000 members plan to celebrate in the usual way.

In Colorado Springs, they'll make another 10 electronically outfitted "beeping" softballs that give blind kids the thrill of hitting a ball they can only hear. Nationwide, the Pioneers will make 300 of the special softballs.

In Jacksonville, Florida, they'll tape-record 250 tapes for the blind. Everything from "The Little Engine That Could" to Encyclopaedia Britannica. Nationwide, the Pioneers will record 3000 tapes.

In Tacoma, Washington, they'll transcribe 2500 pages of reading material into braille. Nationwide, to date, the Pioneers have done over 400,000 pages.

In Washington, D.C., they'll repair another 700 "Talking Book" phonographs. Nationwide, they have already repaired 150,000 of the machines.

And elsewhere in the country, other Pioneers will pursue some 700 other kinds of volunteer projects.

They'll work with the sick, the disadvantaged, the lonely, the retarded, the handicapped and almost anyone who needs help.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are proud of all our people who volunteer to make life bigger, better and more meaningful for somebody else.

And of the Telephone Pioneers who lead the way.





**\$5000.**  
(a case)



On May 26, 1971, at the National Premium Wine Auction in San Francisco a case of Inglenook wine—(vintage dates 1887-1899) was auctioned off for \$5,000.00.

All Inglenook's Estate Bottled wines carry credentials of "Produced and Bottled by," "Vintage Year," "Varietal," and "Napa Valley" on the label. These are some of the reasons why Inglenook is the most expensive wine made in America.

But don't let that stop you from trying some. Or better yet, buy some and store it away.

In 90 years, it could be worth a lot of money.

**Inglenook**  
We make the most expensive wine  
in America

#### THE EASY CHAIR

and short-circuiting the power system at the same time.

A decade ago, the company linemen no doubt would have shot the birds and destroyed their nest without a second thought. This time, however, they set up a new pole—at some trouble and expense—a few feet away from the original one; then they carefully dismantled the nest and put some of its twigs on the double cross-arms of the new pole. Within a few hours the ospreys had got the idea, and started rebuilding their nest at the safer site.

So, all right, maybe the company was merely following the advice of its public-relations people, who don't want any hassle with the local bird watchers and conservationists. Until recently they have had no reason to worry about that kind of trouble.

**A**ND IN INDIA an elephant named Beautiful Flower has been enlisted in the ecological cause as a distributor of contraceptives. Her job is to help reduce the country's suicidal rate of population growth, by plodding from village to village wearing birth control posters on her sides and forehead. As soon as she collects a crowd in a village street, Beautiful Flower (with a little guidance from her mahout) starts to pass out family-planning literature and packets of contraceptives. Since many Indians regard the elephant as a semi-sacred animal, her efforts often are more persuasive than those of human propagandists.

Although her expenses and those of the mahout are paid by the Indian government, Beautiful Flower belongs to the Red Triangle Club, a birth control society with members scattered through Asia, Europe, and America. Its members chipped in \$13 apiece to pay for her.

**F**OND AS I AM of elephants, I have even more confidence in hard cash as an instrument for changing human behavior. Consequently I rejoice every time I hear of somebody who has figured out a way to improve the environment and make money at the same time. Such exemplars are

more plentiful than you might think since their ingenuity seldom is regarded as newsworthy.

Did you ever hear, for instance, of the Dayton Fly Ash Company? Fly ash we all know: it's that stuff that pours out of the smokestacks of burning factories and power plants in the hundreds of tons. The technology is now available to capture much of it with electric precipitators and water sprays, before it reaches the ground. How to get rid of it is still a problem. Where do you heap it? It's a light that any breeze is likely to scatter them all over the neighborhood. Well, you can now call the Dayton firm, which has developed a new business in collecting such waste and converting it into an ingredient for high-grade concrete.

A similar problem has long plagued the fruit canners and nut processors in the orchard country around Santa Clara, California. Every year they have to get rid of some 40,000 tons of peach, apricot, and plum pits and walnut and almond shells. They can't be burned, because of the pollution laws, and if heaped in dumps they create everlasting sores. Or they did, until C. H. Hoag came up with an idea. He developed an ecologically harmless process for converting this debris into briquets for home barbecues and now doing well while doing good.

So is Alexander's grocery store in the Los Angeles suburbs. It increased its sales by 5 per cent in four months last spring as the result of an advertising campaign emphasizing "eco-preferred" labels for products such as low-phosphate detergents and turnable bottles. The chain has installed recycling depots in parking lots for newspapers, glass, both aluminum and tin cans, and stopped using plastic packaging for meat, eggs, poultry, and most other commodities.

Such tactics are, of course, unorthodox for California, where (for reason) the environmental movement is especially high, but they seem to work in less frenetic climates too. A growing number of cities are learning to turn a welcome dollar from the most troublesome of all wastes, sludge from sewage-treatment



relatively cheap and simple  
this sludge can be dried,  
d, and packaged for sale as  
organic fertilizer—labeled  
ite by Milwaukee, the pio-  
uch ventures. Winston-Salem  
marketing its own brand, Gro-  
hrough Sears, Roebuck and  
hops at a price of \$30 a ton.  
it is rich in iron and other  
, as well as nitrogen and  
ric acid, it gives grass a deep  
olor; consequently it has  
ready market among golf  
throughout the Southeast.  
has not yet gone into the re-  
ness, but sells about fifty tons  
l sludge every day as a raw  
for use by commercial fertil-  
ufacturers. When taxpayers  
e learn that there are profits  
ge, our waterways may get  
up a lot faster.

MOST SURPRISING CRUMB of  
news that I've heard this  
ne from, of all places, the  
l Corporation.  
panies have long supplied  
the muscle of the highway  
e of the most damaging and  
forces in American society.  
loose alliance of all those  
at profit from the building

dition to the companies  
oil and gas, it includes the  
ufacturers, contractors, fill-  
n operators, motel chains,  
and the Teamsters Union.  
t is a main source of cam-  
ncing, it has been invincible  
years, both in Washington  
state legislatures.

t is responsible for smother-  
ch of America in concrete,  
, and traffic jams. And the  
it sponsors seem destined to  
neeling practically forever,  
has saddled us with a kind  
al-motion financing scheme.  
n as earmarked taxes—all  
oline taxes and, in some  
ense fees that are set aside  
ays and nothing else. Years  
bby saw to it that such ear-  
xes were built solidly into  
and federal fiscal systems.  
ntly, the highwaymen—un-

"Mesozoic" desk set.  
Base of rare petrified  
wood, over 150 million  
years old. 12K gold-filled  
quill, 14K gold inlaid  
point. From \$45.00.

# EXPRESSIONS BY SHEAFFER® the proud craftsmen

12K  
gold-filled.  
Pen with  
14K gold  
point, \$18.00.  
Ballpoint, \$8.50.  
Pencil, \$8.50.  
Gift-cased.



# WE HAVE P

We cordially invite you to get under Vega's skin. Because while we have plenty to hide, we definitely don't have anything to blush about.

What you'll find under Vega's very stylish shell is a lot of little car. More car than we really had to build.

That's just the way we do things.

You being the careful type, we here-with offer substantiation.

## **The thing that makes it go.**

There's nothing like a paragraph or two of technical talk to scare readers away.

So we'll try to discuss this thing in down-to-earth terms.

OK, Vega's engine looks a whole lot like a car engine. But believe us, it's a breakthrough. Thanks



to a very complicated but very clever pro- Vega's engine is the envy of the little r

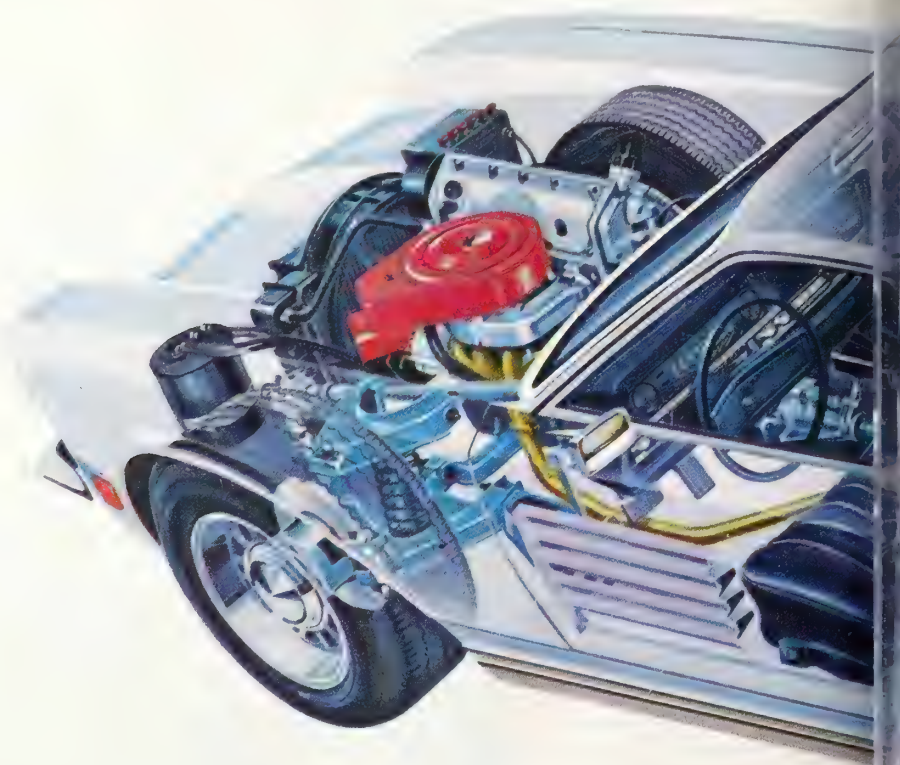
Why? Because it has enough p forge confidently ahead, even on fa-m freeways and long steep hills. Andoe it's amazingly quiet for a little car en ne 'because in our highway tests, it's g about 25 mpg (that's the standard en ne the standard transmission).

Let us just add that, true to Chev- tion, we think this engine will eco classic. It's that good.

## **Oh what a lovely door.**

Take a gander at the see-thro gh below. See that corrugated piece of That's what we in the trade call a s door beam.

We put those beams in ever d



Chevrolet. Building a better

# ITY TO HIDE.

ga we build, for added protection. we hope our door beams will never come in handy. But if they have to,

## re hidden treasures.

ain we direct your attention to our h Vega.

ce the seats. Ah, those seats. Carved n. And quite possibly the most com- seats you'll ever find in a little car. le sports car.

l the brakes. Big ten-inch discs in dard.

we didn't stop there. We put two e Vega. For stronger construction, ke it even quieter.

e also has a power ventilation sys- moves through the car, even when

it's standing still.

Another thing. Vega has an electric fuel pump, hidden in the gas tank, for smoother gas flow.

And, well, we could go on for hours.

## The moral.

Now, we realize that you're not going to rush out and buy a Vega just because it has power ventilation. Or an electric fuel pump.

But, if you add everything all together, we think you'll find that Vega is the best little car on the American road today. Bar none.

Don't take our word for it, though. Go drive one. Maybe you can't see all of Vega's advantages.

But you can feel them.



the U.S.A.



Now that you've earned your place in the sun,  
you must be thirstier than ever.

**Johnnie Walker**  
**Black Label Scotch**  
YEARS 12 OLD

ABOUT \$10 A FIFTH. PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES. 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.6 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORT



ers, schoolteachers, and wel-  
nts—don't need to beg for  
ropriations each year. So  
the earmarked taxes keep  
into the special highway  
of the beneficiaries are as-  
a continuing, automatic

sult is almost comically irra-  
e taxpayers are forced to  
less billions for the one type  
ortation that is least effi-  
e worst air polluter, the  
ivagant consumer of scarce  
ne destroyer of the country-  
the strangler of our cities.  
ume time better transport  
the railroads and urban  
nsit—are falling apart,  
ecause they have no such  
gimmick.

at can we do? You can't lick  
ay lobby: every politician  
t.

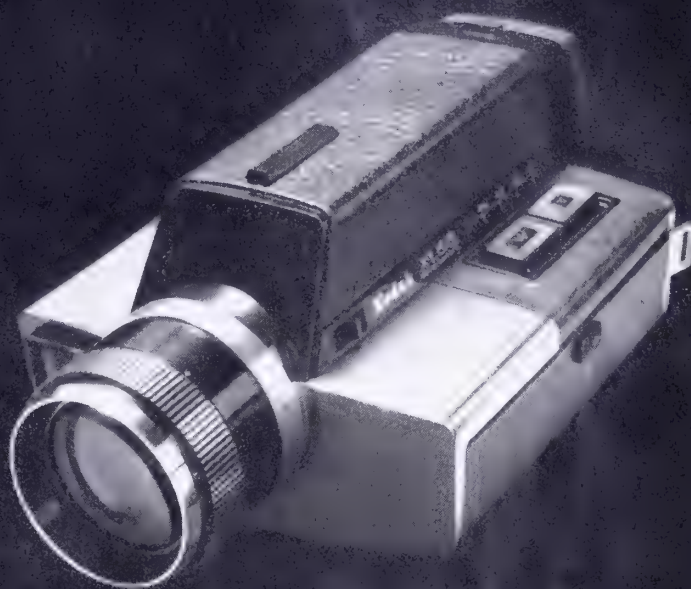
ing, however, brought forth  
t the highway lobby itself  
st a significant part of it—  
developing a conscience.

Oil Corporation published  
sement in the *New York*  
h the heading: "America  
World's Best Highways and  
s Worst Mass Transit." It

me of the familiar facts  
ic congestion, the miseries  
ing, and the superiority of  
ys and railroads in other  
such as Japan, France,  
and Italy. And it con-

ve there's an urgent need  
ators to reexamine the  
s used to generate and ex-  
portation revenues. Such  
may yield the conclusion  
d earmarked funds are no  
e best approach... We  
forms of transportation  
brought into a national  
safe, rapid, economical  
oving people—consistent  
icisest use of our energy  
While Mobil sells fuels  
ants, we don't believe the  
onsumed by a single car  
a traffic jam (carrying a  
senger, probably) is the  
ible use of America's  
roleum resources... To  
means a green light for  
it, soon.

# Now. Movies without movie lights.



Kodak announces a new kind of super 8 movie film and a new kind of movie camera that let you shoot color movies just by the light you live in. Even by the light of the candles on a birthday cake.

The new film is Kodak Ektachrome 160 movie film. It's four times as fast as Kodachrome II movie film.

The cameras are the new Kodak XL models. Each has a super-fast  $f/1.2$  Ektar lens and a revolutionary new shutter design that lets in lots more light.

Each comes with a precision automatic exposure control system. Each has drop-in loading and is battery-powered.

The XL33 camera (not shown) is less than \$120. The XL55 (above), with power zoom, range-finder, and sports-type viewfinder is less than \$200.

Look into either one. You'll see a whole new world to make movies of.

Kodak makes your pictures count.

**Kodak XL movie camera/  
Ektachrome 160 movie film.**

**Kodak**

Prices subject to change without notice.





## AN ORDINARY DOG IN AMERICA EATS BETTER THAN SHE DOES.

Cristina eats whatever she can find in the garbage. And that is far less than some prowling dog would find in your garbage can.

For just \$12 a month, you can save such a child.

Through our Children, Inc. "Adoption" program you can help provide a child with a better diet, new clothes and medical attention. Even an education.

But there's not a moment to lose. Every 60 seconds, five or six more children will die from starvation.

Write direct to Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood, Children, Incorporated, Box 5381, Dept. HM-10, Richmond, Va. 23220.

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐ girl ☐ in \_\_\_\_\_.

Name of Country

I will pay \$12 a month (\$144 a year). Enclosed is my gift for ☐ a full year ☐ the first month. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.

I understand that I can correspond with my child, and continue the "adoption" longer than one year if I wish. Also, I may discontinue the "adoption" at any time.

☐ I cannot "adopt" a child, but want to help \$ \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Or, I will pledge \$ \_\_\_\_\_ per month.

☐ Please send me further information.

☐ If for a group, please specify \_\_\_\_\_

Church, Class, Club, School, Business, etc

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

You can adopt a child from any of the following countries. Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Guatemala, Honduras, Hong Kong, India, Iran, Japan, Korea, Lebanon, Mexico, Nigeria, Paraguay, Peru, Syria, Thailand, U.S.A. — Appolachian children or American Indians. (Or a child of greatest need.) All gifts are fully tax deductible

### CHILDREN, INCORPORATED



#### THE EASY CHAIR

Hardly a clarion call, but a one nevertheless. This is the first that any member of the lobby has ever broken the unit protecting its sacred cows—marked tax and the special building fund. The wrath of the highwaymen must have been canonic, for the ad was never so far as I can discover: certainly did not develop into a full campaign.

Yet the words cannot be. One big oil company has admitted that our present transportation system makes no sense. That is a tiny first step toward one thing.

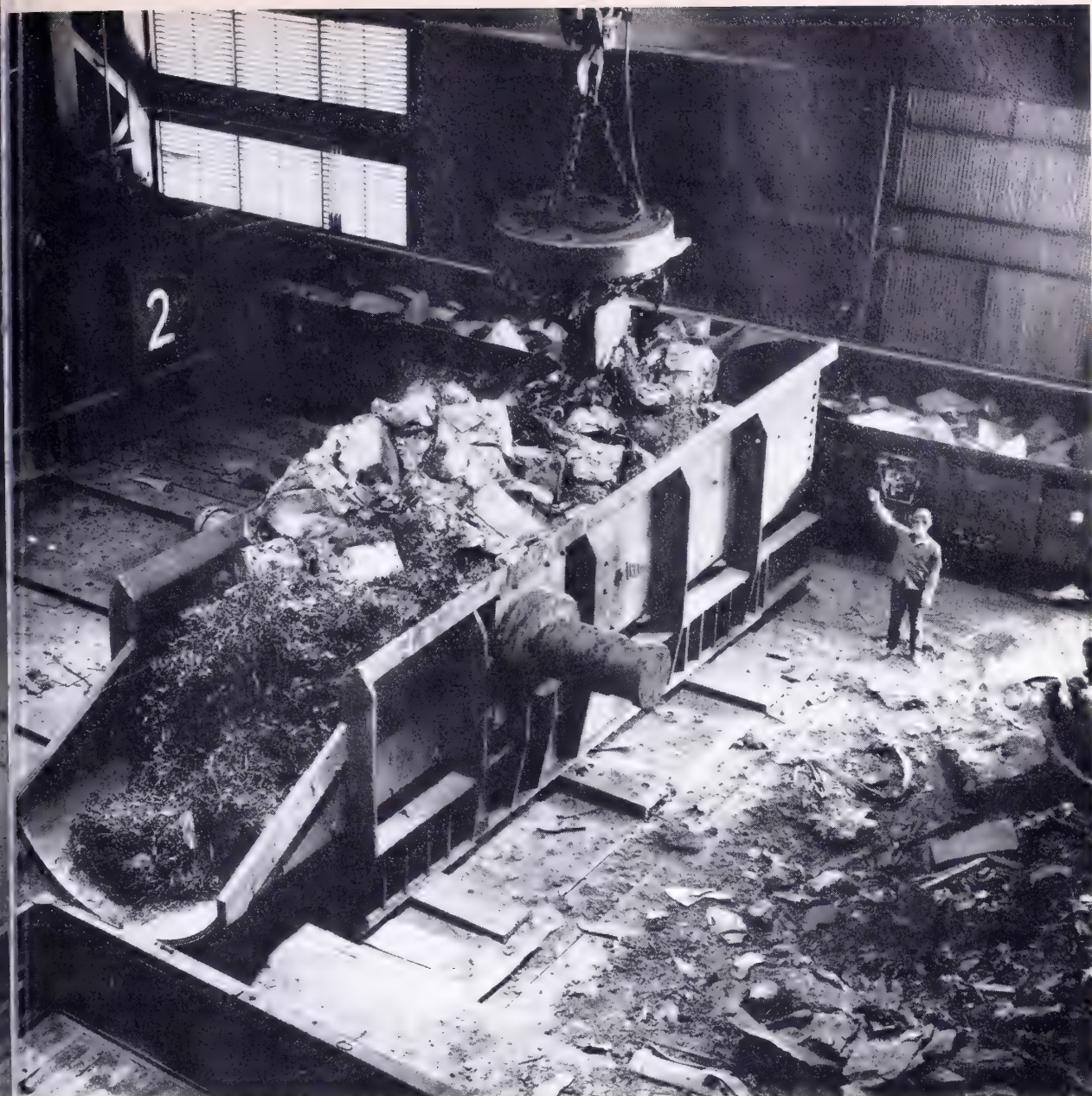
THESE ARE LITTLE THINGS enough, and not one of them rightly be called dramatic. What they are not even fun. Rain, zelles might be, but pelletizing and drafting embassy letters where near as exciting as, say, ing a banner for Instant Relief.

But they are one way to change the world. Societies, like landscapes, remodeled by two kinds of process. One of them is cataclysmic revolutionary upheaval which, like an earthquake or volcanic eruption, arranges the whole scene with a suddenness. Such apocalyptic events don't occur often, though waiting for the revolution can be as tedious as waiting for the ice age; and when it does come, the results are likely to be unpredictable.

The other process is one of accretion—the way coral builds an island or algae transforms an estuary, over centuries, into a new (I can watch this happening out of a bedroom window. Bill Leete now graze in what was once a salt marsh and their salt meadow is still creeping seaward inch by inch.) In this fashion, the social landscape is remodeled constantly—if almost imperceptibly—as the consequence of innumerable small acts and innovations by individuals and groups. That, hardly material for history, but worth recording now. It seems to me, for the same reason, that a marine biologist measures the growth of a coral knob.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/OCTOBER 1978





# Every day is Recycling Day in a steel mill.

Recycling is "old hat" to the steel industry. For the past 30 years, more than half the raw material used to make new steel has been old steel. Today's cans and cars and carpet tacks and thousands of other products are made from steel recycled from yesterday's cars and carpet tacks and thousands of other products—29,000,000 tons' worth last year alone.

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# PERFORMING ARTS

*Also sprach* Grand Funk Railroad

**F**RIENDS. We who have grown with rock 'n' roll, we who have lifted ourselves by the Beatle bangs into a languid maturity, a kind of sensate ease: what is left to entice us; what adventure besides the cool of sweet soap, a voile shirt, and sex that works? Is there nothing more to growing up absurd than this: a soft moustache winding like hemp around thickening lips? We who suffered the pangs of stretching out now hang loose, line up at the cinema, down an egg cream at the haut café, and, after hours, in copious time, enjoy a mellow joint with friends.

Our music has flattened into a statue of sophisticated leisure. We like our art as sweet as our bodies have become, and we choose our culture heroes from among those swift young men and women who sit around baseboard heating and claim to be in touch. The Joni Mitchell fantasy of refined romance in which the lady comes on in Marlene Dietrich lips, which happen to be painted in colors of the earth. Or the Neil Young nostalgia trip. In a parody of adolescence, he takes us back to the quiver we never felt but read about in so many books during the Fifties that we remember it like Eisenhower's heart attacks: as though it had happened again and again.

We've developed what the folks who write for the breakfast press call taste. Our best musicians pick guitars with the kind of exquisite precision once reserved for watchmaking. Our critics savor records like wary chefs. Rock has developed an etiquette; in the process it has eschewed the glut-tony it once celebrated, the kind of no-stakes, no-use energy, and the free-

dom that kind of force incurs. The rock aesthetic (if one can suggest such a thing without appearing smug) has always demanded a reciprocal uselessness on the part of audience and performer, a fluid anxiety that is always on the verge of breaking into joy. To be uncommitted in rock is still very close to being sublime. Once you accept responsibility—through marriage, ideology, or career—and begin to act in accordance with the structures it suggests, you've priced yourself out of the market. It is that easy to outgrow rock 'n' roll. And there is no turning back, except for those who value surface over depth and impact over implication, those who revel in the funky and grotesque as an environment, and those who have no faith in utility, in their own social worth. Since these are substantially the dynamics of an adolescent soul, there is no way to evade the fact (though some of us who are edging into our late twenties would like to) that rock music is of and for the young. That interlude between dependence and responsibility, that brief exemption from karma and consequence, those years and those alone belong to rock 'n' roll.

I don't find that interlude in the rages of the Rolling Stones, or in McCartney's music-hall *lieder*, or in Dylan's country reels. I don't find it in any of the new acoustic troubadors (although there is another interlude, the passage from youth to maturity, in the songs of Loudon Wainwright and Randy Newman). I don't find it in any of the bulldozer blues bands; not even in the music of Eric Clapton, which is profoundly lyrical, yes, and deeply romantic, yes, and wears like sturdy lace. But it isn't about that interlude. It isn't about irresponsibility. It isn't rock 'n' roll.

**A**S IT HAPPENS, there is more rock than creative largesse. Otherwise, pop would be a continuum. Jimi Hendrix could share Louie Strong's eulogies). To be a rock roller requires that one occupy a certain position in life; that once, after distinction, the joy of exposure and the gratification of ritual. Rock 'n' rollers are nomads. Their ears and noses so sensitive they catch the moisture days away, with legs they can chase the thunder from the promise of rain.

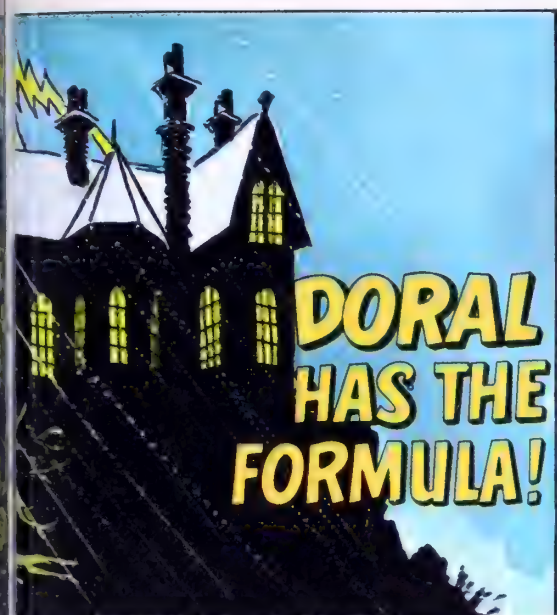
Rock stars have notably similar bringings. With few exceptions, they are children of the lower-middle class, raised in provincial cities, where uselessness is not only a rite of passage but a constant temptation and threat.

Significantly enough, none of the emerging troubadors shares the environment (which united Dylan and Elvis Presley, Joni Mitchell and Janis Joplin). The rock stars are solidly bourgeois. They know their audience and their press. They do not know the strain of moving forward, the struggle to become respectable, and the pain of discovering the price of legitimacy is a loss of body, loss of sex. James Taylor does not know what it is like to live in an eardrum cottage in L.A. or in the plywood flats of Miami. He cannot imagine what one might have to undergo to break away from the confines within. To find a full expression of that consciousness, you have to dig into the lower reaches of the rock hierarchy, below the level of current tapedeck saints, to find the kid sits hunched over his amp, trying to enact again the mythic hero. This is rock 'n' roll.

Terry Knight, producer of *Grand Funk Railroad*: "This group

*Richard Goldstein, a regular contributor to New York magazine and The Village Voice, is the author of Poetry of Rock.*





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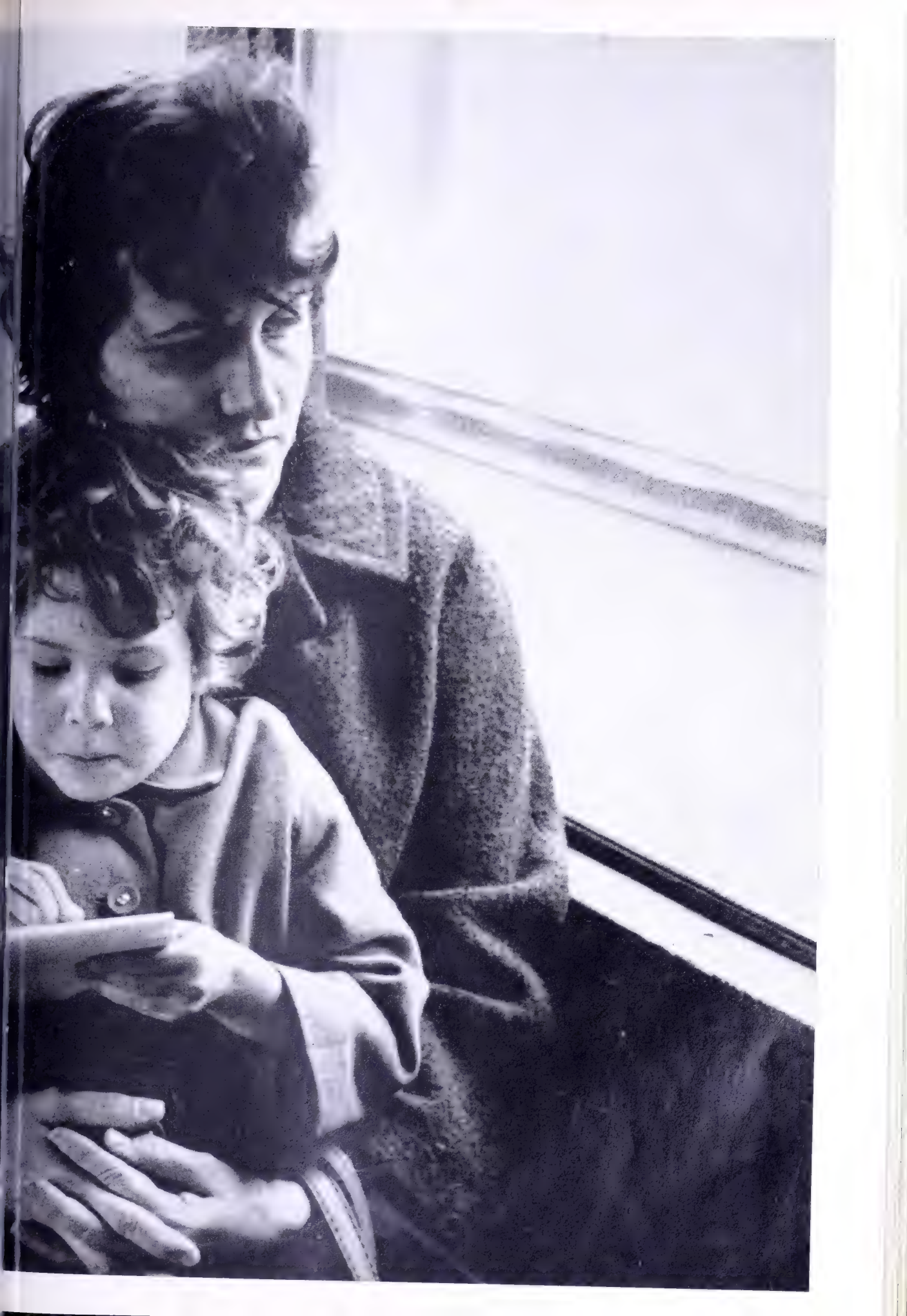
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erful not because of what they play, but because of what they represent. These three boys have proven that, in the face of the enemy, man, the Establishment, you can still make it, you can still break out from that shit-hole town, man. You can get away from white socks and skinhead haircuts. You can get away from working at the hardware store. Mark Farner stands onstage as a symbol of freedom. He takes that guitar and he holds it, and he says, 'See this, brothers and sisters, this is how I broke the mold. I found one thing and I stayed at it. This is the power that put me here. This is the symbol that the Establishment picks apart. This is what every music critic in the world said I can't play, but this is what brought us together, brothers and sisters.' That's what he says."

**R**OCK 'N' ROLL DOES NOT MEAN the same thing in Michigan as it does on either coast. In New York, rock is an entertainment, and it competes for top dollar with pornography and sports. In San Francisco, rock is a

cultural pillar, part of the continuing Wild West show the tourists come to see. In Los Angeles, rock is a parking space, a way to get your body off the Strip without taking it out of gear. But in Michigan, rock is a way out, like politics or dope. You go to a dance in Michigan and you spend the night watching for flying bottles and chairs.

In the past few years, Michigan has become the spawning ground of a raw and randy teenage sound, as white as anything the Beach Boys ever touched, without being phlegmatic or refined. Detroit music is the grind, the rush, the proletarian shuffle. It's Iggy Pop (raised in a trailer camp) twisting and spewing like a mad iguana, or Wayne Kramer goading his listeners to "kick out the jams." Yet, there is something stubbornly provincial about this sound; when you take it out of the dance hall and put it in the padded isolation of a recording studio, some crucial bolt of energy slips away. Perhaps because its best performers are so erratic, white Detroit has never enjoyed a representative supergroup. Not until one

Terry Knight, ex-DJ, ex-performer with an instinctive grasp of the logistics of hype, agreed to team up with three local musicians who call themselves Grand Funk Railroad (the Grand Trunk line, which runs in the vicinity of Flint, Michigan).

Here is what Terry Knight, Mark Farner, Don Brewer, and Doug Schacher: he taught them to pace their solos for brevity and impact. He taught them how to move on stage, not in the sinuous, serpentine way known as the rock dance, but in a series of leaps, displaying not sexual suggestiveness but sheer motor drive, the need to move and move. He taught them the craft of performance, a craft that uses volume and amplitude, armored cassettes, and cordons of police. He synchronized the group to perform outdoors, and to this day their music is not apparent on any of the radio. You have to be present at a house on a muggy night, when the lights go up on banks of buzz lights and those three flinty figures to understand why the art of Terry Knight is so effective and so crucial, as an evolving form.

For their efforts, the members of Grand Funk Railroad have sold over a million worth of records during the past two years and now earn up to \$300,000 for their live performance. These statistics may impress the record industry, but in fact, when you consider the vast audience that the band now commands, Grand Funk is such a phenomenon: not as big as the Beatles, or even Hendrix, but the Doors, who equaled Grand Funk in drawing power and also exercised a profound influence over their style in their times.

What is significant about the band is its audience, which consists of people just coming into their own as consumers, kids the music business considers its bread and butter. Traditionally, this market has farmed out in the press, as though, devoid of secrets of enlightenment, they are incapable of judging the needs of their own needs. But in fact, the rejection of the young consumer has always been based on a certain fear of his potential to decrease sales that is intolerable. Yet, this is precisely how change has always

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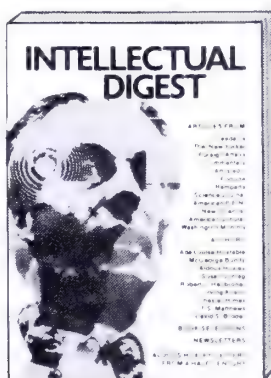
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# The Geography of Survival.

**T**ODAY 70% of the American people live on 2% of the land. Think about that. 142 million people living on 74,000 square miles...in a country of over 3 million square miles!

That's more congested than some countries *famous* for overcrowding—Japan with 100 million people on 142,000 square miles, or England with 45 million people on 50,000 square miles.

No wonder we have problems. Poverty. Crime. Drug addiction. Youth rebellion. Ecological abuses. While they are not necessarily all rooted in the same cause, many American leaders feel that the nation's environmental problems are definitely related to this lopsided imbalance of population and resource utilization. There is growing evidence that this is so.

## THE PROBLEM GROWS WORSE

The President's Task Force on Rural Development reported in March, 1970, that the "...social and economic ills of the nation's inner cities may worsen...infecting even the entire national structure unless we act together with intelligence to prevent it."

It appears that things *are* getting worse. One reason: increased population. By the Year 2000, there will be 100 million more Americans...3 million more people each year to feed, clothe, house and educate.

Then, there is the growing contrast between urban and rural America. As farms have moved to mechanization and consolidation, the resultant surplus of jobless people have migrated to the cities by the millions in search of a better life. (Three million, for example, have left Appalachia alone since World War II.) This movement to the cities has magnified the existing problems of urban congestion and poverty.

As our farm population migrates, rural towns are shrinking in size, opportunity and vitality. To quote the Task Force on Rural Development..."The commercial farm development has passed them by; urbanization

and the population explosion have not found them."

The result? More than *half* the nation's counties report continuing population losses. We are beset by overcrowded conditions in increasingly unmanageable urban areas on the one hand while, on the other, we see a decline in the quality of life in thousands of smaller communities.

That's the problem.

## THE SOLUTION: DISPERSAL

The solution, we believe, is the decentralization of our growing population. To disperse our people geographically.

There are millions of acres of unused land in the United States that are ideal for development of homes, businesses, schools. Enough land in all fifty states to allow 1 acre for every man, woman and child! Public domain land alone averages out to 2½ acres apiece.

Remember Japan's 100 million people on 142,000 square miles? Montana supports more than 1 million on that same area. While Montana supports 45 million people on only 50,000 square miles of land, Arkansas supports 1½ million in comparable space!

## CONCEPT OF POPULATION DISPERSAL GAINS SUPPORT

In recent years, voices have been raised in support of a national commitment to a program of population dispersal. The 1969 National Governors' Conference passed a resolution to "petition Congress to adopt a national policy for a more even distribution of population to alleviate the growing national frustration occurring in overpopulated areas and in areas now losing population."

The December, 1969, Congress of the United States urged a policy of settlement of people throughout the nation to balance the concentration of population.

The Federal Aid Highway Act of 1970 authorizes expenditure of \$100 million over the next two fiscal years to demonstrate the re-

that highways can play in revitalizing the economy of rural and small community areas and in encouraging a more balanced growth of industry and population. It authorizes the Secretary of Transportation to make demonstration grants for planning, design and construction or reconstruction of highways leading to the development of designated "economic growth centers" and their surrounding area.

David Rockefeller, Chairman of the Board, Chase Manhattan Bank, called recently for the creation of a private corporation and a federal agency which, in addition to helping to rehabilitate core cities, would foster private development of 110 new towns and cities—seven of them with populations of over a million, and a hundred others with 100,000 or more.

sector must be deeply involved from the beginning.

Good highways—and a smoothly functioning highway transport system—are the third requisite. Only highway transportation has the flexibility that can make dispersal practical...linking industrial complexes and communities with the rest of the nation. Only highway transportation can facilitate the flow of both goods and people that would support a program to achieve better balance of our population and our resources.

A planned approach to the whole problem of creating or developing new communities of manageable size...of generating the incentives that induce both industry and people to move...could work. It *must* work.

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### THREE REQUISITES TO ANY PLAN

Government leadership is one of the three vital requisites to a successful long-range population dispersal program. The scope and the resources involved in such an undertaking demand the strength and backing that only our federal government can supply. As former Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman put it, "Only a common national policy providing guidelines for planning and development efforts in city, suburbia and countryside can restore balance in America."

A second requisite, of course, is that any decisions concerning the future distribution of our population will have to reflect the collective voice of the people who must provide the resources. Thus, while decisions of such magnitude must be coordinated and implemented by governments, the private

the land, correcting the imbalance is not just the geography of relocation.

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curred in popular culture. An innovative force, rejected as tasteless or mediocre, earns the loyalty of the uninitiated young, and then builds upon that support to launch its attack upon the system, which must eventually accept the new aesthetic or collapse before it.

**P**EOPLE BETWEEN THE AGES of fourteen and eighteen are a hidden source of energy, precisely because they have no vested interest in popular culture, except as it reflects their immediate needs. Free of the burdens of nostalgia and prestige, they may pick and choose among available symbols (or create their own) with an abandon that would be enviable were it not so anomic. No movement or style can dominate for long without their approval; no figure of popular authority can operate effectively without their power base. And in truth, these people have never been wrong, no matter how uneducated their choices have seemed. It was they who initiated the racial exchange that is modern rock 'n' roll, they who put street music on the radio, they who transformed a fledgling expression of English discontent into a potent assertion of their own dissatisfaction. In a larger sense, it was they who first decreed that men would partake of the sensual and women exercise their drive. It was they who endorsed the use of mind-expanding drugs, and they who declared that the war against their souls was the same thing as the Asian enterprise, and demanded that it be halted as the price for domestic peace.

If they have been manipulated, exploited, trod upon by pigs in lovebeads, the damage has been temporary, and the result of these occasional retrenchments has always been a burst of energy, a new scene sweeping away the degeneration of the old. And always these changes have originated with the uncommitted, those with nothing to hold onto except their own uncertain growth.

Grand Funk Railroad is the first rock group since the Beatles to direct its presentation squarely at this source. Since their aim is the exploitation of adolescent power for personal gain (which was precisely what made

the Beatles such a danger to the pop Establishment), no wonder the press has been reluctant to soil its hands over these three young men. But what a stroke of good fortune for Terry Knight, who knows that there are two distinct generations vying for a single popular form and that, inevitably, such an alliance contains the seeds of its own destruction. What if the young begin to exercise their hidden authority by choosing a band that in no way seeks the approval of the hip Establishment, that scorns that Establishment and uses its contempt as a prod, that says to its public, "Listen up, brothers and sisters. They say we're not musicians, and they're right. But you and me, we know a secret. We know that music has nothing to do with rock 'n' roll."

**S**HEA STADIUM; bad humors from the sky. Still, nobody's staying home tonight, rain or shine. For weeks they've been talking about little else on the street corners of Astoria. Grand Funk Railroad at Shea, 55,000 seats sold in a matter of hours, some kids having waited on line two weeks for the ticket windows to open. So tonight, there will be no beach parties on Long Island Sound, no drag racing on the unfinished stretches of Bruckner Boulevard, no forays down to Times Square to gape at the whores. Tonight it seems as if every pair of blue jeans in the borough of Queens, plus a goodly number from Long Island and points north, are here at Shea, filling up the bleachers with bodies and vibes.

The people who come out to see Grand Funk perform are the *lumpen* young, who offer perfunctory allegiance to Dylan and the Stones, but who really have no feeling for the context of that music, who have no sense of the Sixties, and therefore no equipment for experiencing rock. These people are looking for a new set of referents, something that speaks of life in the present and on the fringes. For these people, it makes no difference that Mark Farner cannot deliver a lecture on the varieties of religious experience with his guitar, or that Don Brewer's bass seems mired in tar, or that Mel Schacher's

drums are too heavily amplified to be truly expressive. Neither could the Beatles play nor Dylan sing. What matters to these people is precisely this confession of incompetence, the amateur's embrace, which has been missing from rock for so long.

This is exactly what Grand Funk provides, by insisting that there are merely three young people trying to do the best. But in the current context it comes necessary to add that they are not the next Beatles and never will be because they would sooner be comedians than stars. This assertion—that the brothers and sisters trip—is the ways in which rock in the seventies will depart from its present nocturnalings. Its stars will be those who can convince us that they are no better, no worse off than their audience. The rock stars of the Sixties were shamans, those of the Seventies will be our pals.

Grand Funk Railroad is more than willing to facilitate that kind of contact. The entire act is tailored for accessibility. The songs are cluttered with essential chords; the lyrics, easily memorized points. If you listen closely and tight, the way you've trained yourself to hear Jerry Garcia of The Grateful Dead, there is virtually nothing to grab onto, nothing to carry you away. Grand Funk's music is flat and bright like high-gloss enamel on a refrigerator or a car. You have to pull away before its force begins to show. Only when you have established your own willingness to be casual, when you have opened your ears to include the whole stadium, does the power of Grand Funk Railroad become manifest. It is the power of an engine, personal, mechanical, with the sharp edges of Lucite and gears of polished steel. There is no virtuosity, no virtuosity, no shading in volume or inflection, only the propulsive competence of a clean machine. The stadium vibrates with every beat; my seat vibrates under me; a jet plane flying low is lulled by the chords. It feels as if I'm sitting in the belly of a turbine engine, slamming through the night, hit with flashes of motorman's special lift I get standing between the cars of a speeding train, or riding a greasy cycle, the magic in a churning gears.

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The performer as cyborg: a fertile tradition in modern music surfacing most recently in stochastic composition, in aleatory jazz, and the sound sculptures of Jimi Hendrix. Those high fluid shapes he sent hurtling over his audience like holo-images. But never has the mechanistic been executed with such vacant grace. Sitting at Shea, I'm reminded of a scene in *Of a Fire on the Moon* as the Mailer scans the faces of onlookers filled with private furies, as the anonymous obelisk lifts off. If there's an aesthetic to such moments—artistic—the launch—then it must apply to the Grand Funk Railroad as well. For here is a tonal obelisk rising from the pitcher's mound; it is as neutral as a spacecraft, as void of personal sequence, and as ominous to those who have come to equate expression with art.

**T**HE SET LASTS eighty minutes. When it's over, the band is whisked into a black limousine, where a crowd clamors for more and forms a stiff cordon around the car. Suddenly the PA system comes alive with the first bars of *Also Sprach Zarathustra*. As the crowd roars with delight, banks of red lights stretch behind the amps, and the limo speeds across the field, reaching the stage just as the last thundering chords fade into ozone.

No doubt Terry Knight chose to send us home to *Zarathustra* because it has become a pat symbol of grandeur and splendor, played on progressive stages to mark the rising and setting of the sun. But dramatic instinct can never be explained in purely technical terms; all hype is mythic intention and its tone. I prefer to think that Terry Knight has sensed a certain harmony between Richard Strauss and Grand Funk Railroad, a common celebration and awe machine. If it takes three years for those who handle their instrumental tools—who are tools themselves—to assert the spirit of technomagic time, we will all have to pay attention. Not because it sells, but because it moves. And that, friends, has nothing to do with rock 'n' roll.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/OCTOBER



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## RECORD ALBUM NOTES

A word thing from the kid with the Bic pen

**T**HE ALBUM is supposed to speak for itself, and does, but writing notes happens to be my thing, so I get to do it. The only person against notes when we took a vote was Paul, who is the naked kid on the front cover. I'm the one holding the Bic pen. I'm not such a hot writer, Paul's right so far as his suburban head goes, but that's not very far. Paul has never read a book that he likes, has never had this experience not because he is poor but because he is suburban and cool and hip and goes out of his way to avoid such experience, and so, knock on wax, he has a lot to wake up to. Do you know what Paul thinks he is doing by being naked on our beautiful front cover? He thinks he is expanding the minds of all the record-cover copy peekers in all the department stores across the land. The beneficial effect is emanating mostly from his crotch too.

The album, our group, and the first song on side one are all called "Enough." Bill Carter wrote and arranged all the songs here except for Fred's tuba solo and the pots and pans. The title is taken from the April 24, 1971, Washington peace-demonstration button that said, simply, "Enough." "When I read that button," Bill told me, "something clicked inside. All the hassles, horrors, and general crap that my mind had been going through got a little more bearable and lined up behind that one little word. I'm not very susceptible to buttons as a rule. There were a lot of buttons there I couldn't directly relate to. Like one of them had, 'LAOS, ABM, \$, SHIRLEY TEMPLE BLACK?' on it, and I agree there are connections to be made in a list like that, but I don't see the use of insisting on them in the space of a button. My mind just sort of stops

when I see something like that, and the complexity that might justify the association goes overlooked. But 'enough' drew me in, it understood me. You'd either had it or you hadn't, and either way you'd had enough."

The next song is "Naked Kid in the Back," which brings us back to Paul, which is pretty natural, him being naked—you might wonder why isn't he wearing any clothes? Well, Paul planned on being naked, and he told us all at great length he was going to do it. Bill listened to us rap and didn't enter in; he doesn't talk much anyway. Paul was on speed and talk was all he wanted to do. I said, "Look. Paul, I would be writing the notes if we do get an album and one of the hassles I'd have to get into because of you is that we are just another bunch of pot-valiant, exhibitionistic kids. I mean, by the time they philosophize your clothes back on, we would just be another media job, and a lot of people may never get to the music, which is what the album is supposed to be about." It made a lot of sense to me, and it still does. When you see Paul on the street he's always wearing his clothes, and he was wearing them right up to the minute when the guy set up the camera. According to him he does it now mainly to illustrate the song Bill wrote about our rap that night, which is the second song of the album, but essentially he hasn't changed his original stand, which was, "Well, we are a bunch of exhibitionistic kids. Art is showy whether it's good or bad. I'm beautiful. It might be too hot in the studio. I don't know."

The number that finishes the first side is done by Fred Schaeffer, who is holding the tuba in the picture on the other side. Fred calls it "Tuba Solo," and that's exactly what it is. Besides being the only black member of the band, Fred is a junior at an Eastern university and hopes to spe-

cialize in microbiology. The sort of a hobby with him, but he says, "Hobby isn't the word I want." All sorts of arrangements were worked out for this thing, but Fred told Bill that it was something he would have to do by himself. So we all sat and listened. He was glad

**T**HE FIRST SONG on side two is pots and pans. We were in a room, and Mike, who is holding the eggbeater, started pounding the microphone with it. One by one we joined in with whatever was around the room. This was at an apartment and Mike had decided to have the eggbeater because his broke and he had three others at his place. "None of them are mine," he told me. "With everybody moving in and out, eggbeaters tend to be one of the things people leave behind." Anyway, we were in a room and the tape recorder was running and everybody was beating out whatever percussion we were feeling at the time and it was just very noisy. That's not the tape we've got for the album though. When we listened to the tape we found that the eggbeater landing directly on the microphone had blotted out the rest of the room, and it was a one-tape recorder anyway. It didn't matter, because nobody was thinking of recording it for the album. A month later it just so happened that the eggbeater Mike gave me broke and he was bringing a second eggbeater when he was by the studio while we were taking a break. He brought it out and played a catchy little rhythm thing and it caught. In ten minutes we were all beating and banging together, and when it was over I said anything for about a minute. That isn't what we have on the album either though. The engineer



it. He'd thought of recording halfway into it, but by that time hanging on the control and they were all out of whack. Next day we brought pots and Mike brought his last egg and we recorded it and that's in the record now. None of for it very much. After the day Mike blamed it on the egg which helped lighten the feeling we all had about it. While we were recording it we used it. Subsequent efforts just got worse, just like a lot of pans and if you listen hard you can hear an egg. We speeded up the tape so it was a minute.

Next song is a long one and the second side. It's called, "Like a red-faced, wet-pantsed man on to a hungry thief in a way with him not knowing if he's anything worthwhile yet not knowing if you have anything worthwhile yet either and either don't know if it will make a difference to him which makes a difference to you." It's an instrumental for others, so don't worry about hearing the words again. They wouldn't even have titles except I'd need something to work with. I expected me to do a good thing, which, believe me, I am doing. Bill's original idea was the rest of the album be silent enough." Even Paul thought it was a pretty sterile idea. We tried to talk him out of it though, but soon he had another idea. Something that detailed a freshman speech advocating a global solution on the part of the United Nations to build flush toilets for every family in the world so that the children of these families not having the money to fill their tables to use the toilets would finally be faced with something that might be done to help. But the essentially sarcastic tone of the thing soured it before we got far into it. "Finally I figured out I wasn't going to be able to continue with words," Bill told me, "but not anything I could hold on to for the next album. It is a challenge." □

In an era when so many things are not as good as they used to be, here is one thing as good as it used to be.



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## LETTER FROM CAPE COD

A lobsterman needs a good memory and an abiding love of the sea

PROPERLY IT IS *Homarus Americanus* and a close cousin to lice and the sow bug. Wickedly frightening, its appearance suggests the prototype for a monocoque war machine designed by Genghis Khan as seen in a Japanese horror movie. It lives under rocks and eats anything, fresh or decaying, plant or animal, alive or dead. It is a notable cannibal. Do not give it a chance to try to eat you. If it weighed a hundred pounds (some may) it would be the most dangerous big game animal anywhere, and you can eat your fill of *Homarus Americanus* for about fifteen dollars.

Catching *Homarus* along the south Cape Cod coast of *Americanus* is a complicated, strenuous, involved procedure very few men perform well, but Carl Taylor knows the work and he is the best lobsterman on Buzzard's Bay. Carl is small, about five feet six. He has dark hair and prominent forearms with slightly swollen hands, an older man's hands (he is twenty-seven), nails thick and convex from being torn away. He smiles beautifully and is quiet for a small man. He has a small wife and two children, a baby boy and a girl four years old.

If a lobsterman works hard he can make a good living. Carl's wife Carolyn helps with the gear, paints the buoys with Carl's orange and green stripe on white, runs errands, and makes his breakfast at 3:30 A.M. She is a bright, happy girl and she fusses around Carl in the evening while he talks lobster theory:

"Now the biologists say they migrate and that they scavenge their food, but it's only a guess. A biologist who has studied them maybe fifteen years will tell you, 'This is what I think happens.' But he doesn't know for sure. No one does.

"I believe that they don't migrate. I think they can go for months without food; you'll find two or three in a lost pot after the winter, after two months, alive and frisky. But I don't know. . . . You can go out if you want. A lobsterman puts in a long day. We start here at four."

THERE IS ONLY a faint wash of light due east when I arrive at Carl's house. He does not live on the water—perhaps for the same reason the steelman doesn't live at the mill. It seems to be the least quiet part of his day. He is very cheerful, as he loads new traps into his truck from the basement gear workshop. The traps go into the truck with their buoys inside them and line coiled beside. Also a plastic barrel, airtight, of fresh flounderbacks from the fillet houses in New Bedford. I stay upwind, drinking tea, and Carl chats about his family. His father, McCoy, is a lobsterman going on twenty-three years; his brother 'Coy—older than Carl—is just back from the service, starting his strings of pots with Carl's help.

Carl shouts something back to his wife through the kitchen door, then we get into the truck and are riding down Great Neck Road to Wareham with the lights on. Carl coasts through the stoplight at the bridge across the inlet and hails the parked police car.

"Louis isn't pulling pots today, he's over to New Bedford." The lobstermen know what lobstermen do. There are only two lobsterboats snugged up along the dock: Carl's *Carolyn J.* and Louis' boat, thirty yards down. They are small, about twenty-eight feet, and obviously workboats—broad in the beam with high bows and a small cabin forward. The cabin's overhead slopes up, going aft to the glass spray shield. Back from the spray shield, and covering the forward half of the

long cockpit, is a wood canopy. The cockpit is stacked with new and placement lobster traps. There are exposed cleats aft of the cabin. The traps are all set under the rail. All the gear—the wheel and winch and the other implements—are grouped on the starboard side just beside a bronze cap on the rail. (Maine lobsterboats group the gear on the port side, and there may be a difference for their difference, but Massachusetts lobstermen say it is only because all Maine men are contrary.)

We back up to the wharf. It is low tide and the wind is blowing off the black mud flats and the dark smell of greasy mud and eroded pilings make the dim air feel the wind colder. I am a little late to find that the *Carolyn J.* is making her fast to the piling with plastic loose-braid—colorful stuff you will find on beach toys. Carl is much the sailor without presiding over much salty fare on you, and he expects manila lines. Later I ask about the toy lines and he tells me manila and hemp last one while plastic or nylon will last a long time.

The deck is eight feet below the dock, it is calm and the *Carolyn J.* rides easy. I pass the wire basket of my own gear down to Carl, who has two large vacuum jugs and a five-gallon pail. He unlocks the cabin and goes under the cockpit hatch with the engine while I stow the gear. The engine is a big diesel and it shakes the boat all over. Carl shouts over the noise, "It has to be mounted on rubber blocks. No Remount in the winter. Four years. It is, he later explains, much better for this work than a two-cycle engine of the kind that powers buoys. A four-cycle is more efficient, idling and revving alternately, a thing the *Carolyn J.*'s motor will have to do for the next eleven hours, slowing down and moving quickly to the no-



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Carl asks me to lean into the cabin and throw three switches. When I turn out of the door, the running lights are on and brown water is shooting from plastic pipes over the port rail. After a minute one stream runs clear, a minute later the other runs foam. Carl signals that the foam should be turned off. The brownest water was bilge, the foam at the end was water jostled with the sticky sea slime on lobsters, bait, seaweed. The other pipe runs in and out of a rust-hooped wooden barrel made fast to the port rail and pumps seawater through it.

Carl, surprisingly agile in his rubber boots, skips about letting go the lines. When we are clear of the moorings Carl motions me to the wheel. He points down the line of black can buoys on our starboard and shouts in my ear, "Steer along the channel." I nod; I am a little honored. He steps down into the cabin and out again with his pulling gear.

He is wearing smooth worn corduroys, a faded flannel shirt, underneath the shirt a black sailor's jersey, and mid-calf brown rubber boots. He has tilted his baseball cap to the back of his head. He pulls on a bright yellow rubber coverall with suspenders that say, "Helly J. Hansen," in black block letters. It is a very gay outfit for this time of the morning. More of his pulling gear: an ash pole fitted with a bent sixteen-penny nail on the end, a wooden box filled with white rubber bands and a pliers device, four pipes, and an inexpensive tobacco. Two more items, these less casual: the depth-sounder, which measures distance to the bottom in feet—a transistorized instrument accurate enough to distinguish between sandy, hard, or rocky bottom; and the gauge, a machined piece of bronze with two projections for measuring the distance between the eye socket of the lobster and the rear of the back carapace. It reads, "Lobster Gauge, State of Massachusetts, 3 3/16." A lobster whose carapace fits between the prongs of the gauge is worth a \$50 fine if Carl brings it to market. "The fine is bad enough but the license is what counts. I think I'd cry if someone told me I couldn't go lobstering."

We are coming up on some buoys. I ask Carl if these are his, shouting

and motioning. He nods, yet at 4:35, still a little difficult to make the shoreline. I think he is the first one; we are downwind the engine is still full. He stops abruptly, I almost lose my balance the buoy is below the gunwale. I cannot see. It seems the buoy will be past him. He cuts the engine with his left hand and with his right hand casually snags the line under the hook with the hook on the ash pole.

It is ballet, better because this is part of it and you are on the open water... leaning back against the pull of the weighted lobster pot giving way... an easy look at the now slack line into the free open side and the sure one-snugging of the line into the winch... snugged, the left keeps tension while the right the puller and then the line snags... the vibrating pull of the line unseen pot rising off the stony bottom. All simple, workman's motion all day and through 300 pots graceful progression never loses and fascination. Nor do the pots the first excitement as they pull themselves one by one out of depths and swing against the bronze cap, dripping and crackling, snapping things. You can feel it all under your fingers in your nose.

**S**HORTS AND SPIDER CRABS, sand and starfish. The first pot is an appointment. Carl is wearing rubber gloves, the kind scallop men use, pliable at any temperature. He reaches into the trap through the top door, in among the clawing blinding things and pulls them from the slat sides, throwing them back. They sink out of sight. The crabs are idling and Carl can talk. "See, crabs, they're all over the bottom. The pots are full of them. The relative of the king crab Alaska." He holds one up smaller, see?" It picks at his nose. "Pretty soon someone will find a market for them, they taste like king crab. People will

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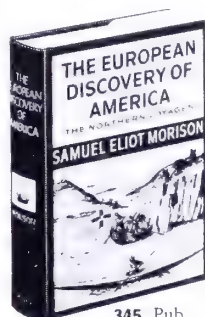
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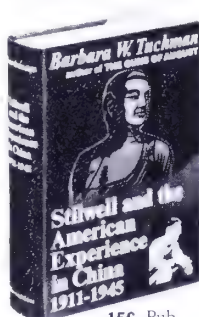
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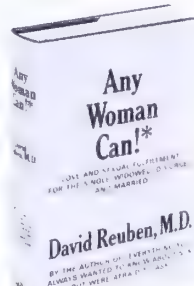
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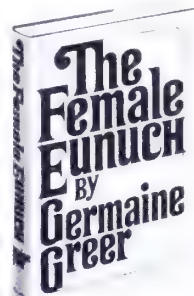
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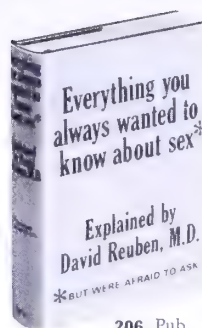
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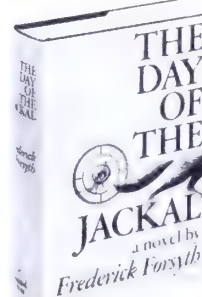
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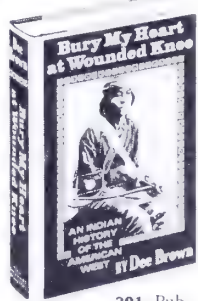


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eating them if someone sells em but the Taylors won't."

The shorts are undersize lo For every pound of lobster we Carl throws more than two back. He is more careful of the than of the crabs; if a crab clir tightly to the trap, Carl breaks off on the outside. The lobste and small, fight his hand hard. he pulls crabs out he must wat lobsters carefully. The conch and starfish are like gay stones, the not move. Carl rebaits the trap with two flounderbacks folded in he pushed over the bent wire in they pop when the backbones ea "I can remember when I was n guess, big piles of starfish alo docks. The docks were more cr then, more fishermen, and they throw all the starfish they dred found in their pots on big piles someone would take them to the and burn them. They're predat lobsters and clams and oysters.

I shout to Carl, is he going to this string? "No," he says, "the here next week. After a whi start to know where they'll they're on this ledge they'll three others too. That's why perienced lobsterman fishes be

Carl pushes the throttle fo and we start again. He wat depth-sounder. There are two around its face, one at zero fe fairly steady at twenty-eight lower line breaks into smaller li an instant, and Carl pushes t overboard. "Rocks," he shout the sounder. Wait. Some ab us." We roar on for half a minu the sounder breaks into lines "See them?" The rocks are wh lobster lives, rocks in cold wat has thrown a depth-temperat strument on a hand line all arou bay. It helped, he says, "but most of what it told me."

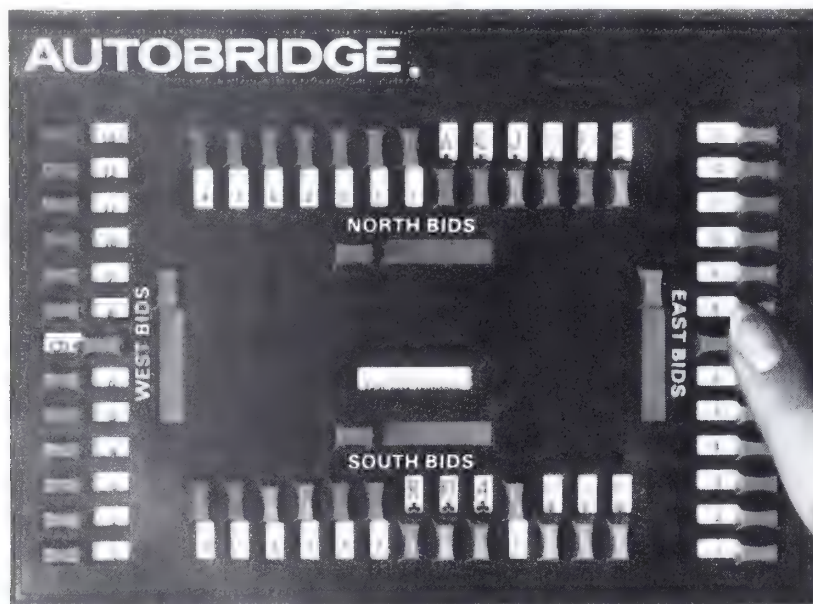
We start off toward the next full throttle, trying to use the before the sun is high and hot to start the wind. Carl goes out possible day except during the stormiest months of winter. thrown overboard about twice season. In the cold months home making gear—traps and buoys.



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are coming up on Bird  
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tion. I can see several  
pots all around the island  
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"I'll see some lobsters." The  
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each other.

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ack high and spreads his  
backs in between two  
him out with a stick and  
h... he looks pretty for-  
Ended, the lobsters go into  
whirling with seawater.

re breathe with their gills, in  
ir. The water must con-  
ulate and be replaced,  
rs will suffocate much  
ygen-depleted water than  
where they can live for  
ept cool and undisturbed.  
not have a circulating  
nd carries them nicely on

a bed of ice in a large cooler; the  
temperature slows down their life  
functions, keeping them alive.

Before I throw them into the  
keeper, Carl checks them with the  
gauge. He also checks under the tail  
where the female lobster cements her  
eggs. Any eggs, even a single egg,  
class her as an egger—as illegal as a  
short. The male lobsters are distin-  
guishable by a line of horns on spikes  
down the middle of the tail's under-  
side. The female has no horns and  
must be carefully inspected each  
time. Often she is an egger, often the  
gauge slips over the carapace or can  
be gently forced and they go back in.  
Carl says simply, "Last year I learned  
patience."

**B**UT THIS STRING requires no  
patience. Around Bird Island we  
never pull a pot without lobsters.  
Often they are shorts, but our haul is  
good, more than one to every pot.  
"We're slaughtering them," Carl says.  
If you are taking in the several  
pounds a trap that these three sum-  
mer months must produce to balance  
the year's receipts, you are "slaughtering  
them." If you are a good lobster-  
man it will not be luck: it will be a  
matter of skill.

The lobsters we are pulling around  
Bird Island are big trap lobsters—two  
pounds, up to three. Down at the  
lobster markets by the water are flats  
and troughs running with fresh sea-  
water, graded in weights of lobsters  
from one-and-a-quarter (chicken lob-  
sters) to three pounds. Another flat  
holds eight-, twelve-, or thirty-pound  
monsters, picked up by dredgers in  
their bottom-weighted nets, that go  
for large wealthy families and resta-  
urant salads. (I would not want to meet  
one without a baseball bat.) The big  
ones (too big for our traps) have ex-  
cellent meat at a lower price per  
pound, though some say the meat is  
tougher. A thirty-pound lobster will  
be over thirty-five years old and there  
is evidence that in deeper waters they  
can live as long as a man may.

We finish the Bird Island strings  
and start across Buzzard's Bay, seven  
miles to Cleveland Ledge Lighthouse,  
when a dredger steams across our  
bow. Carl shouts, "Worked dredgers

# Borzoi English Vodka

**Imported  
for the  
vodka martini man**



FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y. 91.5 PROOF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



## Won't you buy him \$240 worth of food for \$10?

This little guy is one of the nicest kids you'd ever want to meet. He's one of nine children plus a mother and a grandfather living in a two room shack in an impoverished area of a small Alabama town.

His family's most urgent problem is hunger. There's simply not enough for them to eat. Not just at certain times of the year . . . but day in and day out. Malnutrition is endangering their present health as well as the development of their minds and bodies.

Right now. Right here in the U.S.A., there are thousands of families on the back roads of the rural South whose

diets are so inadequate they are facing slow starvation.

That's why the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is in its fourth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for families of tenant farmers, field hands and seasonal workers. Under this federally sponsored program, 50¢ buys as much as \$12 worth of Food Stamps. Since many families have almost no income at all, contributions are vital. Your \$10 can buy \$240 worth of food to help them survive. As one donor recently wrote—"Where else can my modest donation do so much!"

To contribute, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund\*  
Dept. A8, Box 121, Radio City Sta  
New York, N.Y. 10019

\*A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund, a project of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People



### LETTER FROM CAPE COD

when I was nineteen. Summer is bad, work scallopers in the Hard work, long hours." He

**C**ARL BRINGS A CHART OUT to me where we have been and we are going. He does not have a chart, though there are 300 strings of four or six or eight scattered around the several hundred square miles of Buzzard's Bay. Each location, the number of pots in each string, and the catch in each string are kept in a head. One thing a lobsterman has is a good memory—memory of a kind of bearing sense, since he finds every pot in the fog that is a thirty-yard circle around the pot. In fogs, he says, he sometimes loses out the compass.

If a pot is missing, Carl knows a pot is robbed, he knows it's angry. "A fellow who wouldn't rob a gas station won't think twice about robbing a pot. 'Why, just look at the pots out there,' he'll say. 'I'll go out there and pull one up and it's a lobster.' He'll take shorts of it and won't feel bad about it. He knows it's not so bad as robbing the bank. I just don't understand people."

We start into the Cleveland strings. Carl looks carefully at the first lobsters, gently feeling the shells. He does not lift these lobsters. "Don't rough these up. They are shedders. See how soft they are? They'll come right apart if you will. Handle them easy." The lobsters are springy and the joints are crustacean like the lobster. Carl pand his shell as he grows and sheds the outgrown covering several times. Young lobsters, which are translucent at first, cast off their shells several times a year. The frequency of shedding is less for one a year for a three-pound lobster who is around nine years old, the older lobster. Shedding is somehow exit by an impossible opening between the tail and the carapace, and hide under rock. The new shell is hard enough to protect them. One community of lobsters will shed sooner than another, differing temperature or day and water makeup.

Introducing Lejon Blanc de Blancs.



In the finest tradition of Premium Champagnes,  
Lejon Blanc de Blancs is naturally fermented in the bottle.

Made only from select white grapes,  
this Champagne is lighter in body, with a sensitive delicate taste.  
**Lejon.** For people who know something about Champagne.  
And, also, something about life.



# VERSE

## SOME DAYS OF ITS GIFT

by William Stafford

It is a little day: no flags,  
no guns flinging their caps,  
and the Heads of State are too busy.  
So it is our own holiday  
like the others we take without  
telling anyone else.

This whole day is your gift:  
hold it and read a leaf at a  
time, never hurried, never waiting.  
Step, step, slide; then turn,  
dance on the calendar,  
reach out a hand, give lavish  
as anyone ever gave—all.

Some days of its gift, no matter  
how small, we say: "Thank you, Day."  
I say it this day, Valentine.

## HIDE AND GO SEEK AT THE CEMETERY

Where snow can't find them  
they hear us run across  
their sky. They must hold  
quiet, so very quiet, there.

With fingers crossed we cross  
their field, and hide, and call  
*Come find me! Oh, I'm here!*  
*I'm free! Not it! Not it!*

They never move. No sound.  
And then the snow.

## CROW MAIDEN

by Richard Brautigan

Starring a beautiful young girl and twenty-three crows. She has blond hair. The crows are intelligent. The director is obsessed with the budget (too low). The photographer has fallen in love with the girl. She can't stand him. The crows are patient. The director is a homosexual. The girl loves him. The photographer daydreams murder. "One hundred and seventy-five thousand. I was a fool!" the director says to himself. The girl has taken to crying a lot at night. The crows wait for their big scene.

And you will go where crows go  
and you will know what crows know.

After you have learned all their secrets  
and think the way they do and your love  
caresses their feathers like the walls  
of a midnight clock, they will fly away  
and take you with them.

And you will go where crows go  
and you will know what crows know.

LETTER FROM CAPE COD

THERE ARE LOBSTERMEN who  
in a better catch than Carl? William Whipple is a commercial shore lobsterer who fishes as far as two hundred miles out up to the edge of the continental shelf, from a 10,000 ship equipped with a temperature probe (about \$60,000 worth of very sensitive equipment) with which he locates the precise temperature locales lobsters inhabit. None of the buoys show above the surface; they are underwater radio beacons located by radio command from the ship. Every time William Whipple pulls a pot with his space-Navy, he can expect around fifteen pounds of legal lobster. But the skills that Taylor plies are his father's; the old men's skills learned many years ago, fathers back, taught to each son, nephew and godson, relearned. He knows where the lobsters are by using a temperature probe, without having seen the bottom or the lobster. He hunts under the rocks his father registers. He reads the water better than I read road signs. He is not afraid of the waves and does not enjoy pitching about any more than I do, but he is a fisherman, it is a calling.

WE SLAUGHTER THEM. Every way back across Buzzards Bay I steer while Carl brushes the lobster down. When we have the lobster channel markers alongside it is 4 P.M., and we have taken enough to fill the barrel and three baskets. We hoist six bushels onto the dock (it is low tide) and into the truck. At the market we have over a hundred pounds of lobster. The market owner looks into the basement and asks to weigh them himself, he is busy. He brings up the slip marked with weights after he sorts them into troughs. He talks with the man, they nod and laugh over iced trays. Carl picks up a bag of potato chips and we are in the car again. But Carl's day is not done; he still has to make the New Bedford trip for bait and take a load of bait down to the dock. Then he will be in early, because a lobsterman starts at four.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/OCTOBER



# We swim in it too.

Long before all the headlines  
on ocean pollution, Texaco's tanker  
operating procedures  
prohibited the dumping of oil at sea.  
Anywhere. Anytime.

This is our commitment that  
we will never willfully  
pollute the beaches of our world.

After all, we swim  
in the same waters you do.



We're working to keep your trust.



# How to get about 2 more drops out of Johnnie Walker Red

When your bottle of Johnnie Walker Red appears empty, place it under hot, scalding water, and more drops of the world's largest selling Scotch will appear. You can do the same thing with any bottle of whiskey, but when you do it with Johnnie Walker Red Label, it's worth the trouble.



**Johnnie Walker Red. The world's largest selling Scotch**

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Imported by SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., New York, N.Y.

# PROFESSORS, UNITE!

Organizers are raiding the academic groves for dues-paying members. Professors, surprisingly, are only too happy to sign up.

THINK CAMPUS UNREST is a thing of the past. Consider this scenario: It is late summer, 1970. For months, union representatives of the 2,000 faculty members of the University at Muddy Pond (SUMP) have been in conflict with the administration over a new contract. Now union officials dourly inform the faculty that a faculty strike is a real possibility. There is some "give" by the administration: higher salaries and fringe benefits. Asked where the money is to come from, a union spokesman says: higher student fees. Then, just as the administration is about to approve this plan, the executive secretary of the Union of Students calls a press conference and reads the following statement:

*40,000 students of SUMP have had to pay tuition. They now pay an average of \$2,000 in tuition. This comes to \$80 million, or 10 per cent of the university budget. Aside from the fact that higher fees will drive hundreds of needy students off the campus, we have been appalled at the faculty union's persistent refusal to accept student participation in faculty evaluation. We have also noted with growing concern the administration's effort to raise dormitory rents and cafeteria prices. The executive committee of the student union has therefore unanimously voted in favor of a mass refusal to pay any tuition at SUMP. It goes up as a result of the faculty union's intolerable pressure on the administration. We support adequate faculty compensation. But any increase at this time should be contingent upon real faculty accountability. It should be fixed only through bargaining and faith with the University Union of Muddy Pond.*

A student spokesman means business, and the faculty union representatives know it. For example, the student union has an imposing dues list: \$20 dues are paid each year by about 40,000 students. For another, the student union has filed ten lawsuits against various professors, alleging that their arbitrary and capricious

grading has caused severe financial hardship and loss of reputation for the student plaintiffs. Even pro-strike professors don't want to see student unionists sifting through their lectures, examinations, and grades for evidence of incompetence or unfairness.

And so, behind the scenes, a compromise is worked out. The strike threat by students and faculty is resolved by agreement on a modest raise with no immediate hike in tuition. The students also get a faculty-administration pledge to disclose certain data on grades. And the student and faculty unions agree to undertake a joint lobbying effort to increase SUMP's legislative appropriations.

## Faculty solidarity

TO MANY AMERICANS, the most incongruous figures in this scenario would be the faculty. Students are assumed to be activists who dominate weak and confused administrators. But professors supposedly have no business belonging to unions and threatening to strike. It's little wonder the public thinks so, when most professors do also. Or did until the past year or two.

Unseemly or not, the unionization of college and university faculties will be one of the most important developments in higher education in the next decade. To be sure, the trend is still a modest one. At the start of this school year, only about 50,000 (or 6 per cent) of the country's 836,000 faculty members were employed under the terms of a union contract. And the collective bargaining that went into those contracts involved only about 180 campuses out of a U.S. total of 2,700. Only six universities had contracts — Southeastern Massachusetts, Central Michigan, Rutgers, the City University of New York, Long Island University, and the University of Wisconsin (for teaching assistants) — while most of the rest were community colleges or technical institutes.

*Mr. Lieberman was chairman of the First National Conference on Collective Bargaining in Higher Education in 1970. He is Director of Program Development in the office of Teacher Education at the City University of New York.*



Myron Lieberman  
**PROFESSORS,  
UNITE!**

Even so, professorial collective bargaining is on the rise throughout the country. As the 1971-72 academic year began, the Senate Professorial Association (an affiliate of the National Education Association) was bargaining on a single contract that will cover twenty-seven public institutions of higher education in New York. In Pennsylvania, an election was scheduled for October 6, to determine who would represent the faculties of thirteen state colleges and one university. Election petitions have been submitted in such diverse institutions as the University of Rhode Island, Wayne State University, and the University of Hawaii. In California, which has the nation's biggest public campus system, roughly two-thirds of the faculty in the state colleges now favor unionization and collective bargaining, compared to less than half in 1967.

In assessing the pace of professorial unionization, one must remember that it took only nine years to organize 65 per cent of the nation's schoolteachers for collective bargaining. Two teacher unions, the National Education Association (1,000,000 members) and the American Federation of Teachers (250,000 members) achieved this result in fierce competition with each other for teacher members. Both the NEA and the AFT (including their state and local affiliates) have made impressive gains in salaries, fringe benefits, and working conditions by hard bargaining and willingness to take other militant job actions.

It is virtually certain that college and university faculties will follow this pattern in the 1970s. Faculty members have always been concerned about money and security, but they have sought these things as individuals, negotiating their status and rewards privately with deans and department heads. That they should now be bargaining collectively like auto workers or long-shoremen or custodians at their own institutions requires some explanation, but it shouldn't be surprising. One reason is that the legislative situation is vastly more favorable to collective bargaining in higher education, and will be even more so in the future, than it was in the 1960s for public-school teachers. In 1962, only Wisconsin had formally legalized collective bargaining by public-school teachers, whereas by the summer of 1971, about fifteen states had enacted legislation authorizing collective bargaining in higher education. Many others are likely to follow if federal legislation does not resolve the problem soon.

Indeed, federal jurisdiction over labor relations in private institutions of higher education (which employ about one-third of all academic

personnel) is a recently accomplished fact. The 1970 ruling of the National Labor Relations Board held that the NLRB would assume jurisdiction over employment disputes in private institutions of higher education, provided that the institutions had a significant impact on interstate commerce. Subsequently, the NLRB ruled that it would assume jurisdiction over labor disputes in private institutions with a gross income of \$1,000,000 or more. This ruling placed jurisdiction over more than two-thirds of private higher education under NLRB jurisdiction and greatly stimulated unionizing activities in private institutions.

### In self-defense

ANYONE FAMILIAR WITH labor-management transactions elsewhere in the economy can readily understand why professors are rapidly seizing their opportunities to bargain collectively. A collective-bargaining contract provides much better protection against capricious or unfair management than a policy state-adopted unilaterally by management. By the same token, policies on academic freedom are adopted unilaterally by boards of regents and can be changed unilaterally. And this is often what happens when a policy comes under serious political or economic attack, precisely where protection is needed most.

Then, too, a professor's grievance may run counter to the policy of a governing board, but the way the policy is being carried out by the administration. Suppose, for example, that a board adopts a policy that guarantees a ten-hour teaching load "except in emergencies." The faculty might have been agreeable to this policy, but the administration may then start interpreting "emergency" so broadly as to undercut the policy. Without a collective-bargaining contract, the faculty could do very little about this kind of interpretation. With such a contract, faculty members could take their grievances to a neutral, impartial third party for binding arbitration. Such procedures are normally used by unions to prevent management from interpreting away a right presumably granted in the collective-bargaining contract.

Many other positive features of collective bargaining are attracting professors into unions. But unionization and collective bargaining are also a defensive reaction to the fact that higher education is no longer a fair-haired boy in the competition for public and private support. In many areas, higher education is under unprecendented budgetary pressure threatening basic sta-

re, as well as traditional professional  
such as sabbaticals and travel al-  
Even cutbacks in the number of fac-  
inkable in the education boom of the  
a reality on some campuses. In many  
glish and physics, for example—there  
more Ph.D.s looking for jobs than there  
ngs. This tends to drive down starting  
chelon salaries, making younger fac-  
bers especially apprehensive—and in-  
unionization.

ns vary from campus to campus, but  
all observers expect the next few years  
ticularly difficult. A recent study of  
public institutions indicated that ten-  
to finish the 1970-71 school year with a  
th the number likely to increase sub-  
in the near future. The measures these  
e taking to meet the financial squeeze  
deferring maintenance, eliminating new  
and freezing or cutting back on fac-  
private higher education, the financial  
typically more critical than in public  
s. In both sectors, therefore, faculties  
ning assault on privileges and perqui-  
have enjoyed for years—they are or-  
self defense.

the American Association of University  
(AAUP) seem confused and ambiv-  
e race, the NEA and AFT are more  
r to organize faculties for collective  
g. This was not always the case. Back in  
60s, when the drive to organize public  
bers for collective bargaining got un-  
only the AFT was criticizing the pre-  
widely held among teachers them-  
at "professionals" simply didn't bar-  
tively, no matter what the potential  
he NEA was overwhelmingly con-  
legislative instead of a collective-bar-  
approach to terms and conditions of  
t for teachers. But when the AFT  
ght in 1962 to represent teachers in  
City, the NEA, though squeamish  
union label, galvanized itself to union

e growing role as passionate suitors of  
erial hand, the NEA and AFT bring  
ssets. NEA already has more than one  
umbers, and its annual budget exceeds  
n. Although its membership in higher  
is less than half the AAUP's 90,000,  
enrolling professors at a much faster  
s members typically pay much more  
P members in state and local dues.  
overnment level throughout the coun-  
LA and its affiliates have staff and

resources available for every aspect of unioniza-  
tion and collective bargaining. It already bar-  
gains for more professors, including those in two  
of the three largest systems of public higher edu-  
cation, than all other faculty organizations com-  
bined. If NEA affiliates can win all or even most  
of this year's major representation elections  
(e.g., those for all the state colleges in Pennsyl-  
vania and all of higher education in Hawaii), the  
organization will very probably become the  
dominant professorial union in the country.

"As unionization  
gains momen-  
tum, the politi-  
cal influence of  
professors will  
increase cor-  
respondingly."

**I**N THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE at least, the NEA's  
main opposition will come from the AFT, now  
one of the fastest growing unions in the AFL-  
CIO. AFT prospects will depend largely upon  
the financial crisis in higher education and the  
legislative attempts to limit or abolish tenure,  
to increase teaching loads, and to cut back on  
other faculty conditions of employment. At the  
senior college and university level, the federa-  
tion's best opportunities appear to be in urban  
institutions. The AFT is also a strong contender



JACK DAVIS



Myron Lieberman  
PROFESSORS.  
UNITE!

in community colleges, especially where faculty often come from an AFT local and tend to look to it for organizational support. Rather surprisingly, private higher education represents another promising area for federation growth. The desperate financial crisis in private institutions is forcing most of them to make an all-out effort for public support. AFT and AFL-CIO policies favor such support; the NEA has been silent. The AFT also stands a good chance this fall of winning representation rights for the regular full-time faculty at the twenty institutions constituting the City University of New York. Such a victory would be an extraordinary boost to AFT affiliates elsewhere, especially at the senior college and university level. Ordinarily, however, AFT growth will be hindered rather than helped by system-wide bargaining. In a number of states, the AFT could probably win a majority at one or more institutions but be unable to gain a majority in the state system as a whole. If each campus is considered a separate bargaining unit, AFT affiliates will gain bargaining rights on those campuses where it has a majority. If bargaining is on a system-wide basis, the AFT's prospects will be less favorable, since it is not so likely to win statewide elections.

The American Association of University Professors is currently running a poor third in the race to represent faculties; its affiliates have bargaining rights on only 6 of the 180 or so campuses where faculties bargain collectively. The reasons for the AAUP's poor showing thus far seem obvious to everyone but leaders of the association itself. The leadership at first opposed the inclusion of professors under state laws granting bargaining rights to public employees. When such opposition proved fruitless, the leadership tried to exorcise the evil at its 1968 convention. For sheer fatuousness, the record of this convention may never be equaled. The convention adopted a policy statement asserting that because of its "special characteristics" the academic community should beware of "dependence on external representative agencies," i.e., faculty unions. The statement did accept a kind of collective bargaining, but proposed that the professors should be represented by so-called faculty councils. Since the weakness of faculty councils is one of the major causes of faculty unionization, the statement served only to make one thing perfectly clear: the AAUP was completely befuddled by the whole business.

The AAUP's statement also asserted that "the Association believes itself, by virtue of its principles, programs, experience, and broad membership, to be well qualified to act as representative

of the faculty in institutions of higher education." Actually, the AAUP is badly handicapped by the weakness of its state and local affiliates which are mostly paper organizations with few funds, facilities, or personnel experience in bargaining. Indeed, many of the grievances processed by AAUP's national office over the years would never have arisen under a collective bargaining agreement, and most of the others would have been settled much sooner, at less cost and with more equity to the employee, under binding arbitration. These considerations, coupled with the association's grudging and confused acceptance of collective bargaining, make the AAUP's claim "to be well qualified to act as representative of the faculty" seem pompous nonsense to many faculties.

These comments may seem unduly critical, but they hardly begin to tell it like it is. In absolute terms, AAUP membership was slightly less in 1971 than in 1968. Since the total number of faculty eligible for membership had increased by 89,000 since 1968, the AAUP has actually been enrolling a declining proportion of the professoriate in recent years. Even if its population change, it may take years before the Association can compete successfully with NEA and AFT. In fact, it may not get that chance.

## Consequences

THE STAKES IN THE RIVALRY are enormous. In 1980, institutions of higher education will employ approximately one million academicians, excluding administrative personnel. Addressing them (and their dues of about \$100 million) is like addressing three million teachers paying about \$300 million in dues by 1980, and you have a powerful lobby for the cause of education in local, state, and federal legislatures. Whether the lobby will gain better instruction for students is a debatable question. Nevertheless, we can point to certain consequences of faculty unionization that are inevitable at this point. They will affect all of us as parents, students, and taxpayers. Let us look at them briefly.

- *The end of "faculty self-government."* The concept of "faculty self-government" translates differently at different institutions. In principle it may be anything from total institutional departmental anarchy to the right of an individual faculty member to do as he pleases, regardless of institutional or public needs and interests. The most widely accepted statement on this subject was adopted in 1966 by the AAUP, the American Council on Education, and the

f Governing Boards of Universities and  
This statement included the following:

*faculty has primary responsibility for  
fundamental areas as curriculum, sub-  
matter and methods of instruction, re-  
faculty status, and those aspects of  
life which relate to the educational  
s....*

*governing board and president should,  
estions of faculty status, as in other  
s where the faculty has primary re-  
sponsibility, concur with the faculty judg-  
except in rare instances and for  
lling reasons which should be stated  
il.*

statement goes far in explaining why  
education is one of this country's most  
valuable institutions. When a faculty con-  
siders promotions, courses, and grades, if  
exercising a veto, to whom is it responsi-  
ble? What can be done about a ten-  
ure faculty that approves the appointment of  
assistant professors? About academic depart-  
ment professors who use their en-  
dowments to offer more courses in trivial  
subjects? Under "faculty self-government,"  
what can be done about it. As long as facul-  
ties are sole judges of their own actions, it is  
not to expect higher education to be respon-  
sible for public needs and interests.

Even if unionization and collective bar-  
gaining are bound to inject a measure of manage-  
ment accountability into these matters. Despite  
the fact that professors may think, decisions on person-  
nel programs are not right just because the  
university makes them. If they are right, it is be-  
cause certain criteria were applied in making  
the crucial question becomes, therefore,  
who made the decisions, but who is responsi-  
ble for the criteria being followed. Under collec-  
tive bargaining, the faculty has, of course, a  
role in establishing the criteria. What they  
lose under collective bargaining is the opera-  
tional responsibility for making and carrying out  
decisions made according to those criteria.  
The loss will be higher education's gain. The  
faculty should not be to administer an  
institution but to ensure that administration is  
equitable. Unfortunately, pathetic con-  
ditions about professionalism have misled fac-  
ulty members into believing that professors at  
an institution are entitled to make manage-  
ment decisions. The tragedy is that so many ad-  
ministrators, governing boards, and legislatures  
have conned into accepting this irresponsi-  
bility. Collective bargaining will force  
administrators out of administration, but administra-

tors will be monitored by faculty unions in the  
performance of their administrative duties. This  
brings me to a second major consequence of  
faculty unionization.

• *College and university administrators will  
be forced into a management role, while boards  
of governors and trustees will lose power.* Most  
institutions of higher education, both public and  
private, are governed by boards of trustees or  
regents, who are distinguished, rich, politically  
influential, or perhaps all of these. Such boards  
usually enjoy broad latitude in conducting their  
business. If, for example, sabbaticals are on the  
agenda one month but other items seem more  
urgent at the time, the board has no difficulty in  
postponing consideration of the sabbatical ques-  
tion until the next meeting.

Under collective bargaining, this open-ended  
approach to the terms and conditions of faculty  
employment will no longer be possible. The very  
nature of bargaining requires that such matters  
be considered as a package by a fixed date. If  
agreement on a package is not reached, the out-  
come is likely to be a strike or job action of  
some sort. And in the absence of an agreement,  
neither the administration, nor the board, nor the  
faculty will find it easy to go about their busi-  
ness as usual.

More significantly, negotiators for the govern-  
ing board must have authority to negotiate. A  
faculty union, like any other union, will not bar-  
gain with management representatives who are  
no more than messengers. Thus the dynamics of  
bargaining leads to a shift in power from the  
board to a bargaining team that will be part of  
the administration.

As administrators confront their management  
responsibilities, we can expect them to take a  
growing interest in educational productivity.  
"Productivity" has an unpleasant ring to most  
professors. Many contend that you can't measure  
it at all and shouldn't even try. Nevertheless, a  
recent study sponsored by the Carnegie Commis-  
sion on Higher Education concluded that the cost  
of producing a credit-hour of instruction rose  
about 3 per cent a year between 1930 and 1967.  
Even most professors would be slow to claim that  
quality has kept pace with those increasing costs.  
Thus an early outcome of collective bargaining  
will be to force administrators to question the  
means they use to attain institutional objectives.  
In the long run, this will lead to a painful but  
necessary analysis of the objectives themselves.  
Do we really need this section, this course, this  
program, this building, this dormitory? Once  
collective bargaining forces administrators to  
think hard along these lines, we can expect sub-

"In private, as  
well as public,  
institutions,  
faculties sense  
a coming assault  
on privileges  
and perquisites  
they have en-  
joyed for years;  
they are orga-  
nizing in self-  
defense."



Myron Lieberman  
**PROFESSORS,  
UNITE!**

stantial changes in both the goals and operations of higher education.

- *Faculty unionization will be accompanied by a tremendous growth in organizational staff and resources.* Collective bargaining requires an enormous amount of work. Though professors have more time for these tasks than most people, they recognize that the do-it-yourself approach is not very effective. As faculty unions strive to become bargaining agents, they need personnel to assess the issues, prepare and distribute organizing literature, plan the strategy, and deal with a host of logistical, legal, budgetary, and tactical problems.

This full-time professional staff will present administrators with some serious problems. Administrators who have little or no bargaining experience will increasingly confront union representatives who are veterans at the game. The early bargaining results, therefore, are likely to have unfortunate consequences for students and taxpayers generally. Collective bargaining will be an expensive adult-education course for administrators willing to spend money to get out of trouble, but not willing to spend it to stay out of trouble in the first place.

- *There will be greater political activity by professorial groups.* Right now, professors are highly organized by subject matter or field of interest. There are hundreds of local, state, and national academic societies. As a group, however, academic organizations wield relatively little political influence. A convention of sociologists may denounce Congressman Claghorn, but Claghorn knows that the sociologists have no organization that can turn out the vote in his district. A denunciation by a faculty union with full-time staff at all levels of government would be something else again.

As unionization gains momentum, the political influence of professors will increase correspondingly. The reason will not be their brilliance, a thought that would occur only to those who confuse professors with intellectuals. Rather it will come from their dollars and availability as leg workers. Professors are relatively affluent in our society. Whereas assembly-line workers cannot suddenly take off for New Hampshire or California to work in a primary campaign, professors often can. Sooner or later, however, some political leaders are going to raise embarrassing questions about professors suddenly dropping their duties to push some professorial cause far away from the classroom.

- *Finally, as suggested in our opening scenario, faculty unions will stimulate the organization of student unions.* The student population at

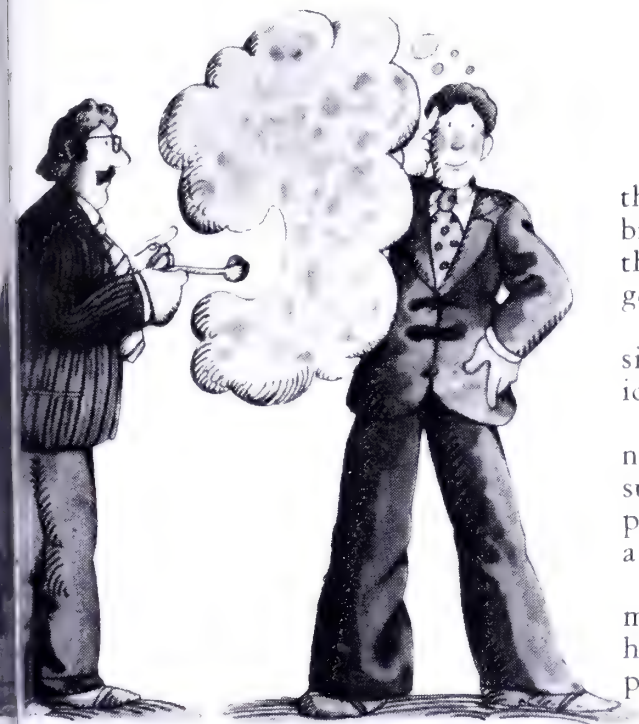
many institutions is certainly large enough to support an independent student union to protect and further student interests. These unions can be financed and directly controlled by students. In most cases, they will employ permanent professional staffs who will provide continuous student representation. The student unions will seek to participate in bargaining between faculty and the administration, and they will often be the decisive factor in resolving disputes between these groups.

In these disputes, students will usually line up with the administration against the faculty. In all, the students are in the best position to win when professors cancel classes to "consult in Washington, or when graduate assistants turn back sloppily graded and unannotated research papers. Students also know when professors assign their own textbooks in class, thereby creating more royalties. If a student union decides to stop this practice, it might easily uncover laws prohibiting public employees from getting kickbacks. It's just that no one ever thought of applying these laws to professors. In any case, the viability of student unions will depend on their ability to act effectively on campus issues. If they can do this, they could have a beneficial impact on higher education.

Let me conclude on an optimistic note, sufficed more by collective-bargaining experience elsewhere than by limited experience with higher education. Unionization and collective bargaining are conservative processes, especially in public employment. If one believes, as I do, that our society should always be on guard against arbitrary and capricious acts by government agencies, then strong and independent employee organizations are essential. They must be able to demand that politicians and public administrators explain their actions. They must be able to protect their individual members. They must be able to expose and criticize the shortcomings of particular employers. Individuals cannot do these things; neither can faculty organizations controlled by the administration. The paradox of faculty unionization is that although it is a faculty initiative, perhaps its most salutary effect will not be what it does for professors, but what it will do to make administrations more efficient, more alert to innovation, and more responsive to the public interest.

Unionization and collective bargaining are conservative also in the sense that they are established institutions in our society. The paradox is that such a conservative process, by being introduced so late into higher education, will have such revolutionary outcomes.

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Samuel Kaplan

## THE BALKANIZATION OF SUBURBAN

If it's impossible to read the maps, then how can the people find the government?

AS A COMMUTER on the Long Island Railroad I am often presented with the luxury of time, because of delayed and derailed trains, to sit and study the shifting semantics of political rhetoric reported in our newspapers. Lately it seems that politicians as ideologically diverse as Bella Abzug and Spiro Agnew have made increasing use of the phrase, "home rule." The rash of rhetoric, which includes President Nixon's reorganization plan to move government closer to the people, brings to mind a recent effort by a group of Port Washington, New York, residents, myself included, who went before their town board to plead for so small a thing as a traffic light.

Presumably, the installation of a traffic light, on a street between a library and a school, would have presented an opportunity for participatory democracy in its simplest form. But a closer look at Port Washington reveals the contradiction that goes under the misnomer of home rule, and puts into dismal perspective the growing alienation and anonymity in suburbia.

THE DOT ON THE MAP on the North Shore of Long Island, the post office address, the railroad timetable, and the real estate ads in the *New York Times* all clearly state that there is a Port Washington—a comfortable community of 35,000 hidden among gentle hills and safely removed from the expressways and shopping centers defacing the Island. The town is a generally affluent suburb of New York City, with three yacht clubs (each catering mainly to a major faith), a number of golf courses, a utilitarian main street, and tree-shaded roads meandering through well-kept neighborhoods. A nice place to live, raise your kids, sail your boat, and take part with relative ease in the good life.

As a secure, settled suburban community, with its peninsula forming a distinct geographic identity and its population being of manageable proportions, Port Washington surely ought to

lend itself to self-government. One thinks of it the kind of town where citizens can still feel close to a government structure, where a man's voice can be heard in the decision-making process, where such things as the installation of a traffic light can be accomplished without the need for strident statements and baby-carriage bawling.

But like other dots on the maps of suburban counties across the country, there is no identity of Port Washington. It is an official colony, as it was in 1775 when the local town declared their sympathies for a revolutionary protest that they had no voice in government. Nearly 200 years later the condition is much the same.

The Port Washington peninsula is commandeered into four incorporated villages (Sands Point, Manorhaven, Port Washington Neck, and Baxter Estates), parts of two others (Floral Park and Plandome Manor), and about two square miles of unincorporated areas. Complicating the jurisdictional confusion are seven special districts: school, water, garbage and ash disposal, police, sewers, and fire; along with a historic district and overlapping fire districts, each with its own taxing powers. In addition, the town of Sands Point maintains its own water and police department. There is also duplication of services in the villages, which are empowered to enact ordinances, levy taxes, control zoning, and maintain streets. In the unincorporated areas, instead of about half of Port Washington's population, the powers are exercised by the town of North Hempstead, which dominates the districts and in what passes as the county's government structure. Port Washington lies within the town of North Hempstead, comprising about 5 per cent of the town's population of 235,000, or about 10 per cent of its fifty-four square miles.

North Hempstead is one of three towns along with Hempstead and Oyster Bay, and the cities, Glen Cove and Long Beach, that make up Nassau County. Within the townships the

*Samuel Kaplan, Adjunct Professor of Urban Design at the Architecture School of the City University of New York, has contributed recently to New York magazine, the Nation, and other periodicals.*

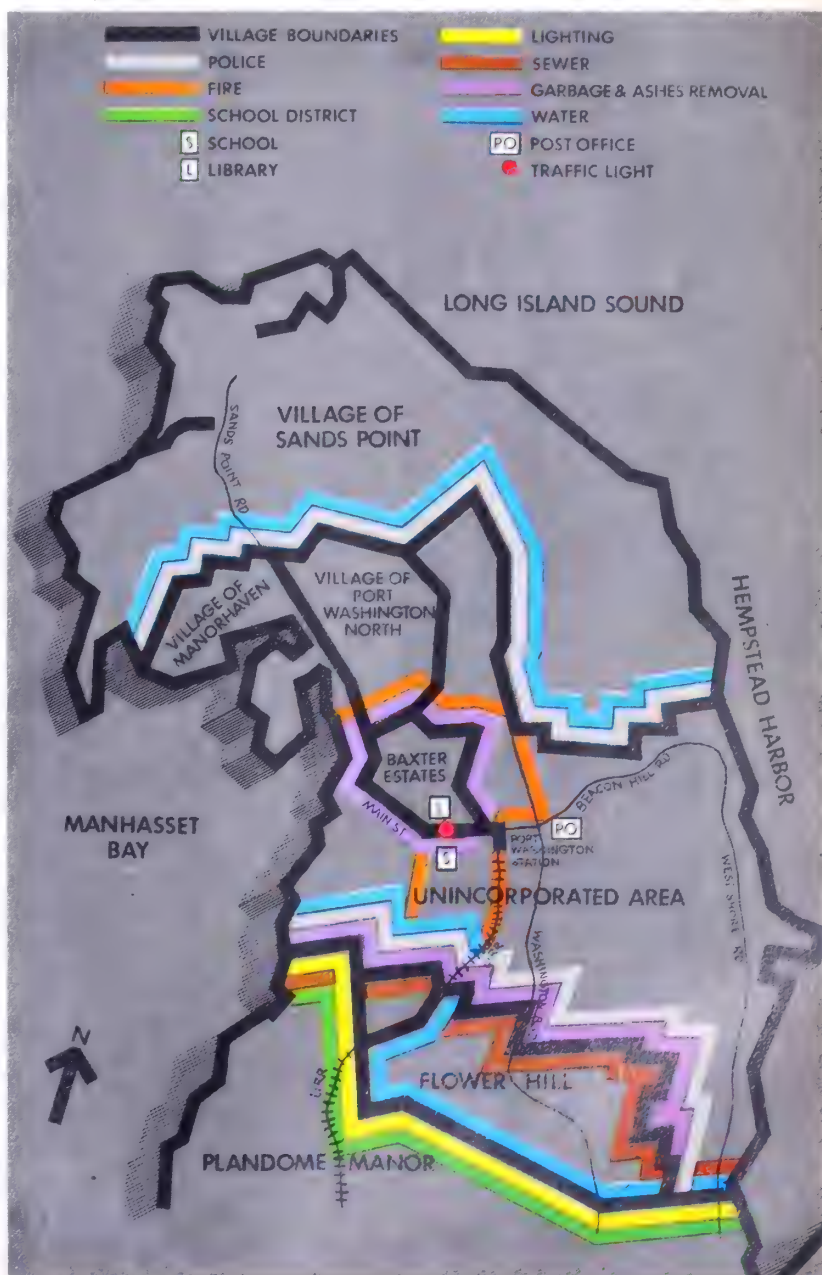
of 64 incorporated villages, counting Port  
 gton's four and two halves, and 280  
 districts. Nassau's sister county, Suffolk  
 er they comprise all of Long Island out-  
 New York City—has 10 townships, 28  
 and 527 special districts. Scattered  
 e Island like poor relatives are approxi-  
 100 unincorporated communities, gerry-  
 ed in between villages. The resulting  
 mental maze makes it all but impossible  
 Island's 2.6 million residents to accom-  
 en the simplest political action. To liken  
 land to the Balkans at the turn of the  
 would be a gross understatement.

en a group of Port Washington parents  
 in September of 1970 that a light  
 ed on Main Street to help shepherd  
 between the elementary school and the  
 they found a jumble of jurisdictions.  
 ool on the south side of the street was  
 in an unincorporated area of Port Wash-  
 therefore controlled by the township.  
 ary on the north side was located in the  
 of Baxter Estates. The street itself was a  
 road, but located in and patrolled by the  
 Washington Police District, which is inde-  
 of the village, town, and county. Traffic  
 a county roads are the responsibility of,  
 y, the county. However, parking on the  
 ls under the jurisdiction of the town. As  
 the parents' request for the traffic light,  
 through the library board of trustees,  
 p being passed from one jurisdiction to  
 Finally, the county in December turned  
 the request and recommended that the  
 district propose to the town the elimina-  
 parking on a section of the street, on the  
 theory that speeding drivers and  
 children would have a better view of  
 ver.

the recommendation for the parking  
 are required a hearing by the town board,  
 ants at last were given the rare oppor-  
 t confront openly a political entity. The  
 was scheduled at Town Hall in Manhas-  
 weekday morning in January, when  
 commuter husbands are at their desks thirty  
 ay in Manhattan. This little gesture of  
 ung by the board was not overlooked,  
 ng the determination of a half-dozen Port  
 ton commuters to cancel their usual  
 obligations and fill the front rows of  
 all. From the hard-backed benches they  
 e the ordinance with prepared statements,  
 at hearings, and demanded traffic data  
 somewhat stunned police captain and  
 members.

The meeting, ordinarily a fifteen-minute rou-  
 tine affair, went on for an hour. The board de-  
 clared that it had no jurisdiction over the installa-  
 tion of traffic lights and that the only matter be-  
 fore it was a parking ordinance. With wives  
 beaming in the back rows, the Port Washington  
 fathers replied that the board was the political  
 entity closest to the problem and, jurisdictional  
 questions notwithstanding, the board members  
 would be held responsible for the installation of  
 the traffic light.

*The accompanying map represents Mr. Kaplan's best guess as to the political bound-  
 aries of Port Washington. An accurate map does not exist. Although for many years  
 Mr. Kaplan attempted to draw such a map, he could never acquire the necessary infor-  
 mation. Various bureaucrats sent him away with apologetic smiles and papers impos-  
 sible to decipher. But in a political wilderness, even a faint crying is preferable to the  
 silence of old stones.*





Samuel Kaplan  
THE  
BALKANIZATION  
OF SUBURBIA

"Let us not delude ourselves that a simple matter of just a traffic light is involved," a parent declared. "The concept of home rule and the viability of town government is being questioned. If the town cannot serve its immediate constituency on a matter of a traffic light, one wonders what it can act on."

The rhetorical question was never answered. The board mumbled amongst itself and, in a characteristic action, reserved decision. Two months later it approved the parking ordinance. At the same time, prompted by the aroused parents who had collected 1,700 signatures on petitions, the county had second thoughts and promised a traffic light. The clamor died down.

Still, it has been a year since the first request was made—and there is no traffic light. Children are still darting between the library and the school, dodging cars displaying American-flag decals and driven undoubtedly by advocates of home rule.

THE SUBURBAN MATRON, the concerned *New York Times*-reading commuter, and their increasingly aware son and daughter students are easily tuned in and turned on to national and, to a lesser degree, state politics. Political analysts tell us that suburbanites are, for the most part, intelligent, independent, swing voters—who vote. National elections in Port Washington bring out at least 75 per cent of the eligible voters, considerably above the national average. Local elections are something else.

The maze of jurisdictions and the archaic political structures in communities like Port Washington create a state of political anomie. District elections in Port Washington (for such posts as police, water, or sewer commissioners) are rarely contested; when they are, they bring out less than 2 per cent of the eligible voters. The position of water commissioner—there are three; one elected each year—was last contested in Port Washington in 1969. The election was won by a vote of 198 to 52. Approximately 13,000 Port Washington residents could have voted. Elections for village mayors and trustees are contested more often, with up to 20 per cent of eligible voters participating, still hardly a vote of confidence for home rule.

The only district election that draws either interest or occasional controversy is for the school board. The district's boundaries come closer to defining the Port Washington area than any other district or government entity, placing the school board in some minds as the nearest thing to a governing body of Port Washington. Almost

every meeting and statement of the board becomes front-page news in the *Port Washington* and *Port Washington Mail & Reporter*. Issues and budget votes have become the occasions when many residents can express frustration with local government. The school board seems to be blamed for everything these days, except, of course, for the Long Island Railroad.

This certainly takes pressure off the Hempstead Town Board, which conducts most of its business and rare debates behind closed doors. The board, comprised of a supervisor and four part-time councilmen, is elected at large every odd years. It is a stolid, conservative Republican administration, the last Democrat having been elected in 1914. The board seems to encourage the local state of political apathy, depending on entrenched hacks and knee-jerk Republicans to turn out the winning vote. It has discouraged any attempt to consolidate villages, unincorporated areas, and districts, which could define a political identity and possibly set up the machinery for political change. The strength of the board derives from the continued Balkanized status of the township.

AS LONG AS THE PROBLEMS don't become crises, no one expects any significant change in the present distorted concept of home rule. A few parents might become angry over the delay for a traffic light; a few more conservatives might express concern over pollution; a petition might be circulated to get housing for the senior citizens, and there is growing protest against the constantly increasing taxes. But for North Shore suburbanites may be unhappy with the status quo, they are fearful of change—particularly the effort and hard feelings that have to be borne and bared to bring it about.

The Port Washington parents pushing for a traffic light were constantly reminded by spouses and friends not to become abrasive, to keep their efforts amiable—even if it meant defeating a majority of suburban residents, certainly in Port Washington, are indeed silent, seemingly content to be governed by a political system ill-suited, at best, to the problems and traditions of a generation ago. The politicians and political scientists continue to swear unswept allegiance to home rule, filling the newspapers with their rhetoric. It reads well, but the result is that at the end of the commuter line, the papers—and their stories on home rule—were discarded, to be collected by a scavenger and recycled.

# THEY SAY THE CASBAH IS PRACTICALLY BUILT ON A MOUNTAIN OF PICON BOTTLES.



Picon is one drink you probably never heard of, much less tried.

It tastes bitter. It tastes sweet. It tastes very good if you like a bittersweet drink.

It was invented by a Frenchman named Gaetan Picon. 33 years ago.

Picon was then a supply sergeant in the French Army. The days were hot and somehow water didn't satisfy his thirst. One afternoon, thirsty, with nothing to do and the key to the supply room in his pocket, Sgt. Picon requisitioned some things for his own use. Oranges, they were delicious in this part of Africa. Gentian, quinquina bark, and alcohol, for obvious reasons.

He mixed it all together and got something exotic-looking, different, and rather robust. Picon tried it, the gang in the barracks tried it and soon, most of the French Army were crazy about it.

Picon's discovery became the drink of its day. That's the

reason people say the Casbah is practically built on a mountain of Picon bottles.

Once out of the Army, Picon returned to Marseilles, where he began producing his liquor for profit. He called it Amer Africain. As his fame grew, others saw great possibilities in his drink. A friend snatched a bottle and entered it in the world-wide London Exposition of 1862. Amer Africain won a Bronze Medal.

Suddenly a more prestigious name seemed necessary to go along with the great honor. "I have it," said Picon. "Picon."

The Picon works began turning out the stuff in earnest, and the particular appeal of this new drink burgeoned. First Marseilles, then Paris, then all of Europe, then America.

But, in America an odd thing happened. Although Picon was sold in every major city, three-quarters was consumed in San Francisco. It had something to do with the French and Basque and Italian shepherders. (Their fondness for Picon had followed them from Europe to California and then to Nevada.)

What of Picon today? In Europe, the good sergeant's family still runs the Picon works. And in America, San Francisco still knows something the rest of the country is just finding out.

## How to enjoy Picon

- Picon and soda with a twist
- Picon and sweet vermouth with a dash of soda
- Picon and soda with a brandy float



**PICON**  
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE



## BAFFLED BISHOPS

Why U.S. Catholicism's middle-managers recoil from giving the home office a picture of their unsettled territory

A CURIOUS THING IS HAPPENING to the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. It is beheading itself. The people in charge of the ceremony are the people in charge of the Church, the American Catholic bishops, 296 of them at this writing. They are carrying out the ritual of decapitation without apparent reference to the meaning of the exercise or to its destined climax, but with exact obedience to its prescribed rubrics. Like undertakers they have a plentitude of gravity, a deficiency in true seriousness. What the bishops lack most, however, is detachment. They can't get a good look at themselves.

In this there is nothing to marvel over. Bishops are institutional managers, overseers, keepers of a sacralized status quo; they belong, then, to a caste not practiced in critical appraisal of itself in relation to the times. Religiously speaking, the times are new. To the amazement of all, Jesus Christ freshly seen can be some kind of superstar. Meditating is an in thing to do. Questions about ethics and the management of life are urgent.

The Second Vatican Council was hailed on all sides as something of a moral miracle in the depth and honesty of its self-probing, and these same bishops, or most of them, played a role in it. But having endorsed six years ago the necessity of a moral and spiritual revolution, having earned some right to leadership in it—and therefore a chance to be taken seriously—they have preferred instead to go back to the careful practice of inward-looking churchmanship. That preference was never more clearly expressed than at the bishops' most recent national meeting, held in Detroit in April in preparation for a possibly crucial meeting of the world synod of bishops starting in Rome on September 30. The agenda at Detroit offered one more clear chance for the bishops—or at least some of them—to get in touch with what's going on among their troops. The chance was firmly rejected.

Despite such melancholy nonevents, the American branch of the largest Christian church remains today a far livelier community than in the

days before it was wakened from half-sleep by Pope John XXIII. The best advertised evidence of its vitality is supplied by the activist (though wing of the peace movement, symbolized by imprisoned Berrigan brothers and their associates).

Other stirrings of religious vitality are more conventional, hence less known; but they are strong and numerous enough to justify the judgment that no other national Catholic community except Holland's has been more thoroughly transformed in recent years. There is plenty of looking for leadership. It is evidenced sometimes in ways ecclesiastical leaders don't like. Before Vatican II the American Church was noted for its decorum, docility, and cash flow, today it is getting tighter, confrontations are in evidence, docility has given way to restlessness. The National Association of Laymen, for example, has filed court actions and lobbied state legislatures against efforts by the hierarchy to raise aid for parochial schools. The independent Association of Chicago Priests voted to censure Cardinal John P. Cody and five auxiliary bishops of the Chicago archdiocese for failing to rebuke the priests adequately at the Detroit meeting of the hierarchy.

But the new life in the Church does not exist only in conflict. All across the country, nuns are today perhaps the gutsiest and most freewheeling group of Catholics in the country, given the submissive half-life that was their previous condition. The American clergy, once obedient to the point of subservience, are becoming relatively assertive, capable of questioning the smothering clerical culture that was their inheritance. Universities like Fordham and Notre Dame, once designedly protective, now confront their students with tough intellectual choices; they refuse to function in loco parentis or as ecclesiastical indoctrination centers. At the parish level, in schools, in formation, in relations between clergy and laymen, in pious societies and popular journals, the life is marked by greater freedom and

*Mr. Hoyt was the founding editor of the National Catholic Reporter. During his editorship, the paper drew strong condemnation from some members of the Catholic hierarchy and many awards from the Catholic Press Association.*

## A mood of disillusionment

IE FACE OF THINGS, therefore, it would appear that the program of renewal and re-nched by the Second Vatican Council is sistibly under way, with growing confi-d greater dedication in the ranks of its ats—winning teams work harder. But is otherwise. Whether one judges by the ng exodus of priests and nuns into secu- or by the plummeting circulation of lib- olic journals, or by the tone and content ersations and published analysis, it is t disillusionment is the prevailing mood. ealked with priests who enjoy their new who believe they are effectively serving ds (in some ghetto, a university chap- or in standard parish work), and who intention of abandoning their calling. le they once hoped to regenerate the is a whole, now they don't give it much

llusion prevails today, it is largely be- newalists overestimated what had been shed by the Council—especially its im- he bishops. The documents the bishops l were liberating and large-minded, but the ideas in them came from the Coun- sers, not from the fathers themselves. It force of world opinion, the persuasive f famous theologians, the unaccustomed open debate under the scrutiny of crit- ters that led to acceptance; the votes did i the ideas had been internalized.

quick demonstration: try asking the n Catholic bishops how the abundant teaching on the moral theology of war o the American involvement in Vietnam. “just war”? They won't say; in fact they ow; and, over the past five years, they given visible priority to the job of mak- heir minds. Throughout the Vietnam era ps have been asked repeatedly for guid- l they have been adequately reminded of savage verdict on the performance of an Catholic bishops in the Hitler years. sponse has been so gingerly, so nearly ent, that the best thing they can hope for own report card is a blank space.

## Nice guys in the locker room

BISHOPS HAVE ADDRESSED themselves to esiaistical issues in much the same way, prompts the question: ecclesiastically g, what exactly is a bishop?

A bishop who is the “ordinary” of a diocese is its chief priest, principal teacher, and guardian of orthodoxy. He may be assisted by one or sev- eral “auxiliary” bishops, but it is to the ordinary that priests owe obedience (a term that's getting looser but still carries clout). The ordinary holds legal title to all parish and diocesan property, is the chief fund raiser, investment manager, and PR man. If his diocese is sizable, he will adminis- ter a large (and, today, financially troubled) school system, a diocesan tribunal, a profession- ally staffed welfare agency, perhaps a seminary, one or several cemeteries (usually profitable), a weekly newspaper. The bishop has limited but real control over nuns and religious brothers, and he will have some relationship with dozens or scores of lay associations. He will also have committee assignments, either with the Na- tional Conference of Catholic Bishops (NCCB), through which the bishops address national pas- toral questions, or the United States Catholic Conference (USCC), which is concerned with social, civic, and educational problems.

Most American bishops are middle-aged to elderly: the two youngest are forty-one. Every- one knows, but it will be noted anyhow, that all are male and all are celibate. There is one black bishop and one Chicano, both auxiliaries. An even more significant truth about the bishops is that roughly three-quarters of them would qualify as nice guys in any locker room. (This is an asset; but it is also one of the bishops' two chief problems. The other is that in a filial sense, as sons, they are perennial good boys.)

A journalist is supposed to go armed against the niceness of nice guys, but it's not always easy. The best place in all the world to learn why the bishops' gentility creates problems for the Church is a former Pony Express station in Al- buquerque, now restored and enlarged into a pleasant, spacious adobe home. The present own- ers and tenants are a compact, ruddy-faced, en- ergetic man named Jim Shannon, a second-year law student at the University of New Mexico; and his slim and sprightly wife Ruth. Jim Shan- non is also Doctor Shannon (Ph.D. in history, Yale). Once he was President Shannon (College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minnesota); after that, for four of his fifty years, he was the Most Rever- end James P. Shannon, auxiliary bishop of St. Paul-Minneapolis, member of the administrative committee of the NCCB, chief press spokesman for the U.S. hierarchy, and—until August 2, 1969, when he excommunicated himself by get- ting married—the best hope among progres- sives for a continuing renewal of the Church.

Shannon, as bishop, was no more radical than

“Whereas before Vatican II the American Church excelled in decorum, docility, and cash flow, today money is getting tighter, con- frontations are in style, docility has given way to restlessness.”



Robert G. Hoyt

## BAFFLED BISHOPS

the president of your local bar association. On the surface the only thing that made him untypical was the intensity of his typicalness; he was an all-American bishop-and-a-half—brighter than the rest, more articulate and more engaging, but always moderate, always loyal; if there are degrees of balance he had the highest. He could never have thought himself out of orthodoxy or into a stance of prophetic rebellion. Until perhaps six months before his departure, Shannon did much to sustain the morale of liberal clergy and educated laity. One of his important contributions was unintended; it came from the discomfort he felt, and could not hide, over the philosophical weakness of *Humanae Vitae*, Pope Paul's encyclical on contraception. Another was his simple willingness to listen when priests argued the case against mandatory celibacy. He worried publicly over Vietnam, wrote about racism in and out of the Church, and defended academic freedom and nonviolent protest. It was Shannon's evident integrity that, for numbers of Catholics, supplied the thin but efficient tie that kept them attached to the Church. Among the bishops he had close friends and (I'm told) many admirers, but he drew some peculiar rewards for his services. When he took a stand on a tough issue, his friends, including some who

agreed with him, let him stand by himself.

Meantime his natural enemies in the conservative-to-reactionary majority saw to it that he received a stream of chidings and threats. On one occasion Shannon moderated a national television show that displeased the old curmudgeon of Los Angeles, Cardinal McIntyre, who demanded that the administrative committee of the NCCB censure Shannon for his involvement. A censure motion passed. A bishop who knows what happened informed me that some of those who voted for the resolution did so not on its merits but to placate McIntyre. Shannon agonized over incidents like this, but, talking to trusted priestly friends, he would always append a cancella clause to his gripes: "What you don't understand," he'd say, "is that they're such nice guys."

What he did not then see, and only now beginning to see, is that the niceness of the other guys is sharply limited. Like the United States Senate, the American Catholic hierarchy is a gentleman's club, where a man is safe as long as he keeps the rules. Deference to seniority is one of the rules; hence the censure vote. Much more serious, however, is any sort of singularity, which implicitly raises a question about what the club itself is for; at that point fragile decency vanishes. Though he didn't realize it, Shannon



MICHAEL G.

ch a question when he tried to explain to bled bishops what he had learned from to priests talk about the celibacy issue. say anything very daring, but by talk- in favor of the priests he was opposing the club's unchallengeable leader. al scientist who has been in a position the hierarchy offers some pertinent if t observations. The bishops, he says, d boys." Both words are important. re so goddamn good." He is talking odness as dutifulness, conscientious- formity. "They're safe men. You can n off to Detroit alone. They aren't go- et dead drunk, you know they won't chippie. They've never done anything as and they never will." They are the nen "who always wanted the approval athers—and they're still looking for it. ve chosen by another father figure be- ty pleased him. It's not in the least sur- go me that the figure of the *Holy Father* t must not be displeased at all."

## Lions 5, Christians 0

WILDE ONCE REMARKED that Niagara is only the second biggest disappoint- he standard honeymoon. An inside ob- a bishop's meeting quoted the line to that special event. "There isn't much ." my source observed, "because not ppens." In one sense not much *can* Though the national conference is to represent a Vatican II-inspired zation of the Church, it has very pendent legislative power. Still, it is hugh the conference meetings that the an find out what they collectively think, ective recommendations to Rome, sig- collective response to pressures from ctituency.

they gathered in Detroit's Sheraton- Hotel last April, the bishops had only ed topics on their agenda, the two that ly be under discussion at the world Rome. They are the requirements of tice and the meaning of priestly min- addition, the bishops were to elect the gates and two alternates who would go s od.

ably, justice got unfair treatment: n hour's discussion over the three days. ps just don't have much to say about ics. Ministry, in contrast, was famil- chy; a richly controversial subject that

fascinates priests because it has to do with their currently shaky grasp of their own identity and role. Most importantly, it was under the broad heading of ministry that the question of celibacy would be considered. The bishops expressed their minds on that question most clearly at two separate but related moments.

The first moment was one of silence, descend- ing on the hall like a sudden calm at sea. It fol- lowed a deft, reasonable plea by Youngstown's James Malone. Malone is well liked among the bishops; he is intelligent but unassuming, tactful without deviousness. (After an appointment with him I scratched in my notes: "Thoughtful Thoughtful Thoughtful Straight Straight Straight.") In this case the views he expressed were safely establishmentarian: "I do not believe this [optional celibacy] is a desirable change." But, he said, there was a political reality to be dealt with: "More than 50 per cent of my priests disagree with me, and, from the studies, more than 50 per cent of all priests [in the U.S.] disagree with me." Massive, expensive studies, years in the making, authorized and paid for by the bishops themselves, had finally established the long-resisted truth that a majority of Amer- ican priests want freedom to marry—though most say they would not use the right if it were granted.

If American priests felt this way, said Malone, it followed that the American delegates at the synod should at least help get the subject on the floor—even though it had been pointedly omitted from the preliminary agenda drawn up in Rome, even though the bishops themselves were solidly opposed to change. To use an analogy suggested by Shannon, Malone was saying that the bishops as middle-managers had a duty to tell the home office the real situation back in the territory.

Malone's words drew silence, an implicit re- sponse: "We can't hear you, you speak too clearly." Getting that message wasn't hard. Only moments before Malone went to the microphone, Bishop William Connare of Greensburg, Penn- sylvania, had spoken emotionally about the sufferings of the Pope, whom he described as the "real victim" in the controversy over priestly marriage. His conclusion: "We should stand firmly with the Holy Father in this matter where he has asked for our loyalty." Connare sat down to enjoy the first vigorous applause heard at the meeting. He had pressed the right button.

The other telling moment of the meeting came with the announcement that balloting had been concluded. Cardinal John Dearden of Detroit had been elected a synod delegate—chosen, how- ever, because of his office and his international

"By managing somehow to rise above the Viet- nam debate, the bishops have played by the old rules, under which self- preservation is to be preferred over relevance."



Robert G. Hoyt  
**BAFFLED  
 BISHOPS**

prestige, certainly not for his suspiciously flexible view on celibacy. The other delegates (John Krol of Philadelphia, John Carberry of St. Louis, Leo Byrne of St. Paul-Minneapolis) and the two alternates (John Whealon of Hartford, Joseph McGucken of San Francisco) were all hard-core loyalists. Malone was the sole progressive who had any chance; since the delegates were elected one by one, he was nominated several times, and every time defeated. Next morning a left-leaning priest-journalist summed it up: "Lions 5, Christians 0."

**I**T IS THROUGH BEHAVIOR LIKE THIS, far more than by their nonperformance on Vietnam, that the bishops are cutting themselves off from the body of the Church. In oligarchical politics, the only kind that can be played in the Church right now, a big win by the ruling caste is a mistake if it means that an important constituency is denied even a glimmering of hope. The angry reaction of priests around the country to the message conveyed by the election demonstrates the point. Perhaps more threatening than anger is indifference, typified by the comment of one Chicago priest to me: "What we've found out here is that we haven't got a bishop, and we don't need one."

One man who can dispute this reading less defensively than any other bishop of his generation is Cardinal Dearden. He is an impressive man physically, a dignified, blue-eyed bear. Interviewing him gives intellectual pleasure: he hears your question, acknowledges the legitimacy of differing viewpoints, makes his own choice. I think the most basic choice Dearden has made as first president of the NCCB—its father, mother, nanny, and guru—has been to give first priority to the process of growth over the resolution of issues. He would say that this was not a matter of choice. Considered as a legislative body, the conference is merely an acorn; you don't use it for shelter, you don't swing through its branches, you water it. The only authority the conference has is moral, depending for its strength on the extent of consensus among the members; and one does not build consensus by fostering ideological conflict.

All of which is sound enough. But Dearden goes beyond accepting reality and begins to sacralize it—arguing, for example, that seeking consensus is more "Christian" than seeking majorities, reacting with pain to any suggestion of factionalism within the hierarchy. Again the nice-guy syndrome shows up. A bishop is permitted to have personal convictions, liberal or

conservative, provided he keeps them far in second place. Keeping peace in the club is first; that rules out serious politicking, passionate oratory, any suggestion to those in the club that its members are badly divided (in fact they are).

Such criticisms apply less clearly to Dearden than to those of his fellow progressives who have no responsibility to be nannies. The liberal bishops hope ardently for change, and they encourage liberal nonbishops, in careful pursuit of that change is coming. But their strategy seems to rely on geriatrics. They have not jointly formulated a program; they do not issue even unwieldy minority reports; they do no catechizing or organized convert-making; they have not identified their own leaders or allies. It is Dearden who has held that "Krol has the votes" to succeed Dearden (who can't be renominated) this November. Since the Philadelphia cardinal is not only a reactionary but shrewd and tough, his victory makes liberals sigh; it does not lead them to shop around for a compromise cardinal.

If all Catholic bishops are good boys, all Catholic bishops are Eagle Scouts. They are team men, none of whom wants to be a quarterback, or captain. In their own churches they may experiment with styles of leadership; in the national body they will exercise a degree of initiative in committee assignments. As for contemplating the future of the American Church, worrying over it, trying to gain the power to influence it, they will answer as Malone did when I put it to him: "I just don't feel competent, nor do I feel called . . . . [Youngstown] is where I am working for the salvation . . . I am a man of obviously no talent . . . It would be disastrous for me to take a leadership role or manipulate to achieve it."

Malone is possibly the most believable man I have ever encountered—the best example of private virtue leading to political irresponsibility. One can hope that the leadership he will be thrust on him, but it's unlikely. This small minority of liberal bishops now includes more than eighty of the three hundred. Because of this is a middle group without strong commitment, the hierarchy does sometimes adopt a more progressive stance on secondary issues: the Church's marriage courts, establishment of due-process guidelines, updating of school curricula. But there is no present hope that they will elect a man as open and honest as Malone to top leadership, or that it will take a recognizably courageous position on issues in which the Pope has asked them to show "loyalty." For a solid majority it is

loyalty to the best interests of the right have a superior claim, or that a rally round might conflict with the demands of intellectual integrity. Even such pioneers as Maurice Dingman in Des Moines and William McManus, a Chicago auxiliary, confronted them with that possibility and spoke of their special "filial" relationship with the Pope.

Why do they do this? Why do they try to understand why filialism, son of man, has such a powerful grip. The process by which bishops are chosen does not favor independence of mind. Moreover, it is wholly common above. As the priest-sociologist Andrew Greeley puts it, "The important reference for the bishops is not their clergy or their American church, but Rome and the dele-gate apostolic delegate, residing in Washington, the papal representative to the U.S." In a few cases, the driving force may be careerism, the hope of getting a diocese or the prestige of a cardinal's office. In all cases the bishops have been accus-tomarily looking upward for authentication, ap-probation. Once named a bishop, a man has an unplanned but effective socializa-tion; the new excellency is now on equal terms with men to whom he once deferred and who are even nicer than he had thought. As he acquires a deepened understand-ing of the requirements. Finally there is the insulation: a purple curtain descends around a man when he is consecrated to the priesthood. This is not wholly a matter of choice. Archbishop Gumbleton of Detroit says that after he was elected bishop, "I still thought of myself as good as Gumbleton," but he was perceived dif-ferently even by old friends. Others don't even change; they accept without question the established life-style that separates them from the world and from dissent.

With all these reinforcements, however, the system can be challenged. In low-key Dutch the bishops of Holland have respectfully told Pope Paul that they disagree with his position on the celibacy issue. The Canadian primate this year gave serious attention to the issue, who advocated the ordination of female priests, a cause that gets only chauvinist attention from U.S. bishops. Worldwide, the one issue that speaks to the question of papal-hierarchy with greatest effect is Cardinal Jozef-Eugene Suenens of Belgium. Suave and graceful master of protocol, Suenens never puts his foot wrong, yet he preaches in-cessantly that the message of Vatican II will never be lost until the bishops stop thinking of

themselves as a well-drilled officers' corps. The Council said that bishops are "co-responsible" for the guidance of the universal church. That proclamation can only become credible when the concept of a loyal opposition is matter-of-factly accepted in the Church's political life. One would expect such notions to have a special appeal in this country; in fact, however, Suenens has no real imitators among the American bishops, a fact that contributes to the dwindling of progressives' morale.

AS LENIN ASKED: What, then, is to be done? Andrew Greeley has rightly said that authority, not celibacy, is the key issue in today's Church; he has suggested that the lower clergy could strike at the core of the problem if they would refuse to serve under a newly appointed bishop in whose selection they and their people had had no voice. The proposal has ancient roots and a modern flavor. One can doubt, however, that enough hope for institutional reform still exists at the grass roots to make such a confrontation possible—or that the Roman establishment would ever give way to so fundamental a challenge. No governmental structure anywhere so carefully protects the routes to power; in the Roman Catholic Church only those who already possess authority can effect its redistribution.

In any case, the renewal movement does not need great victories in order to recover its spirit. The Detroit meeting would have been an occasion for uplift rather than a debacle if a few of the bishops had issued some sort of joint public dissent, however mild, to express their disappointment. For thousands of priests the issue of celibacy is symbolic rather than personal: they don't want to marry, they don't expect Paul VI to change his mind, but they do need proof that the men who control their lives can hear their voices. What they are seeing instead is that a whisper from Rome can still drown out thunder.

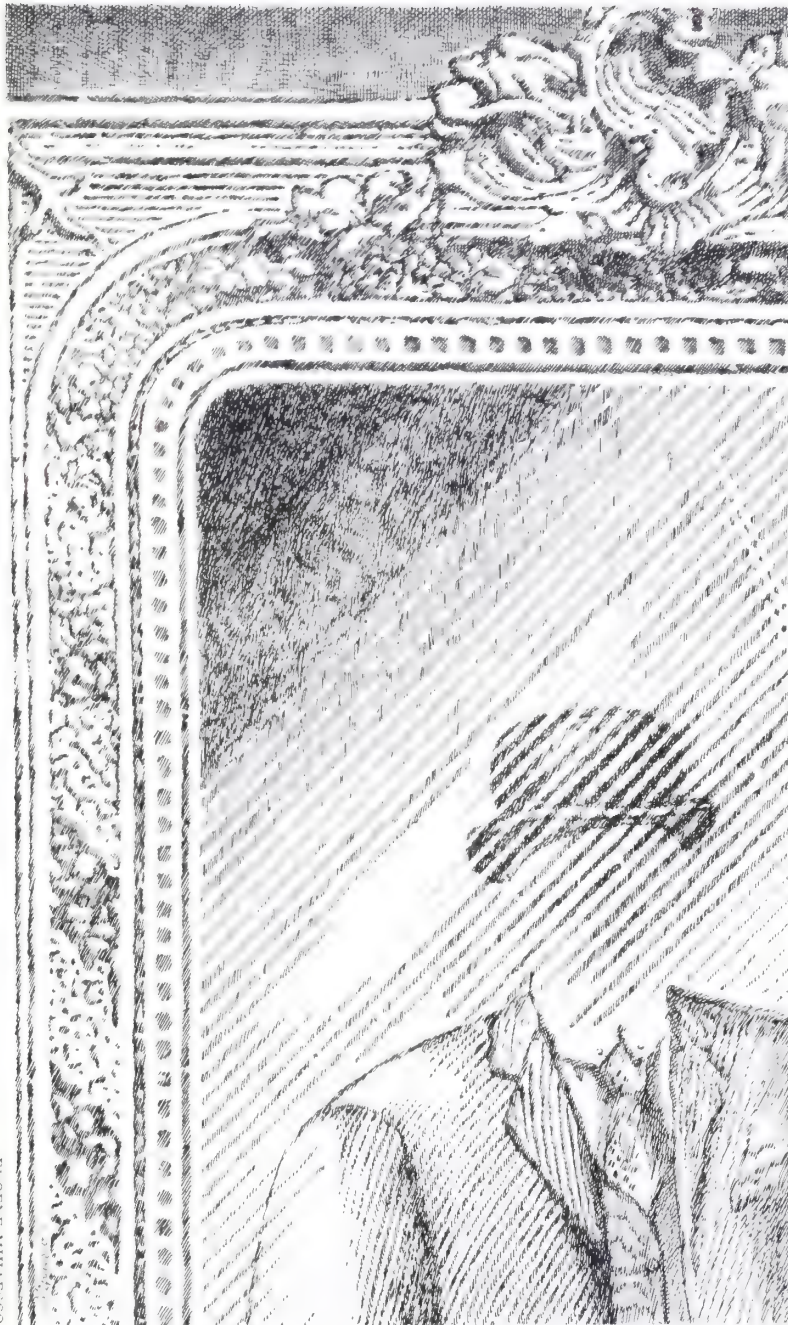
Not every liberal Catholic who observes the current scene finds it distressing. Some think the bishops by their very unresponsiveness are forcing maturity on their people. True enough, if one speaks in terms of personal development. But the excitement of Vatican II derived greatly from a hope it generated that reached beyond personal liberation, a hope of institutional re-birth that might lend courage and generosity to other establishments. An essentially leaderless Catholicism offers no such model. Unless some of the nice guys in the club start breaking some of the rules, unless the good boys risk becoming men, another few years will finish off the dream.

"If all Catholic bishops are good boys, liberal Catholic bishops are Eagle Scouts. They are all team men, none of whom wants to be coach, quarterback, or captain."



a story by Jorge Luis Borges

# TOM CASTRO, THE IMPLAUSIBLE IMPOSTOR



**T**OM CASTRO IS WHAT I CALL HIM, for the name he was known by, around 1830, in the streets and houses of Talcahuano, Valparaíso, and Valparaíso, and it is only fitting that he comes back to these shores—even as a ghost and as mere light reading—than by this name again. The registry of births in Valparaíso lists him as Arthur Orton, and entered under the name under the date June 7, 1834. It is known that he was a butcher's son, that his childhood suffered the drabness and squalor of Valparaíso slums, and that he felt the call of the sea. The last fact is not uncommon. Running away from home, for the English, the traditional breaking of parental authority—the road to adventure—Geography fosters it, and so does the Bible (Psalm 107): "They that go down to the ships, that do business in great waters; they see the works of the Lord, and his wonders are deep."

Orton ran away from his familiar dirty red streets, went down to the sea in a ship at the Southern Cross with the usual disappointment, and deserted in the Chilean port of Valparaíso. As an individual, he was at once and dull. Logically, he might (and should) have starved to death, but his dim-witted good luck, his fixed smile, and his unrelieved melancholy brought him under the wing of a family named Castro, whose name he came to adopt. Of his South American episode no other traces are known, but his gratefulness does not seem too flagging, since, in 1861, he reappears in Australia still using that name—Tom Castro. There, in Sydney, he made the acquaintance of a man named Ebenezer Bogle, a Negro servant. Bogle, being especially handsome, had about him an air of authority and assurance, that arch solidity typical of certain Negroes well advanced in years, in flesh, and in dignity. He had a certain quality, which most anthropology textbooks

race—a capacity for sudden inspiration. In time, we shall see proof of this. He was a well-mannered, upright person, whose African lusts had been carefully channelled. He uses and misuses of Calvinism. Apart from living divine visitations (which will be described), Bogle was no different from other men, with nothing more distinctive than a long-standing, shamefaced fear that might one day take his life. He first saw him early one evening on a Sydney street corner, steeling himself against a quite unlikely death. After studying him for some time, Orton offered the Negro his hand, sharing the same amazement, the two crossed the harmless street. From that morning on, now dead and lost evening, a protection came into being—that of the solid, unsure man, the obese dimwit from Wapping. In 1865, Bogle read a forlorn advertisement in the local paper.

### The idolized dead man

AT THE END OF APRIL 1854 (while Orton was enjoying the effusions of Chilean hostesses on the steamer *Mermaid*, sailing from Rio de Janeiro to Liverpool, went down in the waters of the Atlantic. Among those lost was Roger Tichborne, an army officer brought up as the son and heir of one of the leading Roman Catholic families of England. Incredible as it seems, the death of this Frenchified young man, who spoke English with the most refined accent and awoke in others that intense resentment which only French intellect and French wit, and French pedantry can understand—was a fateful event in the life of George Orton, who had never laid eyes on Tichborne. Roger's anguished mother refused to give credence to her son's death. She had heartrending advertisements published in newspapers the world over. One of these fell into the soft, black hands of Ebenezer Orton, and a masterly scheme was evolved.

### The virtues of disparity

ORNE WAS A GENTLEMAN, slight in build, trim, buttoned-up look, sharp features, dark hair, straight black hair, lively eyes, and a precise way of speaking. Orton was a stout, fat, out-and-out boor, whose fea-

tures could hardly be made out; he had somewhat freckled skin, wavy brown hair, heavy-lidded eyes, and his speech was dim or non-existent. Bogle got it into his head that Orton's duty was to board the next Europe-bound steamer and to satisfy Lady Tichborne's hopes by claiming to be her son. The plan was outrageously ingenious. Let us draw a simple parallel. If an impostor, in 1914, had undertaken to pass himself off as the German emperor, what he would immediately have faked would have been the turned-up moustache, the withered arm, the authoritarian frown, the gray cape, the illustriously bemedaled chest, and the pointed helmet. Bogle was more subtle. He would have put forward a clean-shaven kaiser, lacking in military traits, stripped of glamorous decorations, and whose left arm was in an unquestionable state of health. We can lay aside the comparison. It is on record that Bogle put forward a flabby Tichborne, with an imbecile's amiable smile, brown hair, and an invincible ignorance of French. He knew that an exact likeness of the long-lost Roger Charles Tichborne was an outright impossibility. He also knew that any resemblances, however successfully contrived, would only point up certain unavoidable disparities. Bogle therefore steered clear of all likeness. Intuition told him that the vast ineptitude of the venture would serve as ample proof that no fraud was afoot, since an impostor would hardly have overlooked such flagrant discrepancies. Nor must the all-important collaboration of time be forgotten: fourteen years of Southern Hemisphere, coupled with the hazards of chance, can wreak change in a man.

A further assurance of success lay in Lady Tichborne's unrelenting, harebrained advertisements, which showed how unshakably she believed that Roger Charles was not dead and how willing she was to recognize him.

### The meeting

TOM CASTRO, always ready to oblige, wrote Lady Tichborne. To confirm his identity, he cited the unimpeachable proof of two moles located close to the nipple of his left breast and that childhood episode—so painful, but at the same time so unforgettable—of his having been attacked by a nest of hornets. The letter was short and, in keeping with Tom Castro and Bogle, was wanting in the least scruples of orthography. In the imposing seclusion of her Paris hotel, the lady read and reread the letter through tears of joy, and in a few days' time



she came up with the memories her son had asked for.

On the sixteenth of January, 1867, Roger Charles Tichborne announced his presence in that same hotel. He was preceded by his respectful manservant, Ebenezer Bogle. The winter day was bright with sunshine; Lady Tichborne's weary eyes were veiled with tears. The Negro threw open wide the window blinds, the light created a mask, and the mother, recognizing her prodigal son, drew him into her eager embrace. Now that she really had him back, she could relinquish his diary and the letters he had sent her through fourteen years of solitude. She handed them back with pride. Not a scrap was missing.

Bogle smiled to himself. Now he had a way to flesh out the compliant ghost of Roger Charles.

### *Id majorem dei gloriam*

THIS GLAD REUNION—which seems somehow to belong to a tradition of the classical stage—might well have crowned our story, rendering certain or at least probable the happiness of three parties: the real mother, the spurious son, the successful plotter. Fate (such is the name we give the infinite, ceaseless chain of thousands of intertwined causes) had another end in store. Lady Tichborne died in 1870, and her relatives brought suit against Arthur Orton for false impersonation. Unburdened by solitude or tears—though not by greed—they had never believed in the obese and nearly illiterate prodigal son who appeared, straight out of the blue, from the wilds of Australia. Orton counted on the support of his numerous creditors who, anxious to be paid what was owed them, were determined that he was Tichborne.

He also counted on the friendship of the family solicitor, Edward Hopkins, and of Francis J. Baigent, an antiquary intimately acquainted with the Tichborne family history. This, however, was not enough. Bogle reasoned that, to win the game, public opinion would have to be marshaled in their favor. Assuming a top hat and rolled umbrella, he went in search of inspiration along the better streets of London. It was early evening. Bogle perambulated about until a honey-colored moon repeated itself in the rectangular basins of the public fountains. The expected visitation was paid him. Hailing a cab, he asked to be driven to Baigent's flat. Baigent sent a long letter to the *Times*, certifying that the supposed Tichborne was a shameless impostor. He signed it with the name of Father Goudron of the Society of Jesus.

Other equally papist accusations soon followed. Their effect was immediate: decent people everywhere were quick to discover that Sir Charles was the target of an unscrupulous judicial plot.

### The hansom

THE TRIAL LASTED one hundred and twenty days. Something like a hundred witnesses swore that the defendant was Tichborne—their names, four fellow officers in the 6th Dragoon Guards. The claimant's supporters kept repeating that he was not an impostor, for, if he had been one, he would have made some copies of his model's youthful portraits. Further, Lady Tichborne had identified him, and obviously a mother cannot be wrong. All went more or less well, until a former sweet friend of Orton's took the stand to testify. Bogle, shaken by this treacherous maneuver on the part of the "relatives"; assuming top hat and umbrella, he once again took to the London streets in search of a third visitation. We will never know whether he found it. Shortly before reaching Primrose Hill, there loomed out of the distance a dreaded vehicle that had been in pursuit of him down through the years. Bogle saw it coming and cried out, but salvation eluded him. He fell violently against the stone pavement, his body was split by the dizzying hoofs.

### The story

TOM CASTRO WAS THE GHOST of Roger Charles Tichborne, but he was a sorry ghost, created by someone else's genius. On hearing the news of Bogle's death, he collapsed. He was lying, but with failing conviction and glaring discrepancies. It was not hard to foresee the end.

On the twenty-seventh of February, 1868, Arthur Orton, alias Tom Castro, was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. In prison he got himself liked; this was Orton's calling. His behavior won him a four-year reduction of sentence. When this last touch of hospitality—was behind him, he toured the hamlets and centers of the United Kingdom, giving lectures in which he alternately pleaded his innocence or his guilt. Modesty and ingenuity were so deep-seated in him that many a man would begin by exoneration and end in confession, always disposed to the leaning side of the audience.

On April 2, 1898, he died.

Two recent books of Jorge Luis Borges, the distinguished Argentine writer, are *The Aleph* and *Other Stories* and *The Book of Imaginary Beings*. This story was translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni in collaboration with the author.

# THE RUM MARTINI. SOUNDS AWFUL. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



If you're a devoted martini drinker, you may find this a bit hard to swallow, but:

The difference between a gin martini and a Puerto Rican Rum Martini is a subtlety. The inherent quality of subtlety that gives Puerto Rican Rums the edge.

Our rums are light, clear and dry. But they don't happen to get that way overnight.

To make certain there's no bite or strong aroma, every Puerto Rican Rum must be distilled at high proof and aged and filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

But after all is said and done, reading about the Rum Martini is no substitute for sipping one.

So make one with White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum and dry vermouth (or try a few drops of dry cocktail type sherry).

The Rum Martini. Don't let what it sounds like prevent you from finding out what it tastes like.

**THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO**



## CHINA & THE U.S: THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

Peking's approach to the U.N. raises inscrutable questions for George Bush, devout capitalist and novice ambassador

ANY AMERICAN WHO SUPPORTS the United Nations, Colonel Robert McCormick used to tell his readers, must be "either a Communist or misinformed." If misinformed, perhaps it was by the *New York Post*, which told its readers that the founding of the U.N. was "the greatest human gathering since the Last Supper."

The United Nations no longer arouses the old extremes of adulation or scorn. In fact, it arouses very little interest at all. Many Americans find General Assembly debates a turgid bore, the Security Council's hand-wringing tragically irrelevant to most issues of peace and war. They long ago lost track of how many swamps have been drained, or children fed, or rice paddies planted, by the U.N. agencies. In Washington, the United Nations is so often praised in principle and ignored in practice that you hear it called the Better Business Bureau of world affairs.

This month, however, the half-forgotten organization in Manhattan's Turtle Bay enters one of the most dramatic—and perhaps most perilous—periods in its twenty-six-year history. Almost certainly by next year, and perhaps sooner, the U.N. will witness China's formal debut as a great power in the world community.

For two decades, the U.S. has invested an enormous political and emotional stake in keeping Peking out of the U.N. There is considerable worry in Washington and New York about what may happen once the bull is in the china shop—or China, perhaps, is in the bull shop. Many expect the Chinese to carry on like raving, recalcitrant Maoists, using the U.N. primarily as a soapbox to attack "imperialism and its running dogs." If so, this could not only bring U.N. business to a standstill, it could also undermine the organization's U.S. support—perhaps badly enough to revive the old political war cry of the Far Right: "Take the U.N. out of the U.S., and the U.S. out of the U.N."

The sudden return of the U.N. to the forefront of U.S. concern also presents a dramatic turn-

about in the fortunes of the new U.S. ambassador, George H. W. Bush. His is the leading role as the General Assembly opens. A novice to the U.N., Bush has no experience as a diplomat and no background in foreign affairs. In fact, he was not even considered for the U.N. until several weeks before his appointment—when he himself suggested it to the White House.

One of the most attractive and ambitious of the Republican "New Breed" Congressmen, Bush last November was feeling "crushed." He had just lost a U.S. Senate race in Texas, and though he hoped to be named Secretary of the Treasury, the Administration was considering him for several lesser posts. The U.N. job was suggested to Bush by conservative Charles Bartlett and a few other Washington friends. "It would be a great personal showcase for you," one of them recalls saying. "Elbow to elbow with the top guys in the world." Pleased with the idea, Bush sold it to President Nixon during a twenty-minute conversation in the Oval Office. When Nixon announced the appointment a few days later, it seemed that the U.N. ambassadorship had become another of those political consolation prizes that are habitually awards to Republican losers. And "good old George" could do no harm at the U.N. and he had himself a prestigious if somewhat peripheral sinecure until the next election.

Now, somewhat to his own surprise, the consolation prize has become the most difficult challenge of his career. What vastly complicates his major task at the U.N. this fall is the U.S. tradition of diplomatic blackmail and political hysteria surrounding the question of China's seat. Like Nixon, Bush already knows something about that subject. In 1964, running in his first Texas political campaign, the future U.N. ambassador firmly declared: "If Red China should be admitted to the United Nations, the U.N. is hopeless, and we should withdraw."

That, of course, was a not uncommon

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at the time. Throughout the Fifties, the annual offensive to keep China in the U.N. was one of the most bizarre in the annals of U.S. diplomacy. "I want you a figure in millions of dollars," former U.S. ambassador to the U.N., "but at a good price. To vote against Peking, Country 'X' would request a multimillion-dollar project. They'd get it. Country 'Y' would help to obtain a crucial Secretariat post. The Foreign Minister's incompetent secretary would get that too." Knowledgeable diplomatic sources insist that even John F. Kennedy's disastrous decision to withhold aid for the Aswan Dam was in some way based on Cairo's refusal to vote the way on the China seat.

China representation came up as many times a year in various procedural meetings. Lobbying was virtually a year-round activity. During one agency meeting in Geneva, a U.S. diplomat was assigned to make visits to the hotel rooms of sleepy European health officials, to instruct them on the difference between the "Republic of China"

and the "People's Republic of China." In Manhattan, a junior foreign service officer would sheepishly search through cocktail lounges to round up delegates in time to vote against China.

## Sweetness and sugar

THIS PAST SUMMER, AT LAST, the dramatic announcement of Nixon's "journey for peace" made a change in the China seat seem a question of when, not if. So it was a good time to listen to what the Chinese themselves were saying about U.N. membership, and a good place to do this was Ottawa. Red China established its first North American embassy there last February—and Mao's Long March to the United Nations began in earnest.

By spring, they began receiving guests in their balconied penthouse at the rather posh Juliana Apartments, overlooking gothic Parliament Hill and the silver-steepled churches across the Ottawa River in Quebec. Canadian businessmen came to discuss trade, aides of U.S. Senators and journalists to seek visas. A half-dozen stu-





dents from Columbia University dropped in to ask if they could join a Chinese peasant commune. The Chinese also held many meetings with sinologists from Canada and the U.S. Some of these conversations at the Juliana took place in a room furnished sparsely in Provincial style, with tasteful gold-weave upholstery and an Admiral color TV set. Fairly unobtrusive Mao portraits hung on the walls, along with a shell-relief of the Communist mecca of Yennan. Visitors were provided with white porcelain cups, which an official constantly refilled from a large metal teapot. Detailed reports on a half-dozen of the Juliana meetings offer an intriguing—if highly tentative—preview of what the Chinese may say and do at the U.N.

Why, just six years after Premier Chou En-lai threatened to join Indonesia's Sukarno in a rival "revolutionary U.N.," does Peking now want in? For one thing, say the Chinese, the Mao regime has always regarded U.N. membership as a "legitimate right" and deeply resented being blackballed from the club. As early as 1950, Premier Chou was in touch with Trygve Lie and went so far as to announce publicly the names of Peking's representatives to several U.N. bodies.

They were never seated, and with the Korean war and the hardening of Maoism, the Chinese came to regard the U.N. as a vile instrument of its Western members. "If we should enter the United Nations," said a confidential *Work Bulletin* of 1961, "we would not be a majority. On the surface the situation would become easier, but in reality we should lose our freedom of movement."

Now Peking's perception of the U.N. has changed. The new Afro-Asian majority, said the Ottawa Chinese, has given the U.N. "a different social consciousness"—and Peking its first honest chance to compete in that forum against the two superpowers. The Chinese are candid about relating U.N. membership to their overriding foreign-policy interests: watching over, and outmaneuvering, "American imperialism, Soviet revisionism, and Japanese militarism," and "ending the civil war" with the Nationalists. As the Chinese see it, Peking's arrival at the U.N. will help convince Americans that Chiang Kai-shek is finished.

**A**SSUMING THEY WERE SEATED on their own terms, how would the Peking delegates conduct themselves? In the U.S., views differ. As one sinologist with numerous State Department contacts remarked, "Washington seems to expect the Chinese to defecate on the Security Council's

carpets." At best, most U.S. foreign makers envision a Peking delegation resembling the obstreperous, veto-wielding Russians of the early 1950s. A different view prevails among many academics. Harvard's John K. Fairbank, dean of U.S. sinologists, thinks the Chinese likely to spread "sweetness and sugar, rather than vinegar and dirty work."

The Chinese themselves suggested that there will be two touchstones for their U.N. dealings: national dignity, including a very determined attempt to contrast themselves with the rather threadbare presence as a member of the Big Five. To take one example that might fortify the U.N. Secretariat, Peking could be one of the very few member governments fully to pay its assessed dues on time. The important question is whether amour-propre would temper ideological Maoism in China's approach to U.N. political issues.

A second clue is that Ottawa visitors referred to Peking as a "great power" were corrected: the preferred usage at the Juliana was "middle power." Undoubtedly, Peking's great goal would be to diminish the influence of the two superpowers at the U.N. and to emerge as leader of what Premier Chou has called a "broad, united front" of smaller nations. The Chinese even suggested a few of the first "middle power" political issues at the U.N. The most important is the Middle East. If Peking gained a permanent seat on the Security Council, an all-out Chinese effort for militant Arab support could wreck delicate negotiations of U.N. mediator Gurtner and the Big Four. Over the longer term, the Ottawa Chinese suggested that their delegation might include attempts to change U.N. procedural rules, and conceivably an eventual move U.N. headquarters away from the traditionally "hostile" U.S.

In the past decade, China's public statements on U.N. membership have often seemed more anxious to U.N. economic, social, and technical programs. In Ottawa, the Chinese surprised one North American visitor by calling China "an underdeveloped country" with many things to learn from you." They appeared interested in joining multinational technical programs such as outer space and seismic monitoring, and do not exclude themselves from international efforts to control air hijackings, narcotics traffic—and population growth.

By contrast, the Chinese appeared to be wary of the U.N.'s Third World economic development programs. Presumably they don't want to appear a debtor nation, coming bowl in to the U.N. for largely Western-financed as-



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In fact, the Chinese spoke as if they might contribute their own technicians, perhaps to medical and agricultural programs. When the dust settles, the U.N. could find itself the surprised beneficiary of new largess.

### Comic operetta

AS IF THE CHINA QUESTION weren't enough, the new U.N. Assembly session opens at a time of many other challenges and woes. For one thing, the U.N. is searching for a successor to U Thant, who is both tired and ailing. In recent months, the sixty-two-year-old Secretary General suffered several spells of dizziness and "extreme fatigue," and announced that his long-standing decision to retire at the end of this year was now "irrevocable."

Under Thant, institutional confusion has become so severe that the U.N., in the words of Canada's External Affairs Minister, "is drowning in a sea of words." In one recent twelve-month period, the U.N. system printed 739,507,676 pages of speeches and documents and held a total of 6,717 meetings. Also, the U.N. is seriously hobbled by an arteriosclerotic leadership. Most senior Secretariat officials are in their sixties and seventies, and some are badly out of touch.

The U.N. must deal with even more fundamental troubles. To many veteran observers, its standing has never seemed quite so low with quite so many of its members. The French, though more polite than under De Gaulle, think of the U.N. in *le grand Charles'* cutting phrase, "*les nations dites unies*" (the so-called United Nations). In Israel, young people call the U.N. "United Nothing"; one ambassador described it as "comic operetta in a Tower of Babel."

The Nixon Administration believes that the U.N. could revitalize its role in the 1970s by attempting to deal with the global challenge of ecology. With encouragement from the U.S. and other industrialized countries, the U.N. is preparing an ambitious draft program to protect the earth's environment and resources. Whether this is more than an empty gesture will begin to become apparent next June, when the first U.N. Conference on the Human Environment opens at the Royal Opera in Stockholm.

The Stockholm conference is already controversial. One U.N. ambassador, repeating a frequent criticism, accuses Nixon of "trying to turn the U.N. into a technological training institute"—that is, of using "nonpolitical" issues such as environment to deflect the U.N. from its proper

"political" role. Actually, an adequate program to control pollution would be highly "political," intruding on national interests and sovereignty to a greater extent than has any other Nations activity.

But that simply isn't going to happen. Support can be enlisted from most of the African and Asian majority, who regard pollution as a rich man's ailment, clinging for funds against their own immediate problems of poverty and underdevelopment. Or, to gain Third World support for environmental programs has been suggested by President Nixon, an aficionado of "trade-offs" in foreign affairs. He has proposed to the U.N. that the U.S. and other coastal states renounce no claims to mineral and other seabed resources beyond the depth of 200 meters (0.12 miles). A new international authority would protect the seabeds from pollution and license exploration. The authority's potentially vast revenues would be spent "for international purposes, particularly the development of the poorer nations."

In the 1970s, the U.N.'s role in Third World development is likely to be more crucial than ever before. The U.S. Congress and public are growing increasingly impatient with high-profile bilateral giving that can commit the U.S. willy-nilly to help maintain the stability of savory "client" regimes. To overcome these objections, the Administration has proposed shifting most bilateral aid funds to multilateral organizations, including the U.N.

Though environmental and aid programs could offer a challenging agenda for the future, whatever *did* happen to the more classic political U.N.—the "last, best hope" for world peace? In the Middle East—or anywhere else—no new U.N. peace-keeping operation is likely to be undertaken without detailed U.S. Security Council agreement on how to conduct, fund, and control it.

### A crown?

DURING A TIME OF TRANSITION at the U.N., a significant change has also taken place within the U.S. Mission. As the late Adlai Stevenson's public-affairs assistant once remarked, America's U.N. ambassadors—Henry C. Lodge, Stevenson, Arthur Goldberg—have been appointed under "the star system." In political terms, Ambassador George Bush is of an unknown ingenue. Except for a few past appointees, he is the first U.S. ambassador to the U.N. who is neither a mature politician of national

accomplished professional diplomat. Bush is easy to underrate. At forty-seven, the public-spirited dedication, social and Establishment connections of a New Brahmin upbringing, improbably combined with the earned achievements of an oil millionaire and Republican vote getter in the Democratic state of Texas. Bush is also intelligent, generous, compassionate, and endlessly energetic, of which has made him something of a favorite to Richard Nixon. During the wilderness years, Nixon developed a notable talent for organizing and cataloguing hot new political ideas. In Bush, a freshman Congressman from Houston, the President detected "a unique opportunity." Bush's name popped up in Nixon's first meeting to choose a Republican Vice Presidential nominee at Miami Beach in 1968. A debacle at the U.N., it may well come next August at San Diego.

The standards of the U.N.'s strongest American supporters—who are liberal, avidly internationalist, and more often than not Democratic—of Bush's political record is dismal. His congressional speeches were a shade less conservative than his speeches on the hustings. But when last called on domestic subjects, Bush was still out for state right-to-work laws and "free choice" plans for the schools. During the 1960s, he enthusiastically campaigned for higher tariffs and lower foreign-aid appropriations against East-West trade and the nuclear treaty. Bush likes to portray his political liberalism as an ambassadorial asset. East Coast liberals have "clutched the U.N. to their breasts and smothered it," he says, and it needs to be held to "people like me, plain Middle Americans."

But he is not a plain Middle American. In Greenwich, Connecticut, in a fifteen-room house with three servants, George Herbert Bush was born into what some are called the New England Plantation Class. After, Prescott Bush, was managing partner of the international banking house of Brown Brothers; member of the Yale Corporation from 1952 to 1962, U.S. Senator from Connecticut. At Burning Tree Golf Club and the fishing hole of Hobe Sound, Florida, Bush was the frequent golfing partner and eventually the whole Republican Congressional leadership (including Vice President Richard Nixon). That George often joined his golf foursomes—once against the curfew of J. William Fulbright and Robert A. Taft—hardly harmed his political fortunes. In his maternal family, the Walkers (who en-

dowed golf's Walker Cup), are no liability to him either. When Bush became one of the first West Texas oilmen to go public, his major New York underwriter was G. H. Walker & Co., a blue-chip brokerage house headed by his uncle and namesake, George Herbert Walker. That Uncle "Herbie" is also part owner of baseball's New York Mets conceivably helps explain why this spring, for the first time, the new U.N. Ambassador, and not the Mayor of New York City, threw out the season's first ball. John V. Lindsay's staff was livid.

Prescott Bush recalls teaching George "the family feeling that public service is a wonderful activity, and those who are most fortunate have the greatest obligation to serve." After graduating from Andover in 1942, George enlisted in the U.S. Navy at eighteen; when he won his wings he was the Navy's youngest pilot, and was the only survivor picked up by a U.S. submarine when his three-man Grumman Avenger was shot down in 1944 near a Japanese-held island.

Bush married Barbara Pierce, daughter of the president of the McCall Publishing Company, and enrolled at Yale after the war. "Poppy," as he was then known, was captain of the varsity baseball team, member of Skull and Bones, and graduated Phi Beta Kappa in economics. A former chairman of the *Yale Daily News* remembers Bush as "a crown prince of the 'Greenwich Conspiracy,' which ran Yale. They were all dedicated, earnest, encrusted with tradition—the essence of white-shoed Yale do-goodism."

After Yale, Bush's New England public-service strain turned into Texas boosterism. He moved "way the hell away" to the booming West Texas oiltown of Midland, he says, "because I didn't want to live in the suburbs and be 'Pres Bush's boy.'"

Midland was about as far away from Greenwich as you could get—an oilfield administrative outpost plagued by sandstorms in spring and 110-degree heat in summer. As the town grew, Bush was a founder or fund raiser for nearly everything in sight—the cancer drive, the first YMCA, the new bank, a Little Theater. When he first arrived, he worked as a \$375-a-month executive trainee and oilfield supply salesman. George and Barbara lived among the field hands on East 7th Street. Neighbors' pigs and chickens roamed underfoot, and the other half of their frame house was occupied by a hard-working prostitute.

In 1954, Bush and his partner, J. Hugh Leidtke, formed Zapata Off-Shore Company, named after the Marlon Brando movie. With Bush as president, the company became one of

"East Coast liberals have 'clutched the U.N. to their breasts and smothered it,' and it needs to be resold to 'people like me, plain Middle Americans.'"

—George Bush



the world's largest independent offshore oil drillers and established an excellent record as an innovator and adapter of new offshore drilling technology. Bush traveled roughly three times around the world negotiating contracts, and oceangoing tugs chartered in Rotterdam towed Zapata's dinosaurian rigs everywhere from Borneo to the Bahamas.

WHEN BUSH SOLD his oil interests to run for Congress in 1966, he was a millionaire and, he says, "no longer interested in piling up money or things. I wanted something else to do." He had moved with Zapata to Houston and, between serving on school, hospital, church, and charity boards, had become one of the state Republican party's most successful fund raisers. Despite some muttering that Bush was only a "country club Republican," he was chosen GOP county chairman in 1963 and won the party's nomination the next year for the U.S. Senate. Though Bush lost to incumbent Ralph Yarborough, he polled enough votes to make him the best statewide Republican vote getter in Texas history.

In 1966, he was rated as one of the most attractive new Republican faces in the South when he won a Congressional seat in Houston's highly conservative, largely upper-middle class Seventh District. The Bush TV spots that deluged Houston showed a vigorous young man—jacket slung over his shoulder, tie blowing in the wind—pounding the pavements and looking concerned. Occasionally, Bush's catchy campaign tune of 76 Trombones faded, and a voter would ask Bush whether he was a conservative or liberal. "Labels are for cans," he would reply, "not for people."

Bush still uses that line. Like much else in the 1966 campaign, it was created for him by a total newcomer to politics named Harry Treleaven, whom Bush recruited from Madison Avenue's J. Walter Thompson agency to run his campaign advertising. Today, Treleaven has an office a half-dozen blocks from the White House with Jim Allison, Bush's close friend and 1966 campaign manager. They run campaigns for some of the country's most prominent Republicans, and Allison is also deputy chairman of the Republican National Committee. "The fact that I'm in politics at all," says Treleaven, "is due to George."\*

\*After the 1966 campaign, Treleaven wrote a report on Bush's race that he called *UPSET: The Story of a Modern Political Campaign*. One of seven Xeroxed copies was shown to Nixon's law partner and campaign recruiter, Leonard Garment, who hired Treleaven as Nixon's creative director of advertising.

Of Bush's four years on Capitol Hill, a liberal Democrat says, "Around here with craftsmen like Wilbur Mills, and we have mentors like Rayburn or LBJ. Bush was an oddball—and for a new man, a damn shrewd one. He was one of three freshmen in this century who signed a seat on the House Ways and Means Committee. Chairman Wilbur Mills, a Democrat, rated him "one of the very ablest members of the committee." Bush was also Ways and Means' most knowledgeable spokesman for the oil industry.

Bush was quite an operator socially as well. It is difficult to imagine any other House member who could throw monthly dinner parties where a fairly typical guest list included ranking members of the Nixon Administration, two European ambassadors, one U.S. Supreme Court Justice, astronaut Neil Armstrong, and the director of the CIA.

Interestingly enough—and the racial politics of America's ambassador to the U.N. is a matter of wide interest—the only rough political controversy Bush faced in his district came from one of his votes on civil rights. In 1964, during Johnson Administration's bitterly debated housing bill passed the House. Bush voted against it.

That Bush's vote took considerable heat was evident from the reaction in his district. He described some of it in a letter he wrote to a friend while flying back to Washington after confronting his angry constituents. The letter recounts an incident on the plane that captured the peculiar intensity of Bush's commitment as a politician.

... I never dreamed the reaction would be so violent. Seething hatred—the epithets—the chicken shit stuff in spades—to our [Black] girls: "You must be a nigger or a Chinaman"—and on and on—and the county crowd owning me and denouncing me and warning if they could "still continue to support me"—and at the Gridiron Dinner the next day by legislative candidates who were warning my support and fawning all over me a couple of months ago. . . .

Tonight I got on this plane and this lady came up to me. She said, "I'm a conservative Democrat from the district, but I'm proud, and will always vote for you now and her accent was Texan (not Connecticut) and suddenly somehow I felt that maybe I would all be OK—and I started to cry—the poor lady embarrassed to death—I couldn't say a word to her. . . .

When Bush ran for the U.S. Senate in 1970 against Democrat Lloyd Bentsen, friends warned him down his decision to arm-twisting by Bentsen. Very little twisting was needed. Says Bush,



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want to score and then be captain, to get promoted and then be boss, to get elected and achieve something and then to get elected to something else."

### White House clout

**B**USH'S BACKGROUND in Congressional politics is probably his most important asset for the United Nations. Much U.N. business revolves around the legislative-style lobbying that Dean Rusk called "parliamentary diplomacy." Bush calls it "harvesting the votes," and he obviously knows where the votes are. His very first social engagement after his U.N. appointment was a Washington cocktail party he threw for African ambassadors. The Africans, who were delighted, are by far the largest voting bloc in the Assembly.

Another Bush asset is his excellent political relationship with the President. Nixon's first U.N. ambassador, career diplomat Charles W. Yost, had little clout with the White House. Yost left his U.N. post convinced that being a professional diplomat was "a distinct handicap." Of his own relationship with the President, Bush says: "We're not 'Dick' and 'George.' I don't intend to big-deal-it every day on the White House hot line." Nevertheless, Bush's way of operating has already given the U.S. Mission a warm feeling that "New York" swings more weight in Washington. Last spring, Bush was scheduled to appear on *Meet the Press* during a delicate pass in the Middle East negotiations. Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco asked him to cancel: he was new in the job and might say the wrong thing. According to Mission sources, Bush's reply was: well, the White House wants me to get out and do these interview shows, so maybe the White House had better call me if I shouldn't appear. He appeared (and said nothing undiplomatic).

Bush made his weight felt in Washington on another occasion that surprised a few of his political friends. By all accounts, Bush is a remarkably compassionate and thoughtful man, "far more sensitive," says White House Counselor Robert Finch, "than most of our breed." A prominent Texas Democrat says, "This kind and very attractive side of Bush is his greatest asset, and worst political liability. He lacks a necessary hardness."

The first U.N. test of that proposition came last summer when the White House wanted to appoint sixty-six-year-old Arthur Flemming, a retread from the Eisenhower Cabinet, as ambassador to the U.N. Economic and Social Council. ECOSOC badly needs vigorous U.S. representa-

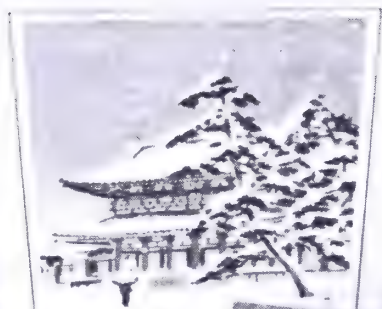
tion. Bush vetoed the appointment, which was particularly difficult because Flemming is a White House aide. Harry Flemming, is from ECOSOC would probably be stuck with Flemming Sr. if Bush were a total cream. Perhaps, a career diplomat.

The most important question many ask about Bush is "whether I have the makeup," and the answer is yes. It's not just his presence at the Security Council and among the great powers. But already, he has the U.S. Mission in Moscow as it hasn't in years, and has overcome the initial skepticism about his appointment. It's a patently political one, and Bush has served, "I didn't exactly expect the Chief of Foreign Relations to take me out to lunch. Though Bush is witty and urbane in small groups, he sometimes comes on in larger ones. If he wouldn't know what the Council in Foreign Relations was if it did take him to lunch. Part of the reason is what a fellow calls "George's Sioux City speech." Bush, a Texas politician's frenetic platform manner. When he started at the U.N., he confronted a new subject with little detailed knowledge. The frequent result was arm-flailing and pounding, intensely dramatic speeches with most nothing about almost everything he has ever done—each one of them "a valuable challenge."

**S**INCE BUSH avidly delivered his Sioux City speech last summer everywhere from California to Dallas to the New Jersey Club. Commerce, his "aw, shucks" manner could have a political method to it. As he frequently explains, "The fundamental importance of the U.N. in elected politics remains a priority. But Bush has also never given less than his best to a job. To him, the U.N. is "like a club. It needs some big wins, and I'm determined to do everything I can to see that it gets them."

Bush is probably in a better position than a modest professional diplomat. The Administration's development, social, and environmental proposals could be particularly important to the U.N.'s unsettled future—particularly now that the Chinese are not losing the hope that their 800 million people will soon be participating in some of their affairs. At a time, the interests of the Administration in the United Nations—are probably being handled by a shrewd political operator. "Oh, yes, a ranking State Department official, a politician on the make. And maybe that's what the U.N. needs right now."

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George Bernard Shaw

## OUR LOST HONESTY

A thief by any other name is still a thief

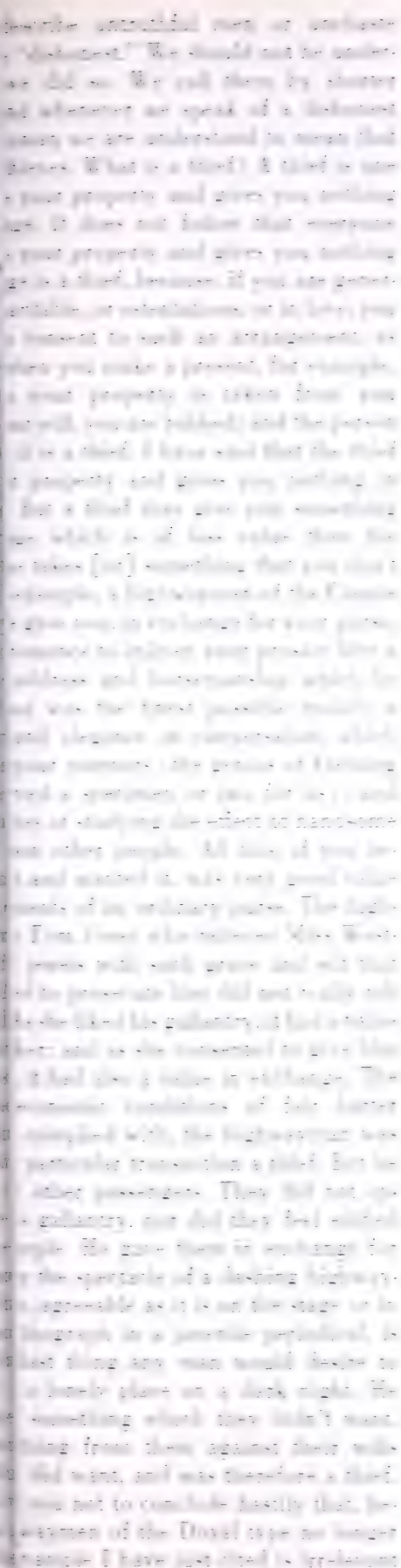
*George Bernard Shaw first became interested in economics on hearing Henry George, the author of Progress and Poverty, speak on Land Nationalization and the Single Tax on September 5, 1882. The next year he wrote his Marxist novel, The Unsocial Socialist. On May 22, 1884, he spoke to the Bedford Debating Society, under the presidency of the Reverend Stopford Brooke, on his new faith.*

THE PROPOSITION which I have to submit to you is That the Socialistic Movement is only the Assertion of our Lost Honesty. It will immediately occur to some of you that my notion of Honesty must be a very strange one. I venture to say, however, that Honesty is not a subjective impression of yours or mine, but a condition of social life capable of exact definition. It means that when one man has worked an hour for another, that other shall work not less than an hour for him. Among individuals, each of whom works for himself—produces everything he needs for himself—no question of honesty rises. But this only occurs in Robinson Crusoe communities of one, because it is a wasteful arrangement. A man can fell trees better than a woman. A woman can knit stockings better than a man. Suppose the man can fell two trees whilst the woman is felling one; and that the woman can knit two pairs of stockings whilst the man is knitting one. Suppose further that the time occupied by the man in felling the two trees, and by the woman in knitting the two pairs of stockings, is one hour. Now if each produces for himself and herself respectively, when the woman wants a tree to burn and a pair of stockings to wear, it will take her an hour to fell the tree, and half an hour to knit the stockings—one hour and a half in all. And the man, under the same necessity, will spend half an hour in felling his tree, and one hour in knitting his stockings—also one hour and a half in all. It costs the man and woman three hours' labor to supply themselves with fuel and hosiery. But they can save an hour of this by each working for the other. They require between them two trees and two pairs of stockings. The man can fell the two trees, and the woman knit the four stockings, in an hour each. Let them do so, and exchange a tree against a pair of stockings. Each is now supplied as well as before, although they have only worked two hours instead of three. They have gained half an

hour's leisure each, and neither has gained at the expense of the other. The woman has worked half an hour for the man, and he has worked half an hour for her. This is the state of things which the Socialistic movement aims at establishing.

Socialism is neither the organization of labor by the State, nor the abolition of competition, nor an equal division of all existing wealth, nor the assertion that one man is as good as another, nor a great deal better, nor the better housing of the poor, nor a differential income tax, nor a barricade fight in the streets, as many people seem to believe. These things may be the outward Socialism, or inevitable results of the accidents of it, or mere historical associations with the idea of a change of system; but the essential principle of Socialism is that men shall honestly labor for those who labor for them, each man replacing what he consumes, none profiting at his fellows' expense, and all profiting as the result of the most economical division of labor, as in the case of the stockings and the firewood. If, in that case, the man by threatening to withhold from the woman the use of the axe, or the woman by threatening to withhold the use of her needles, or on any pretext whatever the one or the other to do the largest share of the work necessary to both of them, then Socialism is the protest against that unfair proportion of labor, and endeavors to adjust it anew. Socialism is the protest and earnest just now because the just proportion has been so flagrantly upset that large numbers of able-bodied persons are openly living in poverty and luxury, whilst others, in spite of unremitting toil, cannot attain to even a standard of comfort. This fact shows that men do not replace what they consume, or that which a man produces his proper property, or that men take away the property of other men without giving anything in return.

We sometimes use the word "honest" to describe a truthful man or a chaste woman.





George Bernard  
Shaw

## OUR LOST HONESTY

slave market, they are driven to look upon whoever will take them into servitude as their benefactor, and upon themselves as very lucky in being saved by him from starvation. This is the origin of the popular impression that a great employer of labor is a public benefactor. . . .

LET US RETURN to our instructive highwayman. It must not be supposed that because he consumed what he did not replace, his lot was therefore an easy and a happy one. Consider his risk! The modern speculator often complains that he risks his capital at every venture. The highwayman, at every venture, risked not only his capital but his life. His anxieties were fearful: only reckless or desperate men took to the road. When he robbed the Dover mail, he had to face the blunderbuss of the guard [and] the pistols of the passengers, with the certainty, if captured, of being flung into a loathsome jail and hung, and the possibility that, after all, the mail might prove not worth robbing. Will anyone pretend that the risks of the holders of London and North Western Railway stock are comparable to these? Yet we not only hang the highwayman and reward the shareholder, but we sometimes allege that we reward the shareholder for his risk. As both run their risk with the same object—that of escaping their natural liability to replace what they consume—it is not plain that we should treat them on different principles. If our principle be to reward risk, we should give the greater reward to the man who runs the greater risk—to the highwayman in the present case. And we should reward, more highly than either, the wretches who for a miserable wage are doing at all seasons and at all hours the dangerous work of coupling the London and North Western trains. But we do nothing of the sort. Risk, being unproductive of any benefit to the human race, and thus having no value in use, can have no value in exchange, and cannot therefore be bought or sold. Every man runs risks every day of his life from epidemics, lightning, fire, malice of man and beast, accidental poisoning, and the perils of the streets. No man expects to be paid for running these risks, nor could be paid if he did expect it. A gentleman who wishes to break his neck fashionably may bribe a guide to show him the way to the summit of the Matterhorn. This is a perfectly fair transaction, as the man who is paid for running a risk runs it for the sake of the man who pays him; and the man who runs the risk for its own sake gets nothing but the risk in exchange. A

railway shareholder who claims his dividend as a reward for risk, or insurance against it, is in a position analogous to that which a member of the Alpine Club would occupy if he should bribe a guide to climb the Matterhorn, remain at his hotel meanwhile, and subsequently demand of the guide to pay him for the risk he had run in leaving the hotel from an avalanche. It is difficult to see how men first conceived the idea that a man should receive payment for running a risk for his own gratification. . . .

LET US RETURN FOR A MOMENT to our highwayman, in order that we may give him credit for the valuable individual qualities which his profession required. To rob a mail coach single-handed must have required a degree of hardihood few except born masters of men possess. Such hardihood, with the endurance, mental anxiety and bodily fatigue which must have accompanied them, are qualities which are said to be the very roots of the tree of life. It seems a pity to discourage them by punishing their possessors. But no quality, however valuable its associations may be, is to be encouraged for its own sake, irrespective of the use to which it is put. The manipulative dexterity which is rewarded in a locksmith when he secures our safes for us, we dread and punish in the thief when he breaks our safes open. We can imagine an Archbishop, addressing a young man who wishes to enter on an honorable career, earnestly exhorting him in the words of the great psalmist: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might" (Ecclesiastes 9:10). Can you imagine the Archbishop saying this to a prizefighter? Our admiration of individual qualities is entirely relative to their effects that there is no one such quality for which there are no names in current use, each name denoting a mental attitude towards the quality directly the reverse of that indicated by its synonym. Firmness speaks of his firmness: his wife speaks of his obstinacy. Both mean the same thing objectively. Prudence and avarice are two names for the same quality. So are discretion and cowardice, propriety and prejudice. So are sound common sense and pigheaded obstructiveness. So are voted courage and savage ferocity. So are conscientiousness and squeamishness. And so, in the present day, are order and anarchy. With multiplying instances, it is plain that no objection can be made to any system of social course can be based on the allegation

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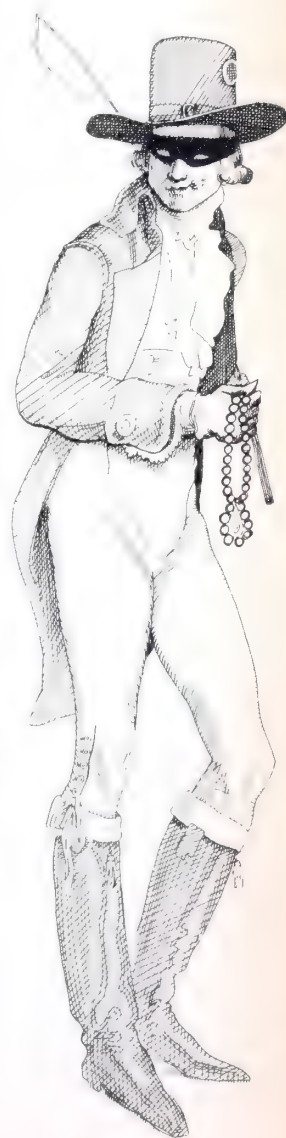
"Our Lost Honesty" (printed here in a slightly abridged form) is one of several Shaw essays recently discovered by Louis Crompton in the British Museum. Mr. Crompton's edition of the essays will appear this fall in a book, *The Road to Equality*, to be published by the Beacon Press.

es or checks any individual qualities. All objections must rest fundamentally that the system encourages or permits individual qualities to act against the welfare of the society as a whole. All recommendations must be based on proof that the system redividual qualities from so acting, and does or, at least, permits them to promote the welfare of the society as a whole. For the reasons, no private course of action can be based on the ground that remarkable inequalities are needed to carry it out. The highwayman may be brave, resolute, sagacious, cunning, and even abstinent; but we punish him whenever he exercises these qualities in order to consume what he does not replace. And there is no defense for the highwayman is made for the capitalist and landlord, if they consume what they do not replace. . . .

The commandment against thieving is "Thou shalt not steal." This is explicit as long as the community who make the law keep in sight the principle of stealing. It is always that of consuming a product without replacing it, against the will of the producer. But, though the principle remains constant, its practice varies in its forms; and even the constant association of the more direct and forcible of these forms with the words "theft" and "steal" tends to limit the application of these words until they no longer suggest the principle, but only the most easily recognizable form of the practice. "Thief" no longer suggests a man who steals, but only a man who steals in a particular way. The burglar, the pickpocket, the shoplifter, exercising their vigilance and address in order to seize and consume what they do not replace, are stigmatised and punished as thieves. The idle shareholder, consuming the labor of the persons employed in his company, could probably recover his money against any person who should so stigmatize him. Nevertheless he is a thief. The difference between him and the burglar is not at all one of principle, but consists in the fact that when a man retires from business (into prison or into the grave), there is so much less burglary in the world. But a shareholder can do no good by retiring from his position. If he sells out, he simply puts another thief in the place formerly occupied. If he forfeits his share, he washes his hands of the whole business (if that were possible), there will only be the more plunder for the other shareholders to divide.

IF SIX HOURS' USEFUL LABOR exchanges for six hours' labor, ten hours for ten hours, and so forth without regard to the degree of skill involved, the result is Socialism. If, on the contrary, a man is fed according to the capacity of his brain instead of that of his stomach, the result is Individualism, founded on the idea that the dog who jumps highest shall get the largest bone. If it be agreed that the greatest among you shall be master of all the rest, as a mother is the ruler of her child, the result is Despotism. If it be clearly perceived that the greatest among you shall be servant to all the rest, as a good mother is the servant and not the tyrant of her child, the result is Christianity, only to be attained, after Socialism has become a matter of course, by the utter denial and rejection of Christ in the common sense of the words. And if you have no discoverable principle whatever, but mere anarchy as of sheep going astray—everyone not to his own way, but wherever the rest happen to shove him—the result is the present state of things. The lot of a young man of the middle class today is a sad one. He may, if he be pretty well off or clever, qualify himself as a doctor and minister to thieves or help them to bring idlers into the world. Or he may become a lawyer and, when thieves fall out, come by what is not his own. Or he may become a clergyman and explain from the pulpit that the principles of Moses, Jeremiah, and Christ were in the main identical with those of the Postmaster General. If he be poor, and unable to succeed in a competitive examination for government appointment, he becomes an office boy at fifteen, and thenceforth, for a pittance which may fail him at any financial crisis, counts the money of thieves and gamblers for the rest of his abject life, they being so absolutely his masters that he dare not write a letter to a newspaper or take part in a public meeting without their approval. In his early manhood he joins the ranks of the volunteers, and learns to protect his master's interests against his own. Later on he marries, and his wife enters on her career as a nursery drudge. All this constitutes what he calls his respectability, which he jealously guards and hands on to his son, who sometimes brings down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave by preferring to take his chance of a field marshal's baton by enlisting in the artillery. I should recommend him to become a Socialist instead. He would probably repudiate my advice, as those who owe least to the present system are generally the most afraid of losing that little by doing anything to upset it. □

"The highwayman may be brave, resolute, sagacious, persevering, and even abstinent; but we punish him whenever he exercises these qualities in order to consume what he does not replace."





Is the ecology movement a squeamish revulsion against the works of man . . . and the just demands of the poor?

## NOT NATURE ALONE

by Richard Neuhaus

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS are card-carrying members of the ecology movement. Real friendship is enriched by honest disagreement; or so I will have reason to hope when they have read this. I am presumptuous enough to think they should read it, because those inside the movement are best able to change its direction. I believe some thorough changes are in order, for what has emerged as the ecology movement is in important respects a diversion from—and a distortion of—the radical demands of justice in a hungry world.

At its least exceptionable, ecology is a house-keeping movement, wiping up the mess, teaching industry better toilet habits, and exerting political pressure to restrain the engineers of technology who give little thought to the social or natural consequences of "progress." At this level the ecology movement makes an important contribution, nurturing a type of modesty and care not usually characteristic of American actions at home or abroad. The movement has also asked us to consider the possibility that the biosphere is in imminent danger of collapse—a prospect that, if true, is indeed a serious problem.

We must not forget, however, that the ecology "crisis" is in part simply a result of our successful indoctrination in ever-rising needs and ever-lower levels of tolerance. The idyllic past wasn't always so idyllic. In fact, much of nineteenth-century life would strike us today as being brutally harsh. As late as 1850, the life expectancy of the average American was less than forty years. As for pollution, the mid-nineteenth-century home in the major American cities took in more carbon monoxide than it does today. In Manchester, England, in 1843, there were thirty-three privies for 7,000 people, and even where there were sewers they ended abruptly, dispensing their contents into the middle of a street. Equally abhorrent conditions existed in America.

Subsistence has been redefined; what was luxury becomes necessity; inconveniences once accepted become intolerable. The man for whom

enough food might once have been a issue now has two cars, and he and his are irritated by the crowded conditions in parks where they go camping, and in that the air in Queens does not smell as that of the remotest valley of Vermont. This, obviously, is not that we should be satisfied with things as they are. The point is that we not permit ourselves to be seduced into ignoring the "crises" of our times.

We should also beware of mislocating logical villains. Telephone service in New York City has now regressed to about the level of World War II France. It has become fashionable to describe this abominable service as a "technology reaching its limits." Public officials have established that, far from being overwhelmed by technological demands, the New York Telephone Company knew five years ago what would be required to maintain the system in the 1970s but deliberately skimmed necessary expenditure. In the same vein, it was announced in the fall of 1970 that there would be a dire shortage of oil and natural gas during the coming winter. The eco-prophets immediately pounced on this further evidence of our technological exhaustion of the earth's resources. The problem, as it turned out, was not the oil companies attempting to raise artificially high prices.

Pogo's observation that "we have created the enemy and he is us" is frequently encountered in ecology meetings and literature. Consider the strong accusation carried in Pogo's cartoon: "The ecology movement, it is repeated with suspicious ease."

Sometimes one might suspect that "us" is a body, a ghostly diversionary tactic. Most of the choice places at the barricades are taken by executives of the corporate giants. According to the trade paper *Advertising Age*, corporations rushing to buy prime time for Earth Day included Procter & Gamble, General Electric, Goodrich, Standard Oil of New Jersey, International Paper, Phillips Petroleum

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eral Motors, and Atlantic Richfield. Food, bold and unflinching in the body.

tacle of polluters leading the anti-  
tsade puts one in mind of Herbert  
ory that the masters of a society can  
st by bringing it out in the open and  
ing to identify with it, thus neutraliz-  
est and even gaining credit for re-  
The process is sometimes called  
tolerance." If there were no anti-  
vement, the polluters would have to  
which, of course, is precisely what  
think happened.

one TV commercial. First on the  
tle baby, then we see it being taken  
he hospital by its young mother and  
he background is the gentle strum-  
itar, accompanied by the humming  
lkish" singer, creating the mood for  
The young father, wearing modi-  
glasses but otherwise quite respect-  
out over the landscape. There is the  
city, blanketed in smog. The young  
looks concerned, and then his  
-figured by one of those idealistic  
olk singer breaks into song: "What  
do, my friend? / What can one man  
ht pollution in the air / Closing in  
where?" The young father knows  
an can do. He and his wife and  
baby get in his big red car and,  
ernined yet somehow calm in of  
onary who has made his irrevoca-  
he pulls up at the Amoco lead-  
od says, "Fill 'er up." This commer-  
to you by courtesy of the ecology

who would be quick to object to  
of this commercial are less able to  
ynicism in the easy use of Pogo's  
oesn't "us" usually mean "them"  
? Like aristocrats of other times,  
nasses and find our own technique  
out the poachers—whether it be  
uring the world on the population  
conservationists trying to preserve

ley, in *The Invisible Pyramid*,  
loss of "the unfrequented wilder-  
youth to the "fungus" of spreading  
h its "radiating lines of transport  
ugh the naked earth [leading] to  
in an unmoving haze of smog." He  
ncipient illness as it spreads with all  
trils through the watershed." What  
"fungus upon a fruit"? People, of

course, fortunate enough to acquire their own  
homes and wanting a way to get from house to  
work to school to play. It may be bad urban  
planning, but they are not fungous, and their  
neighborhoods—such as they are—are not slimy  
tendrils.

Shouldn't Eiseley's real sorrow be for the poor  
people who must live in the "cities clothed in an  
unmoving haze of smog"? There is nothing in the  
context of *The Invisible Pyramid*, nor in the  
larger context of the ecology movement, to sug-  
gest that this is the focus of concern. Were the  
concern for the poor, it might be assumed that  
the movement would be informed by the de-  
mands of the poor: demands for decent housing,  
equal job opportunity, a chance at an education,  
honest cops, and a fair share of political power.  
As the man said, "Who wants to breathe clean  
air in a racist society?" No poor person should  
be fooled, nor do I know any who are, by the  
ecology movement's professed concern for their  
wellfare.

Many ecologists resent such suggestions of  
class bias. And it is possible that they have rea-  
son to take offense, though not the reason they  
think. In a chillingly profound way, they some-  
times seem to be saying that "the enemy" is a  
most egalitarian "us," thereby revealing a suspi-  
cion of mankind altogether, not just the poor or  
powerless.

### Yogis and commissars

**W**ILDERNESS IS A BENCH MARK, a touch-  
stone," writes eco-enthusiast Kenneth  
Brower. "In wilderness we can see where we  
have come from, where we are going, how far  
we've gone. In wilderness is the only unsullied  
earth sample of the forces generally at work in  
the universe."

What kind of history would be written by "the  
bench mark" of wilderness? Man's religions,  
music, philosophy, politics, cities, and friend-  
ships as well as his wars, acts of genocide, and  
abiding brutalities—these presumably only ob-  
scure "where we have come from, where we are  
going, how far we've gone."

There is no denying the allure of the natural  
in a world of plastic packages, synthetic clothes,  
and artificial stimulants. Everyone who suffers  
at times from urban shell shock can be enticed  
by the call of the wilderness (and the country).  
There are nights when, before I sleep, I turn my  
mind from the cacophony of Brooklyn's crises to  
the tranquillity of the Ottawa Valley: the pure  
cold water of the Ottawa River flowing by the

"As for pollu-  
tion, the  
mid-nineteenth  
century home  
in the major  
American cities  
took in more  
carbon monox-  
ide than it does  
today."



Richard Neuhaus  
NOT NATURE  
ALONE

azure backdrop of the Laurentian Mountains, where it was possible for the child that is me to believe that he discovered forests and groves where never man had set foot before.

Escape to the country can be more than escape, more than temporary relief or the indulgence of idiosyncrasy. It can supply, as it did for Thoreau, "a place to stand"—a frame of reference distinct from the present turmoil.

But the wilderness has never provided an adequate set of values for man, as H. Paul Santmyre suggests in *Brother Earth*: "The American passion for wild and cultivated nature in the nineteenth century and later was predicated more often than not on a flight from oppressive social realities." We turn toward nature as a mistress who yields to our every fantasy because she cannot talk back, except with the words our projections give her. In this she is so unlike the city, so unlike politics, so unlike people.

Nowhere is the weakness of this vision more evident than in its political implications. The goal is to put an end to politics. Charles Reich writes about "transcendence" and "liberation" from the strictures of politics. But when the "new consciousness" moves beyond privatized tripping and conceives of a new order of humanity it becomes emphatically political. It becomes the worst kind of politics: the politics that refuses to see itself as politics. Far from being

radically progressive in its consequences, this kind of politics is almost always conservative and reactionary. The Church, for example, usually considered itself "above politics" while its supposed neutrality was reinforcing the sanctity of things as they were.

This apolitical dream leaves one to wonder just how some eco-enthusiasts really complement coercive measures for which there is an urgent need. Garrett Hardin, one of the prophets of doomsday, writes that it has been necessary for a central authority to determine who should be permitted to have children, how many children they can have, where they can live, and what they are allowed to do. "A Madison Avenue man," writes Hardin, "might call [the necessary measures] coercion; I prefer the greater candor of the word compulsion. Coercion is a dirty word, but liberals now, but it need not forever be. Hardin goes on to assure the reader that there is nothing to fear from this kind of coercion. The only kind of coercion I recommend is mutual coercion, mutually agreed upon by the members of the people affected."

Hardin is only one of the "commisariat" of the ecology movement, and their presence should jar every one of us back into the earnest kind of politics. These hard-line defenders against eco-catastrophe may be



FRED POWLEDGE

romanticism of nature's yogis, but they are understood as relentless realists. The movement, the gentler folk, do not look carefully at what the warriors are doing. They know the more brutal types are for the dirty work that will preserve the world. So they pay their soldiers' notes their field manuals, and welcome the charmed circle of the ecologically conscious.

The relentless are willing to go can be the works of Paul Ehrlich. "The battle of humanity is over," writes Ehrlich. In the 70s the world will undergo famines—tens of millions of people are going to starve in spite of any crash programs embarked upon. . . ." Ehrlich further explores the theme in a new book appropriately titled *I, a Survivor*. What are the risks we face, he asks, now that it is clear that the world "does not have the capacity to feed the world over the next decade there has been "only one realistic suggestion in this area," says Ehrlich. He endorses the plan put forward by William and Paul Felt's book, *Famine—1975!*

In his proposal, Ehrlich explains in *The Population Bomb*, employs the concept of "triage," borrowed from military medicine:

Let me briefly say this: When casualties are brought to the dressing station to the point where they must be cared for by the limited medical personnel, decisions must be made on who will be treated. For this purpose the triage classification was developed. All incoming casualties are placed in one of three classes. In the first class are those who will survive regardless of treatment. In the second are those who will survive regardless of treatment. In the third are those who can be saved if they are given prompt treatment. When medical aid is limited, it is concentrated only on the third group—the others are left un-

attended, Ehrlich says, "devise a similar system of classifying nations." Libya might be one of the countries that should be cut off aid because she could probably survive without it. India, on the other hand, is probably one of the countries that should be cut off aid because people "are so far behind in the food game that there is no hope that they will see them through to self-sufficiency." Ehrlich expands the Paddocks' terms of giving nations in "the last category" at least one more chance. If they are prepared to undertake rigorous meas-

ures of population control right now, we might continue to give them some food aid.

It is difficult to know just how Ehrlich would impose his solution should India fail to respond as we demand. But if the predicted famine were to follow, enforcing the "triage" solution would undoubtedly produce crises involving desperate emigrants and unsanctioned relief efforts. Can we foresee United States soldiers firing on emaciated Indians trying to flee into Burma, or American jets shooting at planes trying to smuggle in food packages from the Ladies Aid of the First Baptist Church of Kankakee, Illinois? It is not clear whether Ehrlich wants all 540 million Indians dead before the embargo is lifted. That would seem most sensible, however, since any survivors of several years' rampant cannibalism and total absence of social order would be unlikely candidates for the "quality environment" we desire.

"No poor person should be fooled, nor do I know any who are, by the ecology movement's professed concern for their welfare."

### Survival as moral purpose

I HAVE, OF COURSE, met conservationists of a gentle and humane temperament who are embarrassed by Ehrlich and the other commissars.

These innocents who have joined the ecology movement believe its basic purpose is to preserve some uncrowded land for wandering and recrea-



GEORGE GARDNER



Richard Neuhaus  
NOT NATURE  
ALONE

tion, to make the rivers fit for swimming and fishing, to reduce the number of beer cans along the highways, to end strip mining and other despoliations of the countryside. These are all eminently desirable goals. The movement's followers would do well, however, to listen to some of the commissars and to entertain the possibility that the movement is in fact much more ambitious than these goals suggest; that its propagandists are serious when they claim the movement is a "revolution in values."

The essence of this revolution has received perhaps its most cogent treatment in an oft-reprinted essay by John Fischer, former editor in chief of *Harper's*. Although he starts with a program for the renewal of higher education, he ends up proposing a redirection of the whole society.

The problem, says Fischer, is with the liberal-arts schools, which, unlike the professional schools, do not train toward any "coherence and visible purpose." Education was not always like this, he writes, and it need not be fragmented now. In the earliest European universities, students were trained "for the service of the Church," and in nineteenth-century England they were trained "to run an empire." Today the university must be reshaped, "founded on a single guiding concept." Fischer has been checking out his fretwork with professors, administrators, and students, and he thinks he has struck upon the one idea that might pull everything together. "It is simply the idea of survival."

Fischer's "Survival U" will be unabashedly moralistic. The professor "will be expected to be a moralist; for this generation of students, like no other in my lifetime, is hungering and thirsting after righteousness. . . . In every class it will preach the primordial ethic of survival." Students will be trained to wage holy war against "the earth's cancerous growth of population" and a long list of thoughtless technology's violences to the earth and our "quality of life." Mobilizing this society and the world against ecological disaster requires the asking of "hard questions." Fischer has the courage to contemplate the possibility that we might have to "sacrifice some of our hard-won liberties" in order to assure the coherence of society around the theme of survival.

A doctrine of survival may grow appropriately from a Darwinian interest in nature, and the argument may sound attractive, but it is wrongheaded and misleading. Survival can never provide for man a moral purpose for his life. Survival may be a precondition for developing a moral purpose, but survival itself is not a moral purpose.

In his brilliant study, *Death in Life: Survivors of Hiroshima*, Robert Jay Lifton reports searching interviews with the *hibakusha*, the Japanese who survived the atomic bomb.

*By speaking of "true hellfire" the survivor means not only massive death and devastation, but the psychic flames of death guilt. . . . A survivor [feels] that his survival was not possible by others' deaths: if he had not survived, someone else would have. . . .*

Lifton was dealing as a social psychiatrist with people who had, if anything happens by chance, survived by chance. Many of them had performed acts of great heroism in attempting to save other victims of the bomb. The "flames of death guilt" would be infinitely more searing than as some ecological enthusiasts recommend. American people were deliberately told to stand and observe the death by famine of hundreds of millions of fellow human beings, and not to take any action to prevent it but, in fact, to accept it if not to welcome—it, as the necessary condition for our continued existence and the preservation of life. Under such circumstances and for such a people, survival would be a dark and terrible thing.

To say this does not mean we should ignore the ecologist's concern with survival. For every reason to try to achieve a stationary population level before it is brutally forced upon us by the absence of space for more people, of the real contributions of the current generation of consciousness is to challenge the simplistic notion of "the bigger the better." The evaluation of survival is in qualitative rather than quantitative terms, an enormous step forward.

But the fundamental answer to the question is that the important questions are political and moral, demanding the intelligent participation of all of us. The goal is not survival, but the well-being of human beings.

Gunnar Myrdal is among those wise men who understand that realism without moral vision is politically unrealistic. He noted, in *An Anarchy Dilemma*, that the greatest strength of the United States in dealing with its racial problems was its popular idealism by which the majority strained itself from the most obvious and "un-American" course, namely some German-style "solution." This was the popular idealism seized upon by Martin Luther King. The same idealism so distrusted and denigrated by American intellectuals. Myrdal's argument is that political leaders have set the American people up for disappointment when they abandon realism over idealism, as when they cast doubt on the rationale of Cold War self-interest.

## Loaves and fishes

THAT WE SHOULD STRIVE to redefine our purpose by developing a new, and old, covenant of accountability—a "Covenant with the Poor." The metaphor of the "loaves and fishes" is rooted in the Biblical tradition that has been a foundation for our society's moral consciousness. This is an integral part of America. This suggests approaches and priorities in the whole range of ecological questions. For example, the problem of world

as sit at the head of the table with a surplus of food—almost half of everything while twenty starving brothers are at the end of the table. The humane decision the ecologists urge, for us simply to take desirable action, but no response to the problem. As Pope Paul urged in his 1965 message to the United Nations:

*...strive to multiply bread so that there will be food for the tables of mankind, and not, for the sake of an artificial control of birth, to reduce the number of guests at the banquet of life.*

Roman Catholic and have little sympathy for what I believe to be the Pope's regression on numerous Church and social issues, including the issue of contraception. I believe his U.N. declaration is an overstatement. It suggests a theme, an overstatement, that, unlike survival, can motivate us to satisfy our humanity.

"Covenant with the Poor" could take dramatic form if the United States were to devote 2 percent (approximately \$20 billion) of its annual Gross National Product in nonmilitary assistance to underdeveloped countries. Some will say that to decry paternalism and condescension is to reject compassion because it is easily distorted. Others will say that the "loaves and fishes" metaphor falsely assumes that America has more than the people want. In fact, we do have a surplus of reasonable freedom from onerous labor, and a life expectancy beyond age 70, and there are millions of people on this earth who desperately want to share these elements of our decadent system.

On the more intelligent political level, others say that there is a real danger that the United States, even with the most generous motives, is likely to impose its social systems and values on others. They are right, of course, and this is precisely why political attention in

this country must be relentlessly focused on the nature and consequences of American aid. In a nation revived by its "Covenant with the Poor," political activists must press to see that American aid is *responsive to* and not *prescriptive for* the will of other nations. This means that assistance must be thoroughly demilitarized. At the same time, U.S. commercial interests abroad must be brought under stronger political control.

It is not our business as Americans to take sides in the conflicts and revolutions of other countries. And the power we have should be used only the way each nation desires it. Given the fact that many countries have bureaucratically incompetent and unrepresentative governments, the American people should make sure only that the assistance it offers is utilized in as effective and equitable a manner as circumstances permit. It may be that our motives will be better trusted if our Covenant is carried out by multilateral and international institutions.

I am aware that I have vastly oversimplified some of the most complicated questions involved. But it all comes back to the question the ecologists have raised: Do we multiply and redistribute the bread, or reduce the number of guests at the table?

Ehrlich's choice is the latter. His response to the Pope's statement is, "We have already seen that the 'banquet of life' is, for at least one half of humanity, a breadline or worse." There may indeed be a breadline, but even that may sustain life itself and the hope for justice that is life's constant companion.

There is an elitist arrogance in the assumption that life on a breadline is not worth living. A distinguished medical proponent of abortion on demand once assured me that no one should be forced to be born who was not guaranteed "the minimal requirements for a decent existence." Among the minimal requirements he included a stable family life, loving parents, quality education, and the economic security to have an equal start in competition for the best that American life has to offer. When I pointed out that by his criteria, most of the people I work with in Brooklyn should have been aborted in the womb, he responded with utmost sincerity, "But surely many, if not most, of the people who live in our horrible slums would, if they could be objective about it, agree with me that it would have been better for them not to be born." This naïve viewpoint is by no means rare among more affluent Americans, who apparently find it inconceivable that life itself could be as precious—yes, even a banquet—to the wretched of the earth as presumably it is to the rich.



## A MODEST PROPOSAL

For civilizing the automobile and—just possibly—saving our cities at the same time

*Charlton Ogburn is the author of The Winter Beach (winner of the John Burroughs Medal for 1967) and The Continent in Our Hands, published in September.*

**T**HE MOST SUPERFICIAL READING of history makes it clear that firmly established and strongly defended institutions are not easily abandoned. And this, I am afraid, applies to that most characteristic of American institutions—the Automobile Way of Life.

That the motorcar is imperiling our cities has become increasingly evident. The administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency declares that in many cities the present level of traffic is incompatible with safely breathable air. The noise of such traffic may well render all city dwellers stone deaf within thirty years. Going anywhere in the city without a car becomes ever more difficult and expensive; for, as private cars take away the passengers, public-transportation services have to be reduced and fares increased. And yet, going anywhere *with* a car also becomes more difficult and expensive as the streets become more congested and parking spaces more elusive. Above all, the cities are being rendered unfit for human habitation by the great mass of this army of motorized robots.

So people who can afford to get out of the city move to the suburbs and commute by car, exacerbating the very evil they are attempting to escape. Those who cannot afford to flee also cannot afford to support the city, which totters toward bankruptcy.

Everyone knows all this. Yet the automobile's sovereignty remains unimpaired. Some proposed urban freeways have been blocked, it is true, and Congress has decreed that the internal combustion engine shall cease to pollute, more or less, by 1975 or 1976. But we keep on buying more cars. The 100 million motor vehicles surging over our highways are expected, within a generation, to become 250 million. Americans will not give up—will not even consider or discuss giving up—the satisfaction or convenience of high-powered door-to-door transportation.

So what can be done?

Envision, if you will, a vehicle only a little larger than the space of two bus seats back-to-back, each holding two passengers. The vehicle is thus about a fourth the size of conventional

motorcars. Because it is as short as most cars are wide, it can be parked perpendicular to the curb, spang up alongside others of its kind (entry will be by front and rear). Thus five can be parked in the twenty-five feet of space now required to park a Cadillac or Lincoln.

Compactness will be achieved by placing propulsion equipment—a large storage battery with battery charger and simple electric motor—beneath the seats and providing space for passengers in racks overhead. If the Electricar is not registered, patent not pending, it is to be a bit on the tall side, you must remember its center of gravity will be very low. On city streets it will require a road clearance of only a few inches. In any case, it will be able to turn over because no one will be going faster than twenty miles an hour will be its top speed.

Electricarts will be publicly owned. They will be plentiful, lined up along the curbs and plugged into power lines inside the city. From which their batteries will be recharged whenever they are not in use. Functioning like supermarket pushcarts, they will be available to all licensed drivers. All you will have to do is plug up to one and, if a small light indicating a full charge is adequate, unplug it, put a token in the door (which will operate like those on vending machines), put your license in a frame in the back and drive off.

You will be able to drive anywhere in the city by putting in another token every half-mile. If you have a long ride, or are en route to the suburbs, you will be able to change to a faster form of transportation at the first railroad car stop or subway station; Electricarts will be restored streetcars operating in their own right and reinvigorated and expanded electric highways.

At your destination, you simply return your license card, get out, and plug the car into the curb outlet. If you fail to do so, you abandon the vehicle in the street and you will be betrayed by the number on the token in the chute, for it will correspond to the number of your license. Tokens will be



nd of very hard steel, so counterfeit-  
ifficult and unprofitable.

apacts will not be held against you.  
l be left of them, in fact. Electricarts  
to sustain them unharmed, like the  
ars you drive around special arenas  
nt parks.

ts will be silent except for the low  
electric motor. Carriage bells will  
e of horns. Small, uniform, neutral-  
Electricarts will be far less obtrusive  
aring than today's motorcars. They  
onveniences, not our masters.

RARTS WILL IN THEMSELVES be non-  
ts. They will, of course, require a  
rise in electric-power generation, and  
as are major polluters. However, the  
er required to move people in half-  
horsepower Electricarts obviously  
s than that to move the same numbers  
stances in two-ton motorcars of 200  
epower. In addition, it is infinitely  
e with the gaseous emissions of a  
acks than with those of 50,000 ex-

there is the matter of heat emission  
plants; we simply cannot continue  
to use our waterways to carry off  
Presumably the path to solution re-  
efficient production of power, profit-  
more of the heat generated in its  
and disposal of the rest through  
rs operating on the principle of car  
hile Electricarts will cause a much  
rated production of heat, the total  
generated will be greatly diminished.  
motorcars they will enormously re-  
ount of heat now emitted in city  
us ease the burden on air condition-  
significant consumer of power and itself  
f heat.

It should also be noted that the peak demand  
for current to recharge the batteries of Electric-  
arts will come when demand for current for  
other uses is at a minimum, in the hours when  
the city sleeps.

Even with motorcars replaced by Electricarts  
and buses by streetcars and subways, we will still  
need trucks in the city. But there is no reason  
that smaller trucks cannot be electric-powered  
and larger ones steam-powered. (The steam en-  
gine, where combustion is nearly complete, is  
much less polluting—and much quieter—than  
the internal combustion engine.)

Should privately owned Electricarts be per-  
mitted? I would say yes, provided they conform  
in dimensions to those publicly owned and are  
licensed at a substantial fee. If doctors and other  
VIPs are willing to pay handsomely for the  
privilege of a personal Electricart, well, the  
cities' coffers can always stand swelling. Electric-  
art taxis could serve the unlicensed, infirm, and  
luxury-loving.

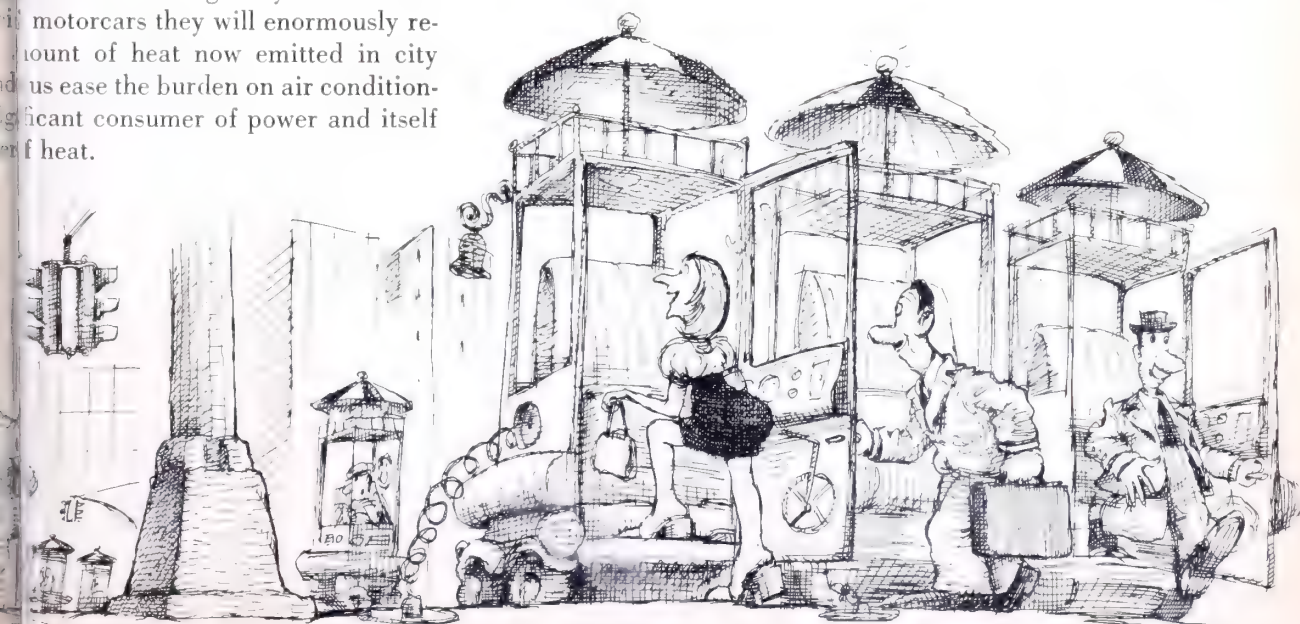
One final consideration. With the adoption of  
the Electricart, travelers between cities will no  
longer need an automobile at either end. A sub-  
stantial drop in intercity motor traffic should fol-  
low, with further savings in pollution and power  
consumption and that renaissance of the passen-  
ger trains we all long for.

Why not give Electricarts a trial? The central  
square mile or two or three of a middle-sized city  
could be selected—that is to say, be wired,  
equipped with Electricarts, and closed to motor  
traffic. We have nothing to lose by the experi-  
ment but money, and federal money at that; and  
if it works, our cities may again become places  
fit to live in. □

*Our obsession with the  
private car is destroying  
the quality of life in our  
urban areas...*

*I shall this year, there-  
fore, continue to urge  
mayors and other local  
officials to look to ways of  
both reducing urban auto  
driving and encouraging  
the use of public trans-  
port.*

—JOHN A. VOLPE  
Secretary of  
Transportation





## IN THE STICKS

If the provinces  
can be perceived  
as a state of mind,  
then the sticks  
are a few miles  
west of where  
you stand

THE DRUGGIST, a notably oleaginous specimen in an uninteresting Philadelphia suburb, says, "Well, we haven't seen you around for a long time."

"No," I answer. "I'm only here on a visit. I've moved to Iowa."

The druggist stares in jocular incredulity, laughs, and says, "Well, you certainly *are* in the sticks."

An extremely distinguished British television personality asks me where I live. I tell him. "What a disaster for you," he affably answers.

A professor emeritus at an Eastern college, a man who has written extensively on the flora and folklore of central New Jersey, tells me, "You've gone out there from sheer perverseness. Nobody from the East could *like* living in a place like that where it's absolutely flat."

"Have you ever been to Iowa?"

"No, I certainly haven't. I know nothing about it except that it's flat."

I consider, not for the first time, the advisability of carrying with me a pocket-size reproduction of Grant Wood's *Stone City*, an Iowan version of the *View of Toledo*. But I have never come on one, so I merely turn away in search of a drink.

The cultivated lady in Bryn Mawr raises her sherry glass and stares speculatively at me over its rim. She is given to Quakerism, crusades against bigotry, and the conviction that subscriptions to the *New York Times*, the *New Republic*, and *The New York Review of Books* keep her fully informed on everything worth knowing about any subject. "Of course," she says, "*I* couldn't bear it. *I* must have art and music and literature and the theater to *live*."

The clerk in Brooks writes down the address where the neckties are to be sent. He writes down "Ohio." I politely correct him. This is the third time in two days in New York that the same mistake has been made, and I have learned to watch what salespeople write down.

Visiting the East is like living an old joke; the one about the hostess who tactfully observes to her houseguest, "My dear, I think you ought to know that in Boston we pronounce it Idaho."

In Iowa the joke is newer. I tell a young colleague of mine in Iowa City about these remarks. He says, "For God's sake don't try

to change their minds. They might cor

He is not speaking from provincial ignorance (He describes himself, with perfect accuracy, all four points, as a nice Jewish boy from Milwaukee, but he has lived for a long time in England and Germany.) He is really frightened by the idea that a wave of refugees may someday sweep in from the East. It is something of which Iowans worry about. One of them, a native prominence at the State Capitol, was quoted in the *Des Moines Register* as saying, "We ought to abolish the Iowa Development Commission. More than that, I think we should go around the country making speeches describing Iowa as a terrible place."

Still, the temptation to rebuke prejudice and correct ignorance is very strong, even at the thought of encouraging a wave of refugees. It is, more so, paradoxically, for a refugee than for an Iowan. The most instructive part of my experience here, for me, has been not so much what I have learned about Iowa as what I have learned about the East, and therefore about myself. Even Easterners take for granted about Iowa, reinforcing the assumption that it is a variant of the Ohio and Idaho) is wrong, and it follows that the assumptions I have grown up with about the definition and location of civilization are probably wrong.

Provinciality is universal, but the provinciality of Easterners, which is mingled with arrogance, looks to me now to have a special significance. In the highly cultured Philadelphia suburb where I spent most of my life, the arrogance of a distinguished institution of higher learning and smugness is so potent that when I revisit it, now it takes on a tangible quality—the soggy deadness of an unsuccessful chocolate. The determination to believe, as a matter of an essential doctrine, that Iowa is perfectly correct in its most naïve form. The dogma of the lady at Bryn Mawr that Iowa is a cultural desert is hardly disputed—one woman's culture is another's barbarism—but even by *her* standards there is plenty of material for disproof. Iowa is a place I have ever been, for example, where shows are advertised on TV. A list of events chosen at random from the calendar of Iowa this week includes: four concerts, one by the Grateful Dead and three classical; four

Laurence Lafore, Professor of History at the University of Iowa, is author of *The Long Fuse* (an interpretation of the origins of World War I) and three novels.

echt, one by Dürrenmatt, one by Shake-  
nd an original one written by a local  
t; no fewer than seventeen screenings  
as judged to be of special historic or  
interest (besides six current ones);  
see public lectures on topics such as  
mmars and Literary Analysis" and  
ering the American Cinema"; two  
dings by nationally known poets; and  
of Etruscan Funerary Art.

ty is not Iowa, since it is a university  
it is the state's cultural capital, and  
tronize and are proud of its cultural  
. And refugees are beginning to be  
nem. At a party recently I met a black  
who lately moved to Iowa from  
n Harlem. He told me that he was not  
ers' Workshop and in fact had no con-  
all with the university. When I asked  
t case he was here, he looked at me  
xity and said, "Why, man, everybody  
is where it is."

d fame has not yet penetrated very far  
consciousness. And the real dan-  
wa will attract an invasion does not  
its cosmopolitan culture—from the  
e Quaker lady is behind the times, or  
Kennicott's dream for Gopher Prairie  
coming true and Main Street now has  
e contemporary Arts Center display-  
Matisses and providing weekly cham-  
concerts. What really matters is an  
ct, that Main Street has not really  
ry much since Sinclair Lewis wrote.  
universally disdained at a time when  
esse was the refuge for sensitive Amer-  
g from the barbaric Midwest has,  
remaining the same, become a place  
e Americans may well be fleeing to.  
of the exploding metropolis, a place  
ly nonexplosive seems to offer hope  
n; or—since it is now judged by sensi-  
ans to be too late for salvation—for  
ape. In the age of strikes by garbage  
s the provinces appear in a new light.  
earances may be pure nostalgia, and  
t the air here reeks with the pleasant,  
nts of Booth Tarkington's America.  
more to Iowa's attraction than obso-  
d there is more to it than a general  
a of the simple life. The world of  
othic is not a regional phenomenon;  
a Iowan one, and this is what is the  
ng for an Easterner to realize. The  
a is not a chunk of Midwest cut out by  
nes from the enormous map of farm-  
xtends interminably through twelve

states. It is a unit of consciousness, and it has a  
culture of its own. It exists in a way that Penn-  
sylvania or New York do not. It is a state in the  
way that, say, Norway is a nation.

Habits of speech are indicative of a reality:  
people rarely refer to themselves as Pennsyl-  
vanians; New Yorkers are the residents of a city;  
and there is no word by which a citizen of Massa-  
chusetts or Connecticut can call himself. But  
Iowans always speak of themselves as Iowans.

### The mystique of geometry

**I**T IS THE COUNTRY—and its accessibility—that  
most beguiles the new arrival from the vast, rep-  
tilian suburb that writhes along the Atlantic. The  
land is very beautiful, and the special quality of  
its beauty is coherence and order, which are pro-  
vided by the union of riches and their use by  
humans. It is a European sort of beauty that ap-  
peals to the atavistic peasant in most Americans.

It has its own unmistakable aspect, whose most  
conspicuous trait is geometry. The roads run  
sternly to compass points, as they do throughout  
the Midwest, where the ground rules of civiliza-  
tion were laid out by engineers in advance of  
settlers. The ruler was sovereign here (like the  
ruler of the Roman armies: there are clinging  
affinities between the roads of Iowa and of  
France). Even rivers were not permitted to inter-  
rupt the geometry. The roads run to them and  
then, often, since bridges are scarce in the coun-  
try, they stop, to resume their course on the fur-  
ther shore. It is hard to get lost in a car if you  
take reasonable care to keep track of the right-  
angle turns. A pilot over Iowa finds his magnetic  
compass a less certain guide than the roads.

Geometry has become a *mystique*. A few years  
ago the Iowa legislature, after much debate, re-  
pealed a law forbidding the highway commission  
to build what are called "diagonals." After a few  
years a new bill was introduced to reestablish the  
ban. It was specifically aimed to prevent laying  
out a new interstate highway, from Des Moines to  
Minneapolis, on a straight line northeast-south-  
west. The sponsoring legislators were determined  
to preserve the tradition, even at the cost of sev-  
eral right-angle turns, several score of added  
miles, and several million dollars. The avowed  
reason for this was the violence the diagonals do  
to section lines; since property lines are all recti-  
linear, a farmer through whose land the interstate  
would run at an angle would find his fields cut  
into separated triangles. It is a rational consider-  
ation, stemming from a belief—now in fashion  
again—that land is more important than high-

"Provinciality is  
universal, but  
the provinciality  
of Easterners,  
which is mingled  
with unholy  
arrogance, looks  
to me now to  
have a special  
virulence."



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*Verne Chaney, M.D.*

VERNE CHANEY M.D. PRESIDENT

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Laurence Lafore  
IN THE STICKS

ways. But it is not the only reason, perhaps not even the real one. So strong is the sense of order, the order of the compass, that there seems something deeply *wrong* about diagonal roads. They run against the laws of the gods of the Midwest.

Not even the ruler-gods can decree straight roads when topography gets in the way. Road-builders have been visibly reluctant to concede defeat; the straight lines run through quite improbably difficult terrain in many places. But when, at last, a curve is made necessary by the contour map, it produces a surprising sense of drama. Even quite shallow curves suggest the protest of a whole society against land that cannot be sectioned and ploughed. The contrast magnifies the sinuosity and the slopes, like a whisper in a cave. The valleys and hills of Iowa are bigger, and the forest more primeval, for the agricultural geometry that surrounds them. And this is another key to the society; the spectrum of diversity is narrow, and so the perception of diversity is heightened.

Over prairies, which cover part of the state, the ruthless straightness is logical, aesthetically and economically. Over rolling land, the visual impact is very different. Straightness imposes its own order, another sort of coherence, of nice union of man and nature. The arrangement of

the farmhouses adds another dimension. They are often set facing each other, at intervals of a few pairs, one supposes, for company, for the coming of the automobile, the loneliness of the farms must have been awesome. The orderliness of the houses, each with its village of buildings and its defensive girdle of trees, adds an almost eerie dimension to the order.

The land and the sky are very wide. The vastness of the sky, sufficiently publicized in Western art, remains so striking that visitors from the East invariably comment on it. Sometimes they are unsettled by it, as a man freed from prison is unsettled. The colors are superb and surprising. The earth is dark and often black, so black that visitors suppose that a field has been burned instead of newly ploughed. In summer the fields make patterned monochromes of green and brown. In winter the compositions are even more handsome, in grays and tans. The spectrum is, again, unusual. Agriculture here has a subtle palette. The colors are surprisingly clear. Even in the winter, the whole aspect of the landscape is one of clarity, of *cleanness*, matching the clarity and cleanness of the air. There is no undergrowth. There are no tangled hedges, no wastes of scrub and sumac, no jumble of honeysuckle or poison ivy. Things grow in



at almost suggests self-discipline. But  
ss is also the result of time, money,  
ide. The farmers and the highway  
ake it for granted that the good order  
like its fertility, must be seen to.

OF IOWA BESPEAKS, to a remarkable  
a serene and preeminently classless  
And so it is, at least for anyone guilty of  
ativism," as a sense of proportion is  
people who think it enfeebles the will  
nearby social evils if one recognizes  
e of much greater ones far away. The  
social relativism is marked in Iowa.  
ong those who have never heard the  
ong those who venomously spit it at  
observes that living conditions are  
cutta than in Cedar Rapids. It is,  
the phenomenon of the narrow spec-  
led perhaps with a slight impulse to  
Low hills seem alpine here. Shallow  
ne hairpin turns. Rivers that can be  
in are deplored as brimming sewers.  
y to seem to someone who has lived  
Washington as about the most satis-  
ficate in the world—with its sparkling,  
nter sun and long series of flawless  
autumn days, with summers cool and  
arn standards—is bitterly exoriated  
for its aberrations: occasional ex-  
occasional hailstorms in May, occa-  
rlos and high winds. And social con-  
look idyllic take on for natives a  
oriental squalor.

l citizens organize protest move-  
tate commissions study the ghettos  
and Davenport, but nowhere in Iowa  
sm anything like those of Chicago or  
And there is nothing even remotely  
ne suburbs of Philadelphia, through  
n drive for fifty miles without ever  
e that cost less than \$100,000. Most  
e of the poor and of the compara-  
ave the outward aspect of what in  
ld be a lower-middle-class suburb.  
is there are old buildings that might  
ne of mansions, mostly now board-  
ed there are a few examples of rela-  
contemporary architecture, but like  
Iowa towns they are on incredibly  
st in long stretches of simplicity.  
ntry, the farmhouses seem even  
monuments to social equality. Out-  
w shanty villages here and there in  
and, there is nothing like the miser-

able dereliction of farms in northern New York,  
or the squalid juxtaposition of rural slums of the  
most desperate decay with gentlemen's manor  
houses in eastern Pennsylvania. It is said that  
there is not merely a spread of incomes but a  
hierarchy among farmers: the cattlemen are  
richer and prouder than the hogmen, and the  
hogmen are richer and prouder than the crop  
farmers. But none of this is outwardly apparent;  
farmhouses occasionally are unpainted, and their  
yards slovenly, but the huge majority of them  
rise from their clustered evergreens with the  
white, square tidiness of marble monuments in a  
vast, well-tended cemetery.

There is said, too, to be a sort of concealed  
plutocracy, and people like bank directors are re-  
garded by the community with respect, if not  
with awe. But the bank directors live in the same  
kind of houses as everyone else, and there is no  
way of telling, from their clothes or their man-  
ners or—most noticeable of all—their accents,  
that they are not like everyone else in every other  
way as well. Whatever the hidden inwardnesses  
of the hierarchy, it translates itself into no pal-  
pable variation of manner. Friendliness and  
equality are matters of pride, just as reserve and  
self-differentiation are matters of pride in Eastern  
cities. Class, as measured in money, of course  
exists, although the spread is by national stand-  
ards very narrow. But class as measured by bear-  
ing and attitude simply does not.

At first, equality may appear to the Easterner  
in the guise of vulgarity, and friendliness as in-  
trusion: the boys at gas stations look at your  
credit card, and the girls at drive-in banks look  
at your check, and call you by your first name.  
But mostly the symptoms are agreeable, if con-  
fusing. Except in restaurants, tipping is quite  
unknown, and offering a dollar to the man who  
laboriously installs a television set or a washing  
machine produces not gratitude but puzzlement,  
and a refusal sometimes tinged with resentment.  
Cleaning women are either matrons of the com-  
munity, happy to pick up a supplemental income  
by practicing a perfectly dignified profession, or,  
in Iowa City, graduate students. Either way they  
are known as "housewives" (even when male, as  
they sometimes are), and one is likely to meet  
them at cocktail parties. The reciprocating sys-  
tem of subordination and superiority upon which  
the East is constructed is wholly absent. Nobody  
has any sense of being anybody's social inferior.

Extravagant equality is, one supposes, at the  
root of the well-publicized friendliness. In shops  
the salespeople rush forward with glad cries to  
serve you. To an Easterner, raised with a breed  
of clerk who often seems to have devoted long

"The roads run  
sternly to  
compass points,  
as they do  
throughout the  
Midwest, where  
the ground rules  
of civilization  
were laid out by  
engineers in  
advance of  
settlers."





LEONARD SONEDE

years in academies of malicious obstruction, a blatant desire to please gives rise to suspicion not of duplicity, then of simple-mindedness. Casual social relationships develop in different ways as a result. Intimacy seems to flower instantly from rootless plants. The background information that is ever so important is occupation and place of birth. The most important experience of my Iowa education arose from precisely this fact; I discovered something I hadn't known before: that in my life I had been playing the exhausting and unpleasant game of placing people. In the cities it is an imperative, perhaps a compulsion to discover, by circuitous conversational routes, whom you are talking to. The "whom" is not only where a person comes from and what he does—although those are important extraneous data—but more cogently where he lives in a complicated social order whose individuals define themselves by membership in subgroups. The process begins with the first spoken word; they may not realize it but, hardly less than the Englishmen, educated Easterners are trained to register accents and what they mean. I was called to discover how highly trained my reflexes are in this matter, that I felt suddenly like a need, upon meeting a stranger, to ascertain whether we had any acquaintances or experiences in common. In their absence, in the East, we remain a stranger forever. In the Midwest we cease to be a stranger as soon as you learn his name (it is not necessary to learn his last name).

Coming to Iowa is like taking off tight shoes after the first elation of comfort has faded; you forget how great the discomfort was. But sometimes you are reminded. At a dinner party I was introduced to a woman whose voice and appearance triggered the reflexes I had temporarily forgotten. There was a gleam of mutual recognition, of the fact that we were both rapidly and tacitly making the same reflexive calculations. And when she had inevitably asked me where I came from and I had told her, she said in a tone of mixed interrogation and appraisal that she had only once visited Philadelphia to attend her college roommate's party in Chestnut Hill. Her phrasing, which would have seemed innocent enough, if a little confusing, to an outsider, conveyed a great deal of slightly sinister information to a Philadelphian; indeed it defined with considerable precision all the essentials of the past and present. Later, when the evening had matured, I rebuked her, and she apologized. Such lapses, we agreed, are more than out of place in Iowa; they are dangerous. They are attacks upon a whole series of moral values.



## A hog is not a pig

IALITY, with shows of stupefying ignorance, can be found on both sides, but the one is in danger of seeing defensiveness doesn't exist. I have repeatedly been on the basis of my accent, to be English. As my good red American blood boils, reasons I am forced to confess arise from the amateur: in the East an English accent is the worst kind of affectation. When it is made here, it condemns no affectation is merely a mistake. And there is a complexity, which inculpates me of a sin whose imputation is so annoying. I try to learn Iowan. I have become a adept master of the foreshortened the denticulated consonant. I have pronounce the noun *permit* as if a verb, *route* as if it were a military and *creek* as if it were an affliction of but it is, after all, regional snobbery. I feel it a sign of genial adaptability a Iowa accent while it would be putting affect an English one.

On the other hand, there are some genuine novelties that have to be learned. A friend, out of New York and Bryn Mawr, has hastily instructed by her husband that common decorations of Iowa fields are not corn but hog houses, that hog is almost (not quite) as hawg, and that it is the same as a pig although it may be as a sow or a boar. Land is not subdivided; and when title to it is transferred is no settlement but rather a closing. I buy land in a matter of hours here; taxes and insurance are unnecessary, in Pennsylvania where my title warrant came with "all that certain terrain which gracious Lord King Charles II has been so grant . . ." and went on for pages.)

It is for us to get used to the fact that things in the East seem from this angle unbearable (which most of us are permitted) but ridiculous. One of Donald's highly literate and intelligent columns in the *Moines Register* dealt humorously with a change-of-address notice he had gotten from a business executive he knew in Pennsylvania. The new address was something like, "Rifle Farm, Old Poor House Lane, Micklebury, Pike, Micklebury." It seemed to me a sort of address, and I was genuinely surprised by the fact that Iowa's leading columnist had written an entire column to deriding it. I

consulted a native, who was as puzzled by my reaction as I was by Kaul's. To him it was obvious that it should give rise to hilarity and revulsion, but he couldn't tell me why, and I still don't find it either contemptible or funny.

The incident provoked the first real feelings of affronted regional vanity I had experienced. But I am beginning to understand the difficulty. Kaul thought the address must have been invented out of snobbery, while I assumed it was inherited from honest folk who had evolved it several centuries before. In a society whose entire past is still alive and whose origins are barely beyond living memory, the tangle of an older world is mysterious, and its complexities are judged to have been deliberately and mistakenly made up.

This kind of reaction has, for the immigrant, a strange flavor of innocence. There keeps coming to my mind, the longer I stay here, a familiar scheme of stereotypes: the Iowans' relations with the East have a good deal in common with American relations with Europe as it presented itself in the time of Henry James. There is the same innocence, along with a conviction that its converse is dark decay. Easterners appear even to very cultivated Iowans in somewhat the same light that depraved Italian noblemen appeared to Americans in the 1890s: degenerate heirs of an evil tradition of social privilege. The Easterner begins, in time, to perceive a certain plausibility, or at least consistency, in this in Iowa. Chesterton's couplet about Reformation Europe, "The North is full of tangled things, and texts, and aching eyes, / And gone is all the innocence of anger and surprise," becomes, with a change of direction, apposite.

Stereotypes, always false, are not always misleading. There is some inner truth in the assumption of depravity; and innocence verging on simplicity is, despite all exceptions and all qualifications, in some way a quality of Iowa. The important part of the immigrant's education is that he begins to measure the two stereotypes against two sets of realities. But it seems to me now that the specific detail, not the general truth, matters. Exceptions provide perspectives. Any society defined in generalities looks rigid, unattractive, perhaps evil, but the generalities always, on close view, break down in gradations. Iowa City, the seat of a great university, "Athens in the Cornfields," as the immigrants call it, is sometimes seen as depraved by other Iowans. Parents from the small towns worry about its corrupting influence on their children. Everything, fortunately, is unrepresentative. New York is not America; Iowa City is not Iowa. The sticks are a few miles west of where you stand. □

"The Iowans' relations with the East have a good deal in common with American relations with Europe as it presented itself in the time of Henry James."



## REQUIEM FOR FELDMAN

A man who so faithfully apes the fashion of his time deserves at least a mourner and an urn

To the Obituary Editor  
The New York Times

Dear Sir:

I must take issue with your recent summation of the life of Edgar Feldman, leader of the religious sect known as "The Sidemen of Jesus," who was found dispatched in his West Coast tabernacle last Wednesday under what you describe as suspicious circumstances. Since, abandoning your customary restraint and rhetorical taste when dealing with the dead, you referred to my deceased friend as a "flamboyant religious parvenu" who had appeared out of nowhere to reap the spoils of Christian revivalism among the young, I feel I must add certain personal bits of information about Edgar Feldman so that a more complete and compassionate remembrance will be associated with his name.

The only thing flamboyant I remember Edgar Feldman doing while we were students together at Columbia University was having *Also sprach Zarathustra* tattooed along the length of his left forearm one night after a wine-drinking spree in Jersey City. We were both majoring in philosophy at college, and Edgar had arrived at a carefully wrought intellectual position that, with a thin smile, he described as tepid solipsism. He had had the Nietzschean title stitched into his flesh, he confessed, for no other reason than that it would baffle the vulgar.

Apart from this, Edgar was a perfect example of what we are now told were the apathetic Fifties. He was silent except for an acerbic epigram or two at dinner; he was honestly self-centered; he thought of the Third World only in terms of inexpensive vacations; and his objections to President Eisenhower ran no deeper than that the ex-general never knew where to put a participle in an English sentence. After four years of studying his civilization's theories of knowledge, morality, and human purpose, he decided that the only logical and honorable thing to do was to become a stockbroker, so that he could comfortably finance his pleasures while waiting to die.

When asked by a skeptical Sarah Lawrence archaeology student just what *did* give him pleasure, Edgar replied instantly, and again with that thin smile of his: "Masturbation while looking at Duccio frescoes." This rejoinder so impressed her that she, under my guidance, abandoned me and her thesis on Toltec figurines in order to become Edgar's wife. In two years they left their suburban house, two children, and enough money to live separate, thrice-weekly sessions of analysis. It was in this civilized and very personal world that Edgar was courageously to erupt and pledge a fierce allegiance to the changes of the coming decade.

It was to be nearly eight years before I saw Edgar Feldman again, and then I wasn't actually certain I was he. Could that fierce-looking, bearded Druid floating in the upper-right-hand corner of my television set, who was making lusty, obscene gestures at the camera while being clubbed into insensibility by a quartet of policemen, be Edgar Feldman? Edgar Feldman was supposed to be wryly waiting for extinction in a fourteen-room house in Westchester? It was now the Sixties and the times were extreme, but were they so extreme that a tepid solipsist would offer his skull to be smashed for the sake of protesting the making of war toys? I darkened the set, certain that the world had not become that mad.

I was wrong. A few days later, at a party to promote the introduction of Maoist physics into the curriculum of City College, I saw that the tiny, raging image on the screen had indeed been my old classmate. His head encrusted in soiled bandages, dressed in hard-drinking revolutionary fatigues, he was amiably explaining to his host and hostess that although they were—I paraphrase here somewhat—not the otiose bits of social feedback that their parents had been, they nevertheless were the firing squad in any enlightened people's revolution. When they protested mildly, he accused them of trying to propitiate history through the serving of decadent hors d'œuvres and revisionist vodka, then



TOPOR

When he was contemptuously sampling. His mouth was full of food that he noticed me. His expression was warm and effusive, but it did cause a scrap of food to bombard my shirt. When I looked at him, he laughed furiously—there was no thin smile on his face—and chided me for still being concerned with appearances, as though I had not outgrown the positivist affectations of our youth. He had changed in a profound way. He talked with his eyes, which in the Fifties had always had a disinterested glaze, were now sparkling with commitments; his voice was no longer a disapproving sigh—rather, it had become a gusty wind that made the epithets he hurled at me sound warm and human. Within minutes' time he had called me an elitist, a political impotent, a Catholic catamite, and,

when he discovered that I was a journalist, a bourgeois hack. He stated that he had earned the right to speak thus to me because he, too, had once deserved such accusations, had once been afraid to meet history head on and refashion the world.

Although I admitted that there was some truth in this catalogue of faults, I was unsettled by it. I could think of nothing that might seem a valid defense to this new Edgar Feldman, so I fell back on my tawdry, middle-class manners and asked him about his family.

It was the wrong thing to do. I believe only our old friendship made him repress an obvious desire to fling himself at my throat.

"That's all you can say to me?" I remember him almost sobbing. "Here I've changed my life, joined the Movement, sworn to obliterate everything you hold dear, from municipal bonds to the post-Proustian novel, and you ask me about the wife and kiddies?"

The fact that I apologized and made no effort to remove a second flurry of half-chewed canapés from my suit somewhat mollified him. He then explained that the former archaeology student had left him toward the end of his involvement in the civil-rights movement because he had demanded that she walk through Harlem alone twice every week at midnight and accept whatever experiences befell her as partial reparation for her ancestors' having been traffickers in human beings. Apparently, she found one experience that offered her an interesting reparation for her Westchester life, and a postcard saying she had given up her slave name "Feldman" for the freer euphony of "Naruba Kwami" was all Edgar ever heard from her again.

After he had discovered civil rights to be a superficial issue, he went on in quest of more searching political action. He had traveled the long road of self-sacrifice that began with militant nonviolence, twisted through civil disobedience, dropped for a time into a dark valley of moody anarchy, and then rose to the disciplined flatlands of Mao's thoughts.

"And all this time you've been standing still," he hissed at me. "Don't the people mean anything to you?"

I replied ruefully that, try as I would, I never could convince myself that when a crowd shouted "Power to the people," they had me in mind. He gave me one of those hard, summarizing looks for which revolutionary leaders are famous, and admitted that I had a point. Then, explaining that, due to a brief polemic in front of a Selective Service office, he was hemorrhaging internally, he excused himself, gave our hostess a farewell curse, and departed with her purse and a revisionist bottle under each arm.

One week later, he was briefly in the news when, as the leader of an urban assault team, he threw himself through the display window of a Formosan tourist office.

He escaped, but in doing so he left behind fragments of his right ear, which the police kept as evidence in spite of



protests from the Civil Liberties Union and the testimony of two highly respected aural surgeons that a graft would be possible if the fragments were frozen under laboratory conditions. Like most flurries of public indignation, however, this outrage over the unconstitutional appropriation of revolutionary flesh passed away and was soon forgotten.

**F**or a year or so the word was that Edgar Feldman had gone underground, and while in this condition he must have experienced a period of serious self-questioning. I say this because when we met again, at a performance of *The Cosmos Theater*, a new Edgar Feldman had been born.

The actors were in the fourth scene or sixth avatar of a play about evolutionary love, compelling nothingness, and something called the "Nirvana Orifice," and they had reached a point where they took their message into the audience for intimate delivery. Naked, they moved among us, mumbling that we all had holy bodies and holy minds. Suddenly, in the midst of this flattery, I felt a hand stroking my inner thigh and a voice telling me to become one with the mayflies and the outer galaxies. It was a soft voice that appeared to issue from some being of indeterminate sex, and I was not against allowing it to make suggestions for a time. As the hand became more intimate, however, I thought I should see who or what my preceptor was.

It was, of course, Edgar Feldman. Naked except for an incense bell around his neck, he was chanting something like, "oomlove, oomlove, oomlove." He looked at me, but seemed beyond making a vulgar distinction based on individual characteristics.

"Edgar," I said, "for godsake look at who it is whose hand you're holding!"

I think I caught a flicker of recognition in his eyes, but before we could reacquaint ourselves, a gong sounded, and actors and converted members of the audience began what the program called the "Finale of Oneness." Everyone took to the stage, disrobed, and began, let us say, to blend. Among ecstatic faces and undulating flesh, I searched for my old friend, a task that was hard to perform with delicacy. Confounded by the mass of bodies, I was about to retire when I saw a head with a good deal of right ear conspicuously missing tunneling happily through a labyrinth of pelvises and thighs. I drew aside an unidentified arm and confronted him.

"Edgar, what the hell are you doing here? Is this where the revolution has come?"

His smile was beatific, and his eyes had the old Fifties glaze, but it was now obviously a sheen caused not by indifference but by exquisite inner visions.

"The only true revolution is the revolution of the spirit," he droned, caressing an odd foot that had passed his way. "Violence can bring only temporary change.

Love alters all eternally."

I wanted to talk further with him, but a pendulous breast dropped over his face, and when I managed to raise it, he was gone.

The following day the theater troupe went on an international tour to be hailed by foreign critics as an embodiment of America's new morality. Our State Department, however, was too narrow to share the honor, and for a time it was quite difficult for Edgar and his colleagues to return to their own country, especially after the appearance of a nasty news item about their escape from Turkey because of something to do with having a baby camel, and Istanbul's most popular muezzin.

**I** have been a hypocrite for years." These frank words were spoken to the press in my friend's dressing room at Madison Square Garden the night he was to prominence with his "Golgotha Blues" sermon. He caressed his red Delta Flash guitar with the Ten Commandments etched in rhinestones across its back, telling us that he had found in Jesus Christ what all the failures of the past decade had failed to give him.

"Political revolution, sexual revolution," he hummed in a strong, snappy voice that had taken on a slight Southern accent, "these are nothing but devil's devices to keep us from carrying out the true Christian religion."

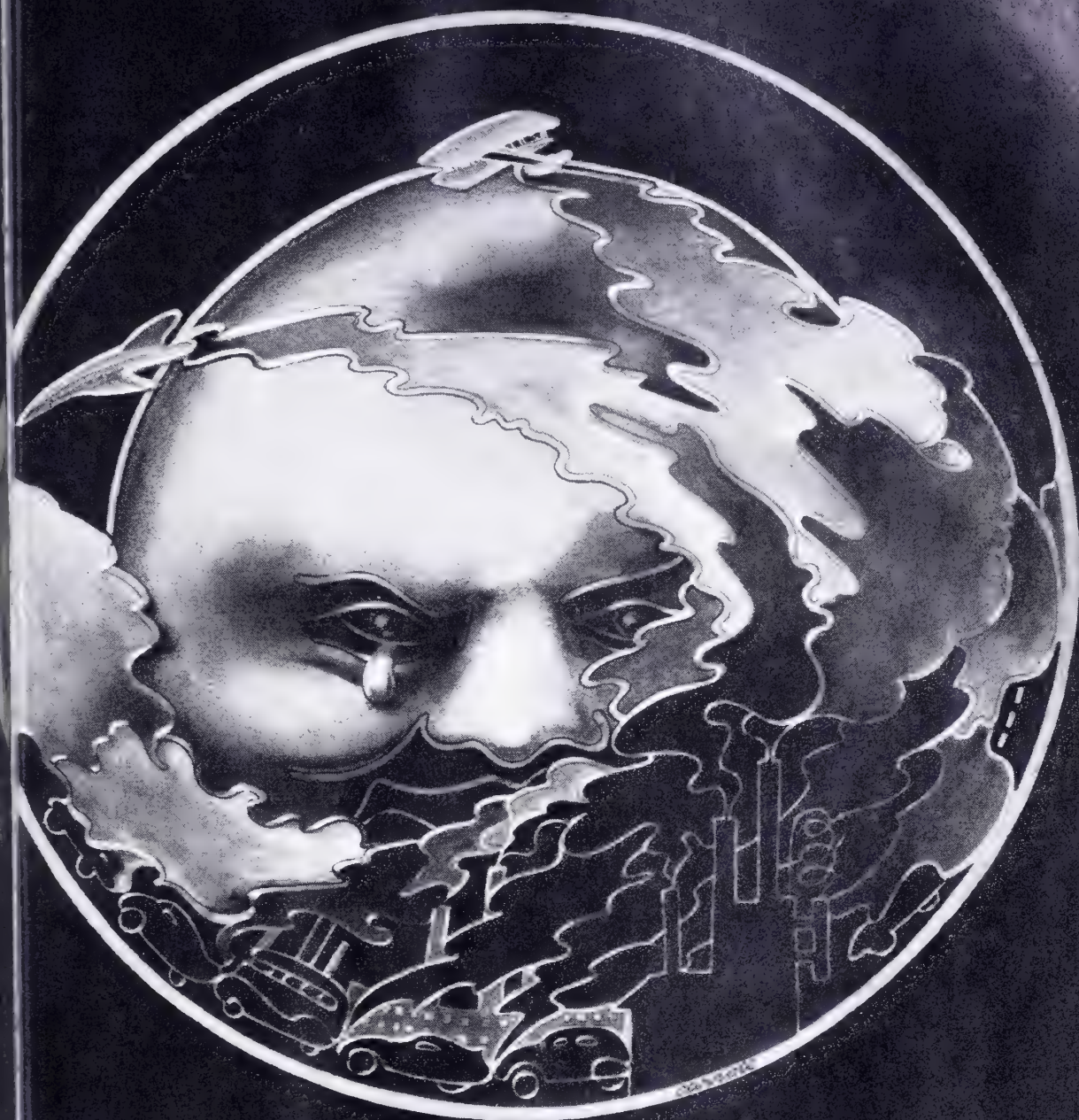
He strummed a few chords to punctuate what he was saying and then walked out to meet his fifteen thousand followers. He stood in the shaft of a single spotlight, dressed in a white satin robe, wearing a blond wig that hid the mutilations of his militant years, and a garter bandage that did the same for the Nietzschean tattoos. I watched him as he began to recite his sermon and pluck his red guitar, and I admit I envied him. Not because he had thousands of votaries, not even because he had found Christ. It was simply that while I had spent half of my life quibbling over nuances, he had decided to be part of his time and to follow it to its own end.

And now he is dead, celebrated, as far as I can tell, by the caustic words in your paper. The fact that he had several bank accounts totaling over \$2,000, that he was a major shareholder in three Las Vegas casinos, is cited by you as evidence of religious insincerity. Well, history must have the final judgment, and I'm sure she will be kinder than you have been to who served her fashions so faithfully. For with the death of Edgar Feldman, *Clio* lost a child and an era. We are merely spectators may never see their like again.

*Jack D. Richardson*

*Mr. Richardson, drama critic of Commentary and a regular contributor to The New York Review of Books, is the author of the critically acclaimed off-Broadway play, Gallows Humor.*





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Name your anodyne: if the frozen packages of television half-hours suit you, or if there is a good old movie on at the right time of night, you won't need these. Nor will you if you feel up to going out. One of them has always cost about as much as two movie tickets, six or seven dollars these days. For this, you get more than the scant two hours of the movie, more than enough to make up for the time you would kill on the trip to the movie house and back. You can have a drink instead of popcorn with it, and, if you prefer, you can take it right into bed with you or, as some do, into the amniotic tub. You can have several at hand, and if one will not do it for you then the next one may. On a really bad night—although I do know a man who goes directly from one cinema to another—there is the advantage that

you can chain-read them. And of course they are the easiest things in the world to carry. A big one will get you all the way from Los Angeles to New York; and two or three, across the Atlantic.

"Stem glass, sir?"

The barman, Mac, knew that the few these days who ordered a pot-still Islay might well prefer it that way.

"Thank you." The brown right hand with the white puckered scar over the knuckles lifted the goblet, the brown left hand rested unmoving, a black ivory-tipped Ramses fuming pungently between the muscular fingers. Gold links in the full cuffs gathered the dim light in their odd design and glowed. The malt whiskey approached a face that was totally expressionless about the hard trim jaw, but bore around the

eyes something that said it had far more than its fair share of opportunities for expression, some time, somewhere.

"Excuse me, I—" The eyes, the hard brown cheekbones, the hair and saw, next at the bar, the face of Queen Nefertete.

"Please, excuse me. But, no danger." Beyond that sleek head, beyond the thirty-four glass, the eternal snows of Blanc loomed into the moon.

Like every kind of writing, every form of human notation, cuneiform tablets and binary electrical impulse-books have their own literature, scholarship; they are collected, notated, exhibited; bibliographers chronicle their printings and textual experts assay the

No doubt someone is col-  
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tion as well, or knocking  
genre, as Edmund Wilson  
well-known essay, "Who  
Killed Roger Ackroyd?"

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first I beheld it. We had  
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tes Barzun and W. H. Taylor,  
Crime: Being a Reader's  
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rian Detective Fiction, 1966;  
en, Who Done It? A Guide  
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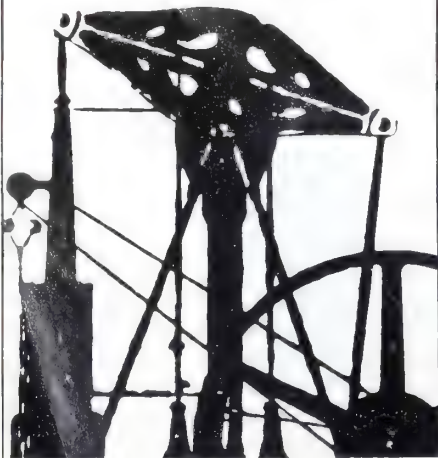
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### BOOKS

prints. What are you going to do if you have picked up one solitary paperback and then, undressed by the bedlamp or unstrapped as the plane reaches cruising altitude, you discover the hero, through no fault of his own, is a bore with a twice-told tale?

Still, aside from keeping track of reading lists, no doubt the scholarship of Detective, Suspense, and Mystery Fiction brings to its practitioners an entire range of pleasure that mere greedy readers will never know, and an inner worthiness too, that can more than offset the self-accusations of frivolity and indulgence we addicts must suffer. Or they can, with their investigations into the psyches of author, hero, and reader, explain which quirks in our heads lure us to these entertainments, just as Ernest Jones explained our fascination with the mystery and detection of *Oedipus Rex* and *Hamlet*. The unexamined life is not worth living, or not worth reading about, so we have been told. But every now and then! A few hours without explanation or apology, while we dream some part of another's dream before our own powers of sleep take us where all dreams lie hidden.

"Good punch," I grunted, with my characteristic sportsmanship, and jabbed his sacroiliac with my left knee, as I prodded for the nerve in his unpleasant armpit. But a fist with knuckles like the grille on a Mack truck collided with my jaw and then I hung in his hooks like an old mackintosh in the Salvation Army store.

"Aw right, wise guy," he said. "Who ask you to poke your dumb puss in Mr. Belvedere's stash?"

**W**hat do we require to beguile us? Say, a cool million in jewels; this could take us away from the rent bill and the alarm clock. Suppose, then, that we are in the prime of life, but that somehow we are even further than usual behind in the rent for our miserable London flat, and our motherless child needs new shoes, needs a whole new life. Fate has endowed us with illegal skills and doubtful acquaintances, but the attentions of the police have interfered with the pursuit of our craft. Now, given these

skills and acquaintances, and after all, a gentleman who easily in exalted circles, we recorded one last chance, for the million in jewels. Property in jewels are a conspicuous invitation to theft, and these are the fine diamonds, emeralds, and rubies. Marika Bergen, a very rich, and unpleasant figure skater, giving a great entertainment, bejeweled international set, are to make off with the guards are the most formidable in the world, but to Switzerland we have a Rolls-Royce, plenty of money, other expert crooks, and a venerable little daughter. We commando plan, but of course complications ensue—a beautiful and generous baroness, a counterproductive child is imperiled. But it is basically a gentlemanly affair, as the opposition may be. The nastiness, no hurting. The boys are invited to be in Donald's zine's *Sleep Is for the Rich* may be the cleverest crook on earth, pleasant and sufficiently experienced to be him for a few hours. No general decency of the affair, but its illegality. Jewels are spoiled long to their bearer.

Moving farther East, and naturally farther into the danger, we come to the Gulf—*The Very Breath of George Beare*. Sunk in the downed plane are 100,000 in gold and, thus, control of oil corporation. A salvage operation who has also had his share of activity sets out in his tugboat. As we are entitled to encounters storms at sea, sand, beautiful women, and luxurious yachts and villas, dangers. Stallard, our ship, none too bright or sophisticated, he is a decent sort and knowledgeable of things we don't about frequency radio waves and pumps and throttles and explosives, arms. And he possesses the bullhead.

*He was embarking on a voyage most men would have considered ridiculous and that anyone who knew the Shamal would*

suicidal. . . . It was the  
to get at Kramm, and he  
t at Kramm because  
d incurred his anger. . . .  
ould be one man, alone,  
rt, pitted against what  
Kramm could muster. . . .

situation for our good old  
a villain like that, with  
isturb the familiar cour-  
t of ourselves as we read  
n, alone. . . ."

eastward, to Ceylon:  
ngipani, elephants, mys-  
ts, intrigue, and another  
down on another plane.  
or Jamie Hannaker, acci-  
ator for British Oriental

us on inquiry out East,  
ied to complicate mat-  
ing in things like un-  
and local superstitions.  
ad proved conclusively  
use of both engines fail-  
ately after takeoff had  
ect that the engineers,  
ipection, had put one fuel  
nd the wrong way, they  
s such a simple Western-  
ation.

is a mild chap compared  
st two Brits: he drinks  
nquers the girl with his  
yness. But he knows all  
ts and aircraft, and takes  
he techniques of his trade  
a number of very close  
strange timeless ways of  
(In the end, it is not  
ult after all.) *The Temple*  
recommended for air  
author, David Beaty,  
too much about all the  
can go wrong aloft. But  
evening at home, it ought  
through. There are no  
can't solve half-asleep,  
ause you no bad dreams.  
or to home, but still, I sup-  
category of exotic set-  
loyal to the Queen, is  
mett's *Match for a Mur-*  
ace is only the Bahamas,  
hor apologizes to that  
for the uncharacteristic  
violence she has stirred  
well-ordered and elegant  
it. Her story itself is well  
has an arch and pleasant

kind of elegance. You will not need  
to keep your whole mind on it; you  
may even wish to pay attention to the  
words, and to follow the amusing  
variations the author plays on the old  
familiar situation of the priggish  
young spinster who discovers the  
pleasures of indulgence. She is a lady  
doctor, B. Douglas MacRannoch, as  
she styles herself, heiress to the chief  
of the clan MacRannoch, a Scot of  
outrageous eccentricities and wealth.  
She becomes involved with glamorous  
spies and desperate villains in esca-  
pades of shameless contrivance, and  
acquits herself well in her progress  
toward femininity.

The skulduggery takes place in  
well-bred circles, among yachtsmen,  
ballet dancers, a Begum, golf cham-  
pions, and other denizens of ex-  
pensive resortlands. The perils are  
suitably ingenious, and the whole  
charade is amiably maintained to  
its extravagant end.

**T**he exotic climes and crimes seem  
chiefly reserved for the Brits, with  
their long tradition of service out

there. Mess and gore is at a minimum  
in the nostalgia of titles and the Em-  
pire. Here in America, imaginary un-  
pleasantness often has the disturbing  
and sordid familiarity of newspaper  
stories, of nasty social developments,  
of violence that arouses something  
too much like genuine anxiety to be  
called an escape. At the end of these  
adventures, our putative relief is  
nagged by the knowledge that tomor-  
row will bring more genuine bad news  
of assault and corruption. In *Ransom*,  
by Robert Kimmel Smith, and in  
*Dead Piano*, by Henry Van Dyke, the  
crimes are inspired by racial strife.  
Bad blacks are set against good blacks  
in the obscene slang of black ghettos,  
amid the menace of black thuggery  
supposing itself to be an expression  
of black politics. Both books are well  
done in their way, that is, as exploita-  
tions of our nerves; they can produce  
a painful discomfort in the reader.  
But I think that *Ransom*, with its kid-  
napping of an entire busload of  
schoolchildren, and *Dead Piano*, with  
its extortionist raid on a black bour-  
geois family, take too much pleasure  
in unpleasantness. Also, and this

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### BOOKS

seems to me not within the proper ground rules for suspense stories, these books overstress current social morality in their denouements, an exploitation not only of our anxieties but of our righteousness, and I would prefer not to be amused in this way.

In this category, too, is Joseph Hayes' recent thriller, *Like Any Other Fugitive*. Here we feel conscripted into the cause of the young, long-haired, and loving against the sadism, greed, and coldness of Middle America. The long adventure of the two kids is expertly done, with stalks and hides and chases and breathless near-misses, but again I would prefer my midnight distractions to remain uncontaminated with the ideologies that might better be argued out in the light of day.

*Slayground*, by Richard Stark, has no such failing. Indeed, in its amorality it resembles the British tales of crime, with a thief whose thievery is unadulterated by any notion that theft is wrong. The thief is set up in an area of special puzzlement, a closed-down and walled-in amusement park, within which he must outwit a large and deadly gang pursuing his loot. He is ingenious, but there is, for my taste, an excess of pleasure in the harm he contrives to the flesh and bones of his enemies. And mere murderous ingenuity against physical odds, with no restraint, cannot have the decent fascination of the game played according to some rules more complex than the laws of ballistics alone.

As it happens, my season's haul of adventures yields no specimen from California, generally the most popular state for crime. Florida is the second state, as its John D. MacDonald is second only to California's Ross Macdonald. Down in Florida, *Fisherman's Luck*, by Tom Pace, is totally within the local-color genre, rather better than most: it has its manly chief of police, Ben Garden, its boats, its rich men and rich girls, its politicians, and, of course, its crooks. Garden is predictably rough and tough with all these folks. He has some good fights, notably a gorgeous match with two gigantic thugs that turns as much on the unspoken code

dear to such brawlers (in which it does on the mere employment of knuckles and boots. The story, well, within the tradition of A roughneck fiction, and without stylistic flourishes.

*Loophole*, by Arthur Ma, involves us in Florida, rather intriguingly, with a murder, a court case, a complicated trail. But then he looks for his brother's killer, the misfortune to run across, and again, people who insist on endless expository speeches. One of them at least has the guts to say, "To make a long story short, but he does not. And the hero is too much meditation. "I turned, thinking first of one then another." The poor man drinks, like all proper sojourners in criminal circles, but with less grace than we generally expect. He downs a "screwdriver," and is obliged to explain the incident. Nor does he have much gift for the lie. "That's a lie, and you know it," he responds to one villain.

Similar, if not Floridaian, is the newspaperman hero of Tom Macdonald's *The Fly on the Wall*, a headliner. For a fictitious reporter is stuck with the task of verisimilitudinous assignment, looking for some missing link in the cement. He does his best with a fry of Middle Western sticklers, but he worries too much about ideas about journalism and its civic role. There is one stalking scene in which he is out with a fly rod, while his "pro," carries a high-powered rifle. I think he deserves a trip to Hong Kong, or at least to Hawaii, where naughty people steal nicer and come in more interesting sizes.

Florida again, but this time in satire on art critics and their mess. In Charles Willeford's *Burnt Orange Heresy*, a critic is the total oeuvre of a master painter, a missing link between Dada and realism, and, of course, between the poor old man in the painting and the writing is clever and meaningful for a long time amusing; but the story on rather longer than that.

s a real old-fashioned  
ed Cold War spy story is  
Adam Hall's *The War-*  
*nt* takes his hero right  
l from that plain room  
scrutable director of the  
out all-powerful Bureau  
n, on a quiet street. Be-  
Curtain, we're assured,  
tuff is still in fashion:  
ents, unarmed combat,  
ents, secret codes, slid-  
d the fates of nations are  
of these playthings. If  
nostalgia for all those  
the cold, for devilish  
the brave underground  
od old lingo of secret  
series, fifth-digit dupli-  
can't do better these  
*The Warsaw Document*.  
her old-fashioned but  
n species, all its own, is  
Holmes pastiche, in this  
*per Beeches*, by Arthur  
I should delight the Baker  
elars and other faithful  
Conan Doyle—not for-  
ppose, those vanishing  
delphia lore. The story  
ingenious, literate and  
bt the city, and lovingly  
out the great detective.  
ieffly for those who keep  
ne own set of the Sacred  
check as they spot the  
that eluded me, a mere  
rrier of the man in the  
p.

Ernest Jones and *Oedi-*  
Freeman, well known  
books on psychoanaly-  
n a detective book out  
material. A psychiatrist,  
Ames, receives from a  
and crucial dream, and  
s promptly murdered.  
would he in real life do  
t to find the killer, using  
d his shifting interpreta-  
a layman it all sounds  
ugh, the characters are  
n normal human terms  
ne depths of psychologi-  
; and we see, in the end,  
the killer killed but also  
dered man was a mur-  
mbience is that of New

York publishing circles, with money,  
adultery, death, divorce; the personae  
are just those who would patronize  
a shrink. It is a good story and I even  
forgive Dr. Ames for saying, "The  
truth is rarely obvious, Mrs. Thomas."

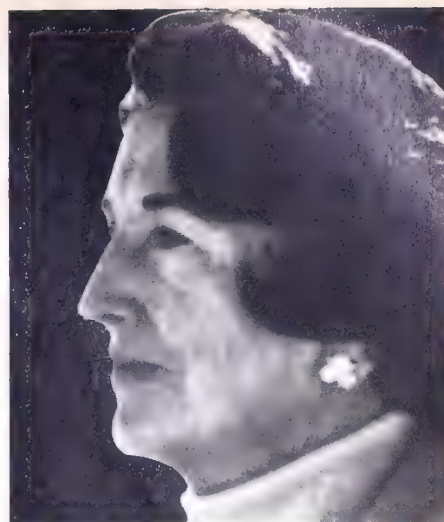
And then, at last, there is an oppor-  
tunity to do some detective work  
on our own, with the unresolved ma-  
terials all before us. We are dealing  
here with fact, not fiction. In 1849,  
in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Dr.  
George Parkman, prominent Boston-  
ian, disappeared. After a long investi-  
gation and trial, Dr. John Webster of  
the Harvard Medical College was  
hanged for Parkman's murder. Helen  
Thomson, in *Murder at Harvard*, re-  
counts the affair as it has generally  
been understood and accepts the trial  
verdict. In *The Disappearance of Dr.*  
*Parkman*, Judge Robert Sullivan, a  
current member of the highest trial  
court in Massachusetts, presents an-  
other interpretation. The dismem-  
bered body in the cellars of the Medi-  
cal School may not have been that of  
Dr. Parkman, says Sullivan. The con-  
fession may have been false; Chief  
Justice Shaw did not in fact deliver  
the charge he is credited with; and  
much more. Here is your chance to  
solve one of the most famous Ameri-  
can mysteries. (My verdict is still  
pending.)

"But darn it, boss, I still don't  
see..."

"Oh, it's simple enough, Mac."  
Fogarty wearily lit his last collapsed  
Camel and threw the empty packet  
in the fire. "Blackworth was pay-  
ing off Digwell, had been for years.  
Marcia knew it; disguised as that  
gypsy, she took the papers that  
proved Greybarn was really Yates.  
Blackworth had to kill her, so he  
set up McIntosh for the gambit. The  
Countess was in on it too. When it  
backfired, and we put the pressure  
on, it was only a question of time  
and..."

But the print is blurring now. Let  
the innocent and the guilty alike slip  
through our fingers; they have done  
their duty. So drag out the bodies,  
please, Mac, and switch off my lamp  
as you go. ☐

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# MUSIC IN THE ROUND

Wolves, piano rolls, and the voice of Florence Nightingale

A MISCELLANY OF ODDITIES have been merrily spinning on my turntable the past few weeks, and life has been a little more pleasant. Who, for instance, would be able to resist a disc named **The Language and Music of the Wolves**? It has been issued by a company with the inspired name of Tonsil Records, under the aegis of *Natural History Magazine*, which in turn is a publication of the American Museum of Natural History, and you can get the record by writing to the museum at 79th Street and Central Park West, New York, N.Y. 10024. That the grave, serious museum could come up with so delirious a label as Tonsil Records is a stopper of sorts. A pixie is operating somewhere on the premises.

Robert Redford narrates the record. The idea is that wolves are social animals who through the ages have suffered from a bad reputation (they *never* attack anybody unless molested), who enjoy a bourgeois family life, and who communicate by howls. On this record is a collection of howls—solo howls, group howls, a grand ensemble howl. These howls are, as the liner notes suggest, actually music. The howls are pitched, they fall within a certain vocal range, and they have personality, depending on who is howling. In addition, the record has barks, yips, moans, and other things that mean a great deal to wolves, and perhaps your dog. Try it out on your pet, and see what kind of response the call of the wild evokes in him.

THEN THERE IS an album named **The Wonder of the Age: Mr. Edison's New Talking Phonograph** (Argo ZPR 122/3, 2 discs). Edison invented the talking machine

in 1877, and within thirty years it spawned an enormous mass of material that today is historic. Not only did great musicians record; the phonograph was a document of the age, capturing the popular music of the period, its comedians, even the voices of its movers and shakers. A feeling of all this is evident in this entrancing album, which has been put together by Kevin Daly. Here is a running history of the phonograph, the narration backed up by such turn-of-the-century recordings as the singing of Caruso, Melba, Patti; early dance bands; British music-hall stars; Sousa's band. The tale proceeds from cylinder to Emil Berliner's flat disc, through World War I and into 1925, when electrical recordings were invented. There the story stops. Most listeners should find it fascinating—a history of the age, of passing styles in music and humor, of society, of technology.

Included on the disc are the actual voices of various notables, among them Sir Arthur Sullivan, William Gladstone, Florence Nightingale, and Edison himself. When you hear Gladstone's voice, you are listening to the voice of a man who was born on December 29, 1809. It so happens that Lord Tennyson once recorded into a cylinder, and that cylinder is still extant, though not reproduced in this album. Tennyson was born on August 6, 1809. As far as I know, nobody born prior to Tennyson ever recorded; his voice takes us as far back into oral history as it is possible to go. The oldest recorded musician I have been able to find is Saint-Saëns, born in 1835. Does anybody know any musician born before 1835 who recorded; and anybody at all who made any kind of cylinder and was born before Tennyson?

LAST YEAR Nonesuch released Joshua Rifkin on a disc of Joplin rags, and quite a career resulted. Joplin was a Negro composer who died in 1917, and his music had been all but forgotten. There were those who promoted his time pieces that Rifkin plays with a composer of unusual sophisticated melodic ideas, and rhythmic. There were those who promoted him calling him the American Chopin (forgetting about Louis Moreau Gottschalk, who at his death in 1891 had a much more valid claim to the title). Anyway, American Chopin was clear that Joplin was one of the American originals and that he deserved revival.

Now two more discs have appeared on the picture. Joplin himself is heard playing a selection of his rags (Biograph 1006; the address is 109, Canaan, New York). These have been taken from piano rolls made in 1916 and have been recorded on an old Steinway piano that sounds like a honky-tonk. As the liner notes point out, piano rolls can be untrustworthy, and this is evidence that the Joplin recordings were doctored up during the recording sessions.

The six rags that Joplin plays reveal a fair-to-middling pianist, probably do not give an idea of him in his prime. He was a dynamic player in his time, and his reflexes were coming up. Joplin, unfortunately, made no disc recordings. His piano rolls are the only surviving record of his art, they are an important monument. The reverse of the disc has more piano rolls, played by "Arlington" and William "Big Boy" Mann. It is believed that Arlington and Mann were the same pianist. Joplin's musicians those days, even the ones, used *noms de plum*.

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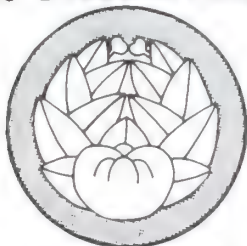
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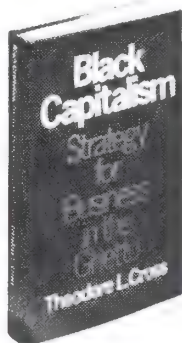


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## MUSIC IN THE ROUND

then, especially if they made records for a company to which they were not under contract.

If the piano rolls are accurate, Joplin and his colleagues played with a strict and almost metronomic bass, and they did not favor a wide extreme of dynamics. Today's pianists approach ragtime differently. Rifkin, in his album, played like a scholar realizing a Beethoven text, but with the full resources of modern pianism. That means, in addition to textual fidelity, plenty of dynamics and an effort to get shades of rhythmic variation into the one-two, one-two of the bass.

Still another pianist to approach ragtime music is William Bolcom, in a new disc, **Heliotrope Bouquet** (Nonesuch 71257). Bolcom, who for years has been an exponent of ragtime music, is a conservatory-trained pianist (as is Rifkin) who brings a sophisticated mind to this music. He plays rags by Joplin, Turpin, Lamb, and others, and his approach is different from Rifkin's. It is looser, has more swing and zip, is less serious. This is a fun disc. On it, Bolcom also plays three of his own rags, and sweet and nostalgic they are.

**P**ERIOD PIANO MUSIC of an entirely different sort can be heard on a disc of music by Herz and Hüntten (Genesis 1006), played by Frank Cooper. Henri Herz and Franz Hüntten were very fashionable composers of the 1820-40 period. They turned out tidbits that were played by all the young ladies of Europe; and they also could compose grand operatic paraphrases that interested the virtuosos. When Robert Schumann started his music magazine in the early 1830s, he singled out these two composers as examples of the mediocrity that had set into European music.

Schumann, who approached music on the highest level, was of course correct. Herz and Hüntten were purveyors rather than composers. But that does not mean their music is entirely devoid of interest. Cooper, a skillful pianist, brings out the best in three Herz and six Hüntten pieces. Superficial though the music may be, it is pianistically effective, with a

dated tinkly, giddy charm. It is going to go around calling attention to itself, but connoisseurs will find it of interest.

**T**HERE IS ONE RECENT recording, however, that all connoisseurs of great piano playing must have: that is the **Golden Jubilee** played by Josef Hofmann, available from the International Library, 215 West 91st Street, New York, N.Y. 10024.

Hofmann gave this concert to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his American debut, recorded by Victor engineers who never intended for commercial release. In the middle 1950s, when Columbia did release most of the jubilee. The chance of the Rubinstein Disc, with the Curtis Institute Orchestra under Fritz Reiner, was the head of Curtis at the time, was never commercially available, though there was a brisk underground business in it. Tape private pressings could be had.

The International Piano Library was able to get a set of private pressings of the concert, and put out a two-disc album that contains the entire event, including a speech by Walter Damrosch, and cores that were not on the original record, and Hofmann's own *icon* for piano and orchestra. The result is spectacular. Hofmann made a commercial electronic recording, and most of the examples suffer on records even in primitive acoustic sound reproduction. Here can be heard in all his tonal palette, or a more phenomenal technique, for that matter. The *plus ultra* of romantic piano. And, like many other great pianists, Hofmann tempered his romanticism with a pure approach. He was one of the best piano playing of this kind to exist today. The International Library has done no less than service in making available the work of so colossal a pianist in his



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BENEDICTINE

The drier

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NOVEMBER 1971

## ARTICLES

- ernet 53 THE GAME OF NATIONS  
How national security managers use rat psychology to play *Realpolitik*.
- note 60 KHRUSHCHEV REMEMBERED  
A sunny day in Yugoslavia, 1955.
- mlin 86 NO EXIT  
The U.S. Board of Parole often seems deaf, dumb, and blind.
- eley 96 THE SCIENTIST AS PROPHET  
Chresmologues are passing among us . . .
- erg 100 THE POLITICS OF CANCER  
The perils of demanding a cure by July 4, 1976.
- ham 106 WHAT MOVIES TRY TO SELL US  
Beneath Hollywood's chic doctrines lurks a corrosive despair.
- oles 116 A DOMAIN OF SORTS  
Appalachian children speak of their love for their land.

## GAMES SOME PEOPLE PLAY

- ang 124 THE UPWARD MIRACLE  
The glorious pleasures of sailplaning.

## ENVIRONMENT

- ole 42 OIL AND WATER  
Letter from Maine

## VERSE

- hley 65 THE DONNER PARTY  
Selections from an American Odyssey

## DEPARTMENTS

- |           |                  |     |                    |
|-----------|------------------|-----|--------------------|
| cher 10   | THE EASY CHAIR   | 4   | ABOUT THIS ISSUE   |
| and 28    | DIPLOMATIC NOTES | 6   | LETTERS            |
| erin      |                  | 144 | BOOKS IN BRIEF     |
| Bois 134  | BOOKS            | 145 | MUSIC IN THE ROUND |
| right 138 |                  |     |                    |

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# ABOUT THIS ISSUE

Leo Tolstoy once told a parable about seven prophets gathered together in a vast desert. They stood in a circle, each of them holding a lantern up to the light of the sun. None of them could look directly into the sun, but in their different lanterns they saw different shapes and colors. The refracted light they proclaimed to be the only light, and on the evidence of their seven observations they founded as many religions.

The modern age has little taste for religion. We prefer the hard surfaces of technological abstraction, and we choose to believe wise men who come bearing gifts of statistical proof. We are as credulous as before, but we insist upon slide rules and scientific demonstration. Instead of declaring war in the name of Jehovah, we declare war in the name of political freedom. The vagueness of the conception produces the customary babble of interpretations, and more or less the same numbers of people get killed for more or less the same lack of reasons.

Fondness for technological abstraction perhaps explains our obsession with ideological abstraction. The two systems of thought complement one another, and we like to think that despite the complexity of the data, we eventually can reduce poetic metaphor to a mathematical equation. The correctness of our ideological position thus becomes an extremely serious calculation, comparable to knowing precisely our navigational position when traveling at 600 miles an hour at an altitude of 45,000 feet. No matter what the journey, we are dependent on our instruments.

Which is another way of saying that we cannot look at the world without holding up a colored lantern of our own design. Two articles in this issue of *Harper's* testify to the distortions that result from such defenses against too clear a light. The first,

"The Game of Nations" by Richard Barnet, describes the ideology prevalent in Washington among the bureaucrats who decide foreign policy. They construct an elaborate model of the world (a kind of nineteenth-century clocklike apparatus engraved with the dicta of Rudyard Kipling). And then they substitute the model for reality. Thus the map of Vietnam becomes the fact of Vietnam.

The second article, "What Movies Try To Sell Us" by Lewis Lapham, argues a similar point with reference to the people who make Hollywood movies. Their model of the world, though less literal than the one in Washington, encourages equally specific actions. The gentlemen who decide national policy might arrange for the logistics of small wars and demolitions, but the gentlemen who make movies arrange for the habit of mind that can transform the necessary killing into "no big deal."

Nobody of course can look directly into the sun. But if we didn't mistake our own illusions for the observable phenomenon, we might at least avoid the necessity of having to send so often for the Army or the National Guard.

The ill-fated journey of the Donner Party dominates a dark corner of the American consciousness—an odyssey from east to west begun with bright hopes that inexorably unraveled until survival itself became no more than a mixed blessing. Selections from George Keithley's book-length narrative poem, remarkable for the dimensions of its imaginative re-creation, comprise a special sixteen-page feature in this issue. In explaining how the book came about, Mr. Keithley says:

"Seven years ago I began to write a

poem about the Donner Party. It had been the largest group to die in the western emigration in 1846, and was to become famous mainly for the suffering and death that resulted when they were trapped in the snow of the Sierra Nevada without provisions for the winter.

"I wanted to be as familiar with the substance of the story as I could, considering the difference in time and to feel as much of the life of the people as I could find. I had thought though the country had changed greatly since then. I needed to know what the land and sky had looked like along their route, and how these are altered by the changes of seasons. So I went back to the trail outside Springfield, Illinois, followed the party's route through Indiana; crossed the Mississippi River heading for Independence, Missouri, and went by Ash Hollow, Nebraska, and out to the Little Sierras in Wyoming, where the Donner Party broke from the main group. From there to Weber's Lake through the Wasatch Mountains, taking a good part of that journey on foot. Then across the Salt Lake Desert, Pilot Peak in Nevada, and the Ruby Mountains and along the Humboldt River down to its mouth, following the Truckee River through the Sierras, and the vicinity of the Donner campsites. By using snowshoes I was able to work in the mountains during the winter months, and hike to the cabin sites near the lake up to the main face and through the pass to the summit.

"For the effectiveness of the poem I found it necessary to take liberties with fact, omitting some details of the party and inventing others. Of many minor incidents I have taken liberties for the better-known story. In doing this, I've been aware of what it seemed likely to happen."





orzoi  
glish.

st vodka for the martini.



# LETTERS



## White ethnic

Michael Novak's article in your September issue ["White Ethnic"] demonstrated more the identity crisis of Mr. Novak than of those he calls the "ethnic Americans." As a longtime admirer of his writings, I was greatly surprised to find myself taking issue with him.

While I have no quarrel with Mr. Novak's concern over the fashionable, all-sweeping attacks on the "ethnics," I can hardly agree that this group is impervious to criticism or that the purpose of such criticism is to recast the ethnic's culture.

It is not their individuality that makes the "ethnics" so vulnerable, but rather their myopia. It is their total acceptance of the religious, civic, and social dogmas of their forebears that lures the critics. Mr. Novak insists that he wants to maintain his Catholic-Slovak history. No one wants to take it from him. Yet even he gives up something of this each time he makes an intellectual "second effort" to challenge something he first sees "undiscriminatingly."

That there is a certain "disdain" for some of the values of the ethnics is not denied; but does this mean they are not tolerated? It is inconceivable to me that Mr. Novak could write that "America has never confronted squarely the problem of preserving diversity" in the face of our rich history of the federal Bill of Rights and a current culture that permits everyone to do his own thing.

As for having a "radical culture 'laid on' them," does anyone really care whether the ethnics join the sex-

ual revolution as long as they don't interfere with someone else's culture?

Finally, I do not understand why Mr. Novak should feel threatened when one of his family changes his name. Should he not be more concerned if the uncle who changed his name refuses to accept the length of his son's hair?

JAMES J. LOMBARDI  
Upper Marlboro, Md.

Michael Novak's interesting and perceptive article on the white ethnics either overlooked or omitted their politics. In *The Making of the President, 1968*, Theodore White talked of the "Pavlovian" votes of the people described in the Novak article.

As a campaign worker and campaign manager for liberal Republican candidates, I have butted my head against the Pavlovian ethnic voting blocs for almost twenty years.

These people are, as Mr. Novak says, conservative traditionalists. They make many so-called right-wing Republicans look like flaming liberals—philosophically. But they seem to be single-issue voters; and the issue is always economic.

They formed an alliance with the Democrats somewhere back in political antiquity for good and sufficient reasons, and since they are conservative traditionalists, they cling to that alliance tenaciously despite the fact that it puts them in bed with what they must consider radical revolutionaries.

Is this predictability a clue to the invisibility that Mr. Novak complains about? They are political eunuchs. The Democrats can count on them, the Republicans can't budge them, so everyone ignores them and spends

time on and with other groups who are at least persuadable. It is tempting to suggest that a viable way into the mainstream is to break the traditional voting pattern. C

WILLIAM M. STEVENS  
Stevens Point, Wis.

## MICHAEL NOVAK REPLIES:

Most of the ethnics are not intellectuals. This is not to say that Ireland, Italy, Greece, and other nations do not have intellectual traditions powerful even today. To be cultural and intelligent is not to be ethnic. The model of intellectual culture in the U.S. today does, however, assume decidedly Anglo-Saxon conceptions of individuality, community, loneliness, liberty, social progress, and those conceptions are too restrictive for a genuinely pluralist social intellectual order....

[As to Mr. Kraus' letter] Republicans tend to speak a different dialect. Economic issues, having been satisfactorily resolved in their minds, are not now their main concern. The metaphor "Pavlovian" suggests barking dogs. People who feed dogs seldom reciprocate with them.

## Old We

Thomas Powers' article in *Westbury* ["Autopsy on Old Westbury," September] lacks precision in defining the nature of the Committee. It is obvious from the corrective of James Frost, the chancellor of the four-year college, the State University of New York, that the decision had been made to censure the faculty before

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committee made its visit. Frost noted in his directive to the Craven Committee that two days were not enough for a thorough investigation, but that the committee would have to do as well as it could under the circumstances.

Even this directive, however, cannot excuse the superficiality of the report, or its bureaucratic banality and rigidity. The committee apparently saw no students (even passing by the bark-polishing co-ed in its report). In fact, the committee did not note that it had seen any student during its short stay. Students were praised, however, for the absence of vandalism on the campus. In language recalling the sign-fixation of the military man in *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, the committee notes: "There was for example no observable tampering with signs."

Similar nonsensical lapses are seen in other parts of the report. The committee complained—obliquely—about the low student-teacher ratio (about 7 to 1) and implied that "educational experimentation" was synonymous with electronic "aids": there was "no tendency...to make special use of electronic or other teaching aids" to free the staff from "the academic drudgery of repeated lectures."

The committee also complained about the "credit-no credit" grading system already used in several colleges. According to the committee, the use of this system could invalidate Selective Service classification—a paramilitary function that colleges began abandoning several years ago.

Nor did the committee officially admit the changes evident in the experimental programs conducted by the State University of New York. The Craven Committee complained that few of the courses at O.W. were ordered sequentially to a bachelor's degree, while course descriptions revealed a lack of "academic quality." Yet courses for college credit in candlemaking, "light shows," cross-country and European travel, and other untraditional subjects are offered at Craven's own college (State University College at Oneonta), where he has been academic dean for several years and was named president July 1, 1971.

The tragedy of Old Westbury is not only that superficial bureaucratic judgments can kill educational experimentation, but that the loss of faculty discipline and student sym-

pathy results in the victory of half-truths and institutional mediocrity.

ROBERT D. MOYNIHAN, President  
State University Federation of  
Teachers, State University College  
Oneonta, N.Y.

## Knights of Columbus

Congratulations to Paul Good for his superb article, "McManus v. the Knights of Columbus" [September]. My father is the McMapuses' family doctor. I have been personally aware of this case since that February evening when Mr. McManus came into my parents' home after his initiation. I was in high school at the time and was visiting friends that evening, but the vivid description my parents and brother and sister gave me when I returned home of how terrible Mr. McManus looked is one of my indelible memories.

I am astonished at the accurate and piercing insight with which Mr. Good, an outsider, was able to portray my hometown. He perfectly characterized both the town itself and the individuals who compose its power structure, including the health-care field.

In addition he answered many questions I had, which my father as a confidential physician could not answer, about the McManuses' motivations and feelings.

Poignantly, Mr. Good left one major question unanswered—how could nominally civilized men observe these "hot-box" practices?

Thank you once again for bringing this case to the attention of the public in such an authoritative, probing manner.

MARCIA SHERRY FINBERG  
St. Louis, Mo.

## Youth vote

The section of Nicholas von Hoffman's article ["Looking for Presidents," September] dealing with the eligibility of college students to register and vote was a helpful presentation of this important problem. But like so many of the new liberals, Mr. von Hoffman sees the problems of mobilizing the new electorate only in terms of the college student—and the minority of college students who live away from home at that.

Actually, only a third of the eighteen- to twenty-one-year-olds are college students. The rest are young

workers, housewives, member armed services, unemployed. They have even greater difficulty meeting the complicated, burdensome requirements of the registration system that operates to restrict participation for all Americans in most states of the Union. Moreover, they are far less likely to be motivated to register and vote than are university students, especially in states where a great deal of money and organizational effort is being devoted to turning out the student vote.

One hopes, of course, that the youth will vote in large numbers. But students are the only group among the young actually encouraged to participate, the youth franchise notwithstanding. It may turn out to have reinforced a disproportionately white, affluent, educated character of the new electorate.

Not only would this be true, but it could even backfire on those who are now giving such heavy emphasis to the student vote. The fact that animated the student Left in the 1960s—Vietnam, ecology, levers to racial equality—have become somewhat. Even George McGovern now insists that economic issues are of central importance. In this political climate, many student four-year colleges could very well revert to the conservatism that characterized college youth in the past. And those young people might be the more reliable supporters of a liberal economic program—young workers, blacks, etc.—may remain in the media and in our life. Ideally, students should reach themselves and also join in reaching the broader constituency of franchised voters.

Frontlash is a coalition of people concentrating on voter registration and voter education among noncollege youth and their parents. Your readers might want to know our address is not the one in Mr. von Hoffman's article; correct address is 112 East 19th Street, New York, New York 10003.

PENN  
Chairman of the  
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## EDITOR'S NOTE

The information concerning student registration to which Kemble refers was gathered by *Harper's* staff to supplement Hoffman's article.



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# THE EASY CHAIR

Nixonomics: well, you can't have everything

**A** HYPOTHETICAL QUESTION: What would happen if Adam Smith, president of the Super-Gimmick Manufacturing Co., called in the leaders of the union in his plant and said, "For the past twenty years every contract we have negotiated has given a substantial increase to all members of the union. During the past few years these raises have been bigger than ever. They have, in fact, considerably exceeded all the savings we have been able to make by installing more efficient machinery and developing new processes. As a result, we have had to push up the prices of all Super-Gimmick products—and naturally our sales have been falling off, in spite of our best advertising efforts.

"As you gentlemen know, the company lost money last year, and this year our losses seem likely to be even greater. The banks are reluctant to lend us any more money so long as we are running in the red. When we open our next contract negotiation, therefore, I am going to have to ask the union not to demand a further wage increase. Indeed, with utmost reluctance I must ask you to accept a temporary pay cut—not a big one, just about half of your last raise—until we can get the firm back on solid ground."

Recently I sketched out this little scenario for a friend of mine who has spent most of his working life as an arbitrator of labor disputes.

*John Fischer, who studied economics at Oxford, has been writing on economic and political issues for more than twenty years.*



"What would happen?" he said. "That's easy. Adam Smith would have a strike on his hands. Even if the union leaders agreed to his proposition, the rank and file would override them. Besides, Smith would be accused of refusing to bargain in good faith—and the National Labor Relations Board almost certainly would uphold the charge.

"What you don't seem to understand is that wage negotiations these days are strictly a one-directional business—always up."

**I** REMEMBER THAT REMARK every time Secretary of the Treasury John Connally and the other official optimists in Washington proclaim their determination to keep inflation, somehow, under control. I would like to believe them, but skepticism keeps

seeping in. For I am beginning to suspect that we may have reached a point in history where no administration, Republican or Democratic, is capable of stopping inflation, no matter how firm its intentions.

The unions don't deserve the blame. Shares of it also rest on the increasingly rigid structure of our business, and on the new rigidity of our political life. "Blame," in this case, is not to be an appropriate word. It would be more accurate to say that the character of our whole society has changed so drastically during the last decade or two that it no longer responds to the so-called laws of economics. Neither the classical nor the Keynesian remedies seem to work anymore; and we have no idea whether Mr. Nixon's heroic gamble, I would bet that it will perform any better. For the time being, I would bet that it will work partially, for a while. In the not-so-very-long run it will fail to stabilize wages and prices.

The reason for this gloom is that the competitive price system apparently is dead on us—not everywhere, but in nearly all the places that matter. Nobody planned it that way. It did not succumb to any sinister leftist plots that the dreams of the John Birchers just got nibbled away by the separate decisions, public and private, most of which seemed good ideas at the time. I am not sure its demise is altogether a bad thing. The point is that we know



# The Pleasure Principle

As long as you're going to spend the money for good scotch, why not spend a little more and get a great scotch.

**J&B** RARE  
The Pleasure Principle





# From Calcutta ... Report on Elizabeth Dass...



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.  
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA  
NAME: ELIZABETH DASS  
NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA  
HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS ~~MA~~ WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED  
DATE: MARCH 17, 1969  
DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964  
ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER  
CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. ~~WILL~~ BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ~~IS~~ ARE RESTORED.

PARENT ~~XXXX~~ CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.  
MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF ~~XXX~~ SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:  
ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS—INDEED IT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNs TWO RUPEES A DAY (20¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS: MARIA DASS, DECEASED OF SMALLPOX  
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX  
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS: ELIZABETH WILL CERTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM ~~XX~~ PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE ~~XX~~ DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

STRONGEST RECOMMENDATION THAT ELIZABETH DASS BE ADMITTED AT ONCE.

Elizabeth Dass was admitted to the Nazareth Home a few days after we received this report and she is doing better now. Her legs are stronger . . . she can walk and sometimes even run with the other children. She is beginning to read and can already write her name.

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## THE EASY CHAIR

make the old system work, in fashion, but we have not yet learned how to operate the cumbersome jointed political economy—the capitalist nor socialist—the grown up in its place.

UNDER THE OLD SYSTEM, the for inflation was unpleasantly simple. The government merely to raise taxes and interest rate strict bank credit, and cut spending, thus reducing the sum money in circulation. Industry found it could no longer borrow to build new factories, so the cotton trades and machine tool had to close down. (Tradition that was the first sign of a turning economic tide.) Their unemployed workers stopped buying everything except groceries, and some of them actually went hungry. With saving, other businesses soon had to off help, cut wages, and paralyze prices and profit margins in a desperate effort to hold on to their share of the dwindling market. A good many of them went broke. Their inventory thrown on the market at bankruptcy rates, pushed prices down still further. When enough people—perhaps 10 per cent of the labor force—were out of work, you could be sure that a surge of inflation would be brought on.

To reverse the process, as Maynard Keynes taught us, the government could simply spend more money than it collected in taxes, simultaneously cutting interest rates and loosening up the supply of money. In theory, the resulting budget deficit could be balanced off with a new issue of bonds when business picked up again, also according to Keynesian theory the government should be able to "fine tune" the economy by adjusting its fiscal and monetary levers, so that the up and down of the business cycle would be relatively small, and the economy would remain fairly steady, and the body would need to be out of debt for a very long time.

But now, alas, we are discovering that some of the levers no longer work—and that we, the voters, will not permit any President to yank them hard enough to have much effect.

For one thing, the government finds it practically impossible to make really big cuts in the federal budget. Too many costs are fixed: interest on the public debt, veterans' pensions, Social Security, a military e

REVIEW and OUTLOOK

What's Good About the Budget

Mr. O'Brien's view, he evi- have preferred an even b- pend, and thus a b- et, as the Democratic- self says, big budget- strong upward pres- tes, as the Tre-

Letters To the Editor

Notable & Quotable

William Loeb, in an editorial in his newspaper, the Manchester (N.H.) Union Leader, after taking exception to a Wall Street Journal editorial critical of the Portsmouth Naval Shipyard.

Prior: Spicy Fare for TV

possible the identification and partici- essential to understanding- The relative success of this a- would seem to have significant in- for the kinds of works Masterpi- selects to dramatize (or, to be n- selects to purchase from the BBO- It suggests, first of all, th- works best where the novel is i- on its language and style. For w- ary work lives in its prose, ce- depend less than others on th- ticular observations and d- effect and clarity. They- fore, when these elemen- It suggests, too, that- sen above all for their- power to involve the- for their relevance. A- to attack high cultur- it from the kind o- when its works are-

On Television

The John Drew Theater in this seaside re- sort is an example. Until two years ago, the- Drew followed the- pattern. Last year it- switched course- Under the direction of- Larry Arrick, the- Yale Repertory Thea- ter company came for- a season of more in- tellectual enterprise and this year Mr. Arrick- has handicapped a company to continue the in-

The Theater

The Politics of Welfare

chaotically, in fact laid the frame- stums for a new and often shrewd- the poor- Equally questionable is the co- subtheme the authors turn up in- political uses of the welfare cycle- function of public welfare, they- benefit business, a humiliating- stocks the low-wage labor pool- the sub-employed from seeking- In this case, history proves- better than current affairs- rural outcasts entered the s- at about the same time that- tion demanded cheap lab- workers. In the Amer- fare boards used to fu- just when the cotton- But nowadays w- ishing. At-

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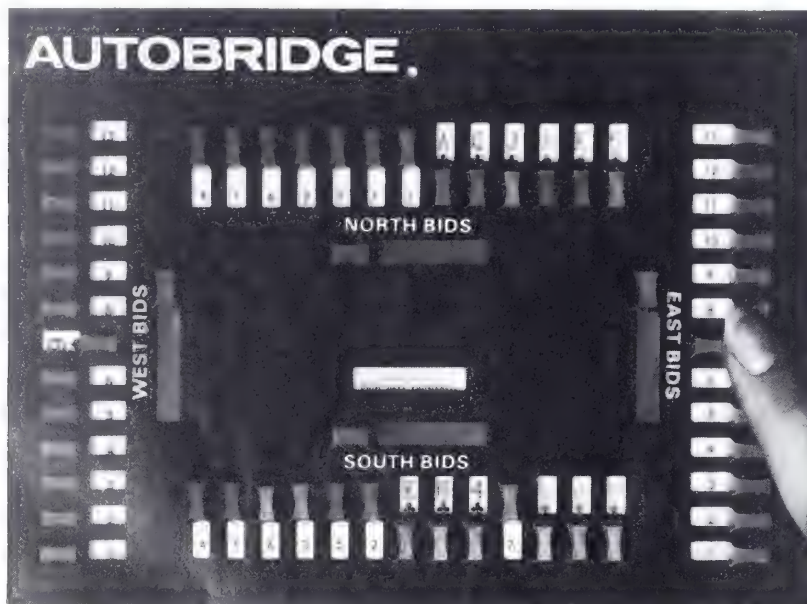
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### THE EASY CHAIR

ment that evidently can't be much even in peacetime. Others such as farm subsidies, make no sense but are deemed politically untouchable.

Moreover, Washington now controls the dominating share of public spending. State and city have been swelling like a bloated popotamus for a long time and the federal government has now cinched them in. Their inflation is sure largely offsets any fears in federal spending.

The biggest change of all, however, is in public feeling, as demonstrated by our voting behavior. We now will tolerate the old, painful inflation. We simply will not for a 10 per cent rate of unemployment, or even 5 per cent for voters. So at least Mr. Nixon and his advisers decided when they abandoned their original gamble against inflation last August, they were undoubtedly right.

Neither will we tolerate anything that hammered down wages and prices in the bad old days. "If a man loses his job today, he goes hungry. He goes on relief under no compulsion, then any job he can get at any wage. In this fashion, we will not permit a draconian reduction in those humanitarian services—welfare, Medicare, education—that account for such a large share of public spending. Presumably this means that we will become a more kindly people; if generous impulses are of no use in curbing inflation.

**WE ARE SELDOM WILLING** to for our generosity even at this moment my own state of Connecticut offers a spectacular example of public irrationality, of an action that seems determined to get its cake and keep it too.

The state has been running red for quite a while and last year voters finally got concerned enough to elect a Republican, Thomas J. Meskill, who wanted to reform the tax system and pay off the accumulated deficit. And he finally did try. After months of delay he finally got the legislature to pass and he signed, an income tax which would do the job.

Did the people of Connecticut celebrate this act of statesmanship with fireworks and dancing in the





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Well, not exactly. Instead the up the most fearsome display taneous wrath in living mem legislators, scared out of the any, hastily reassembled to the income tax with something palatable. The result was a package of special levies, including 6.5 per cent sales tax, the highest in the country. It will not provide the needed revenues. It bears the burden of those least able to pay. The measure was denounced it as a "miserable failure." But, presumably in desperation, he signed it.

Then, when he began to raise money by about \$84 million on special taxes for education, welfare, and aid to cities, the populace—this time a posse of mayors—threw a tantrum. Their message was clear: they won't stand for the raising of public services, but they will abide enough taxes to foot the bill. What they really want, in the end, is more inflation.

Most Presidents at most times have been in a fix quite similar to that of Governor Meskill's. The same message has been sent through, loud and menacing, to other state legislatures, and to Congress as well. As a result, a balanced budget has become something of a curiosity, like a businessman's use of credit cards. That is why the Keynesian theory works: it is easy for a government to pile up a debt in hard times, and it is most impossible for it to pay the debt when the economy swings back.

Again, the underlying cause, the specter, is a change in moral standards. As recently as Herbert Hoover's time the international gold standard was held to be as sacred as the Ten Commandments, the Covenant, and deficit financing was commonly regarded as the worst kind of adultery. Nowadays Mr. Hoover's standard has been thrown down the drain, and the only thing arousing a single murmur is when you only have to drop a few dollars in the neighborhood movie house to see the current mood about adultery.

**A** PEOPLE UNWILLING to control their own impulses, even when they are contradictory, isn't likely to discipline its labor unions. It won't, even when the unions have something to say for their intransigent behavior, and also the political mud they are mired away with it.

Their justification is that

one out of fashion, for all purposes, in many industries by a few big companies. polities can "administer" es pretty much as they ardless of the state of the government monetary pres- public agencies set up to em often behave like col- rather than watchdogs. nefficient corporations are ltered from the risks that ashioned capitalism. Wit- e of Lockheed. When inept it led it to the verge of , the government bailed it te of the fact that the pub- would have been best etting the firm go out of ince the country is over- th aerospace manufactur- y, the resources lavished d obviously could be bet- ed elsewhere.

hese circumstances, the rally feel that they too de- protection from the rigors ion. And as we all know, ot it. A half-century of spe- legislation has granted ection from antitrust laws njunctions and has given ective agency of their own, l Labor Relations Board. e union shop, they monop- oor supply in virtually all industries. Laws that are shield nonstriking work- olence and struck com- sabotage often are not eithers are the laws in- revent strikes by public e the most pampered group outside of Palm Springs. ne, every time New York's ectors or subway workers at her bundle of loot, Mayor ny meekly hands it over, ne had never heard of -ake laws; and each time n grow more sullen, sloppy, teptuous of the public they os to serve.

rect of these privileges and ie the unions have been able w es up at an average rate e annually for the past four tain industries—notably al the building trades— have been rising even per cent a month. Mean-

asons why this is so, see eber's *The American Corpo-* on Kenneth Galbraith's *The* *State*.

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### THE EASY CHAIR

while, productivity has been only about 3 per cent a year. between these rates is a rough of the inflation we have built economic system.\*

The familiar cliché that "hurts everybody" clearly is As Wayne Phillips, an editor contributor to the *New York* pointed out recently, inflation dandy for anybody whose wages rising faster than prices. includes practically all union Manufacturing wages, for went up 148 per cent in twenty years, while prices 63 per cent. Inflation also to debtors, since they can their auto loans or home in dollars worth less than at the time the debt was This again includes most members, since they are heavy mortgage and consumer credit.

The unions obviously stupid to give up this without a fight, and their did indeed proclaim instant to the Nixon wage freeze. no reason to believe that the government can win.

**I**F THE FOREGOING sound labor, I can plead that I am a union man myself. When I for the Newspaper Guild in 19 was an underdog in our society, ing precariously for the right to organize and for a living wage time my pay, as an Associated reporter in Washington, with a week, and most newspapers less.) It was inconceivable unions could defy the government they were too busy pleading support.

\*In fairness, it should be noted about 22 per cent of the American force belongs to unions, and productivity has been dwindling in recent years. Moreover, prices have been rising as fast in fields that are not unionized. explanation is that we are moving from manufacturing to a service economy. About 60 per cent of all workers employed in service occupations, medicine, office work, doctor research, retailing, and the like trades it is difficult or impossible to raise wage costs, even when the cost is relatively small, by mechanization. substitute a machine for a nurse, a TV star. Nor is there any other way of increasing productivity, or even it, in such fields as teaching and government service.



however, labor has grown verdog, wielding political mic power comparable to oil industry or the high- It not only can defy Wash- t frequently does. Since it contributor of both votes aign funds, it can intimi- elected officials; and it can he rest of us by paralyzing nts of the country's econo- time.

y, the President and Con- cut the unions down to size, g all or most of the special that protects them. Merely lfare payments to strikers ing heavy fines for wild- egal strikes would help a lic officials had the guts to h rules. I can't see any of ning, however, any more imagine the government o the 500 biggest corpora- thousands of independent, ompetitive little firms. politically feasible.

unlikely, then, that or- or will pay much atten- tever guidelines Mr. Nix- establish after his wage- reeze expires in mid-No- at least not for long. And ned force (also politically there isn't much the Ad- a can do to bring them to hat might not work. As old ewis liked to say, "You in coal with bayonets."

ently the real question, it e, is not whether we are ave more inflation, but d how fast. If the unions to pay *some* attention to id nes, if jawboning and and the Administration's f-restraint manage to hold onflation to something like ent a year, then the econ- oly can continue to func- elately. Not very efficiently t all fairly, but probably a major disaster.

sa a relatively modest rate s unfair, because the cost eavily on those least able Just as inflation helps or- or (so long as wages go an prices), it hurts un- labor, including migrant marginal farmers of the pparachia, the unskilled, ks who are denied union . It also penalizes old ing on pensions, savings,

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### THE EASY CHAIR

and Social Security, since there is no way to raise their incomes with the cost of living.

**I**NFLATION IS INEFFICIENT. It discourages saving and the direction of investment. In a period of continuous inflation, a mortgage is a splendid deal for the borrower, because he can pay in dollars worth, say, fifty cents for the same reason, it is a lousy deal for the lender. Under such circumstances only fools (and apparently there are still plentiful) will invest their savings in mortgages or savings accounts or building and loan associations—the chief sources of investment for the housing the country so desperately needs. Home building will be financed by savings only if interest rates are permitted to rise to something like 15 per cent—normal interest, plus a premium large enough to cover inflation. And rates that high in themselves discourage home building, and also add to the already running inflationary pressures. Similarly, the prudent investor will avoid other income investments, such as utility savings bonds, municipal bonds (which finance the rebuilding of cities), and industrial bonds and partly finance the growth we need to put the unemployed back to work.

Instead the canny man will put his savings into the speculative rather than traditionally sound investments. Sure, if he buys stock in a good team or a beach resort or an experimental electronics company he may lose everything; but, if he has a chance of making a lot of money too. Whereas if he leaves his savings in a building and loan association, it is sure to be eroded away, year by year, by the inflationary tide. The other choice is to forget about savings altogether and spend everything as soon as he lays his hands on it.

Either choice, obviously, is bad for the country as a whole. For the rate of savings, directed to meet the needs, is the indispensable condition of a healthy economy. It is the only source of money for things as hospitals, universities, cleaning up our environment.

**T**HAT KIND OF SITUATION, however, is probably the best we can hope for in the foreseeable future. Things could get a lot worse.



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work much better.

nderstand it, that is about  
ixon is aiming for. We'll  
he comes close. □

BP S MAGAZINE/NOVEMBER 1971

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# second. mother."

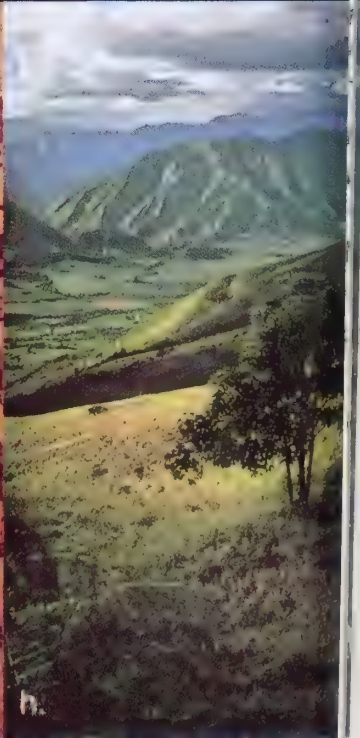
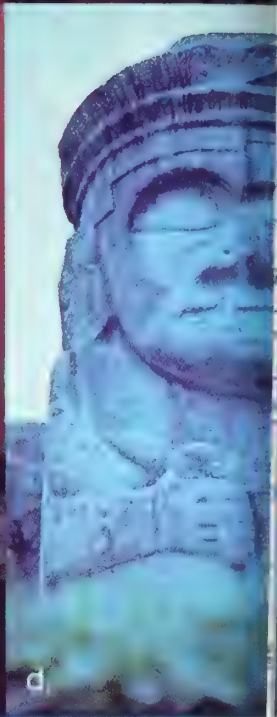
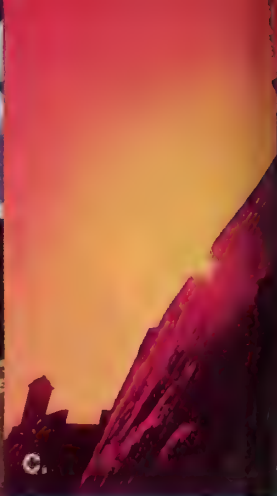
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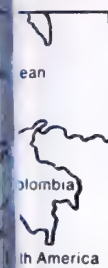


a. The island of San Andrés, once a smugglers' haven, is now a resort and duty-free port. b. The picturesque Rio Magdalena drops 13,000 feet in its 900-mile course from the Andes to the Caribbean. c. Fortress San Felipe in the Spanish Maim city of Cartagena, second oldest, and only walled, city in South America. d. One of the 12-ton stone carvings at San Agustín in Peru. e. Sunset on the Caribbean, where Colombia has a coastline over 900 miles long. f. The Amazon, where paddle-wheelers call and sail. g. The stilt houses of Pueblo Nueva Venecia (New Venice). h. A valley in the central Andes. At this latitude a 10,000-foot-high meadow stays green all year.

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# DIPLOMATIC NOTES

Henry Kissinger: Nixon's Sherpa in the ascent to the summit

WHEN MARCO POLO returned from China in the thirteenth century with gun powder, silks, spices, and noodles, the European mind was enchanted by the prospect of even more secrets and riches. Centuries later, Napoleon mused that when "the sleeping giant of the East" awoke, it would dwarf the European-centeredness of world diplomacy. Missionaries from throughout the West flocked to China with the dream of saving Christianity by converting 500 million "Chinamen." And today, one still hears the story of the American aspirin manufacturer with visions of overflowing coffers if only each Chinese would buy one tablet.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, more than anyone else, shaped U.S. expectations of China in the period after World War II. Through his maneuverings, China was granted one of the five permanent seats on the United Nations Security Council. FDR thought that by declaring Chiang Kai-shek's China to be a great power and by treating it like one, it would become the Asian rock of stability in the subsequent peace.

But, like almost all Americans, FDR knew little about China. China was an abstraction to be loved and protected in the name of humanitarianism and the dollar, and as a bulwark in Asia against the Soviet Union and Japan. After the fall of China to Communism in 1949 (a fall from God's grace, as many saw it) and her entrance into the Korean war, China remained an abstraction, but one to be hated and cordoned off from other nations in the name of the Free World, much as one banishes an apostate. To those Americans who had lived there, China was the source of neither salvation nor perdition. They remembered the passive suffering and the graces of the Chinese, and they knew that China's gigantic size was the wellspring of deep weakness, as well as of potential strength. Perhaps we would have heard this message had not the Cold War stopped our eyes and ears. In any event, cut off from



ROBERT PRYOR

learning more about China and ignorant to begin with, Americans permitted the old myths to survive in modern form. Now the myths speak of how China will help us bring peace to Vietnam, settle the future peace of Asia, negotiate successfully with the Soviet Union, and expand our dwindling trade markets.

The Vietnam myth is the most pernicious. Somehow, perhaps because of the inattentiveness of the press, or the careful hints coming from official background briefings, or

the dramatic secrecy of Kissinger's trip, or, more likely, because of our own desire to believe, the impression is growing that the way out of Vietnam is not through Hanoi but through Peking.

The wishful thinking runs deep. Isn't our real objective in Vietnam to stop all the fighting, not to restore an American role in the war? Yes, to both questions. We can't get Hanoi to simply demand a unilateral American withdrawal and a turn for the release of American prisoners, and this will not be about a political settlement or all the fighting. By seeking to mediate Vietnam in a larger context, perhaps with a little Peking as a go-between on Hanoi (as the Chinese did at the 1954 and 1962 Geneva Conference), we can bring about a more rapid and stable settlement of the war through the neutralization of North and South Vietnam in East Asia. Let's give the President a chance to work on this approach.

This "game plan" is full of holes. Peking is very unlikely to apply any pressure on Hanoi to compromise on present terms. Chinese statements suggest Kissinger departed from Peking with a firm this. But, even if Chinese were tempted to "sell out" Hanoi again in order to bring about a larger aim of an American withdrawal from Southeast Asia, it is doubtful that they would or could do it. It is one thing for the Chinese to be seen dealing with the "little devil" and quite another for them to risk damaging their ideological position by throwing their ally to the wolves. Abandoning Hanoi would amount to handing over Communist leadership in Southeast Asia to the Russians. And even if China were to reduce or cut off aid to Hanoi, the fighting would not stop as long as Soviet aid continued.

The President's impending trip to Peking does have one advantage in relation to Vietnam. It reduces the chances of the President's being seen as the war, because the Chinese

*Leslie H. Gelb and Morton H. Halperin were both faculty colleagues of Henry Kissinger at Harvard. Halperin later served (1967-69) as Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Policy Planning and Arms Control, a position that Gelb assumed when Halperin joined Kissinger's National Security Council staff, where he served during 1969. Gelb was also director of the Pentagon's Vietnam History, better known as the Pentagon Papers.*

ancel his trip. Nevertheless, myth has left us further ce in Vietnam than we were hs ago. The China trips ht time for the President's policy. Along with the publi-he Pentagon Papers, they ked the latest NLF-Hanoi nt Proposal right off the and pretty much out of the ely. The pressure that had ing up for the Nixon Ad- n to make a counterpropo- porated.

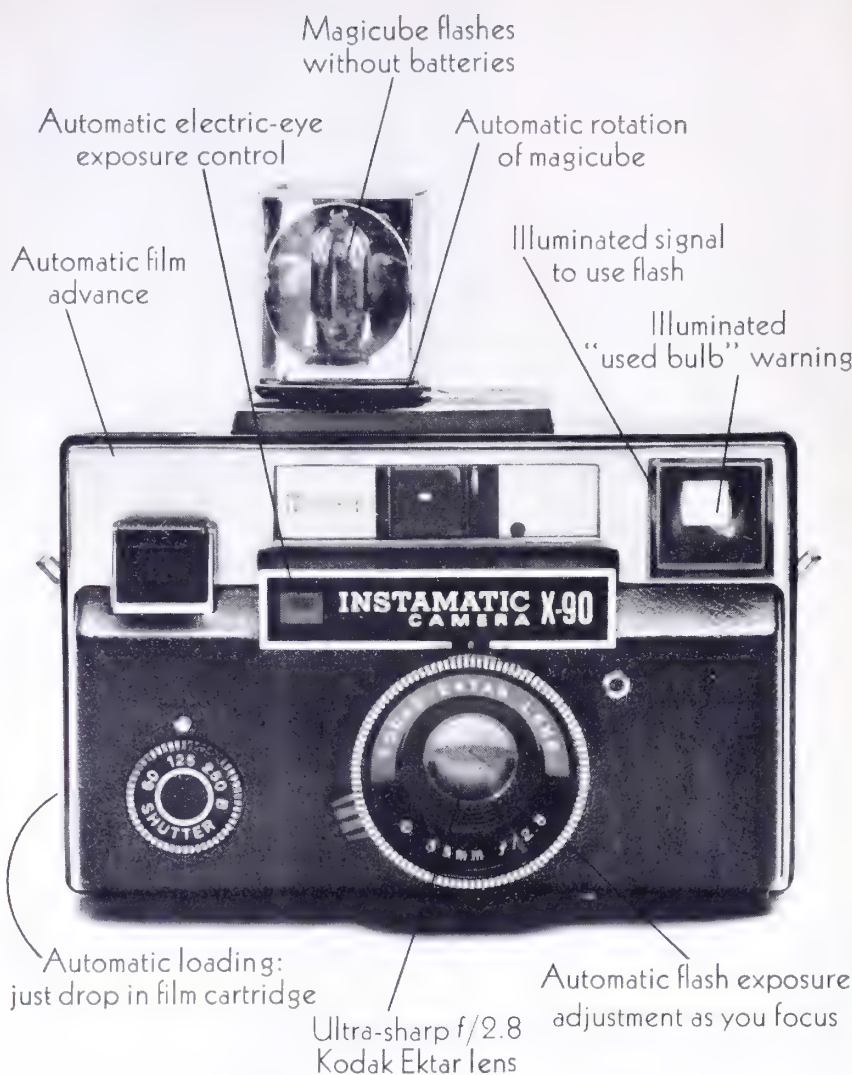
l the Washington-Peking s settle that other ever- ian trouble spot—Korea. nooi. Peking's leverage on does not seem to be sig- oscow is still the principal that regime's economic aid Moreover, neither Pyong- eoul could be coerced into the 38th parallel and re- ne use of force as long as trust between them. A set- the Korean problem will it changes in the domestic he two Koreas: until then, work around the edges.

will improved Chinese- elations materially affect rican relations. A few Ad- n officials have expressed ries about the Russians be- re intransigent, but they ve been dealing with them Tid Berlin long before Kiss- omatic stomachache.

China myth has raised false e American business com- as, China is a very poor

Gross National Product is ely \$75 billion. This com- unfavorably with the GNPs (200 billion), the U.S.S.R. (100 billion), and the U.S. (\$1,000 oreover. China has a long being a reluctant trading ulike Westerners and Jap- Chinese have been inter- nomic self-sufficiency and comparative advantage free traders. In sum, the d not have the money to buy or do they have products in return for ours, nor are s to make their economy on trade.

STEP AWAY from great tions about the side effects tations with China, there n a serious agenda for



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U.S.-China negotiations. It is an agenda of longer term issues.

First on the list is the need to talk to the Chinese about reducing the risks of nuclear war and the effects of the testing of nuclear warheads. For a time the Chinese will not be receptive to our views on nuclear issues. They will want to seek parity with us and the Russians before they bargain. Nevertheless, the process of mutual education should not wait.

Second, there is a whole range of nonpolitical matters to get on with. These include space, weather, disease control, and pollution. Multinational agreements in these areas will mean very little without one-quarter of the world's population as a party.

Third, after the settlement of the Vietnam war, both sides will have an interest in discussing the neutralization of Southeast Asia. The internal situations of these countries and the power balance among them are unstable, and continued warfare is not an unlikely prospect. Both Peking and Washington should come to realize that the best way to avoid a mutual confrontation is to take the area out of the arena of Big Power politics.

Lastly, we must get on with the

issue of "who is China?" Secretary of State William P. Rogers has announced that we will not oppose the admission of the People's Republic of China to the United Nations. But he has also announced that we would oppose the expulsion of the Nationalist Chinese regime on Taiwan. This two-China policy is totally unacceptable to both Chinas. While we may not be able to untangle this issue for a period, we can still talk to Peking about the one principle important to us, namely that the future of Taiwan shall not be resolved by force.

In the long run, the question of Taiwan has to be settled between the people who live on that island and the Peking regime. The sensible solution would seem to be, as Richard Moorsteen and Morton Abramowitz have suggested, a "one China, but not now" policy.

These longer term issues on which Peking and Washington can profitably talk do not make headlines. Nor do they offer the delights of summitry. As Kissinger has written about general foreign policy in *The Necessity for Choice*, we must make a decision. We can seek to perpetuate the myths or to focus on the real issues.

THE AMERICAN MOVE to es relations with China is n desirable, it is in fact long o Mr. Nixon, as part of the w China group in the 1950s, mu some of the blame for the de also deserves considerable cr finally overcoming the stale by calling the People's Rep China by its proper name an ing toward normal relations government of one-quarter earth's population. There is n that Mr. Nixon was in a bett tion to deal with this issue t of his predecessors. Unlike Kennedy, he had not been by the outgoing President a President that any "recogni China would bring Eisenho Nixon out of retirement into scale attack. While some eler the right wing have condem President's initiative, it is as Henry Kissinger has bee to observe, to accuse Richar of being soft on Communism.

But why was the overture made in secret? Strangely we have had no explanation from the Administration (e the record or, as far as we ar in its ubiquitous background to why Kissinger's journey to had to be secret or why th dent's announcement had t dramatic and apparently s advance of his departure. Th of Kissinger as ambassador occasion no surprise. F Nixon has often demonstr distrust of State Departme tiators. In most cases he patched his Special Assistan tional Security to carry out negotiations (including, inci those involving a possible s base in Cuba). As for the however, it is possible that t dent feared that if he exp intentions to the State De bureaucracy, someone would information either to the Nationalists or to domestic of such a move. The result, have thought, would be suc cry from the Nationalists U.S. right wing that he wo able to send Kissinger to much less arrange a visit the own.

Whatever his reasons, the of public debate on the P failure to explain the need fo is in itself remarkable. Give

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### DIPLOMATIC NOTES

creasing demand in the Congress for the country for greater disclosure of participation in foreign-policy making, it is extraordinary that the President's decision has led to no questioning, even by those who have argued most loudly for more information.

No one has even protested the President's warning against disclosure as to what he can accomplish in Peking, nor his order to the bureaucracy not to speak publicly on the subject. All of this suggests that quickly we forget the lessons supposedly learned from Vietnam and from the release of the Peapack Papers. If we are going to object to secrecy and demand Presidential candor only when we disagree with the policy, we will have accomplished little.

**T**HE PUBLIC'S RIGHT TO KNOW is one cost of secrecy. Transparency with our partners is another.

One immediate question remains: the technical arrangements for the Kissinger trip and concerns about our relations with Pakistan. There is no doubt that Pakistani officials involved in helping to arrange the visit, and it appears, although the Administration still considers highly classified information, that Kissinger took his trip to Pakistan on a Pakistani airplane. It seems a reasonable guess that Nixon and Kissinger feel a certain sense of obligation. This might well explain the American decision to continue economic and even some military aid to Pakistan. If so, the Americans are entitled to be informed. A sense of obligation is the explanation for our quite extraordinary behavior in the face of gross atrocities by the Pakistani Army in Bangladesh, then that in itself would seem to weigh the possible gains of our reliance on Pakistan.

Beyond the technical arrangements, the desire for secrecy is that there was no consultation with America's allies before the confidential announcement. If the President is not prepared to tell the Vice President or Secretary of Defense what he is up to, he should very well consult leaders of foreign governments. But the price was bought at a high price.

The Administration has frequently expressed concern that the



("low profile in Asia") misunderstood by our allies, giving a total American withdrawal from East Asia. The way the Peking was handled could be to underscore such fears. In Korea, the Philippines, and other Asian nations no one that the United States has some kind of secret under- with China at their expense.

In Australia the concern is ened by the fact that China is an estic political issue. Kissinger had written bitingly—in *The Troubled Partnership*—the Kennedy Administration's failure to take account of the domestic interests of its European allies in its NATO policy, evidently unaware of or was unconcerned with a similar situation in the East. The case of Japan, however, raises serious doubts as to whether this planned trip is, in fact, to the advantage of the United States. To understand the problem, we must first consider briefly the history of U.S.-Japanese relations and the China issue in Japanese domestic politics.

Relations with China have been a subject of U.S.-Japanese relations since the early 1950s, when John Foster Dulles told Japanese Prime Minister Yoshido that the U.S. would not ratify the treaty ending the occupation unless he agreed in advance that Japan would renounce Nationalist China rather than Communist China. Forced to choose between the Nationalist Chinese nightmare and the Communist Chinese nightmare, the Japanese government would wake up one morning to find that the United States had been making, leaving the Japanese in a quandary.

The Japanese government's confusion about this issue was compounded by the fact that China has remained an important issue in Japanese domestic politics. All the major political parties, the major newspapers, as well as important interest groups within the ruling Liberal Democratic Party, have been pressing for a normalization of relations with Peking. They have been a government of not moving the question out of undue focus to the United States. In the Japanese government's reluctance to do as much on its own relations with Taiwan as on an unwilling- black ranks with the United



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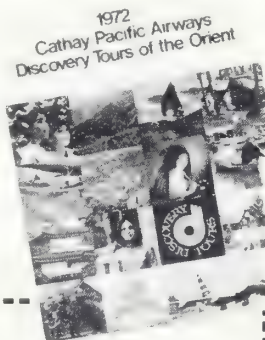


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#### DIPLOMATIC NOTES

States. Nevertheless, the Japanese have always recognized that they would have to move if we did, and they've always desired to move first.

Recognizing the importance of the China issue to the Sato government, the United States had begun consultations with Japan on the specific issue of the China seat in the U.N. These negotiations have been going on for some time. They involved what the Japanese press described as intimate and frank discussions. Japanese leaders were confident that they knew the precise thinking of the Nixon Administration on China and that the two governments were determined to work out a common policy. One can imagine the consternation with which Prime Minister Sato learned a bare few minutes before the President's announcement that, unknown to him and to the American officials with whom the Japanese government was consulting, the United States had been working out plans for Henry Kissinger to go to Peking to arrange for a Presidential visit. The frank and full consultations Sato thought he was having with the United States were exposed as a sham. Sato asserted that Japan would not be flustered by the decision, but in the view of most observers in Japan, it has decisively weakened his position and foreshadowed his early resignation.

Beyond this, however, many Japanese feel that their worst nightmare may have been confirmed by the President's move, which, as they see it, seeks an accommodation with Peking at the expense of Japan. On these grounds, Japanese fears are probably exaggerated. It is doubtful that the United States would, or will during the President's visit, agree to turn Taiwan physically over to the mainland or do anything else to damage Japanese foreign-policy interests. The Japanese cannot be sure, however. Neither they nor anybody else has been told anything about the details of the Kissinger conversations or what concessions may have been made in order to arrange the trip.

As both Nixon and Kissinger have recognized in the past, close cooperation between leaders of allied governments depends on a respect by each for the domestic political problems of the other. Failure to take these into account in relation to Japan cannot but hurt efforts to work out accommodations on other sensitive issues such as textiles, yen revaluation, or

trade in general. Most important failure to consult raised doubt in Tokyo about whether or not the United States is prepared to Japan as a major ally and full partner in the Far East.

The current leaders of Japan prefer to continue to rely on American strategic nuclear umbrella while moving Japan into a more active political and economic role in Asia. They will follow this course, they believe Japan can do so with dignity and honor. If they come to believe that the United States will not regard Japan seriously as long as it is not a major military power, then they may come to believe that Japan's interests and her dignity require a change in relations with the United States and the development of Japanese military power, including nuclear capability.

The disregard for Japanese interests shown in the way the President moved toward Peking, the failure to consult accompanied by the lack of intimate consultation, has raised serious doubts in Japanese minds. These concerns were aggravated by the failure to consult Japan before the President imposed the 10 percent tax on imports and cut the dollar price of gold. The adverse effects of these events can now be alleviated only by genuine consultation as American policy on trade and China continues to evolve. Even if this is done, there will be serious damage to American-Japanese relations. If we continue to hold Japan at arm's length, the damage could be disastrous. As a Japanese official told the *New York Times*: "Emotionally, I sense a kind of Pearl Harbor atmosphere in the relations between our two countries."

Our newfound fascination with China should not blind us to the fact that American relations with Japan are much more important to U.S. security and to the future of East Asia than are American-Chinese relations. If Japan is to be a significant factor in the development of East Asia, it is possible that Japan would create far more problems for Asia than China is likely to do in the next few decades. Economically, Japan can make a more significant contribution to the development of East Asia than any other country possibly can. Japan is now the United States' largest overseas trading partner, and their trade will, for the definite future, be infinitely more important to the United States than any possible trade with the Chinese mainland. In taking a step toward

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proved relations with Peking in a way that has seriously damaged our relations with Tokyo, the President has shown a poor sense of priorities.

WHAT DOES THE STORY of Kissinger's flight to Peking, the President's impending journey, and the way American allies were handled tell us about the Nixon-Kissinger school of foreign policy? Theirs has been a good record to date. With the exception of the Vietnam war (and even here many applaud the troop reductions: more than half out and still leaving), the list of accomplishments is long. The SALT talks have reached an understanding on the outlines of an agreement. The reversion of Okinawa to Japan has been negotiated. More than 20,000 U.S. troops have been withdrawn from Korea. Our forces have been reduced elsewhere in Asia. We have signed an agreement to ease tensions in Berlin. There is a cease-fire in the Middle East. Perhaps of equal importance, we have stopped using that terrifying phrase, "the Free World versus Communist Totalitarianism." The absence of this kind of rhetoric is a marked improvement over the past.

Most of this record is only potential. Each of these prospects could founder on the rocks of the knotty issues themselves, but there are dangers in the Nixon-Kissinger style as well.

The first is a tendency to focus on major adversaries even at the expense of major allies. This is surprising but true nonetheless. Neither Nixon nor Kissinger was noted for his trust of the Communist superpowers, while both were noted for their belief that détente, as the President's second Foreign Policy Report put it, "obligates our allies and ourselves to conduct our diplomacy in harmony. . . ." Yet their actions have conveyed the impression that key world problems can be settled by direct and exclusive negotiations between the major power adversaries. Of course they have consulted with our allies, but in such a way as not to interfere with direct relations with Moscow and Peking.

When Chancellor Willy Brandt of West Germany set out on a variety of negotiations with the Soviet Union, the Nixon-Kissinger team showed its displeasure. And yet, what Brandt is trying to do is to stabilize the status quo in Central Europe. This effort is

surely in our interest as well, and what is wrong with Brandt's taking the lead? Does the answer have something to do with a preference for superpower diplomacy?

Bilateral dealings with Peking and Moscow are unobjectionable provided, first, that we fully consult in advance with our allies; second, that we take their interests into account; and third, that we do not object to their bilateral dealings with the Soviet Union and China. As our most eminent student of alliance relations, Henry Kissinger, has written:

*When our allies oppose [unilateral actions] . . . , it is not necessarily because they disagree with our views but because they are afraid of creating a precedent for unilateral changes in other policies. . . . Moreover, many Allied leaders who have staked their prestige on United States policies can suffer serious domestic setbacks if we change them unilaterally.*

Another danger in the Kissinger-Nixon style is their penchant for avoiding the bureaucracy at the price of engendering entrenched bureaucratic opposition. This is not surprising, especially from Kissinger, who has written:

*It is no accident that most great statesmen were opposed by the "experts" in their foreign offices, for the very greatness of the statesman's conception tends to make it inaccessible to those whose primary concern is with safety and minimum risk.*

Thus, when the SALT talks were not making sufficient progress, the White House stepped in and directly worked out with Soviet leaders a public communiqué on a framework for agreement. Similarly, when the time came to prepare the Kissinger trip to China, the bureaucracy, because of its expected opposition and insistence on consulting allies, was shut out.

The inconveniences of bureaucracy to creative leadership are well known—as are the possibilities of creative leadership going astray. But the bureaucracy is not a monolith. In it are experts who might actually contribute something creative and help avoid mistakes. Perhaps more importantly, the bureaucracy is always there. When the creative leaders turn to new problems, it is up to the bureaucracy to keep the wheels of policy turning. If the bureaucracy is ignored and is not persuaded by the President's

policy, bureaucrats will undo that policy—when no one is looking.

Some balance between creativity and bureaucracy must be found, the best solution," as Kissinger, our keenest students of bureaucracy has written, "is a bureaucracy that runs sufficiently smoothly to take care of ordinary problems as a matter of routine, but not so pervasive as to inhibit the creative thought which is inseparable from statesmanship."

The last danger in the Nixon-Kissinger style is their flair for dramatic public announcements for showy political gains at the risk of long-term popular disenchantment. There has been the Presidential pattern of Vietnam, SALT, and now on China. The word goes out to the press that the President is going to make a major announcement. Nothing is said. Speculations arise. Is he about to announce an end to the Vietnam war? Presently, lights, cameras, a short ambiguous speech, an "Good night." Meanwhile, on the ground, nonattributable basis, Kissinger tells 200 reporters that all meant.

It is a great routine—except that it creates expectations that often not be met. When peace does break out in Vietnam, and agreements do not come out of there is bound to be a measure of disappointment. When little or nothing actually is settled, people will wonder who was dragging their feet. Was it the Russians or Chinese or our own leaders?

Most of our world problems require a steady, nondramatic diplomacy, and a steady, nondramatic flow of information to the American people. These are the ways to build understanding and support, and are the acid tests of successful diplomacy abroad as well.

As a famous former Harvard professor, Henry Kissinger, has written in his classic work, *A World Restored*, about his favorite statecraft

*Metternich's policy . . . depended on his ability to handle major crises which would force unequivocal commitment and capacity to create the illusion of intimacy with all major powers was finely spun, with sensitivities in all directions and so intricate that it obscured the fact that of the fundamental problem really been settled.*



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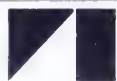
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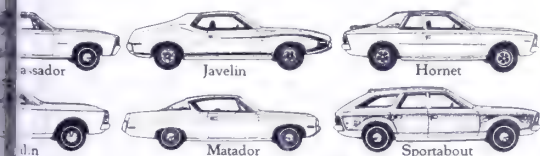
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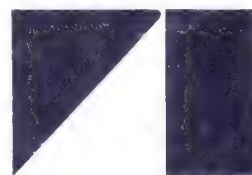
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## OIL AND WATER



AT THE END of August's final week, the first autumnal storm blew most of Maine's summer people indoors. Rain swept in off the sea on the kind of raw nor'east wind that makes coastal cottage owners look for their favorite sweaters, build the season's first fire and spend the day near it.

As they watched their briny driftwood burn green and yellow, the visitors from Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kansas, New Jersey, and an infinity of other states and places saw the end of their Maine summer in the embers. In a week or so the cottage would be closed, the camp struck, the kids hauled back to school, reality faced.

One last windblown walk taken at the day's end, one more look at the tossing sea, blueing now as the scud parts overhead and a late sun shines through.

On such a day, ask one of the summer storm walkers what he wants the Maine coast to be, and he will say, with a sweep of his arm, that he wants it to be exactly this: the summer, the sea, the cottage, even the bittersweet leaving of it till next June.

THERE ARE TENS OF HUNDREDS of thousands of summer folk like him on the Maine coast, and in the summer of '71 there were more than ever before. Last year there were more than the year before, and next year there will be more than now. Like a fat pumpkin at the end of a spotty vine, Maine's summer bulges and nearly bursts in spite of economic droughts dusting the rest of the nation.

Ask Maine coast motel owners, campground operators, fried clam hawkers, restaurateurs, service station managers, hotelmen, yacht basin owners, real estate brokers, contractors, builders, bakers, carpenters, plumbers, TV repairmen, veterinarians, cleaners and pressers, garbage-men, lobster dealers, retailers, and hairdressers what they like best about the Maine coast, and they will point to the turgid river of tourist traffic and say: "Them." There are more than half a billion seasonal dollars in those lines of station wagons with bicycles on their roofs, cars with suitcases stuffed in the back seats, or piled on swaying trailers towed behind. It's a half-billion seasonal dollars (according to the state's Department of Economic Development) force-fed to Maine coast service businesses in the three months from Memorial Day to Labor Day. It's the "tourist dollar," and if you ask any motel owner if he wants the Maine coast saved, he'll answer, "You bet," because he sees it being saved for him.

The 188 coastal souls who are the total population of Arrowsic Town observed the half-billion-dollar traffic jam and decided they had been left out long enough. Their town fathers called a special town meeting in September to consider the town's first set of land-use laws since the place was settled in 1623. The new zoning regulations allow "general business, service establishments, motels, etc. . . ." along Arrowsic's Route 127, the town's only major highway—a simple,

two-lane road that runs through the community from U. S. Route 1 to a brilliant stretch of public beach at Reid State Park. Full to capacity noon on summer weekends, the beach is one of the few public vacation places east of Maine's Kennebec River; and more than 1,000 people travel to it past Arrowsic residents.

At a public hearing before the town meeting, just one of the 188 people showed up to the business building planning session. The town was won over before the night was through. No one in Arrowsic had ever built a business on Route 127, but after watching the traffic go by, one wants to be denied the right. The people see a chance for the town in both worlds: if they allow no hamburger stands, and filling stations along the road alone, then there'll be enough tax revenue from these tourist lures to allow the residents solvency and serenity for the rest of their land. For the town of Arrowsic do acknowledge that there is something in the quality of their lives worth saving. "Maine is a place," says the author of the town's comprehensive plan, "do not let Arrowsic merely to have a roof over their heads, but rather because it has touched rural woodland and ocean areas offer them a way of life."

Later in the document the author writes that much of the Maine coast is still inaccessible and that "if roads to the coast were built, much fine land would be opened for development."

In the Arrowsic microcosm, the confusion of the Maine coast is 188 native Maine coast people.

*John N. Cole has been, for the past three years, editor of the Maine Times, a statewide weekly journal of opinion.*



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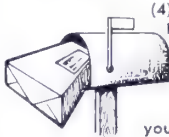


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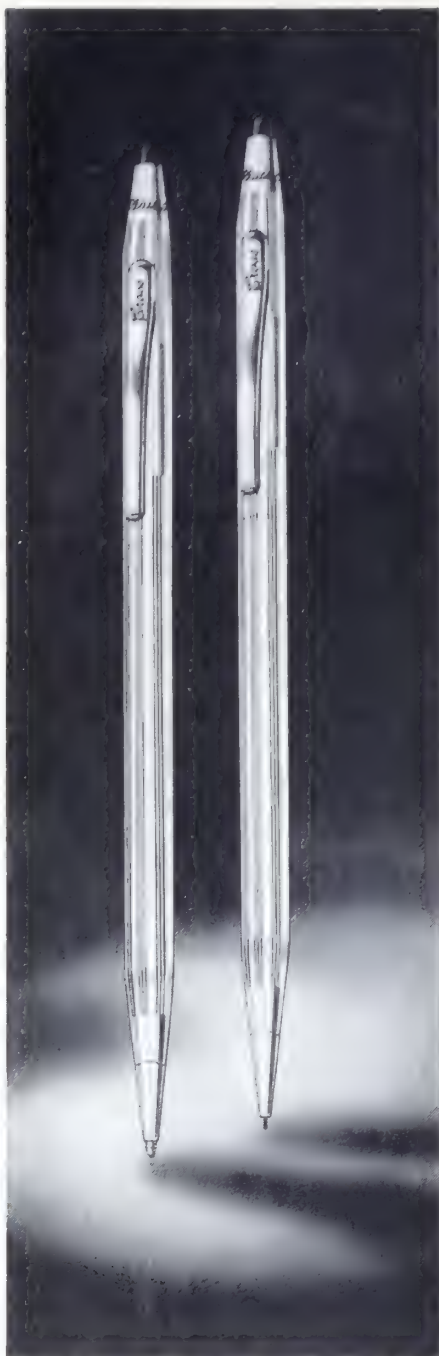
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knowing they have something other people want and seeing a profit in that demand. It is 188 people knowing there is something good about the quality of their life, but also thinking something could be better about the quality of their incomes. So they make a plan that they hope will improve their incomes without soiling their life's quality—though their plan will change the place the summer storm walker wants unchanged, always, forever, from Memorial Day to Labor Day.

But ask them all, from the legendary lobsterman to the service entrepreneur busy counting his share of the half-billion dollars, if they want the Maine coast saved, and every one will answer yes.

**B**EFORE THE LATE SIXTIES, if you'd asked them what they wanted the coast saved from, they would have said (essentially): "From being spoiled." Ask them in '71, and they'll say: "From oil."

Since the mid-Sixties the people of coastal Maine have become oil conscious. It was their governor, Kenneth M. Curtis, and one of their Senators, Edmund S. Muskie, (both still at the same jobs) who led oil into Maine, via Washington, Augusta, and Denver, the latter being the home office of King Resources and its flashy boss, John M. King. With men in Washington promising to make a free-trade zone of the tiny coastal village of Machiasport in Maine's easternmost county, with men in Maine giving King Resources exploratory drilling rights to 300,000 offshore acres reportedly rich in natural gas and oil, and with men at King Resources promising to make Maine rich with oil refining and petrochemical complexes, the people of coastal Maine were agog at the realization that some of this was more than political hot air, or a promoter's scheme.

The part that was real, and is still, is the incontrovertible geographic and geologic phenomenon created when Ice Age glaciers gouged their way along Maine's 3,200-mile coast. The moving mountains left Maine with the nation's only natural deepwater ports: places where superships, needing seventy feet of water to float, can nudge the rockbound shore without hitting bottom. There are more than a half-dozen such ports on the

Maine coast, and even though King's flash has been seved by subsequent bankruptcies, even though the free never got off the Washington boards, even though Ed Muskie since opposed the refinery helped create, even though come the *Torrey Canyon* Barbara and dying sea deepwater ports are still on coast. They are nowhere U.S., and they won't leave

Thus, they add to Maine fusion. In addition to attracting the enemy of the tourist, the owner, and the natives from them—Maine's deepwater ports are the bait attracting the free-enterprise fish.

They include global whoppers like Royal Dutch Occidental Oil. Atlantic (ARCO), and Ashland Oil which is on public record of land options near on Maine deepwater ports, or reported behind land acquisition several port areas.

**O**NE OF THE FEW MAINE men—because he has been one self—is Robert Augustus Garmon Monks of Cape Elizabeth. Harvard Phi Beta Kappa, a successful money man, at thirty-seven, he has already resigned from the board of C. H. Sprague and Son, New England's largest distributors of fuel. Since purchased by Royal Dutch Shell, C. H. Sprague gave Monks a platform he needed on which to achieve a quick success, just as he did on Harvard crew, in class, in law, and in corporation law. The millionaire, Monks has moved to the challenge and has already launched a campaign for the seat in the Senate now occupied by the late John Stennis: Maine's venturer from Skowhegan, Senator Chase Smith, up for reelection.

A GOP counterpart of the Kennedy style, Monks is an outspoken, particularly on the subject of the Maine coast and its ports. In speeches he is always saying, Monks suggests that what lacks most is a "coastal phrase he created. The Motion for saving Maine (which he describes as "the greatest phrase since man climbed down

is a coastal policy for Maine like Arrowsic's policy for 1977. In Monks' blue, entrepreneurial eyes, Maine's deepwater is a natural resource just as precious as the gold at Sutter's Mill in California. It is economic sense, not unfair to the battered wage of Maine, he argues, not to open ports for oil, for container ships, for every sort of commerce dependent on the burgeoning business of the supertankers and superfreighters being built on the ways of the world. Because they can be used almost efficiently in the deep, protected waters of Maine bays like Penobscot, Frenchman's, and Cobscook, the sea giants are as soon as terminal facilities. Once docked, according to Monks, the ships will spark the revival of Maine's dying railroads, catalyze the development of airlines and superhighways, spawn satellite industries that deliver bulk raw materials delivered by the supershops, and then get the products to market on smaller boats sailing from the same ports. As Arrowsic can find income on the only road, while it saves the state itself, so Maine's deepwater can provide revenue, capital, and jobs, while the rest of the coast is as sweet as it is—that is the argument, and, if nothing else, only a politician who has developed a specific plan for saving the coast—the one place most on the minds of the 65 per cent of the Maine population that lives along it. Like the Chinese people, Bob Monks puts his value on the quality of coastal life. He wants that quality maintained, but the financial possibilities of deepwater development strike him as so vast and so compelling that he is drawn to his port plans like a magnet to a table.

Even though he outlines those plans with enthusiasm, the business-minded candidate is finding the coast a tough sell. Oil is a scare word on the coast, and no matter how much Monks cites government regulation and technology as saviors of the environment, a vocal Maine coast demands even more control. The total prohibition of all oil industry. As a direct result of the Torrey Canyon, Santa Barbara, and the sudden acquisition of the coastland by "the majors"

(all of which took place within the same three-year span), members of Maine's 104th Legislature enacted "pioneer" control laws.

The lawmakers of two years ago gave the state's Environmental Improvement Commission (EIC) the power to accept or reject—depending on its environmental cost—any major industry wanting to locate in Maine. Using the same criterion, the lawmakers also gave the EIC the power to accept or reject major land development plans; and they gave Maine the nation's first oil conveyance law—an innovative statute that puts a state tax on every barrel of oil landed in Maine ports, then funnels the money into a fund for oil-spill clean-up on the one hand and oceanographic research on the other. That done, most of Maine's legislators seemed to lose interest in the further salvation of the coast; members of the just-adjourned 105th legislative session failed to pass a measure to foster aquacultural development or to repair a leaky wetlands-control law.

Perhaps the men and women of the 105th lost faith in their own laws. They had seen the 104th's much-touted oil conveyance law enjoined into paralysis and taken to court by ten of the nation's largest oil firms, and the deed was done within twenty-four hours after the law went on the books. It's still in court, and observers in Augusta doubt that Maine has the legal sinew to hold out in an arm wrestle that will go all the way to the Supreme Court.

The EIC has denied one oil promoter (David Scoll, of Maine Clean Fuels) a license to build an oil refinery for Ashland Oil on Sears Island in Penobscot Bay, but that decision is also headed for a court challenge. And while the EIC battles for larger budgets, much of Maine's tax money goes to an ever-expanding Department of Economic Development (DED), which squires men like Scoll up and down the coast, while they look for oil refinery sites or large tracts of land to divide into half-acre lots. Or, while the EIC yearns for ways to prevent the loss of coastal wetlands, the DED pushes a propaganda campaign for the construction of an east-west superhighway across Maine, or a four-laner from a coastal industrial park to Bangor's international jetport.

Many observers of such bureaucratic antics are aware that the coast



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could be better protected with Maine laws already on the books; but they also know that implementation and enforcement of these laws leaves almost everything to be desired. The legislature alone, they agree, will not save the Maine coast by introducing bills, passing resolutions, or enacting laws that budget-starved state agencies are then unable or unwilling to administer and enforce. Nor can the lawmakers use present regulations to halt a refinery at a deepwater port, if and when one of the majors decides the time and place are right.

**D**AVID SCOLL notwithstanding, the place will almost surely not be Penobscot Bay. That deep dish of island-dotted sea that washes from Rockland around to Isle Au Haut has been fattened every summer since the turn of the century by the cream of the Eastern Establishment. David Rockefeller (Chase Manhattan), Thomas Watson (IBM), Douglas Dillon (Dillon, Read), the Cabots, the Lowells, the Lamonts, the DuPonts still live on the islands and environs of Penobscot Bay that their grandfathers chose for their summer places. The foresight that created the largest family fortunes in America was there three generations ago when the first Rockefellers and Cabots staked their claims to slices of the Maine coast.

For almost all of those generations, hardly anything disturbed the carefully planned contentment of this wealthiest of coastal colonies. As they left each September, the old-money people never doubted for a moment that they would find the same view from their great houses when they returned the next July. The geographic and economic backwater that was Maine was also the moat that protected their summer castles from the rest of the world. They were an enlightened nobility: they gave a library or a hospital to the natives now and then, and the Rockefellers bought some of the loveliest of the islands and gave them to everyone, gift-wrapped in a package labeled Acadia National Park.

That same Acadia, once considered a forever-wild buttress of the panorama from the Rockefeller picture windows (there are tax advantages in giving land to the government), has since crumbled and become an ant heap swarming with so many

visitors every summer that their feet are pounding the island topsoil into a dust so fine it blows away on autumn winds.

That was never in the Rockefeller plan, nor was David Scoll's impudent scheme to build an oil refinery within Acadia's view. The last place the founders of Standard Oil want to spend their summers is in the shadow of another company's oil refinery. With the threat to Acadia and the reality of a backyard refinery, the Rockefellers and most of their Penobscot Bay brethren have realized for the first time in a half-century that it will take more than a library or a national park to save their part of the Maine coast.

They agree with most Maine folk that the state government alone can't do it either; and within the past two years they have developed several efforts of their own. Though money is the largest lever the Rockefellers and their friends can wield, they have not tried to buy the coast to save it. Instead, they have used rather limited funds (in terms of what they have available) to support conservation groups like the Natural Resources Council, land-use agencies like the Maine Coast Heritage Trust, anti-oil lobbies like the Coastal Resources Action Committee, and local environmental planning groups like the Penobscot Bay Plan, Inc.

The men and women who manage the nation's largest fortunes are wise enough to know that these citizen groups aren't enough to protect Acadia from being trampled away, or Penobscot Bay from supertankers. They are studying various blueprints for further action, and are being offered more, including some from Governor Curtis. The governor flew to New York last April to discuss Maine's future with David Rockefeller and nearly two dozen other assorted millionaires gathered for the occasion.

The meeting has produced no direct, visible results. (It is understandably difficult for a Democratic governor to get much help from one of the nation's staunchest GOP families.) Yet, in the wake of the publicity given the heavyweight gathering, both the federal and the private sectors were further prodded into Maine coast concerns. Economics professor Richard Barringer of the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard spent last summer

in Hancock County (home of Penobscot Bay) with a high-powered, privately funded research team. Sponsored by a Maine mini-think called The Allagash Group, the ringer study explores the development of a new economics for Maine, an economics that may allow Maine people to enjoy the good life without destroying the place they live in.

Faced with this kind of action from the private sector, Maine's First District Congressman Peter Kyros and Maine's Presidential Senator Muskie (D), backed by Democratic Governor Curtis, moved to maintain "the people," as well as the Rockefellers, will be able to enjoy the coast. Muskie, when he addressed himself to the problem, said a "strong authority" may be needed to administer to the coast, but went not to specifics. Congressman Kyros, on the other hand, is a sponsor of the "Open Beaches Act," which would impose general sanctions on the rights of the public to all Maine beaches. Meanwhile, the coastal town of Southport plans to buy two miles of beach, with the hope its use can be restricted to town residents only.) And Governor Curtis, by his June executive order, established a special committee on Public Lands, to assure that Maine people have the maximum possible access to their state lands, otherwise the land will only benefit of a privileged few.

Like most others—including the front-runner in the Democratic party's Presidential sweepstakes, Maine's governor seems uneasy about how the Maine coast will be saved, or for whom it should be saved. Along with Senator David Rockefeller and his Penobscot Bay friends; along with the Monks and the bankers and entrepreneurs who see treasure at the bottom of the coast's deepwater; along with the Harvard scientists and human computers who think there must be a "viable trade-off" with Claire Jorgensen of the Planning Board, who says, "being realistic about the world is"; along with the Motel owners who are totting up profits after a summer of "wall people" and planning winter vacations in Puerto Rico; along with the summer storm watchers who are hiliarated with the memory of the August equinoctial gales; and along with the archetypal Maine lobster

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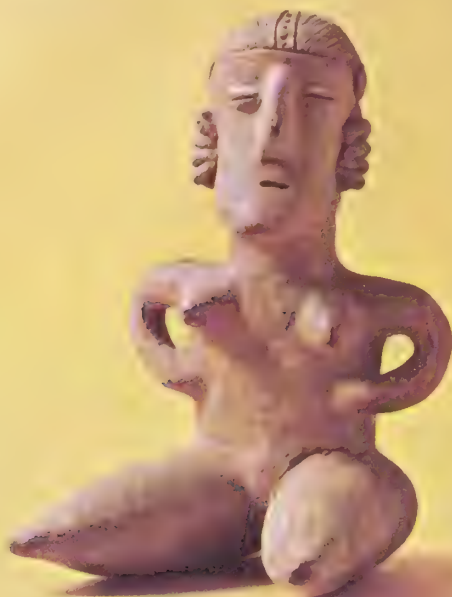


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### LETTER FROM MAINE

underpaid mill workers, and every child in grade school; with all of these Maine people, governor shares a wish: he will help save the Maine coast. Like all of the others in this nonparty class, nondefinable constituency, Curtis may not be quite certain how to save it, or for whom, or by what means, but along with everyone else senses there is something good that must not be lost, must not be trampled away, or dropped by clumsy fingers.

**I** THINK I KNOW what there is to be saved. Like the others, working to save it. Yet I think it is important to recognize that for the first time in the nation's history is a populist, top-to-bottom, poor, right-to-left, universal economy that wants to keep what is about their Maine coast. It's at the corner of America, parked for centuries in a geographic and economic backwater, has been like all these years just so it could be when Americans decided for the first time since the Industrial Revolution that there may be a better way.

Ed Muskie, David Rockefeller, Claire Jorgensen, Ken Curtis, Monks, and the summer stormers sense that there may be an opportunity to build new social and economic structures on the Maine coast than anywhere else in the country. There is also more political will, great wealth, and intellectual energy to do it with. Along with the five million urban and suburban dwellers who inhabit the megalopolis is a day's drive of Maine, the five million people of the state and its leaders share a wavering and a dream of reordered priorities that could be the coast's salvation.

I don't know if the dream can be true. The realities are harsh. But I know that this is the only time people of one U.S. state have said that their state and its coast should be "saved." Having reached agreement, they are now in the fusing process of trying to find a path to salvation. To do it, Maine will inevitably have to move away from paths already taken the rest of America; and that is what the rest of America should be aware of what is happening here, and making much of it happen.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/NOVEMBER



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ard Barnet

# THE GAME OF NATIONS

...the world's a board and players match their bureaucratic *machismo*



ALL great nations play the game. There are only two principal rules. The first is that no rival nation or combination of rivals can be allowed to become powerful enough to threaten your own power — not

your physical safety but your capacity to use your will on such others as you choose. This is the time-honored principle of Balance of Power. The second rule is that all the world is the playing field. There are no spectators. Every nation, no matter how small, insular, or neurotic in outlook, is a potential member of someone's team. If it has not yet been chosen, or, more accurately, dominated, then there is a vacuum that you must exploit before their team does. Taken together, the two rules guarantee an unending competition for power on a vast and absorbing scale.

To keep the game going, you must be prepared to be flexible about your enemies, ready to change them when the game so requires. When enemies disappear, mellow, or turn into allies, as frequently happens in international relations, new enemies must be found, new threats must be discovered. The failure to replenish the supply of enemies is the supreme threat facing the national security bureaucracy. But the U.S. national security establishment has been remarkably adept at keeping up with history.

May, as in the case of defeated Germany and Japan, pay the losers substantial amounts of money for the privilege of winning. Indeed, they do it to keep the playing field in repair. Now, as relations with China begin to ease

and the United States prepares to adjust to the departure of Chiang Kai-shek from the scene and the final collapse of the dream of restoring the *ancien régime* on the mainland, a new rationale will develop for retaining American bases on Taiwan and deploying an armada in the far Pacific. Presumably it will be the threat of new Japanese militarism.

"In the Game of Nations," an Egyptian politician once pointed out, "there are no winners, only losers. The objective of each player is not so much to win as to avoid loss." Problems do not get solved. They are managed. Success is achieved if disaster is averted or even postponed until the next administration. When his term of office came to an end in the ignominious stalemate of Vietnam, Dean Rusk looked back on his eight years with satisfaction, he said, because nuclear weapons had not been used.



FOR the national security manager, the game is what makes the job exciting. Assistant Secretary of Defense John T. McNaughton, who had been working fourteen hours a day, weeks on end, at the height of the preescalation planning on the Vietnam war, once exclaimed to his assistant, "I couldn't stand this job if I didn't love it." A man

In 1963 Mr. Barnet joined the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, an independent research and education center devoted to the study of public policy, and has since been its co-director. He has written several books on foreign and military policy, including *The Economy of Death, Intervention and Revolution*, and *Who Wants Disarmament?*



Richard Barnett  
THE GAME OF  
NATIONS

is attracted to the work because he is intrigued by power, more than by money or fame. Dean Rusk, Robert McNamara, and McGeorge Bundy did not expect to enrich themselves serving the state. Indeed, Robert McNamara, whose desire for financial success had been satisfied by becoming a millionaire, is reputed to have lost a considerable sum when he was obliged to sell his stocks to gain his office, just like Charles Wilson and other Secretaries of Defense before him. Dean Rusk, who, on one occasion at least, let it slip in the gossip columns that he had exhausted his savings and did need money, hardly expected that his job would make his fortune, and it didn't. He told a visiting professor a few weeks before leaving office that he was "broke and unemployed."

What, then, makes the game worth unending hours of dreary meetings and sleepless nights? One national security manager to whom I put the question answered immediately: "The sense of playing for high stakes." Once exhilarated by proximity to Promethean power, it is hard to go back to dealing with corporate bonds, advising clients on mergers, making raincoats, lecturing students, or anything else in the comfortable world of commuter trains. In the Kennedy era the national security managers called themselves "crisis managers" and liked to think of themselves as judicious specialists in violence. Their "finest hour," as many of them have written, was the Cuban missile crisis, when, for perhaps the first time in human history, the fate of world civilization hung in the balance. Like Henry V on the eve of the Battle of Agincourt, the modern militarized civilian believes that he will be remembered and measured by the great contests in which he participates. It is here that he can put his mark on the future. The challenges come as portentous decisions in an atmosphere electric with risk.



THE confrontation model pervades every area of international politics. One State Department official greeted the preliminary skirmish over a site for the "contacts" that were supposed to lead to "discussions" for ending the Vietnam war as if it were Armageddon. When the Vietnamese agreed to meet in Paris instead of Warsaw, the official exclaimed proudly to a *New York Times* reporter: "There we were right off the bat—eyeball to eyeball on a question of prestige as well as procedure. And they're the ones who blinked. Now we're one up." When the Soviet Union canceled the tour of the Broadway company of *Hello, Dolly!* in Moscow—presumably in furtherance of its aid commitments to Hanoi—Lyndon John-

son, "mad as hell," summoned Dean Acheson to think up an appropriate response to so ignominious a defeat. When the former Secretary of State, to his credit, told the President to forget about it, Johnson angrily dispatched the trip for a retaliatory run in Saigon.

There is a second foundation stone in the bureaucratic model of reality that no one who is to be driven to the office in an official limousine (or have his desk banked with flags or thrills) hurried summons to the White House Situation Room) is disposed to cast aside. It is the official theory of human motivation. All killing in the name of national interest is carried out in strict accordance with certain scientific principles concerning human behavior. It is these principles that persuade Presbyterian elders, Episcopalian archbishops, liberal professors, and practitioners of game-theory rationalism alike that bureaucratic homicide is neither wanton nor purposeless. Killing and threatening to kill foreigners are rational, necessary, and effective instruments for building what President Nixon calls "a generation of peace" and what Dean Acheson twenty-five years ago called "situations of strength."

The official theory of human nature is a perennially oversimplified derivative of the rat psychology many of the national security managers learned in college. If you want to motivate a rat, give him a piece of sugar or hit him with a painful jolt of electricity. In international politics, however, it is dangerous to be overgenerous with the sugar; that is "appeasement," which, in the history of the prewar period showed, only whets rat appetites. But while politicians, for they cannot make very many political concessions without losing the game, their panoply of weapons to burn, blast, poison, or vaporize threats is practically limitless. Such "negative reinforcement" will make him less dangerous and will be a good example to all other rats. In September 1946, Clark M. Clifford, then Presidential Counsel to Truman, prepared a memorandum on Soviet relations that laid out the analysis and policy recommendations that have dominated the last generation of move and countermove. The crucial paragraph perfectly embodied the rat-psychology view of politics:

*The language of military power is the language which disciples of power politics understand. [Clifford here means them, not us.] The United States must realize that our government is determined to uphold the interests of its citizens and the rights of small nations. Compromise and concessions are considered by the Soviets, to be evidence of weakness and they are encouraged by our "retreats" to make new and greater demands.*

So pervasive is this mechanistic view of motivation that it can withstand a great deal of hard empirical evidence about how humans actually react to coercion. George Ken-

nely influential memorandum prepared while he was chargé d'affaires in Moscow that the Soviet leaders had a paralytic of the outside world, believing that the West, in the interests of capitalism, would "encircle" the Soviet Union and eventually destroy it. The prescribed State Department response was to fulfill their paranoid fantasies. Soviet leaders were subjected to enough "flattery" they would "mellow." Only a few, among them Walter Lippmann and George F. Wallance, admitted confusion with the Soviet Union; they argued, would threats of mass violence (American strategy was nuclear from the start) soften the supposedly paranoid leaders of the immensely powerful continental empire?



ONE of the first lessons a national security manager learns after a day in the bureaucratic climate of the Pentagon, State Department, White House, or CIA is that toughness is the most highly prized virtue.\*

In the national security managers of the Johnson era, looking back on their experience, they talk about the "hairy chest syndrome." The man who is ready to recommend using violence against foreigners, even where he is over-zealous, does not damage his reputation for soundness, or imagination; but the man who recommends putting an issue to the test by making negotiations, or "doing nothing," becomes known as "soft." To be "soft," is to be inebriated, belligerent, compassionate, willing to be killed, or simply repelled by mass homicide. To be "irresponsible."

The bureaucratic *machismo* is cultivated in hundreds of little ways. There is the style of talking in a commanding tone; the driving command masked by a special informality; or to a superior: factually quantitative, gutsy. To be an operator is to be in "putting out fires," a freewheeling manager who is "in on the action" wherever it is. The ambitious and successful bureaucrats are for the great issues. He specializes in the simple, uncomplicated, usually mechanistic

men who become security managers conform to a certain type. Even when not employed by the government they transact business with one another, their awards, belong to the same clubs, and are in another's memoirs. Almost all of the 400 bureaucratic appointments since 1945 (in the State and the Departments of State and Defense) involved men whose civilian offices can be found in ten blocks in the cities of New York, Washington, Detroit, Boston, and Chicago.

analysis of a problem, because in a militarized bureaucracy that is the easiest view to sell. Those who specialize in the "long view" soon get a deadly reputation for writing "interesting think-pieces" that by definition have "no status."

The most important way bureaucratic *machismo* manifests itself is in attitudes toward violence. Those who are in the business of defining the national interest are fascinated by lethal technology because weaponry, unlike politics, is revolutionary. For years the only real movement in that bureaucracy has been provided by the momentum of the arms race. On most political issues, positions were frozen. Officials could handle problems of managing the NATO "crises" of 1967 by dredging up papers prepared ten years earlier. But the weapons revolutions that occurred every five years presented a new, and exciting reality that had to be dealt with.

To demonstrate toughness, a national security manager must accept the use of violence as routine. Crises in which violence is to be used are treated in the national security bureaucracy as mere extensions of everyday life. When President Kennedy informed the country in 1961 that the Berlin crisis might result in imminent nuclear war, he took the occasion to lament the Post Office deficit. Even the language of the bureaucracy—the diminutive "nukes" for instruments that kill and mutilate millions of human beings, the "surgical strike" for chasing and mowing down peasants from the air by spraying them with 8,000 bullets a minute—takes the mystery, awe, and pain out of violence. The man who agonizes about taking human life is regarded by his colleagues at the very least as "woolly" and probably something of an idealistic "slob." Thus the critics of the Vietnam escalation never raised the issue that "taking out" great areas of Vietnam, a euphemism for killing large numbers of Vietnamese, was wrong. Their arguments were invariably pragmatic—bombing doesn't work, don't get bogged down in a land war in Asia—or they relied on the torturer's idiom: keep the victim alive for later. When we asked one of the most strategically placed doves in the State Department why the moral issue was never raised, he replied that such a discussion "would be as if from another world."

The best evidence that "tough" thinking prevails in the bureaucracy is provided by looking at what "making it" means in the national security world. Those who recommend more killing than the President is willing to sanction do not seriously jeopardize their positions. The generals who urged President Johnson to obliterate eleven Chinese targets or to mine Haiphong harbor (along with any Soviet ships that happened to be there) neither lost their jobs nor were reprimanded when the President rejected their advice. Members of the Joint Chiefs during the Cuban missile crisis recommended solving the

"The outstanding bureaucratic casualties of the Cold War have all been men who took modest risks to promote conciliation rather than confrontation."



Richard Barnet  
THE GAME OF  
NATIONS

problem by bombing the Soviet missile sites, advice that the President disregarded because he thought it risked a nuclear war and a minimum of 150,000,000 fatalities. Once the crisis was over, the Chiefs resumed business as usual. Gen. William Westmoreland, who was allowed to play out his own "scenario" in Vietnam to the point of disaster, was rewarded with an appointment as Army Chief of Staff. The outstanding bureaucratic casualties of the Cold War have all been men who took modest risks to promote conciliation rather than confrontation.

When he was surrounded by angry Harvard students milling around his car, Secretary of Defense McNamara, standing on the hood, suddenly weary of plastic explanations of the Vietnam war, screamed, "I was tougher than you were then [in World War II] and I'm tougher than you now." He would not even see that the students doubted his humanity, not his *machismo*.

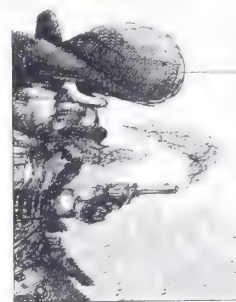
Why is toughness, defined as being comfortable with violence, so admired a character trait and so essential to one's reputation in the national security bureaucracy? Obviously these are men with well-developed power drives. One national security manager, who held a high position in the Defense Department, told a visiting psychoanalyst, without a trace of embarrassment, that the recurring dream of his boyhood was to be king of the world. McGeorge Bundy, borrowing from Dean Acheson, liked to talk about the United States as the "locomotive at the head of mankind pulling the 'caboose' of humanity along behind."

Men with enormous power needs abound in American society. Boardrooms, gentlemen's clubs, flag officers' dining rooms, the Senate, and university laboratories are filled with them. Indeed, Americans have so come to expect the power-hungry look in their leaders that when a figure with a less developed craving, like Adlai Stevenson or Eugene McCarthy, comes along, he is regarded as something of an American Hamlet.

However, men of power in America are not usually violent in everyday life. Indeed, one essential element of the *gravitas* characteristic of the successful manager is a capacity for exquisite self-control. In talking with equals, the national security manager goes out of his way not to ruffle feelings, and he has an absolute horror of making a scene. The predilection for violence that marks the national security bureaucrat results from the conjunction of a power-hungry social character and an inherently frustrating bureaucratic role. Of the two factors the latter seems far more important.

The obvious but fundamental fact is that for the Number One Nation, the use or threat of violence has seemed easier than all other methods of getting its way with the outside world. There is

a huge superfluity of force. If a foreign-problem can be converted into a military operation, the responsible officer can count on getting action. The problem may not be solved; it eventually be complicated, as in Vietnam—the wheels of government will move. Managers are concerned with process, not results, because in the game view of international politics there is no end. John F. Kennedy called the State Department a "bowl of jelly," in part because foreign service officers are cautious and conservative, but, more important, because bureaucratic diplomacy is slow business. To put it in simplest terms, in the age of well-developed lethal technology it takes much less time to kill a man than to change his mind or your own.



THE national security manager operates under another handicap directly related to the predilection for violence. Ignoring James C. Thomson, a senior officer in the National Security Council during

the Vietnam escalation, notes that the men who made the basic decisions about Vietnam had the shallowest knowledge about the place. One reason Vietnam was so quickly elevated as a symbol of national security is that the people at the top knew virtually nothing about the place. Walt Rostow liked to write learned memoranda about the "Southeast Asians," lumping people of hundreds of cultures divided by ancient animosities into a single convenient target, much to the chagrin of statesmen of the Eisenhower era concerned with the rest of the world outside North America. Western Europe into a manageable unit, calling it the "gray areas."

High-level managers are forced by the circumstances of their job to become generalists. To serve the President and retain his confidence, which is the only source of their power, they must be prepared to commit themselves to any crisis, wherever and whenever it appears. They also must try to organize the chaotic, unpredictable events into some coherent pattern that the President can understand. This means that facts must be fitted into available theories, for neither the time nor the energy to develop new theories in which bureaucracies have large investments. Obscure events must be immediately located in a familiar ideological landscape for this reason that State Department officials were talking about the "Sino-Soviet bloc" years after the split in the Communist world exploded into public view.

There is, of course, no particular reason why investment bankers, generals, Texas politicians

of colleges should know anything about politics. Often they know little about the forces in their own communities. In fact, once they occupy their offices, they become victims of a social process that compounds their ignorance. In a bureaucracy there is a clear correlation between rank and power. Generals, ambassadors, and cabinet members can safely pronounce inanities that end the careers of junior officers. Secretary of State Rusk once disposed of a disarmament issue by observing that "we reject our power." All present nodded, and the meeting ended in a corporate delusion that a rational decision had been made.

Illusion of omnipotence, which Denis Broderick has identified as the source of the interventionist policy, is the product of individual illusions. These illusions, so easy to acquire, are products of the bureaucratic process itself. Most of the information a national security manager receives in the course of an official day tends to reinforce his prejudices, and he is adept at filtering out the complications. Reports that contradict official wisdom, such as those that suggested the U.S. was not winning the Vietnam war, are dismissed as truth—the personal implications of seeing them as true would be too serious—public-relations problems to be dealt with discreetly.

Moreover, too, the managers are insulated from conflicting views or information. After all, in the longest days in America since the founding of the sweatshop. (Working even at weekends is itself a proof of success.) Robert McNamara the job began around 1961, and he left the Pentagon around 3:00 p.m. usually to go to a dinner or reception where he would continue to discuss the same problems he had talked about all day, with essentially the same people.

Almost perfect insulation of the national security managers leads them into the trap of collated facts and figures. McNamara was the leading specimen in the national security bureaucracy of *homo mathematicus*, i.e., one who behaves, and believe that other men behave, primarily in response to "hard data," usually numbers (infiltration rates, "kill ratios," etc.). Like the detective on television, he is always looking for "the facts." In the process, they miss reality. They never get close enough to the related enough to another society to do a count of things in it. If you relate to a target as a military target, you do not need to know anything about it except such details as are supplied by reconnaissance satellites, spy agents, and the like. You need never know the victims of your attack were. Your hunt. Things that stay still long enough to be hunted are either inanimate or dead.



PERHAPS the most important quality in a man seeking nonviolent, political solutions to national security problems is objectivity, and this is the quality that is least in evidence.

The man who tries to understand or explain the point of view of the adversary can be accused of defending him.

For someone to have suggested in April 1961 that the Cuban people were not likely to revolt against Castro because he was a popular leader, far more popular than the émigrés the U.S. was supporting, was to sound pro-Castro. To suggest that the Soviet Union's moves in Eastern Europe after the war were a reflection of deep-seated security fears rather than the first step toward world conquest was to be a Soviet apologist.

In the game of international politics, practitioners must be fiercely partisan. The United States is the client, and the task of the manager is to increase her power and influence in the world, whatever the cost. *Raison d'état*, the historic principle asserted by sovereign nations that they are above all law, is a daily operating rule in the national security bureaucracy.

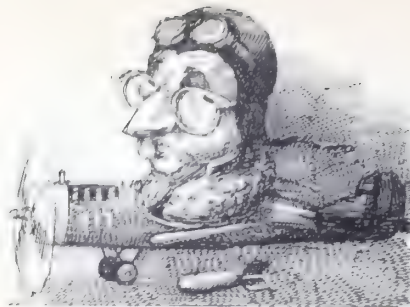
In that hermetic world there are neither neutral principles nor reciprocal obligations. The fact that the United States would be outraged if Chinese, Soviet, or Cambodian aircraft flew over Washington is not viewed as having a bearing on the right of the U.S. to carry on such activities over other peoples' territories at will. Dean Acheson summarized the prevailing code. In discussing the Cuban missile crisis he said that since the "power, prestige, and position" of the United States had been challenged, "law simply does not deal with such questions of ultimate power."

Like the manager of a soap company who paces himself by the bars of soap the corporation sells, the national security manager also measures his worth by how well his organization is doing. As John Kenneth Galbraith has pointed out, people in government, unlike poets, opera singers, and brain surgeons, are sustained by organizations. The defeated politician or the ex-Cabinet officer who fails to get a bank or foundation to manage "faces total obscurity."

Generals and admirals and their civilian superiors invariably believe that what is good for the Air Force or the Navy is good for America. A few days after becoming Secretary of the Navy, Paul Nitze discovered a "power vacuum" in the Indian Ocean and a new "requirement" for the fleet. At a Congressional hearing on the B-36, a proposed new bomber for the Air Force, Admiral Arthur Radford denounced nuclear deterrence as "morally reprehensible." It was not until the Navy invented the Polaris submarine-launched nuclear missile that the Admiral decided the peace of the world depended on the hydrogen bomb.

"Managers are concerned with process, not results, because in the game view of international politics there is no end."





THE national security managers are among the "brightest and the best" in American society, all "honorable gentlemen," as the severest critics among their own number always concede. Why then

did they define the national interest as requiring the prosecution of an aggressive war? There are two principal theories, the "mistake" theory and the "conspiracy" theory. Under the "mistake" theory, the national security managers did not mean to do what they did. They were misled by history and their own misguided good intentions. Such a theory cannot stand up to either legal or moral scrutiny. The national security managers understood the homicidal nature of the policies they recommended, although they were clearly "mistaken" as to their consequences.

Anyone willing to read the historical record will find it hard to deny that American policy makers for a generation have had a rather clear design for expanding American power. Americans acquired their global empire in the same mythical fit of absentmindedness in which Great Britain supposedly gathered hers. The maintenance of strategic territory occupied in the second world war; the containment of the two great potential power rivals, Russia and China; the filling of "power vacuums" left by the collapse of French and British imperial power; the expansion of American influence into all open areas of the "developing world"; and the maintenance of a world capitalist economic system dominated by the U.S. have been conscious policies. To accomplish any of them the United States has been prepared to use force. True, American officials often stumbled and faltered in carrying out the design. Sometimes their actions were self-defeating. But faulty execution does not negate the existence of a plan.

It has been fashionable for critics of foreign policy to assert that America's troubles with the outside world stem from the lack of national security planning, that we have too many agencies going off in too many directions. A better founded criticism, it seems to me, is that throughout the postwar era there has always been a plan, but it was hopelessly obsolete from the very beginning. No nation, however powerful or enlightened, can now play the imperial game without paying too high a price.

Yet the "conspiracy" concept does not fit the facts, because conspiracy, for the layman, if not for the lawyer, implies some consciousness of guilt. Here is the crux of the problem: the men who were ready in the Cuban missile crisis to risk civilization for prestige and to destroy Indochina to save America's reputation for toughness all believed that they were doing right.

It is impossible to understand how dangerous

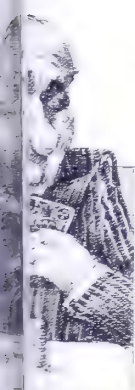
the structures of the national security bureaucracy are without also understanding the system of absolutism that operate within those structures. No one expects nations at war to tell the truth about their war plans, motivations, intentions of settlement, or the atrocities they are committing. National security bureaucrats who manage truth in these areas feel little contradiction about deception, for they are performing a clear and traditional duty in behalf of the state. What makes the game of nations so risky is that our managers have almost interchangeable counterparts in every other nation big enough to play the game.

Statesmen are peculiarly susceptible to the unconscious lie—something one should know to be false but have come to believe is true. An organization that devotes so much of its resources to propaganda is bound to fall victim to a certain amount of self-deception. The repeated claims in the Vietnam war that victory was around the corner were of this character. The claims were contradicted by all available evidence and were sufficiently at odds with the paper reports that no reasonably informed person could swallow them. They were merely taken literally no more than the claim that Crown whiskey "holds within its icy depths the world of summertime." They were part of the national security managers' like to call it "spherics," official expressions of confidence designed to pep up the public. The remarkable thing, however, is that the national security managers came to believe them. In 1965 McNamara, one of his aides recalls, waved off the suggestion that a full-time man be sent to Vietnam in the International Security office of the Pentagon on the ground that "it will all be over soon."

Confusion between what is true and what people would like to be true is an occupational hazard in any institution that spends a great deal of time projecting an image. It is a narcotic that protects people not only from public confrontation but from their own consciences. When the truth about the Vietnam war began to come out in 1967 and 1968 and the national security managers were forced to defend their policy at public parties, the strains associated with the job began to outweigh the thrills. One high-level House assistant told us he became physically ill at such dinner party confrontations. For those who face the truth, other national security managers began to show such signs of strain as to be in public, snapping at subordinates, and succumbing to fits of depression.

The structure of bureaucratic language is itself an absolutism system. For the national security managers the flavor and connotation of the words they use on the job reinforce the reality of what they are doing and obscure the reality of bureaucratic homicide. On the other hand there are the obvious examples of verbal

"tack objectives" are easier to think in the mutilated, weeping, and dazed beings who will be the actual target of "Pacification" trips off the tongue farly in a Pentagon briefing and looks the page of a neat memorandum than at would actually describe the death to which the antiseptic term refers. There are more subtle uses of language as the routine use of such terms as "power" disguises a major policy premise and debate on what is actually a highly proposition. The idea concealed by the power vacuum is that a weak country is bound to be dominated by a stronger one. The power of one or the other of the Great Powers will "flow into" the country. The implication inherent in the term is that it had better flow that way. Thus the unacceptable neutralism or national independence of small countries is built into the working of the national security manager. One of the most striking characteristics of this language is the recurrent imagery of control. "The timing and crescendo" of the war "should be under our control." "We must get Mr. X to explore negotiations." The United States Government might do better to forward the war on a purely unilateral basis. How should we permit negotiations to proceed? Such random quotations from official statements all have one quality in common. They reinforce the myth of control, the notion of the national security manager, with all the power at his command, can play the world like a giant console. Indeed, James H. Doolittle Jr. recalls that an Assistant Secretary of Defense in late 1964 proposed bombing and other patterns with these words: "It seems to me that the orchestration should be mainly with periodic touches of brass."



ALL great nations play the game, but few have equaled America's fervor. In kindergarten games and high-school football contests, in power plays in the offices and boardrooms of great corporations, in the inevitable academic rivalries of colleges, and, of course, in the struggles of the Cold War, the overriding objective is to win. The desire for victory and the glory and excitement of victory are fundamental to the way of life. No nation honors its win-

ners more nor is more confused as to what to do with its losers. The compulsion to win projected onto the world stage is called "the national interest." "We are the Number One Nation," President Lyndon B. Johnson exclaimed at a crucial moment in the Vietnam war, "and we are going to stay the Number One Nation." The choice, as President Nixon has put it, is between staying Number One or becoming "a pitiful, helpless giant."

The object of the game is to be in a position to do whatever you want to do, whenever you decide what that is. Chips are called options. But the multiplicity of options the national security managers seek have helped to compound some of their most monumental errors. The broader the canvas, the wider the discretion, the more remote the objects of one's plans—the greater the risks of tragic mistakes. National interest is a meaningless standard. The crushing problem for policy planners in mid-century America is that they did not, and could not, know what were the real interests of the American people. The world was moving too fast. They explained and rationalized their choices by using the analogies of Hitler and Munich. But the political forces in motion did not, in fact, resemble those of the familiar world in which they had received their political education. Ho Chi Minh was not Hitler. Mao was not Stalin. Castro was not Mossadegh. De Gaulle was not Napoleon. Thus it was that some of the greatest short-term manipulative triumphs turned out to be longer-term defeats. The American complicity in the assassination of Diem was a technical masterpiece. (Everything worked beautifully—Kennedy's precautions for keeping most of the U.S. government in the dark, Henry Cabot Lodge's suave deception of the Premier a few hours before he was dragged out of his office and killed, Pierre Salinger's communiqué that compounded the deception.) But the assassination wrecked the political structure in Saigon and almost led to an NLF takeover in 1964. Who could have known whether it was in the American national interest "to sink or swim with Diem," as some advisers were insisting at the time, or to replace him with a more pliable puppet? This is the kind of question no government can answer with respect to another society in the post-imperial world.

The game of nations has become too hard to play. There are too many players. Empires are becoming impossible to manage. The attempt to play the imperial game is bringing horror, death, and misery to millions of people. It is recognition of this fact that has led to the attempts—at Nuremberg, in the U.N. charter, at the Geneva convention—to set rules of the game. The game of nations is now so dangerous that even those who manage the world's most powerful nation must, for their own survival, learn to live within the law.

"The compulsion to win projected onto the world stage is called 'the national interest.'"



Timothy Foote

# KHRUSHCHEV REMEMBERED

A characteristic entrance

**L**IKE EVERY JOURNALIST, I have personal memories of Nikita Khrushchev because I served to swell his progress here and there around the world. Mainly this consisted of standing at airports and outside foreign ministries in places like Vienna and Geneva knowing no more of what was going on inside than anyone would know now. I read his paper carefully, but my private gallery of publicly projected Khrushchev images owes most to a few soft and sunny spring days in Yugoslavia in 1955. The thumps and groans behind the locked closet doors of the Kremlin that for two years had followed Joseph Stalin's death had just lately come to an end. The closet door opened an inch or two and out came Khrushchev.

The arrival scene at the Belgrade airport was pure *opéra bouffe*. Red carpets crisscrossed the tarmac, crossed Yugoslav and Russian flags fluttered from every available eminence. Marshal Tito and his honor guard were smartly turned out in matching powder-blue uniforms that somehow managed to suggest the Chocolate Soldier. Amidst these showy surroundings a team of wizened old peasant women wielding bunches of twigs kept sweeping down the carpets.

The plane was late. When it finally arrived, Khrushchev rushed — or rather seemed to roll — down the ramp, his short legs churning beneath him like a character in a comic strip, and gripped Tito's hand. Behind him Bulganin and Mikoyan began pairing off with Tito's people: Rankovic, who was, and looked like, Minister of the Interior (one part gangster, two parts cop); Kardelj, who suggested nothing so much as a troubled country doctor in a Chekhov play; Foreign Minister Koca Popovic, small-boned, briefly moustached, dapper, the very model of a diplomatic major domo.

The Soviet Hymn froze everyone in place and thundered on majestically

for what seemed a half-hour. Then Khrushchev, with broad-bottomed trousers flapping about his round-toed shoes, solemnly inspected the powder-blue guardsmen. Bulganin, I noticed, had nervously bulging, red-veined eyes, but his suit was better cut than Khrushchev's. Were these things significant? American journalists were already beginning to whisper jokes about K's baggy pants. (It was still the pre-Sputnik era when we could think that a culture incapable of launching a Hart, Schaffner and Marx suit would never get a rocket off the ground.)

Speeches. In Serbo-Croat, hardly anybody's second language. And in Russian. As Khrushchev talked, members of the local press corps began to stir unbelievably. "What is it?" we outlanders hissed to our neighbors. "What's he saying?" "They're taking it all back," was the reply—as if that explained everything. But soon we were all whispering. Khrushchev, it appeared, was taking back all the horrible abuse that the Cominform had heaped on Tito in 1948 when he was excommunicated for being strong enough to want to run his own Communist country in his own Communist way. Now, astoundingly, Khrushchev was proposing forgiveness, peace, trade, and cooperation.

At the Hotel Moskva in Belgrade I remember that the waiters were hailed in German, as "Herr Ober." The *Schlag* on the strawberries was rich. The slivovitz drove strange icy spikes of feeling into one's head.

Most of the cables that went off to New York and Washington that day consisted of our foolish howls and chortles at Soviet discomfiture. "They had to back down," was on everybody's lips. Couldn't even do without Tito! Much horseplay comparing Mikoyan to a rug merchant, making sport of Khrushchev's suit. The mountain had come to Mohammed! Ha, ha! The Kremlin was eating crow, ho, ho! And so on.

**W**E HAD SEEN THE MOMENT all right, but missed the point. For in the musical-comedy moment of his arrival, this clownish Ukrainian had launched a policy of *détente* that would transform occupied Austria into a free, neutral, and soon to be prosperous country. It led to the 1955 Geneva summit talks and resulted in stirrings toward unusual freedom in

Warsaw and Budapest. If known that the old Cold War on the simple hot terms we had till then, was over, would have been more impressed with Nikita Khrushchev as we watched him through the Yugoslav countryside.

He was drunk on the last of a party in the White Palace made much of the fact, with no consideration of how disarming a role he could play—or play at playing—especially in contrast to the iron fist of Stalin that we had become accustomed to.

We couldn't resist the image of the new Soviet premier apparently being drunk, stumbling against various journalists, and being bundled off to his room, seemingly helpless. Now, sixteen years later, we are still living with a mixture of *Schadenfreude* and liberal hope the embarrassment of Khrushchev's successors would be obliged to cater to nationalist party men all over the world. They were obliged, shortly after taking Nikita Khrushchev on to account to the Communist Party for his fall from power, to even displaying him at the polls as proof that he was full of solidarity. But whose is being played out? NATO's expensive wraith. Revisionists busily telling us that there never was a Communist conspiracy in the Cold War—or if such a thing we invented it. At the White House just before being carted off, Khrushchev was busily folding Koca in a fond embrace and saying, "There are many roads to socialism. We can wait, Koca, we can wait."

**T**HE GOOD-BYE at the airport. The arrival all over again with the film in backwards. A quick trot past the blue uniforms, martial music, shakes. Did it happen or did I remember it that way—that we went *backwards* up the ramp to the plane? They were, at any rate, to enter it, first spinning to the crowd, then, one after the other, taking off their hats and seeming to disappear into the dark plane door like a troupe of song-and-dance men shuffling offstage. Our world had changed. Who would have thought it? In any case, those little old women sweeping the carpets with their



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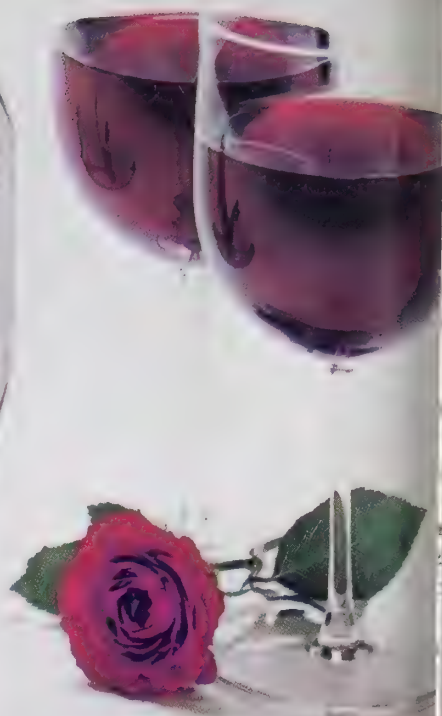
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# THE DONNER PARTY

Selections from  
an American Odyssey  
by George Keithley

## ON THE TRAIL

George Donner a dirt farmer  
in the snowy fields  
of Springfield, Illinois  
the richness of his life

He owned the land  
and had been successful  
among the prosperous people

He bought a party of eighty men  
and children  
for his wagon.

Even my wife  
was the talk of women  
in the marketplace

He bought farm indoors  
and goods of dry goods  
and bolts of ribbon

He paid up large stores  
for his journey  
in the unsettled country.

He found pools of ice  
that appeared from the road  
and wet out.

He endured the damp days  
in April when the trees shake  
with snow

in the orchard and wood  
and begin to bud.  
That winter we had read

reports printed in the States  
on California climate where the soil  
is sewn with streams in every season.

All year you can smell the bloom in the air  
and farm the fertile land  
lying in the yellow valley heat.

And so we prepared to go  
and packed our pewter and plates.  
Carefully we chose our daughters' clothes.

Their winter coats and woolen leggings  
were laid in a trunk which we lifted  
by two ebony handles.

Tamsen sorted out the silks  
and bolts of bright cloth,  
cambric and calico

and much more plain muslin.  
When the wagons were drawn onto the lawn and loaded  
I assured her,

"Once we're there  
it will seem worth all  
the work and time it took."

Then like an afterthought  
a teamster brought out Tamsen's tallow  
and a long rifle box crammed with her candles.



He wheeled the wagons wide of the house  
and around a chopping block buried in the shade  
of the smoke shed, and I rode alongside

as the oxen swelled ahead in the harness.  
My family led the line of nine wagons at the start.  
Six were filled with freight.

In mine were salt and spice  
and bushels of meal,  
dry fruit and rice;

my wife wanted to hold  
our infant daughter  
Frances on her lap;

Eliza, six years old,  
and Georgia, four,  
were seated on the floor.

My brother Jacob joined us  
with his wife Elizabeth  
and their three boys.

And our friends the family  
of James Reed, who made money  
in mines and rails and carpentry

and drove a huge house wagon  
equipped with passenger door  
and collapsible stairs

a portable stove  
and a rug on the floor  
and a table and chairs;

the permanent seats  
were screwed onto springs  
to provide a relaxing ride.

With Reed in the rear  
we followed the fat flanks of our cattle  
across familiar fields

until the green skin  
of the Sangamon River could be seen  
sunning itself like a lazy snake.

Flies the size of bees  
buzzed and flitted  
about the bank

where we built our fire  
for supper and began  
to pitch our tents in the grass

and gathered our belongings.  
When Tamsen found  
her looking-glass

she shook the shawl  
off her shoulders,  
and her green eyes

appeared to glow  
in the hot shadow  
of her auburn hair.

While we sat there  
by the flames our friends  
from miles around rode up.

We sang and danced  
and little Eliza  
and Georgia jumped with delight

though Frances fell asleep  
in my arms before  
we cried, "Goodbye!"

to our guests  
and they withdrew  
in the night calling,

"God be with you!"  
and turned home  
toward the dark farms.

## THE PLATTE RIVER AND THE PRAIRIE

We were lounging in our camp  
late on a Sunday evening  
when we received word

of a marriage performed  
in the train traveling  
ahead of our own.

A man named Moultry  
had married Mary Lord  
in a simple ceremony

after which a cake  
complete with candles  
was set before the guests.

Then one morning we left the river  
far behind us and a small bird flew  
round and round, flirting in the field.

We loafed out in a lazy line and heard  
the meadowlark's song  
*tsee-oo, tsee-air*, all day long.

We followed the fire  
of the summer sun  
across shriveled creeks

and past wrinkled ponds  
of rainwater revolving on the prairie,  
and made poor time as the country grew

Late one day we stopped  
where a grove of ash trees gripped the  
of the sunken slough called Ash Hollow

essing this way  
is had watered at the place  
looking like a swamp.

n was marked by cattle tracks.  
grass were trampled in the mud.  
o the water was as slick as grease.

d down, sliding our wagons down  
a few feet at a time.  
ad to drag the cattle.

hile  
started to drink  
walked off with my wife.

and we went  
pe to lie  
he trees.

o longer burned  
ad we had seen  
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w still gentle  
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ork prairie  
n woods and farms  
e made our homes,

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selves alone  
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ad other's arms.

## FOLLOW

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ol rise

and the wide hills  
draw down night  
on this high place  
and your green eyes.

## THE HOUR WAS LATE

At Fort Bernard our teams were shod  
and Reed's wheels  
required iron tires  
but he complained,

"The merchants in this place  
will tell you  
to pay the price

or go to hell.  
We have no choice  
so they gouge us.

I hate to be a sucker  
and let them all pull  
my pockets out, like a fool."

We purchased what we had to  
and after dark we fed  
a slow fire

with the wood  
of the sage nearby.  
The sparks rose over the riverbed

as we spoke with the people passing  
from west to east  
going against the sun

morose men mostly  
who abandoned their ambition  
and were heading home to retire.

But one was a trapper  
called Jim Clyman  
and he remembered Reed

from years before  
in the Black Hawk war.  
When he heard that we relied

on Hastings' book  
he sat on his heels  
drawing trails in the dirt.

"You never saw  
the salt desert  
or you would know

you don't want to  
drive livestock  
without any water

or so much as  
a handful of grass  
and if you ever get across





you must haul your household  
to the sink of the Humboldt River  
and over the mountains

with a tired team . . .  
if it's all the same  
go up to Oregon where you can farm

or else go home  
but I think  
California is out of the question."

To this I replied,  
"We're aware  
of the mild weather

people enjoy there  
and the best books promise  
that settlers are sure of success."

He said, "I know  
John Sutter, the Swiss,  
has built a fort for himself

near the Sacramento  
but when you live that low  
a cold fog comes with the rain in winter.

And the mountains see six months of snow.  
Last year the Sierras were white  
for weeks after Easter."

Reed said we were sorry  
to hear he had been  
so damn disappointed

by what he found.  
"But we'll proceed  
to Bridger's post

just as we planned.  
Hastings is waiting  
to show us all

the rest of the trail  
that we're to take  
until we arrive

in California  
at summer's end  
and select our land."

His friend suggested  
the reliable  
trail to Fort Hall

but Reed remarked  
"That way is not  
the nearest route."

Clyman would say  
no more on the subject  
so Breen brought a bucket

dripping from the river  
and doused the fire.  
The hour was late

as I lay down  
at the door of our tent  
wanting to sleep

in the net  
of the night  
where we swim

within  
the limits  
of our liberty

like any creature  
which is caught  
in this life,

a far-flung web  
of darkness though  
it was woven with the stars.

Then we moved out  
and it was another week  
before we arrived at Independence Rock

like a lifeless whale  
upon the ground,  
the grey hide

of the huge stone  
bearing the names  
of many people carved in its side.

From the site  
of this landmark we left  
for South Pass and on the peaceful banks

of the Sweetwater  
we let our livestock eat  
wherever they could come to grass.

We began to drive  
over level land  
where no trees turn the wind

until you see the willows which shade  
the Little Sandy Creek  
whose warm banks

resemble a beach . . .  
the ground itself is like a bog  
soaked by summer rain

and the grass within reach  
was trampled under  
hundreds of hoofprints;

the parties that passed us  
had encouraged cattle to graze here.  
Their tracks traveled toward Oregon and disap

in company a dreary debate  
at our route.  
those

dissatisfied  
the place to separate ...  
we set

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intended to take  
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we were unable to decide  
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to tell us  
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to heed his advice.  
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Oregon  
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by Fort Hall  
the longer route

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rove off.

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leave.  
as  
d she

hid her face and wept.  
"Don't be afraid," I said  
and kissed her.

We watched  
the wagons wallow out of the sand  
and onto firm soil.

Then we turned  
our own teams  
southwest and we drove for days

over  
the dry ground where not one leaf  
let its shade

fall to earth  
and the wind in which the dust arose  
gave no relief

until we came to a clump of cottonwoods  
at the side of a creek.  
A rotting rail fence

staggered around a patch of land  
which was Bridger's post.  
The door stood shut

against the dust  
drifting under the fence.  
It gave way from within

and two men met us—  
a white and a Mexican  
who let us into the store.

Bridger had gone  
to trade with a tribe up north  
they said. He might be back in a week.

We were welcome to stay  
if we could pay  
for what we ate.

Hastings was away  
on business.  
When he heard this

Reed replied,  
"We are his business.  
He should be here to lead us."

But we were told  
he had hired out  
to a previous party

in which there was  
such harmony  
that little time was spent

on argument  
so they made  
remarkable speed.





"But here we are!"  
I cried.  
"What are we to do now?"

"Since you came this far  
why turn back?"  
the Mexican said.

"Follow his trail  
and as you reach  
the Wasatch Mountains

you might meet him  
at the stream  
on the way in."

We bought beef  
and made repairs  
and bedded down beneath the trees.

We departed at daybreak  
driving to the Weber River  
where our bad luck grew somewhat worse

for we found nothing but the grass  
bent back and the incessant sound  
of water swishing under the aspen boughs.

Hastings had left  
a note attached to a branch  
like a large leaf.

I plucked it off  
to read the message.  
"He says the route

that they cut  
into the canyon is so poor  
we can't use it.

We're to wait  
in this spot  
until he returns."

No one was satisfied.  
We expected to be  
led to safety

and learned instead  
that our guide  
had gone on  
and we were alone.

## CUTTING A TRAIL

That week we cleared twelve miles of trail.  
When our wagons faced a wall  
we spiked the wheels with stakes

and ran long ropes from the axles and ribs  
to pulleys on the top  
and together towed them up.

I trussed my last mare in a sling  
and with Ba'tiste clucking in her ear  
five of us pulled her a foot off the floor.

As more men leaned on the hoist  
the horse began to float  
in the warm air

rising  
while her legs went on rowing  
nowhere

and she felt  
the silence pass underfoot;  
then the ground arrived and the high grass.

At times we were less successful  
and the bay that belonged to Reed was  
in a long fall.

... We came  
to a final rise and everyone agreed  
upon a single method

for the oxen were almost dead  
as they fell on their knees in the shade.  
I asked Ba'tiste to bring me the best.

We double-teamed to draw  
thirty wagons full of freight  
over that height

and let them roll  
down the green slope  
the ribs rattling all the way

into the welcome meadow.  
From here a great lake was in view  
and the sun grew gaudy on the water.

A range of mountains rose on our right  
And in the distance dead ahead  
glittered the brilliant brow  
of the desert as white as snow.

## BETRAYED BY OUR BOOK

Hastings nailed up another note  
in a region which had the damp  
air of a swamp—here and there  
it was pocked with pools as deep as water.

but birds pecked this paper from the page  
before we appeared and several scraps  
wafted off to fall among the weeds.

When we found enough pieces to form  
Tamsen put them in place like a puzzle.  
Her face lost its color

as she turned to whisper,  
"It's twice as far as he thought."  
We'll drive for two days without water.



we to account for this mistake?  
was it written in his book  
ok we brought

could occur.  
émont's work  
nnecessary

library,  
riendly almanac.  
family Bible for that matter.

ed we began  
or every vessel that we owned,  
rel or jug that could carry water.

ll to well we had to haul  
ets and fill the kegs until  
ns whined under the added weight

oward the desert  
e warm day declined  
un lay level with our eyes.

w weary of the effort  
g away from the light  
it was gone and dusk came on.

omed the cool curtain of the night.  
ave out with a song.  
phys joined in.

ny friends the talk picked up  
time we felt like singing too.  
eemed to be entering another trap.

ow of the moon  
he silhouette of a mountain  
d on our map.

we saw the waste  
s in this place—  
or tree anywhere.

ed to work  
between bunkers  
the baked dunes.

as slow. The bulk  
bringing broke  
beneath us

pped the strength  
teams to pull  
the soft sand.

I  
lost sight  
ghter wagons

7e had to unload  
ht. Iron bookends  
s of cloth not worth

their weight now, kettles  
and copper candlesticks  
and a brass bedstead

of Jacob's which stood  
upright and glowed  
in the white heat

as Eliza pinned a sheet  
onto the frame for other  
travelers to discover.

Like Margaret Reed  
Tamsen abandoned  
her favorite footstool.

We left a chest made  
of oak. Whatever we could  
throw out that wasn't food.

Then we gained speed  
and soon we hit  
the salt flats

and drew near  
the rear of the train  
where our friends were.

Our faces and hands  
turned white as  
the fine salt left

a pall upon our skin.  
It powdered my beard  
and clung to my shirt

where I was wet.  
My wife wore it  
all over her skirt.

It stuck in our sweat  
and this was what formed  
a white film even

on the sunny flesh  
of children. It gave  
our little girls

a ghostly color  
as if they had gone  
beyond the grave.

And at this stage  
we were afflicted  
with strange visions.

I met Bill Eddy  
standing alone  
at some distance

from where infants  
and their mother took  
cover in their wagon.





"I saw one man," he said  
"and then an entire line  
that looked exactly alike.

They walked for a mile  
in step with me—  
about two dozen in all.

I stared at the face  
of the nearest one  
and it was my own!

I was convinced that the heat  
of the sun had done  
damage to my brain.

And I was afraid  
that I would grow insane  
and die here in hell.

I raced for our wagon  
and found my wife  
and buried my face

in her breast.  
Because I was  
with her and

no longer alone  
my mind grew serene  
and so the scene vanished."

We could explain it merely  
as a mirage but I was  
not ready to disparage

anything Eddy had said.  
It had the ring of truth.  
Other men saw an image

of the complete train  
accompany them in the heat.  
Always it was parallel

and always there were people  
who were recognizable,  
it would seem. There was never

any devil nor the gaze  
of the dead who come  
to surprise us when we dream.

Whatever we saw or thought  
we saw by the sun's rays  
reflected in fact life

which was already there.  
For example Foster's exact  
likeness of his large wife.

One man saw his horse  
appear in the thin air.  
Whether it was our wives

or a mare that seemed  
solid enough to saddle  
in the mind's eye

it was only the play  
of light on our senses  
but I could not conceal

my own fright for it made  
men almost mad to see  
illusions look so real.

The next day the party  
prepared to enter  
the desert sink—

a bog or marsh  
of salt water  
lying in the center

of the dismal land.  
From the start our wheels crushed  
the surface

and settled in  
but people pushed on  
over the slush

while it filled with water  
in our tracks.  
Cattle collapsed  
and died.



## LAND LOGIC

We crept beneath our quilts at Pilot Peak.  
I tossed all night, badgered by our bad luck.  
I prayed we had seen the end of it. But no

We woke to find the Peak was wrapped in snow.  
Its dome wore a cap of fresh fallen snow.  
Its flanks were wrinkled with crisp white snow.

I saw the dismay in many faces  
and heard the fatigue in my friends' voices.  
The advent of autumn was an unhappy omen.

We were weeks from California, and some  
must travel to Sutter's settlement  
on the Sacramento River and ride back

with provisions. Flour and dried meat. On  
horses or mules. "My wife's a sparrow,  
she has no hips," I said, "she has no shadow."

Ladies laughed at this. I added, "And we  
our little ones are too weak to go on  
eating like lizards." I spoke at midday



In 1003 A.D., the Vikings discovered America.





# In 1972 A.D., America discovers the Vikings.

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### When will the Royal Vikings sail?

The Royal Viking Star, first of three identical sister ships, hoists anchor on July 21, 1972. Maiden Voyage: a 14-day odyssey from Copenhagen to Norway's North Cape. Ships two and three complete the fleet in 1973.

### Where will they sail from? And where will they go?

Here's the chart we've charted for the first year:

1. Two North Cape cruises round-trip from Copenhagen: one to Norway's outpost at the top of the world. The second even farther north to Spitsbergen...both the land of the midnight sun! Sights to see at sea: heartstopping fjords, glittering glaciers, millions of arctic birds, walrus, seal, polar bear and the like. We'll cruise the loveliest fjords, stop at the most scenic towns and, in sum, show you the midnight sun as it's never been seen before.

Each cruise is for 14 days, departing July 21, 1972 and August 4, 1972.

2. Russia/Europe...a capital idea: a voyage to some of Europe's most fascinating capitals! Like legendary Leningrad...an optional excursion to Moscow...Stockholm, Amsterdam...romantic Lisbon! And, at journey's end...the Vikings discover America—all over again. 26 days, departing Copenhagen, August 19, 1972 to New York.

3. Mediterranean...The Vikings search for the autumn sun! And discover it shining warmly on the Riviera...a hideaway called Málaga...the ageless isles of Greece. And up ahead is a hint of Africa in Casablanca...a tropical island called Madeira...and a restful journey home. Five shining weeks of sea and sun. 35 days, departing New York, September 15, 1972. Return New York.

4. Intercoastal/Caribbean...Add Mexico to the Caribbean and the Vikings come up with a fabulous cruise: the Dutch atmosphere of Curacao...the African undercurrent of Haiti...the incredible Panama Canal! Then the other side: the incomparable Acapulco...the fishing off Mazatlan...really two sumptuous cruises in one! 21 days, departing New York, October 21, 1972, Ft. Lauderdale October 24, 1972, on to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

5. West Coast/Caribbean...the Vikings take a longer look at the Caribbean and Mexico: Puerto Vallarta for peace...Caracas for action...Montego Bay for the British touch...and everywhere, emerald islands and pleasure-loving people. Add in the Canal and Acapulco for good measure! 32 days, departing Los Angeles November 10, 1972 and San Francisco November 12, 1972, and return.

6. California Coast...four fabulous, fleeting days from San Francisco to Baja California's Ensenada...a mini-cruise of sun and sea...and non-stop fun (or non-stop resting) all the way! Four days tasting "the grand life"! 4 days, departing San Francisco, December 14, 1972, and return.

7. Holiday in Mexico...Ole! A seagoing fiesta as the Royal Vikings celebrate Christmas and New Year's south of the border! All the warmest ports on the West Coast: Mazatlan, Puerto Vallarta, Manzanillo, Acapulco—in a happy holiday mood! 16 days, departing San Francisco December 18, 1972, and Los Angeles December 19, 1972, and return.

8. South Seas...a whole new world of cruising...of lovely beaches, green and black volcanoes, luxuriant jungle, and shimmering waterfalls. All the most pacific islands in the whole wide Pacific...and the Vikings know where the beauty is! In places like Moorea, New Zealand, Pago Pago, the Great Barrier Reef. Add Sydney and you have yourself the South Pacific! 46 days, departing Los Angeles January 2, 1973 and San Francisco January 4, 1973, and return.

9. Circle Pacific...another, longer look at the wide Pacific...of the same lovely ports, then on to Bali, Hong Kong, Japan, ...the intrigue and strange beauty of the Far East. The Viking...a full 66 days to discover with you every nook and cranny of our largest ocean...the cruise for those who think they've seen it all. 66 days, departing Los Angeles February 18, 1973 and San Francisco February 20, 1973, and return.

10. Caribbean/Europe...more of the world in 37 days than you thought possible! Just listen to the places: Acapulco, Mexico, Nassau, Madeira, Lisbon, Southampton, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and Copenhagen...it's like seeing three worlds at once! 37 days departing San Francisco April 28, 1973, and Los Angeles April 29, 1973, and Ft. Lauderdale May 15, 1973, to Copenhagen.

### What about sea/air and fly-cruise combinations?

You name them, we'll have them for practically every cruise we've shown above.

### What do the Royal Vikings cost?

They cost us over \$70 million. But in 52 of our outside double staterooms, for example, the cost to you is only \$65 per person per day. Others more or less. Including all meals, facilities, entertainment.

### How many staterooms in all?

289—including four suites, 35 deluxes, 211 doubles, 39 singles. Rooms aplenty for 539 adventurers, all in lower beds. And 16 to see the sea. And 58 rooms convert, via connecting doors, into two-bedroom staterooms.

### What are the staterooms like? And the public rooms?

Fantastic. Every room has: built-in bar, closed circuit TV in all or available, private phone, shower and/or tub, and Scandinavian furnishings. The public rooms? Like a seagoing exhibit of Scandinavian design; a posh lounge, spacious dining room, a nifty nightclub for skål...or rock and roll! A sky bar, boutiques, cinema, a gym! Even a Viking-style sauna. And outside, a dance floor, tennis courts, and heated pool.

And the crew includes temperamental chefs, a tactful maître d', discreet attendants from the entire continent of Europe. And who man the ships? Norwegian, through and through.

### How do I book Royal Viking?

Just see your travel agent, the man who's made a profession of knowing cruising, fore and aft. (When it comes to facts and figures he's very seaworthy!) Or call 800-227-4246. Toll free, anywhere in the continental U.S. (From Northern California, and Canada 415-398-8000. Southern California, 213-627-1365. Collect.)

To: Cruise Consultant  
Royal Viking Line  
Department A-22  
One Embarcadero Center  
San Francisco, CA 94111

  
**ROYAL VIKING**

The Vikings intrigue me. Please send your 1972-73 Cruise Schedule and folder on these cruises: ☐ North Cape, ☐ Europe, ☐ Mediterranean, ☐ Intercoastal/Caribbean, ☐ Coast/Caribbean, ☐ California Coast, ☐ Mexico, ☐ South Seas, ☐ Circle Pacific, ☐ Caribbean/Europe:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

My Travel Agent's name is \_\_\_\_\_

All Royal Viking Line vessels will be of Norwegian registry.

in crossed over us and dried away  
un frost . . . Stanton and McCutchen  
ling mounts set out for Sutter's place.

scorched the sky and still a trace  
remained upon the peak. We kept  
e grazing by a running pool.

passed, the water every day was cool  
n. On most mornings the sun seemed slow  
y, the grass looked glossy with moisture.

ted only to rest, at this juncture.  
ie snow, no one wished to look back  
ad luck or talk of it anymore.

n only led us to deplore  
en end of summer and lament  
n we wasted in this trap. Whole days

loading. Stupid disputes. Delays  
y cattle roaming or Hastings' wrong  
e. We were warned that to survive

lay up grass and water for a dry drive  
ays. Which meant at worst we might  
lay and a night—where we instead

el a week in the desert and left dead  
d our herd of cattle. Add a third  
gons abandoned, still it doesn't explain

struction done. We could never regain  
n taken, or our goods or livestock left  
e it. But this was not the only cost.

a land logic which we lost . . .  
s of the likelihood of new terrain  
stiv us. The same logic that lives

r food, telling us that bottomland gives  
is or planting. Or for example  
m'e certainty that we would find

g water among rocks when the sun reclined  
ret slopes gleaming like good pasture.  
ve carried out only to discover

ck patch of greasewood growing over  
ry il, white with alkali . . .  
in in nature was what it might seem!

prise of finding forage by a stream  
ed lse as well—both banks were bare  
ou the current there cut swift and deep.

lose the last advantage which could keep  
on any from harm. It was this sense  
d that had departed in a dream  
e went on like souls that are still asleep.

## SHELTER IN THE SNOW

Again we grew  
preoccupied with the need  
to repair our gear.

In the mountain creases  
men noticed new traces  
of snow that did not melt

but our oxen were worn to the bone  
and the meadow remained green  
so we stayed

for four days  
while the cold came on  
and we let them eat

until one morning we found  
the cattle fractious  
as though annoyed

with the weather  
and they wouldn't nuzzle  
the nubs of grass when the first snow fell

during the day.  
They preferred to avert their faces  
from the flakes.

Once the sun  
dissolved this snow  
we wished to break camp

since it was necessary  
to round the lake  
and climb the pass

before a storm  
might seal it shut,  
if we weren't too late.

I sought to secure a team  
by talking to my friends  
and finally calling

on anyone else to negotiate  
a fair exchange,  
trying to trade

for six oxen strong enough to pull  
their own weight.  
While I stayed put

my brother walked  
from one wagon to another  
inviting the owner over to our fire

where pewter and silver pieces were displayed  
and my wife and I might arrange  
the appropriate notes.



Most men weren't willing  
however to barter  
for an animal

and it was the middle of the night  
by the time I could acquire  
suitable stock.

But very soon  
we were left with little sign  
of the party itself.

If a half-hearted restraint  
had held many members together  
it vanished like a shadow

in the dark  
where each man could see  
his own life

was in danger  
the longer he delayed.  
Graves and the guides and all the rest

decided to depart.  
The last transaction was finished  
and we were at work

packing our possessions  
by lantern when we heard  
the wagons slip out of the meadow.

Most of the party  
were prepared to go  
without us and for now

there was nothing we could do  
but listen to them leaving—  
our teams not yet in the yoke,  
our horses helpless in the seething snow.

## CHRISTMAS DAY

We decided to say it was Christmas Day.  
Living for so long shut in  
by the deep snow it was impossible  
for people to keep track of the date.

How were we to know?  
But we could estimate we were drawing near  
to the end of December

and we wanted to celebrate the holiday.  
On the morning that we chose  
daybreak brought us a sky full of flakes.

They flashed past  
our doorway like leaves  
when a wind storm strips the trees . . .

A snow that clings to clothes and makes  
its own way into the small holes  
and seals light out of the hut.

Eliza lying in her quilt  
with her eyes alert  
for anything moving

on the floor of the hut  
quick-handed caught  
four mice in the mornin

We cut off the tails  
and heads and tugged  
hard to pull out

the tangled entrails  
from inside the trunks  
which we cooked up at

There was enough for  
each person to squat  
on the floor and eat

several small strips  
of this flesh while  
it was still hot.

We were very careful  
to save some meat,  
and when it grew late

in the dim afternoon  
we sat down again  
for a second meal.

Finally all our food  
was gone. And then w  
I did I might explain

if I admit my mind  
was sometimes unsou  
The pain from a wou

in my hand had sprea  
like a slow flame  
all the way up my ar

and it clouded my br  
When my head was hit  
it was a chore for me

to walk out very far  
or even try to talk  
clearly anymore.

But when I saw our  
was gone, I stood up  
and bowed my head.

I said, "I feel  
in spite of the grief  
which we share here

on this the most hop  
day in the year  
we should say a pray



prayed, "Dear Christ,  
seen the worst  
on earth

we live  
to-mouth  
y we want

enjoy  
rate the  
ur birth.

our mistakes  
or our greed  
for our pride.

o more need  
t people for  
or guilt.

done all  
an endure  
rk hell."

at crying  
herself,  
a fool.

y saying,  
s may hope  
p alive

ould change  
in and wish  
u, ree;

ould care  
ull  
et."

voice dropped.  
speaking  
is my eyes

sd ceiling,  
uilt  
g and skin

f by ice,  
y oles stopped  
of clothes.

er felt  
ed cave,  
d come

us  
thought,  
Ghost,

n't last forever.  
can't hold  
ke this.

So let us see the sun  
carve through the cold.  
Let the drifts shrink

down from the door.  
May the mild sun  
melt the snow away

and free the fields  
so that we can drive  
across the grass again.

## A MARRIED MAN AND WHAT HE SAW

Later  
people hiked in  
and lit a fire in the pit.

One was Moultry  
the same man we heard  
had married Mary Lord

far back  
in June  
on the prairie.

With a few friends  
he had come  
to carry us to safety.

Moultry made the small girls go  
into the hut  
before he would tell

what he saw at the lake;  
our oldest daughter  
Eliza was allowed to stay.

His party started  
from Sutter's fort  
in the Sacramento Valley

outfitted for relief  
with many mules  
packing flour and beef.

"On our way  
we met Bill Eddy  
resting at a ranch

in the valley  
where he had wandered  
looking for food.

He joined up  
but most of those  
who left the lake with him have died.

We stopped to strap  
more meat on the mules  
and added blankets





and rode on  
above the snow line  
where we found poor footing.

The mules broke  
their bundles on the rocks  
and dumped them in the snow

or rubbed them off  
on the trunks  
of the pines.

I ordered Eddy to turn back  
with Sutter's stupid mules in tow  
while we kept on

climbing  
on foot  
for another week

and made a cache  
of what we could  
keep from eating.

Then we struck  
through the pass and down the long  
mountain face

and found ourselves  
walking on the white shore  
of the lake.

We reached the woods  
on the east end  
and at the first

of four sheds  
I discovered a patch  
of hair and bone."

In each instance he saw  
a hedge of bones  
above the entrance—

a hole like ours  
which was dug down  
to the hut below.

The people left  
alive were so weak  
that any activity was work.

When the corpses  
grew too heavy  
for the living to carry

a decent distance  
into the woods  
they kept their clothes

and raised the rest  
onto the roof,  
where they froze.

They had no more  
opportunity to find fresh food  
than any of us.

When all the cattle  
were killed  
or wandered away

and the supply  
of butchered meat  
gave out

they ate  
the ox hides  
as we did—

some sixty souls  
needed to be fed,  
though the figure

is half that now.  
The hired hands employed  
by Reed have died.

Milt Elliot lies buried by the  
And Eddy's wife  
and daughter are dead.

One day in December  
Spitzer collapsed.  
It was Breen who found

that he had gold  
coins in his coat  
and he hurried to cut

more pine boughs  
to build the man a bed  
in a corner of his cabin.

Within a week  
Breen buried him, but after  
the New Year

men dug the dead out  
of the snow and took  
whatever would make a meal

Moultry told me  
that he passed an hour in the  
where Keseberg lives.

He saw a supply  
of wood and bowls  
of blood on the floor.

"He is lame  
but he can walk a little.  
He keeps a fire

near his door  
and broils brains  
and other pieces in a kettle



## AFTER THIS LIFE WE WILL LISTEN

When the relief party left,  
two grown men  
Cady and Stone  
were willing to stay behind.

We wondered why  
until we could see  
they were keeping watch

on our wagon  
partly buried, by the creek, where the wheels  
had warped

in the old snow  
and the wet wagonbed  
was bowed out at one end.

"When we're dead,"  
I told Tamsen,  
"they'll feel free

to unload it  
and walk off with whatever  
they find."

She said that  
with a little luck they could uncover  
even the money we had

to hide from Keseberg and his friends  
late last spring  
on the plains.

While we talked of what would happen  
a queer thought crossed my mind.  
"Why not pull

the quilt out  
and cut it open?  
Offer them all our money

to take the children  
now while they might  
reach the valley alive."

It was worth a try  
if the men agreed.  
She wondered,

"Can we guarantee  
their honesty?  
What if they run away?"

I shared her worry  
but I handed her my knife  
and she walked at once to the wagon

to cut the quilt  
and crossed back  
with the money making a mound





beneath her bosom . . .  
Meanwhile the men remained motionless  
as their eyes

trailed her out of the trees  
toward home not turning  
her head now knowing

she could go nowhere  
unseen and so she would let them look  
and discover

what it was.  
When she reached the hut  
we called Cady and Stone to come over

and listen to our plan.  
Stone walked across  
the cold gloom

to the door where  
he could see the money lying on the mud  
inside the room.

While we conferred  
huddled in the hole  
once again it began to snow

and it was necessary  
for them to hurry  
and try to make the lake camp the same day

to have a roof overhead  
on the first night they were away.  
I said, "Their safety will depend on you."

"They have the same chance as Cady and me,"  
he replied and ran off  
to join his friend.

I told Tamsen, "You must go  
when the girls do  
and have no fear

for my peace of mind.  
You can see  
how it's going to be

if you stay here:  
we'll both freeze  
or else starve

in a few days  
and what kind  
of devotion does this show?

To lose your life because  
you're my wife.  
We both know

a man marries  
a woman to bring to bed  
and to be happy in the house

of his heart where they live  
like an unquiet candle that will rise and  
whichever way the wind draws

the licking flame  
so it must consume itself night after night  
until it dies and darkness fills the room.

Though there are no laws  
to tell us in what manner  
a mule marries

or our horses or sheep,  
are we so different from the dumb  
animals

that we must lie down  
side by side to die in the same place?  
Is life so cheap?

In the face of a fierce necessity  
if it means no more  
to you or me

than this loyalty  
what good is marriage?  
It's a blessing, and a true bargain

but it's absurd  
to keep me company  
so we can die together in our sleep."

"I have worse worries  
that need my attention,"  
she said and sent the men to the wagon

to collect the wool clothes still in store  
among the remaining supplies.  
She would stay regardless

so we turned to other matters  
though we exchanged glances  
as we dressed our daughters,

slender Eliza  
and Georgia  
and the infant Frances.

All their winter clothes but the boots  
were a size too large or more.  
Three huge hoods hid their eyes.

The sleeves hung down so far  
that their hands didn't show.  
Even when they were about to go

and were led out onto the snow  
the girls still looked as if  
they were clowning in their stiff coats

Tamsen told how the men would leave  
with people we could trust  
to treat them tenderly



that they were well fed  
as possible.  
he said,

like of your father  
er  
you live

you're with Elizabeth  
else  
one another

remember  
ple  
name is Donner."

and them goodbye.  
Stone caught up  
in their arms and went on their way.

they were gone my wife walked out  
the snow. I could see her breath  
more beneath the branches

turned away. Then the back  
with coat was all I could see  
stood by the creek and cried.

of quiet snow drifted down  
r, heavy enough to hide  
prints in the frozen pack

this weather was a soft reproach  
winter in the sifting trees  
the ground grew indifferent to our touch.

the creek and hurried home to the mouth  
and slipped inside  
her bed

branches  
until the hour  
of the.

my idea.  
to go.  
to argue . . .

do you know it's too late?  
it make it if you try."  
removed a muscle.

say no  
what to do,

hear you  
whenever  
want to.

warmer weather

the snow thaws  
until a green patch  
of the meadow may be seen

close to the creek.  
Even in the hut we can hear  
the persistent plink as the water drips

on the floor in a muddy pool.  
We stay put  
or sit up and watch

the birds perform outside the door,  
and while we do  
we are never alone.

Every day after dawn  
the grey coyotes crawl  
on their bellies underneath the bushes

and walk out and squat  
a hundred feet from our hut—  
ears in the air

and their eyes down  
as they sniff at the patches of hair,  
rolling the pine cones with their paws

while they browse beneath the trees  
and trickle urine  
on the blond bones.

With a full beard  
flowing over the snowy breast  
of his silk shirt

a man looking more like  
a ghost goes by us  
on his way

to see the dead  
carcasses which he collects in the shelter  
of the low shrubs.

Keseberg  
hobbles past the huts;  
his wide hat almost hides his face

as he reaches the mound  
and crouches over the corpses  
turning them this way and that

with one end of his staff,  
a walking stick cut like a crutch,  
a long piece of pine which he can cramp

under his arm.  
He plants it in the moist mulch  
to one side when he bends

over the bodies  
and deliberately extends  
his stiff leg inches off the ground.





He puts his waterbucket nearby.  
He picks a skull from the pile beneath his knee  
and plucks the brains and tucks them carefully

in his lap while he breaks  
a breast apart and hunts with one hand  
for the heart.

He takes up his stick when he wishes to go.  
He carries the meat in the crook of his sleeve  
and we watch him retreat

toward the trees  
that protected my brother's place,  
walking with a halting hitch in his hip

lifting his large leg  
like a dead weight which he has had to drag  
with him wherever he went.

A fire glows outside Jacob's tent.  
When his dinner is gone he tips  
his bucket over the coals and we watch

as he moves down the meadow toward the woods  
and disappears before dusk has come  
quietly up to the door.

This silence  
is soon broken.  
The last days are like the first

mild morning  
which arrives in April  
when almost any noise is a surprise.

Squirrels race around the roof  
scratching the thatchwork boughs.  
They tumble down the dark walls

and leave us and leap onto the trees  
where the birds shriek and sing.  
Then one morning we hear

the alders rustle in the incessant rain.  
Later the sun slips over the meadow  
and the blue jays dive

in long dips  
flashing from shadow to shadow,  
while an enormous chorus fills the air.

After this life we will listen  
lying in the loose grains of dirt  
with our eyes sealed shut against the roots

that reach for them, we will hear  
our breath begin again, the engine of the brain  
begin humming in the mulch, and we will climb

with our nails, and teeth, biting through the damp earth  
clawing away the soil, hand and mouth  
tearing out of our wet tombs forever to find

it is Spring! The grass  
is wet and waving toward the trees.  
Their bark is yellow or brown and the leaves

are black on the underside that is so gentle  
that we are afraid  
to touch it.

Come into a meadow where the crystal snow  
shrinks under  
the shade of the rocks . . .

After this life we will listen  
to the judgments of bears and the deer  
awaking.

The birds over the treetops, crossing and call  
in the long leaves.  
The red eyes of berries

surprise us, and the deer  
and the fox who know that we are there  
on the brink of the meadow—

they can smell our fear,  
floating into the grass like a shallow river  
establishing its edges.

They find us and follow the cool water  
from the mountains, their eyes bring the blue light  
of evening onto the valley,

the prairie almost lost, drowning in darkness  
the sparks of stars already spinning  
downstream, traveling in the tall weeds.

After this life we will listen  
to the long river running through the soil  
saying it is Spring—

the sun has begun to burn  
the brown needles nesting on the ground  
around our graves.

The jays perch in the pines and cry  
and wherever we may sleep  
among the dead we will rise

together under the trees  
like men who are set free  
from the folly of a dream

into the fragrant morning  
to hear the heavy stream  
of our blood begin to sing,

our souls awake and warm once more  
and weaving like a fire  
when the light begins to dance  
in the land of our desire.

# They said we'd lose our shirt.



Our pen designers gave us a thin smile and said: "You want us to design the slimmest pen Parker's ever made?"

"Correct," we said, "But only on the outside. Leave lots of room for ink."

"You mean you want it to write a long time?"

"Several times longer than the ordinary ballpoint. Months longer per cartridge, at least."

"You want it to have a gold-filled case?"

"Of course."

"But not to weigh more than an ounce—one ounce?"

"One beautifully balanced ounce," we said evenly. They

sighed deeply, and continued to peruse the list.

"You want the pen to start writing instantly. You say you don't want the ball to slip or skip."

"Microscopic texturizing should do it," we ventured.

"And you want a choice of five point sizes?"

"For different kinds of writing," we said. "Broad, Medium, Fine, Extra-fine and Extra-extra-fine."

"No one's been able to design a pen like that!" they said. "Let alone guarantee it!"

"We can," we said. "And we'll guarantee it against defects for the owner's lifetime. Or we'll repair or replace it—free."

"A pen like that would cost a fortune!"

"\$8.50," we said.

The designers walked away in a bit of a daze. "You're gonna lose your shirt," they mumbled.

"You're gonna lose your shirt."

But they made it. The Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen. And we sell it for \$8.50.

So give it to someone who really matters. Someone to whom you'd give the shirt off your back. After all, it's our shirt!



## PARKER

*Maker of the world's most wanted pens*

The gold-filled Parker 75 Classic Ball Pen is \$8.50. With matching Cartridge Pencil, \$17.00. A memorable gift for personal or business friends. Other fine Parker pens to own or give, from the \$1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the \$150 Parker 75 Presidential Pen.



## NO EXIT

The turf of the federal parole board is a landscape of illogic

THE UNITED STATES BOARD OF PAROLE is one of the great enigmas of our judicial process. Its mandate in doubt, its methods unpublished, its immense discretionary power totally unstructured, its decisions absolute and unreviewed, its effectiveness unevaluated—it is clearly an anachronism. Yet it survives. Like certain passive but potent animal forms, it pursues its ends eschewing attack or defense, protected by the vagueness and lack of definition that permit it to rest safely concealed in a shadowy recess of the federal bureaucracy. Official boredom, public ignorance, and judicial apathy form its protective coloration.

That isolation was breached this summer when the board denied parole to James R. Hoffa, the former Teamsters Union president in prison for jury tampering and pension fund fraud, as well as to Philip and Daniel Berrigan, the Catholic priests in jail for destroying draft board records. The manner in which the board dealt with these cases provoked an editorial protest from the *New York Times* questioning “the mysteries and inadequacies of the federal parole system.” But the brief flare of publicity did little to illuminate the board’s workings and policies, which remain shrouded in confusion and secrecy. On the basis of my experience with the parole board over the past five years, I can readily understand why it retreats from the light of public scrutiny and especially from the suggestion of strong political bias in its judgments.

IN 1930 A CENTRAL PAROLE BOARD located in Washington was created by Congress. At that time it was part of the Bureau of Prisons. In 1945 the parole board was ordered to report directly to the Attorney General, thus making it an independent agency in the Department of Justice. The board is both a policy-making and administrative body with jurisdiction over all federal prisoners. It consists of only eight full-time members appointed by the President for six-year overlapping terms.

This group of men, with the assistance of a small group of examiners, is called upon to make some *twenty thousand* separate decisions on applications for parole in a year. Since decisions require a concurrence of two, three, or more members, there are well over *forty thousand* individual “member judgments.” These few men travel across the entire United States to examine the individual records, read the petitions, inter-

view the parole applicants, presumably deliberate, set the dates, and decide the terms of parole.

All of which represents only one function of the parole board. In addition to consider applications for parole, the board administers parole for deportation; issues warrants for parole violators; conducts revocation hearings; promulgates rules and regulations for the supervision, discharge from supervision, or recommitment of parole prisoners. Further, only five members devote themselves full-time to adult matters; cause three members of the parole board are assigned to juvenile crimes under the Federal Youth Corrections Act. The Youth Corrections division has its own long list of similar obligations and responsibilities.

A prisoner generally becomes eligible for parole when he has served one-third of his sentence, a condition controlled by law and the sentencing judge. The remaining two-thirds of time falls within the jurisdiction of the parole board. In terms of length of punishment, therefore, the board wields more power than the entire federal judiciary. In a recent Federal Circuit Court case, Judge Wilfred Feinberg expressed his concern about this effective delegation of sentencing power to the parole board, since all procedural due process that protects an individual in a court of law is denied him by the parole board. “Obviously then,” he stated, “responsibility for sentence is increasingly being shared with parole boards playing a greater and greater part.”

Judge Feinberg pointed out that the Constitution requires counsel at all sentencing proceedings and, with blessed common sense, stated that “sentencing” is not confined to what the judge first prescribes after trial. Then, referred to the “broad discretion wielded by the parole board, the virtually unfettered procedure, the gravity of all the consequences to the prisoner, his inability to present his case as well as a lawyer could, the sentencing function of the board,” he concluded that a prisoner at a parole hearing should be entitled to the services of retained counsel. This decision in 1970 by a highly respected federal judge has been looked to as a source of some comfort and hope. But it is a very warming hope when one realizes that Judge Feinberg was writing in dissent from a majority position that held “a prisoner has no greater rights than an alien in a foreign land.”

## Both carrot and stick

THE PAROLE BOARD WILL usually respect the intentions of the sentencing judge. The board, being aware of this and of other standard procedures, will set sentence accordingly. The board, however, is not legally bound to at the judge's wishes. When the political interests of the Attorney General's office demand it, the board will ignore both judge and precedent. The uniform denial of parole to war resisters 1966-67 is one flagrant example. The most extreme case could be seen in the treatment of young conscientious objectors sentenced under the Youth Corrections Act. Under this act youthful offenders are given a long indeterminate sentence—from sixty days to six years—imposed by prisoners as "zip-six" (1). The intention of the act is to imprison a very young man for a minimal time, while imposing a long parole period. He thus quickly returns to society and remains under strict supervision. At the end of the parole he is rewarded by having his record wiped. Traditionally this procedure is routinely observed with cooperative prisoners. In all cases of the imprisoned COs, however, a five-year parole board extracted a higher price than the Youth Corrections Act than if straight sentences had been given.

In at least one case a young CO was given this "zip-six" sentence by a judge who was sentencing older offenders to two-year terms. The CO told that if he were "a good boy" he would be out in less than six months. He ended up serving double the time of his older colleagues—the parole was served at the discretion of the board.

In an interview with George J. Reed, chairman of the federal parole board, I asked why, with these "political" prisoners, the intention of the judge was ignored. Reed told bluntly that after 120 days the judge loses jurisdiction over a case. Indeed, that is technically true, but normally his intention is not so readily disregarded. The parole board, while part of our judicial executive branch, and, as such, can use the scales of justice to balance political debts. When this occurs, one becomes aware of the board's real power and serious potential for damaging the system of "justice" it presumes to serve.

Some of the inconsistencies in the board's behavior seem most paradoxical when compared with the presumed purposes of parole. Why have a parole procedure at all?

The punitive aspect of our current judicial procedure is a tripartite phenomenon. The range of punishment is set by statute: when a law is passed, it defines what will be considered a violation of that law and indicates the range of permissible punishments. Thus, from the beginning, the implication is that the determining of punishment requires an understanding not only of the statute violated but of the nature of the violator and the conditions surrounding the violation. The range of sentencing, then, gives the judge a latitude in the second phase of the punishment procedure. The judge has discretion to decide each individual case and to allow for special considerations. He may suspend sentence, he may fine, he may send to prison minimally, or he may send to prison maximally. Again it is an attempt to humanize the law, to acknowledge that behavior is but an end point in a complex set of preceding

"I was disturbed by the readiness of the board to classify people by religious sect and, worse, to establish priorities according to sect."

ALAN E. CORBIN





Willard Gaylin  
NO EXIT

determinants; that men are not machines; that conditions modify facts; and that while "law and order" may not require compassion or individual consideration, "justice" does.

**T**HE PAROLE PROCEDURE obviously is an attempt to extend justice beyond the point of trial. Its sole purpose would seem to be not law enforcement—which could be handled by altering either the statutory penalty of the law or the sentence assigned—but rehabilitation. It gives the government an opportunity to evaluate the changed attitudes of a prisoner during the course of his incarceration. It allows for reward of "virtue" and punishment of "evil." Presumably, while it serves justice in the individual case, it also facilitates management of the imprisoned man by being a potent force of discipline. It is both carrot and stick. To accomplish this purpose, however, the parole board must define what is "evil" and what is "good." One would expect the board clearly and explicitly to state what is expected of all prisoners, and its basis for granting or denying parole in every individual case. Without rules it becomes difficult, arbitrary, and capricious to punish men for their violations.

But, on questioning, members of the parole board deny even the existence of a general policy. They insist that each case is handled and

adjudicated on an individual basis. Yet to refuse to indicate what it is they "individually seek." The only published guidelines state that decisions are made in such a way that they "one, protect the public; two, conform to the law; three, provide fair treatment to the offender."

But the very absence of standards vouches for fair treatment. Professor Kenneth Culp Davis, a leading authority on administrative law in this country, is particularly critical of this. He criticizes the board to "attempt to evolve principles through case-to-case adjudication." He speculates that "of course, for all I know, the board may have a highly developed system which keeps entirely secret . . . it could have a system that would not stand the light of day."

That this might be the case became evident to me during the course of research I conducted between 1967 and 1970 on imprisoned Jehovah's Witnesses. I early became aware of the fact that Jehovah's Witnesses in prison for violation of the Selective Service Act were routinely denied parole at fifteen to seventeen months. This was certainly reasonable, since they adequately satisfied the stated conditions for parole. But what was not understandable was that at the same period other Selective Service violators were routinely denied parole.

In an interview with an employee of the parole board, who demanded anonymity, it was conceded to be true. He stated that



cy of the board" to grant parole only to Witnesses because they alone were ed to be "true COs." I was disturbed istinction between "true" COs and war because, while Jehovah's Witnesses are certain motivation, it has been in rience almost impossible to generalize e war resisters. By lumping them to- hey are denied their right to be con- s individuals.

also disturbed by the readiness of the classify people by religious sect and, establish priorities according to sect. ythetical decision between two men, the ld appear to be identical: both first of- both violators of the same law, both their violation of that law, both having sentence, both behaving themselves in. nd yet, by policy and practice, one of reives the privilege of parole because he eber of the Jehovah's Witnesses, and the es not.

asked Mr. Reed about board policy on mters, he informed me that there was no ng as "board policy" on any matter, that e function as individuals. This was ng. I pointed out that the statistics d that Jehovah's Witnesses were granted hile others were not, independent of ividual member of the parole board case. He readily agreed to the facts

but insisted that it was not "a matter of poli —there was no such thing.

I then pointed out the constant reference records and conversation to the "policy of board" and referred him to direct quotatio "X is making a good community adjustment. However, whether he is paroled should be in keeping with the board's current policy governing this type of offence." I referred him, indeed, to his own publication, *Rules of the United States Board of Parole*, which discusses methods of settling "general questions of policy." And, finally, I referred him to a letter from a federal judge asking for clarification of the "discriminatory policy" related to Selective Service violators. He steadfastly denied the existence of any policy, reiterating that members of the board exercised individual discretion.

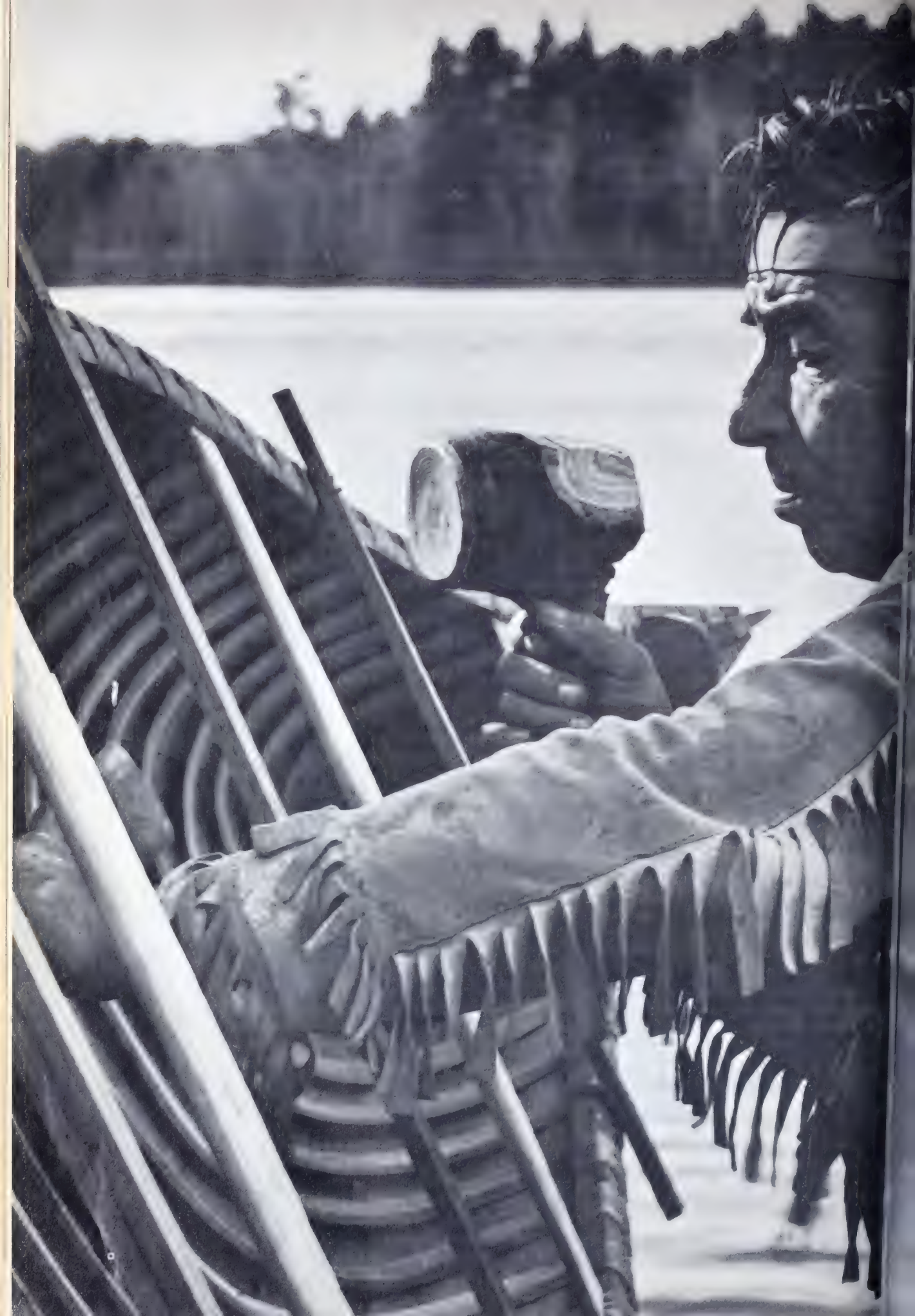
Of course there is such a thing as policy. Shortly after his appointment as chairman, Mr. Reed announced, in a dispatch reported in the *New York Times*, a new toughening-up policy. He proudly stated that since he had taken office, he had reduced the paroles granted from 45.2 per cent to 39 per cent.

The article, which also quoted J. Edgar Hoover as denouncing "leniency in the granting of parole and probation," further stated that Mr. Reed's purposes in making the changes were to combat "urban crime" by making paroles more difficult to obtain. But the connection between

"If the board's purpose is to combat urban crime, it is ironic that those who are paroled earliest are those who are guilty of 'crimes of force.'"









Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa.

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Willard Gaylin  
NO EXIT

the parole board's actions and its purpose is somewhat tenuous. If its purpose is to combat urban crime, it is ironic that those who are paroled earliest are those who are guilty of "crimes of force" (including assault, kidnapping, and robbery). According to the last published statistics, the average inmate in this category served only 33.8 per cent of his sentence—less than any other federal offender. Certainly less than the COs, who serve the highest percentage of their sentences.

The only conceivable reason for the board's failure to publish guidelines, for insisting, contrary to known facts, that it has no general policies, must be self-protection. As long as there are no rules, the board cannot be accused of violating them. If there are no precedents, there are no violations of precedent. The absence of rules provides an effective defense against accusations of bias or malice. Each man is *sui generis*, and the multiplicity of factors involved in the psychological judgments about the rehabilitation of any one man cannot be compared with any other.

**T**HIS COULD OFFER A BASE for an equitable, if complex, system. It would demand the most detailed exploration of each individual case with some analytic finesse. But the board's procedure is no more equitable than its policy—or lack of it. Each man must be visited at his prison by one of the five members of the adult parole board, or by someone from the group of examiners shared with the youth division. (In the five years that I have been studying the parole board, the number of examiners has varied from two to the maximum allowable of eight.) No brief is

presented, either by the institution or prisoner. The prisoner's file is simply looked at as presented.

This is in itself disturbing, because prison records are not consistent or accurate. I have seen black men listed as white, and I have seen graduates listed with borderline IQs. Know how difficult and time-consuming it is to take a man even from an accurate record. I was particularly dismayed when I was advised by an examiner that each man's record could be adequately appraised in five minutes. I required more than an hour for each individual. On the other hand, I had to allow for their own experience.

When I came to the interview it was a serious matter. I had already heard from a number of prisoners that the length of time varied from a few minutes to five minutes (and a board member stated that an interview generally required less than thirty minutes). But here certainly, in interviews with men who have more experience than any member of the parole board, for that is a psychiatrist, I was disappointed. When a person applies to the Columbia Psychoanalytic School, he is exposed to four or five interviews with various men whose professional lives are devoted to the refinement of the art of interviewing. It is readily grasped that all in this admission procedure that mistakes are constantly made. We critically reevaluate each interview in two separate group sessions. In these sessions we realize that an injustice may have been committed due to flaws in our technique, and the collective experience produces an understanding often significantly different from the mere sum of individual impressions. The parole board has no such group evaluation. Y



ility is immeasurably greater. They are how much of a man's youth they will W much of his hope they will destroy, h of his spirit they will dissipate. the five- to ten-minute interview, which d to as the "hearing," the interviewing mber will then call Washington, where e has presumably reviewed the record. league concurs, parole is granted or nd the matter ends there. Only if there greement will a third member be cons- nis is what is referred to as a majority When the decision is reached, no justi- r rationale is made, no argument pre-

e cases, particularly where publicity etain, the board meets as a group. But sions and references in the official pub- hat imply group process are so much l this year, the published rules stated ority of five members made each deci- for the past six years the board has ating on the "emergency procedure" e above. Now the emergency procedure a and in typical fashion, it was not an- e regretfully as a necessary expedient, s tolled as evidence of new efficiency. duments produced in the parole process e bly sloppy, often pencil-written, with s id misspellings. Opinions and justifi- a rarely offered in any detail. What is is often capricious or even unconsti- ch as listing under "liabilities" that a s not regularly attended Sunday church s. These are official, potentially legal, n, and the worst I have ever seen in g a which, more than the shibboleth d tiality, may explain why they are so y guarded.

, of course, no research division to th board's methods. The board, unlike rea of Prisons, sees no need for it. With some responsibility, peace of mind ord seem to demand it—but here self- no reigns supreme. One staff director, C. Neagles, is responsible for all data- ing-statistical studies, and publications. a explain why, as of this writing, the aila e "annual" report covered July 1966 1967. Mr. Neagles assured me that a new a imminent. The old one was skimpy sel critical. For example, it would seem, e if not for publication, to know the g of concurrence in decisions. When I v. eagles if this information was avail- eied that it was not and, further, that d n be of particular interest. Yet, obvi- t w ld be one test to indicate the degree er- mping.

d composition of the board any assur- vity or independence. While it talks e line," it appoints "penologists," and

over the years the majority of board members have come up from the penal systems.\* This is not necessarily the only, or best, training ground in behavior evaluation. Appointments in recent years have shown a particular lack of imagination or sensitivity. When Mr. Reed took office as chairman, he found the traditional one black member on the board. Mr. Reed did not recommend his reappointment, nor did he appoint a black man to replace him. In this vast land of ours, not one "qualified" black man could be found. One would at least expect that the Company-Nigger Principle under which most official agencies operate would demand such an appointment. But through two appointments in 1969 and two in 1970, the board remained innocent of blacks. This year a black man was finally appointed.

### Prisoners without voices

**P**ROFESSOR DAVIS HAS DESCRIBED the performance of the parole board as "on the whole about as low in quality as anything I have seen in the federal government." How do they get away with it? Why has it been tolerated for so many years? For one thing, the parole board injustices are visited upon a group of people that have no representation. It is the problem with the prison system in general. Usually someone who goes to jail does not know anybody who

\*Of the present board, Chairman George J. Reed, William F. Howland, Jr., Gerald E. Murch, Maurice Sigler, Mrs. Paula A. Tennant, and William T. Woodard, Jr., all come from backgrounds of parole, probation, or correctional work. William E. Amos, a psychologist, was previously superintendent of a children's home. Curtis C. Crawford, the black member of the board, is an attorney who has sat as a judge in the court of criminal corrections.

"Prison files are not consistent or accurate records. I have seen black men listed as white, and Harvard graduates listed with borderline IQs."





"counts." We are now beginning to see more concern about the prison system because, with the marijuana violations, the middle class is being introduced to the prison structure. But still, preponderantly, the prisoner is an impotent man with no access to the Establishment, the media, or the government.

In addition, his very status as a prisoner works against his using the pitifully small resources available to him. It is possible for a prisoner to sue the parole board if he is denied parole unfairly. But given the fact that the same board will be reevaluating him later at another hearing, it is unlikely that he will bring suit. If he does, the possibilities of success are remote; even with major resources and talent it is a frustrating and difficult test.

If sufficient cases were to be taken to the courts, there is good legal opinion that the courts might act. Professor Davis, in his book, *Discretionary Justice*, offers one of the possible grounds for such action:

*Because no one ever knows the reason for any decision of the board, no prisoner is ever told why the board has denied parole. . . . If he asks why, he is told that the board never gives reasons. If he presses far enough he may learn that the board itself does not know the reason . . .*

*The failure to state reasons has additional consequences. Even the most flagrant abuse of discretion is likely to go uncorrected if a board member is in such a hurry to get to his golf game that he votes in sixteen cases without looking inside the files; no one under the board system can ever know the difference, even though the personal liberty of sixteen men may be at stake. How could a board member have less incentive to avoid prejudice or undue haste than by a system in which his decision can never be reviewed and in which no one, not even his colleagues, can ever know why he voted as he did? Even complete irrationality of a vote can never be discovered. Should any men, even good men, be unnecessarily trusted with such uncontrolled discretionary power?*

He concludes with the opinion that the board's failure to state reasons for its decisions constitutes a clear violation of the Administrative Procedure Act.

Mr. Reed disagrees. He denies that his parole board comes under the purview of the act, or that it is eligible for review by any judicial body. Parole is not a right, he says, it is a "gift of the government," by the "grace of the government." But anyone cognizant of the law knows that it demands of government at least the same equity in the distribution of gifts as of rights. It is not the right of any individual to demand that his village supply him with a swimming pool. On the other hand, if the swimming pool is built, it cannot be presented solely to the white members (nor the Jehovah's Witnesses) of the community

as a gift of the government. But this is the traditional defense of the Board of Parole.

Perhaps the most encouraging recent development is a decision handed down last May by the United States District Court in Manhattan. Sitting in the case was Judge Marvin E. Frankel, who has earned enormous respect in the federal judiciary in a very short time. His decisions invariably show intelligence, care, open-mindedness, and, above all, a refined rationality. In the case of *Sobell v. Reed* (which challenges the parole board ruling denying Morton Sobell permission to travel to Los Angeles to give a statement to a Communist party group), the judge ruled that the parole board is, indeed, subject to review under the Administrative Procedure Act.

As Judge Frankel saw it, the board's position was so weak as to appear "silly." Patiently and gently the judge tried to encourage Mr. Reed to give direct testimony that might make a strong case. He was ignored repeatedly until it became apparent that Mr. Reed would not cooperate. Judge Frankel then decided that this reaction to "avoid at all cost being available in person to impress and enlighten the court reflected no discernible reason of principle or policy and that the court indicated it would not be satisfied with the result. Without issuing a formal order, the court set the date for a hearing. Nonetheless, Mr. Reed, at the risk of losing his case, refused to appear. Presumably he was unwilling to establish a precedent for the right to judicial review.

Judge Frankel found that the Board of Parole had violated the First Amendment rights of the plaintiff. To the board's statement that it was outside any court's power of review, Judge Frankel replied:

*It would be surprising, and gravely questionable, if Congress had meant to confer such final authority upon any administrative agency, particularly one that makes no pretense to learning in constitutional law. It would be bizarre to hold, as the government position ultimately entails, that assertion of constitutional rights like those made here may be overridden without ever being reviewed and decided by any tribunal of any kind.*

It will take more than one man's opinion, even a federal judge's—to change the parole board. It will require a public awareness that crime and violence are not controlled by the law; that more and more people are going into prison for longer and longer periods of time; that you do not see justice in the process by mocking it; that men are not valued by being treated unjustly; that arrogance does not breed respect, nor hubris pride; and that hope betrayed leads to despair to desperation.

The parole board will not change until the public becomes aware that the board is a servant, the prisoner its trust, and that justice is every man's comfort.

# WHAT TO DO WITH WINE BESIDES DRINK IT.

Unfortunately, wine doesn't come with instructions. And lots of people have never known about its proper care.

We at Inglenook Vineyards would like to take the time to give you a few pointers on the subject. We spend a lot of time and money in the growing of our wine. And once it passes out of our hands, we'd like to feel that it's being given the best possible treatment.

## DO NOT MAKE THIS COMMON MISTAKE.

Wine should always be stored lying down on its side, never standing up. That's so the cork will always be moist.

If the cork dries out, air will get to the wine and spoil it.

Keep wine in a cool, dark place. About 55-60 degrees is just right. But the

most important thing is that the temperature be constant. It should vary no more than a few degrees year 'round.

## DECANTING WINE.

If you have wines five years old and older, they may have a little sediment in them. In order to serve the wine without the sediment getting mixed up in the wine, you should decant it.

To do this, just pour the wine very slowly from one bottle or carafe. Place a candle in the neck of the bottle and the second you see a little sediment coming across, stop.

## THE ROOM TEMPERATURE MYTH.

White wines and sparkling wines such as champagne and rosé should be served cold. How cold? 45 degrees is just right. If you don't have a thermometer, put the wine in the refrigerator for 2½ hours before serving. Or in a bucket with ice cubes and water for 15 minutes. Red wines should be served at room temperature. But this doesn't mean 72 degrees. The "room temperature" standard was established in Europe long before the use of central heating. At that time, the rooms in Europe were about 65 degrees, which is the perfect temperature for serving red wines. You can bring a wine's temperature down to the proper level by placing it in the

refrigerator five minutes before serving. But never heat a bottle of red wine in order to get it up to the proper temperature. There's no quicker way to destroy a bottle of wine than to heat it up.

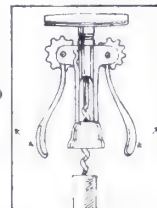
## AVOIDING THAT METALLIC TASTE.



Remove the metal capsule from the top of the wine bottle below the lip. With a napkin, clean off the top between the cork and the glass. This is done because it's impossible to pour wine from a bottle without spilling a little on the lip. And since the metal cap is sometimes corroded, the wine

could pick up a metallic taste if it were to spill over the edge.

Now remove the cork, gently, so as not to disturb the wine. We recommend the wing-type corkscrew because you don't have to jerk it to get the cork out.



## A FINAL WORD OF CAUTION.

Now that you know the basics of how to treat wine, you should also know there aren't many wines around that deserve this kind of treatment.

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And it'll take good care of you.



# INGLENOOK

We make the most expensive wine in America



Loren Eiseley

## THE SCIENTIST AS PROPHET

Something has happened  
or is about to happen, but what?

**F**ORMER MEN," OBSERVED EMERSON in the dramatic days of the new geological science, "believed in magic, by which temples, cities, and men were swallowed up, and all trace of them gone. We are coming on the secret of a magic which sweeps out of men's minds all vestige of theism and beliefs which they and their fathers held. . . . Nature," he contended clairvoyantly, "is a mutable cloud." Within that cloud is man. He constitutes in truth one of Emerson's most profound questions. Examined closely, he is more than a single puzzle. He is an indecipherable palimpsest, a walking document initialed and obscured by the scrawled testimony of a hundred ages. Across his features and written into the very texture of his bones are the half-effaced signatures of what he has been, of what he is, or of what he may become.

Modern man lives increasingly in the future and neglects the present. A people who seek to do this have an insatiable demand for soothsayers and oracles to assure them and comfort them about the insubstantial road they tread. By contrast, I am a person known, if at all, as one committed to the human past—to the broken columns of lost civilizations, to what can be discovered in the depths of tombs, or dredged from ice-age gravels, or drawn from the features of equally ancient crania. Yet as I go to and fro upon my scientific errands I find that the American public is rarely troubled about these antiquarian matters. Instead, people invariably ask, "What will man be like a million years from now?"—frequently leaning back with complacent confidence as though they already knew the answer but felt that the rituals of our society demanded an equally ritualistic response from a specialist. Or they inquire, as a corollary, what the scientists' views may be upon the colonization of outer space. In short, the cry goes up, "Prophecy!" Before attempting this dubious enterprise, however, I should like to recount the anecdote of a European philosopher who, over a hundred years ago, sensed the beginnings of the modern predicament.

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*"The Scientist as Prophet" (Copyright © 1966 Loren Eiseley) is from The Night Country by Loren Eiseley, soon to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.*



It seems that along a particularly wild and bidding section of the English coast—a moors, diverging and reconverging tracks, hedges, and all manner of unexpected obstacles—two English gentlemen were riding in the cool of the morning. As they took a turn in the road they saw a coach bearing upon them at breakneck speed. The rearing horses were obviously running, and the driver on the seat had lost the reins. As they thundered by, the terrified screams of the passengers could be heard.

The gentlemen halted their thoroughbred mounts and briefly exchanged glances. Their thought seemed to strike each at once, and in an instant they set off at a mad gallop. They took the lurching vehicle; they distanced it before a hedge. The nearest horseman jumped the ground and flung wide the gate just as the coach pounded around the curve. As the desperate driver and his equipage burst through the opening, the man who had

ited to his companion, "Thirty guineas over the cliff!" cried his fellow, groping for his te swung idly behind the vanished coach two sporting gentlemen listened minute e, clutching their purses. A bee droned eather and the smell of the sea came e moor. No sound came up from below.

IS AN ODD RESEMBLANCE in that 100-old story to what we listen for today. We t opened the gate, and the purse is in s. The roads on that fierce coast diverge e nverge. In some strange manner, in a tant we are both the sporting gentlemen their wager and the terrified occupants ach. There is no sound on all this wild d something has happened or is about to r but what? The suspense is intolerable. e terally enduring a future that has not yet n ed, that has perhaps been hovering in ace man arose. The lunging, rocking jug- u of our civilization has charged by. We y minutes, by decades, by centuries, for the v have engendered. The strain is in our a d fears. The betting money never changes e cause there is no report of either safety a er. Perhaps the horses are still poised al g on the great arc of the air.

ft our feet uneasily and call to the first e for a word, a sanctified guess, an act of a n. As among the ancient Greeks, chres- e u—dealers in crumbling parchment and ta prophecy—pass among us. I am such ut the chresmologue's profession de- s at he be alert to signs and portents in th natural and human worlds—events or es that others might regard as trivial but to t gods may have entrusted momentary nt pertinence, or power. Such words may ted by those unconscious of their sig- ne casually, as in a bit of overheard con- tic between two men idling on a street, or eant midnight. They may also be spoken o neys, for it is then that man in the role e singer must constantly confront reality e c his pathway.

on such an occasion not long ago that eard a statement from a ragged derelict e d have been out of place in any age e- p eaps, that of the Roman twilight or our m. A remark of this kind is one that a e d eable Greek would have examined for e dden meaning and because of which e a commander, upon overhearing the e ight have postponed a crucial battle or e a ugies.

ome into the smoking compartment of e midnight, out of the tumult of a New e k end. As I settled into a corner I

noticed a man with a paper sack a few seats be- yond me. He was meager of flesh and his cheeks had already taken on the molding of the skull beneath them. His threadbare clothing sug- gested that his remaining possessions were con- tained in the sack poised on his knees. His eyes were closed, his head flung back. He drowsed either from exhaustion or liquor, or both. In that city at midnight there were many like him.

By degrees the train filled and took its way into the dark. After a time the door opened and the conductor shouldered his way in, demanding tickets. I had one sleepy eye fastened on the dead-faced derelict. It is thus one hears from the gods.

"Tickets!" bawled the conductor.

I suppose everyone in the car was watching for the usual thing to occur. What happened was much more terrible.

Slowly the man opened his eyes, a dead man's eyes. Slowly a sticklike arm reached down and fumbled in his pocket, producing a roll of bills. "Give me," he said then, and his voice held the croak of a raven in a churchyard, "give me a ticket to wherever it is."

The conductor groped, stunned, over the bills. The dead eyes closed. The trainman's hastily produced list of stations had no effect. Obviously disliking this role of Charon, he selected the price to Philadelphia, thrust the remaining bills into the derelict's indifferent hand, and departed. I looked around. People had returned to their papers, or were they only feigning?

In a single sentence that cadaverous individual had epitomized modern time as opposed to Christian time, and in the same breath had pronounced the destination of the modern world. One of the most articulate philosophers of the twentieth century, Henri Bergson, has dwelt upon life's indeterminacy, the fact that it seizes upon the immobile—animates, organizes, and hurls it forward into time. In a single poignant expression this shabby creature on a midnight express train had personalized the terror of an open-ended universe. I know that all the way to Philadelphia I fumbled over my seat check and restudied it doubtfully. It no longer seemed to mean what it indicated. As I left the train I passed the bearer of the message. He slept on, the small brown sack held tightly in his lap. Some- where down the line the scene would be endlessly repeated. Was he waiting for some final con- ductor to say, "This is the place," at a dark sta- tion? Or was there money in the paper sack and had he been traveling for a hundred years in these shabby coaches as a stellar object might similarly wander for ages on the high roads of the night?

At I can assert with confidence is that I was there. I heard the destination asked for: I saw the money taken. I was professionally qualified to recognize an oracle when I heard one. It does

"No civilization professes openly to be unable to declare its destination."



Loren Eiseley  
THE  
SCIENTIST AS  
PROPHET

not matter that the remark was cryptic. Good prophecy is always given in riddles, for the gods do not reveal their every secret to men. They only open a way and wait for mortal nobility or depravity to take its natural course. "A ticket to wherever it is" carries in the phrase itself the weight of a moral judgment. No civilization professes openly to be unable to declare its destination. In an age like our own, however, there comes a time when individuals in increasing numbers unconsciously seek direction and taste despair. It is then that dead men give back answers and the sense of confusion grows. Soothsayers, like flies, multiply in periods of social chaos. Moreover, let us not confuse ourselves with archaic words. In an age of science, the scientist may emerge as a soothsayer.

Over fifty years ago it was possible to catch something of this feeling in the musings of the archaeologist Arthur Weigall, wandering in the upper Egyptian deserts. In an abandoned quarry he came upon many hewn stones addressed, as he says, "to the Caesars, but never dispatched to them; nor is there anything in this time-forsaken valley which so brings the past before one as do these blocks awaiting removal to vanished cities. . . . Presently," he continues, "a door seems to open in the brain. Two thousand years have the value of the merest drop of water."

If it is the occasional task of the scientist to cast auguries, I will add as pertinent the words of a long-vanished Christian seer: "Be wary that thou conceive not bodily, that which is meant ghostly, although it be spoken bodily in bodily words as be these, up or down, in or out, behind or before. This thought may be better felt than seen: for it is full blind and full dark to them that have but little while looked thereupon." If we banish this act of contemplation and contrition from our midst, then even now we are dead men and the future dead with us. For the enduring future is a product not solely of the experimental method or of outward knowledge alone. It is born of compassion. It is born of inward seeing. The unknown one called it simply *All* and he added that it was not in a bodily manner to be wrought.

A FORMER COLLEAGUE OF MINE, who was much preoccupied with travel and who suffered from absentmindedness, once turned timidly to his wife as he set forth upon a long journey. "Is the place where I am going," he asked her anxiously, for he depended much upon her notes of instruction, "in my pocket?" It strikes me now that in few other centuries has the way seemed darker or the maps we carry in our pockets more contradictory, if not indecipherable.

The Russians in their early penetration of space saw fit to observe irreverently that they had not seen heaven or glimpsed the face of God. As

for the Americans, in our first effort we only clamorously exclaim, "Boy, what!" During those words on a newscast I had peered a window on the night air. It was moonlight in spite of the cynical Russian pronunciation of a small nephew had just told me solemnly that he had seen God out walking. Concerned that I always are lest children see something I had not seen, I consulted his mother. She thought the moment. Then a smile lighted her face as she told him God made the sun and the stars." He complained. "Now he thinks the moon is God."

I went and reasoned gravely with him. The gist of my extemporized remarks came from the medieval seer. "Not up, or down," I cautioned, "nor walking in the sun, nor in the night—about all not that."

There was a moment of deep concentration, and an uncertain childish voice reached up to me. "Then where did God get all the light?"

I, in my turn, grew quiet and considered. "Out of a dark hat in a closet called 'light'." He parried. "We, too, come from there."

"Conceive it better as not wrought by any hand," the voice of the seer repeated in my head.

"Then how do we see Him?" the dubious child's voice trailed up to me. "Where is He then?"

"He is better felt than seen," I repeated. "Do not look up or down but in here." I touched the boy's heart lightly. "In here is where a great man called simply, 'All.' The rest is out there." I gestured—"and roundabout. It is not at all important."

The world was suddenly full of a vast silence. Then upon my ear came a sound of great loneliness infinitely remote, as though a great coacoopa sustained upon the air. I touched the child's forehead gently. "We are in something called a vibration," I said, "a kind of wagon with wheels running over the black bridge of nothingness. We fall."

"Thirty guineas," a cricket voice crept into my brain. I shut it out along with the gulls on a sea cliff in the English fog.

"Conceive it not bodily," the clear voice insisted like a bell, "for it is meant ghostly." Below a hand gave itself up trustingly to me.

"I saw Him. I did so," said the child.

"We will go and look all about," I said. "for that is good to do. But mostly we will look inside, for that is where we ache and where we laugh and where at last we die. I think it is there that He is very close."

We went out side by side a little shyly on the lawn and watched the stars. After a while, carefully, being small, we turned and looked at the first time at our two selves. Not in the mean, but ghostly. And being still the very chresmologue, I told him about a very old manuscript in which is dimly written: "thou wilt thou dost assemble me, and thou wilt thou dost assemble thyself."



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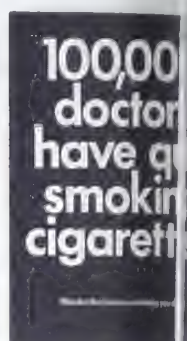
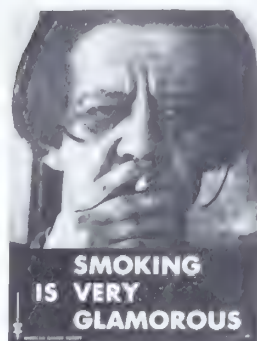


# THE POLITICS OF CANCER

Guerrilla action or massive assault—which strategy for the war against cancer?



Live a little



LAST MAY, DR. DONALD MORTON arrived at the UCLA Medical School to take up a position as professor of surgery and chief of the Division of Oncology (cancer). Unlike many research scientists, Dr. Morton did not bring a staff of secretaries, students, and technicians with him. What he did bring was money. Indeed, last year, when most scientific-research budgets were being cut back, Morton asked for, and got, a grant of \$1,200,000 to study the immunology of cancer.

Actually, cancer research has never suffered for lack of money. The U.S. has spent over two billion dollars on cancer studies in the past twenty years, though at least one prominent scientist believes that little would be lost if most of this work were burned. Nevertheless, a case is being made in Congress now to increase funding far above the current rate. A bill passed by the Senate last spring—and likely to win House and Presidential approval soon—would establish a new Conquest of Cancer Agency, directly under the President, and fund it with up to a billion dollars a year. Whether there are enough doctors and scientists in the country to do a billion dollars' worth of research is not clear.

What is clear, however, is that the so-called Conquest of Cancer Act is the product of a high-powered PR campaign and a rather deceptive one at that. Its proponents, who are mostly laymen, claim that breakthroughs in cancer are imminent, and that given enough money and the proper management techniques, man can conquer cancer just as he split the atom and landed on the moon. But scientists themselves dispute this assumption. They say that new bureaucratic arrangements will not shed any light on the difficult problems of cancer research, and that to suggest we are on the threshold of new breakthroughs is a cruel and dangerous deception.

No one has ever described the nature of cancer

more eloquently than distinguished pathologist from Rockefeller University named Peyton Rous. "Tumors," he once said, "destroy man in a unique and appalling way, as flesh of his flesh, which has somehow been rendered proliferative, rampant, predatory, and ungovernable." Rous struggled with this problem time and again, from the day in 1911 when he discovered a virus that caused cancer in chickens, until when he reluctantly abandoned research in 1928, months before his death. But cancer does not yield its secrets easily. In 1966, when Rous was awarded a Nobel Prize for the work he had done fifty-five years before, scientists still knew very little about how a cell becomes cancerous. "We have no inkling," Rous said in his Nobel acceptance speech, "of what happens when a cell becomes neoplastic [cancerous], how its power is passed on when it divides."

There are a number of puzzling aspects of cancer. How is it, for instance, that such agents as age, cigarette smoke, and viruses "cause" the same disease? And how is it that these agents somehow exert an influence long after they have disappeared? As Rous said, "Nothing is more frustrating to the inquirer than to watch a tiny nodule form on a rabbit's back, a spot from which the chemical agent inducing it has long since been gone." He also noted that cancer of the penis almost never occurs in a man who is circumcised at birth, but arises much more frequently if the operation is delayed until adolescence. Something, it seems, must act on epidermal cells prior to circumcision. Years later, results in the growth of a tumor. These phenomena seem to suggest that the result of a genetic change in a single cell is passed on each time the cell divides.

This, at least, is how biochemists describe the problem. A cancer cell, they say, is

ssly, that divides when and where it  
Even when cancer cells are cultured,  
pattern is different: instead of lying  
as normal cells do, the cancer cells  
each other in an ugly, ominous heap.  
n is, what has happened to a cancer  
no longer knows when to stop divid-  
change in the cell's genetic material,  
? No one knows. Indeed it is only  
rly 1950s that molecular biologists  
to answer questions about DNA and  
of cell division.

## Unwanted genes

RE A NUMBER OF WAYS to study can-  
scientists take cancer tissue from a  
animal (or human patient), grow it  
, and try to identify the chemical or  
changes that might account for its law-  
r. Another approach is to produce  
experimentally by using one of the so-  
viruses. Like all viruses, the tumor  
ist of a small packet of genetic mate-  
DNA or RNA—wrapped up in a thin  
ol. They cause tumors in experimental  
when introduced into a normal cell  
test tube, they “transform” it into  
virtually identical with a cell taken  
animal with cancer. By using tumor vi-  
duce cancer, scientists can actually  
cements that take place when a normal  
neoplastic.

re ist who has used this approach most  
ubs is an Italian doctor-turned-biologist,  
Dulbecco. In 1960 he began to study a  
called polyoma. His main interest  
atory mechanisms: what turns DNA  
ab turns it on; how does a cell know  
when not to divide? He used the poly-  
s to help answer these questions.

experiments are masterpieces: they  
ological, and clear. To appreciate  
ever, one must understand a mysteri-  
ous phenomenon called lysogeny, which was discov-  
ered in 1953 by André Lwoff at the Pasteur  
Institute in Paris. Lwoff was studying viruses  
called bacteriophages, which attack and infect bacteria.  
In fact, the phage infect a bacterium, mul-  
tiply, and then kill it. What Lwoff showed, how-  
ever, was that sometimes when a phage infects a  
bacterium, it disappears without a trace. The  
bacterium goes on growing happily, totally un-  
aware of the virus hidden within it. Then sud-  
denly, without warning, the virus reappears  
inside the bacterium, reproduces hundreds of  
copies of itself, and ultimately destroys its host.  
This apparently unrelated phenomenon was to  
have far-reaching implications for cancer. Dul-  
becco discovered that when a polyoma virus in-  
fects a cell, it acts just like a

lysogenic phage and seemingly disappears. Using  
the lysogeny phenomenon as a model, Dulbecco  
went on to show in detailed molecular terms ex-  
actly what happens inside the infected cell when  
it is transformed by a polyoma virus. He showed  
that the polyoma DNA attaches itself to the DNA  
of the host cell; that every time the host cell di-  
vides, it copies its own DNA plus the polyoma  
DNA; and that every cell that carries the poly-  
oma DNA is a cancer cell. This process is called  
“integration,” and it suggests that in some cases  
cancer is caused by the addition of extra genes.

It is hard to extrapolate from Dulbecco's  
test-tube experiments to human beings. In fact,  
despite years of determined effort, scientists have  
yet to isolate a cancer virus from a human pa-  
tient.\* Nevertheless, there is mounting evidence  
that viruses may be involved in some kinds of  
human cancer. And one very voluble and very  
visible scientist named Robert Heubner believes  
that all human cancer is caused by virus.

Robert Heubner is a controversial man in the  
world of cancer research. He is controversial be-  
cause he has advanced a controversial theory. He  
is controversial because as “branch chief” at the  
National Cancer Institute he personally dispenses  
almost ten million dollars a year in research con-  
tracts, and wields power on a scale that some  
colleagues find disturbing. Controversy comes  
naturally to him. He has the PR instinct of a poli-  
tician, the fervor of a Billy Graham, and he  
travels constantly, publicizing his ideas. Indeed,  
wittingly or not Heubner is one of those most re-  
sponsible for the fact that Congress is about to  
undertake a crash program in cancer research.  
His theory on the origin of human cancer has lent  
credence to the idea that cancer can be con-  
quered by a massive infusion of funds.

The theory itself states that human cancer is  
viral in origin and is caused by a more or less  
hypothetical entity called the oncogene. This,  
according to Heubner, is an extra piece of genetic  
material (presumably DNA) passed on from  
generation to generation. Originally the onco-  
gene was part of an RNA virus but at some un-  
specified time it incorporated itself into some-  
one's DNA and has been passed on ever since: a  
tiny time bomb implanted in the nucleus of each  
cell. Heubner argues that the oncogene is nor-  
mally “switched off”; when it is switched on, it  
makes the cell malignant and starts the deadly  
process we call cancer. The beauty of Heubner's  
theory, of course, is that it ties together all the  
confusing facts about cancer causation: the cases  
where cancer seems to be caused by a hormone  
imbalance, or by a chemical agent like cigarette  
tar or asbestos, or just by aging. In Heubner's  
theory none of these various agents “cause”

\*Last July, scientists in Houston reported that they  
had isolated a virus from a human cancer patient, but  
it is not yet known whether this virus in fact “caused”  
the patient's cancer.

“While there is  
circumstantial  
evidence linking  
viruses with  
some types of  
human cancer,  
the thesis that  
all cancer is  
viral in origin is  
unproved.”



Lucy Eisenberg  
THE POLITICS  
OF CANCER

cancer; what they do is switch on the oncogene.

It is a very neat theory—pleasing in its simplicity—and not very improbable either. After all, what Heubner has done is to postulate that RNA viruses behave in the same way that Dulbecco showed that DNA viruses do—that the genetic material from these viruses becomes attached to the genes of a host cell. Moreover, the theory got a big boost last year when a scientist named Howard Temin discovered that RNA viruses can translate their RNA into DNA. (Before Temin's discovery, no one quite understood how the genetic material of an RNA virus could be integrated with that of the host cell.) But most scientists remain skeptical. There is still no concrete proof for the oncogene theory. The RNA viruses are only just beginning to be studied biochemically, and much remains to be learned. Moreover, while there is circumstantial evidence linking viruses with some types of human cancer, the thesis that all cancer is viral in origin is unproved.

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### Are cancer cells foreign?

**I**F AND WHEN A VIRUS IS ISOLATED from a human patient and shown to have produced that patient's cancer, it may be possible to prepare an anti-cancer vaccine. If so, the work that Dulbecco and Heubner are doing will pay off in a program for preventing cancer. But research on cancer viruses offers little hope to the cancer patient of today. More promising, say many scientists, is work now being done in cancer immunology.

The field itself is new. According to UCLA's Dr. Morton, there were no more than ten people in the country working in cancer immunology a decade ago. This is because, until recently, no one thought the body could recognize tumors as "foreign" and make antibodies against them. (An antibody is a molecule in the blood which attacks "foreign" bodies like bacteria or viruses.)

Tumors, after all, grow out of one's own body tissues, and the very logic of immunology demands that the body *not* make antibodies against itself. Still, in 1960, after ten years of concentrated work, a Swedish scientist named George Klein finally demonstrated to everyone's satisfaction that a tumor cell growing inside a rat somehow acquires a foreign molecule, or "antigen," which the body makes antibodies against.

Dr. Morton is one of a number of young scientists who undertook to explore the new findings of immunology and try to apply them to the treatment of human cancer. In 1960, while he served the Public Health Service as a surgeon at the National Cancer Institute (NCI) in Bethesda, he worked on tumor immunology at night. "My wife would wheel the baby in," he says, "and we would spend hours injecting tumors into mice." Later, as a surgeon in San Francisco, he con-

tinued to work with rats and mice and also human patients. What he and others found that humans do make antibodies against own cancer, and that those patients with strongest immunity system have the best chance of surviving surgery. He also made the surprising and rather frightening discovery that relatives and often the close friends of a cancer patient also have antibodies in their blood against the patient's cancer. Does this mean cancer is somehow catching? Could it be that the patient's cancer was caused by, or at least associated with, a virus; that this virus spread to relatives and friends; and that they then made antibodies against it? No one really knows. None of the evidence seems to suggest that cancer *can* spread from person to person. Yet every year NCI receives reports of strange "cluster" cancers, reports like the recent one from a town in upstate New York where it was discovered that four close high school friends (and seven of their acquaintances) all died of the same rare kind of cancer over a period of three years. It is hard to dismiss such a case as coincidental.

Immunologists like Morton are concerned so much with how cancer spreads but with how cancer antibodies can somehow be used to diagnose and treat cancer. Philip Gold, a California doctor, has already developed a blood test by spotting anti-cancer antibodies in the blood can identify patients with cancer of the lungs long before symptoms appear. Other scientists are hoping to make use of the fact that the antibodies in the blood eventually attach themselves specifically to cancer cells; it may be feasible, they think, to attach some sort of cell poison to the antibodies, or perhaps a radioactive substance that could lead a surgeon to the precise location of a small mass of neoplastic cells. In fact, if it does turn out that there is a specific antibody for each type of human cancer, the therapeutic possibilities are endless. So it is hardly surprising that immunology is growing and that there is a tremendous push under way to isolate, purify, and analyze antigen and antibody molecules. These molecules are the first indication scientists have that there is actually something different about cancer cells—something that can be analyzed chemically, a molecule that can be

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### Fighting the Battle of

**F**OR THE PAST TWO YEARS NOW, cancer research has been growing at a phenomenal rate. Biochemists, molecular biologists, immunologists, and chemists, scientists far from the doctor's office or the pathologist's laboratory are suddenly becoming interested in cancer. They are coming into the field because experiments are waiting to be done and



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And Kit Carson Electric Cooperative—pledged to serve all within its area—is proud to help make it happen.

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# AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

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Lucy Eisenberg  
THE POLITICS  
OF CANCER

cancer research is finally at a point where scientific questions can be asked about the behavior of neoplastic cells.

The pace of cancer research is not, however, determined purely by scientific considerations. Cancer has political implications as well, not only because Congressmen, like the rest of us, have a special dread of cancer, but because Congress must allocate the money that supports most cancer research, a rather difficult and controversial task. After two decades and two billion dollars of research money, the five-year survival rate of cancer patients has increased from one out of five (in the late 1930s) to almost two out of five. Still, there are many people who feel that the federal funds have not always been wisely spent.

The responsibility for administering this money has always belonged to the National Cancer Institute, which is one of the ten institutes that make up the National Institutes of Health (NIH). NCI does two things with its money: it runs hospitals and laboratories on the NIH "campus" in Bethesda and it supports the work of scientists and doctors around the country through the distribution of research grants. Unfortunately, however, NCI does not have a very good reputation. "It's no secret," says a brilliant young scientist just back from two years at NCI. "Anyone will tell you that Heart and Arthritis are the best and NCI is the worst." What he means by this is that over the years the Heart and Arthritis Institutes have consistently supported very good and very "basic" scientific research, while NCI has funded projects that are more "applied" and often less scientifically sound. A much quoted example of this is the controversial chemotherapy program. Since 1956, when this program started, thousands and thousands of chemical compounds have been screened, totally at random, to see if they have anti-cancer activity. Such an approach is hardly scientific. On the other hand, about twenty to thirty more or less successful anti-cancer drugs have been found; and when lives are concerned, it is hard to judge whether the \$500 million spent on this program was wasted.

The real reason, I think, for the fact that many scientists seem to view NCI with suspicion is that somehow or other NCI seems to have embraced a General Motors approach to science. It is run much more like a business than any of the other institutes. Huge amounts of money go out in contracts not only to universities but also to drug companies, think tanks, and to companies with names like Life Sciences Inc., and Flow Labs. Most important, the director of NCI, Carl Baker, a doctor with an M.A. in chemistry, really does seem to think more like a businessman or a general than a scientist.

"It's just like the Battle of Britain," Baker says, leaning back in his gold-carpeted office and discoursing on the history of radar. "Now that

was the best run technical program you've seen. The war was really won in '36," he continues. "The radar nets were finished just in time." Baker clearly relishes the drama of a wartime scientific project. "There's no fun around with committees in wartime," he says. "There isn't time. And it's immoral to fill around now." Baker is clearly baffled by the fact that few scientists and doctors share his view.

## The conquest of cancer

THERE IS A LONG-STANDING CONFLICT between those, like Baker, who favor a crash program in cancer, and the majority of research scientists who think that NCI should make haste or slowly and pay more attention to basic research. This conflict came to a head last year when the Conquest of Cancer Act was introduced in Congress. This bill is an endorsement of the crash program approach and it is opposed by virtually every group of research scientists in the country.

The prime mover behind the Conquest of Cancer Act is Mrs. Mary Lasker, a woman of wit, charm, and social position who has extensive contacts in the scientific world. Since 1945 Mrs. Lasker has devoted herself to the cause of biomedical research: she has lobbied unceasingly on behalf of NIH and is widely regarded as the single most influential person in the country. As health and health planning are concerned, Mrs. Lasker's opinions on research policy almost always coincide with those of many research scientists or even top NIH officials, but when they don't, it is often Mrs. Lasker's that prevail.

The Conquest of Cancer Act is a good deal of a point. As honorary chairman of the American Cancer Society, Mrs. Lasker has a special interest in cancer research. She has a number of close friends and colleagues in the cancer world, including Dr. Sidney Farber, a pioneer in chemotherapy; and she also keeps in close contact with Col. Luke E. Quinn, who is the American Cancer Society's paid lobbyist in Washington. For Mrs. Lasker and Quinn have lobbied to increase NCI's budget. (In 1969, for example, they wrung an extra \$24 million out of Congress specifically for virus research.) But sometime in 1968 or 1969, Mrs. Lasker seems to have decided that the time had come to embark on a "crusade."

When Mrs. Lasker wants to push a proposal through Capitol Hill she generally arranges to have a special commission appointed and to have herself testify before the commission who represent the public point of view. This was the tack she took in advancing the cancer crusade. Through Quinn she arranged to have a Senate panel appointed to study cancer, and the panel's members were chosen by Senator Ralph Yarborough in consultation with Quinn. Most of the panel

ned out, were past or present members of the American Cancer Society board. In November, after four months of deliberation, the panel presented its report to the Senate. To everyone's surprise, it announced that the time had come for a cancer crusade and that spending for cancer research should be increased from the then current level of \$234 million in 1972, and rise by increments to a total of one billion dollars. The panel also recommended that in view of the urgency of curing cancer, NCI be placed by a new superagency independent of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, with a director who would report directly to the President. It proposed the establishment of twenty new cancer centers scattered throughout the country. And finally it laid great emphasis on the importance of a "comprehensive plan" for curing cancer, with repeated reference to the need for "administrative coordination, optimum communication," and "centrality of information." The report was signed by a management consultant who had indeed been the panel's staff director. Robert A. Baker was a planner in the nuclear submarine

Conquest of Cancer Act was introduced in the House one week after the panel submitted its report. It embodied all the panel's recommendations. The bill passed through the Senate with a lone vote of opposition from Senator Charles McNichols. All indications are that it will be signed into law with ease.

## July Fourth, 1976

(AND IF) the Conquest of Cancer Act becomes law, it will do so over the opposition of virtually the entire scientific community. President Nixon's science advisers opposed the bill originally; so did the Association of American Medical Colleges, the AMA, and the FASEB (Federated American Societies of Experimental Biology), which represents all the research biologists in the country. The only large group, besides the American Cancer Society, that supports the Conquest of Cancer Act is the American Heart Association. Its director, Dr. Campbell Moses, made quite clear his reason for his support: Congress, he urged, to consider a similar agency to study cancer. Moses's statement illustrates one reason why scientists oppose the Conquest of Cancer Act. They are extremely worried about the fate of NCI. They are convinced that taking NCI out of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare will not only result in less funding for what has been a tremendously successful organization, but may even result in the dismantling of the organization. If this happens, it will be a disaster. NIH has nurtured the development of cancer research here and abroad; it has been a

tremendously successful organization. If NIH dies because of Mary Lasker's compulsion to do something special about cancer, both science and medicine may suffer.

Most scientists also dislike the idea of a crash program on as large a scale as that which the panel recommends. They think that not only will money be wasted, but that a sudden glut of funds in the cancer field will attract second-rate men. Scientists say this has already happened in the field of nucleic acid enzymology (which is closely associated with Heubner's work). After Temin's discoveries last year, the field suddenly exploded and too much work of a second-rate nature was done by people not well enough versed in virus lore.

At the heart of the matter, I think, there is a real difference in scientific opinion. The panel seemed to take its views from people like Heubner and Baker, people who think that cancer is ready for a real research-and-development kind of program, that the basic knowledge is available and what is really needed now is management, planning, and administrative expertise. But many scientists dispute this. They think that too little is yet known about cancer to justify a huge spending program. They think that what holds up research isn't management but ideas, and they distrust the belief that what cancer really needs is a superadministrator with the medical acumen of a Hippocrates and the political prowess of a Robert Moses, Jim Webb, or Madame Nhu. Science can't be planned, they say: what we now know about cancer viruses came from the apparently unrelated work on lysogenic phage. The best way to conquer cancer, they say, is to continue a strong program in basic research and to keep cancer inside NIH.

Why, then, is the Conquest of Cancer Act so close to becoming law? Why has Congress decided on a major crash program and risked the great potential harm of destroying NIH against the relatively illusory benefit to cancer of a new building and a new cancer czar? In the final analysis, I think, Congress was bewitched by words. Whipped into a rhetorical frenzy with talk of "universal anguish and suffering" and of "overcoming an implacable foe," it overlooked the great areas of ignorance about cancer that still remain. At one point in the cancer-crusade campaign, Congressman John Rooney declared that cancer should be cured by 1976 as "an appropriate commemoration of the 200th anniversary of the independence of our country." It is a pretty thought: announcing a cure for cancer on July 4, 1976. But wishful thinking won't make it happen and neither will Congressional resolutions. There is a certain point beyond which knowledge can't be pushed, and it is unlikely that a new cancer agency with unlimited funds will cure cancer any faster than could the old NCI. □

"After two decades and two billion dollars of research money, the five-year survival rate of cancer patients has increased from one out of five to almost two out of five."



## WHAT MOVIES TRY TO SELL US

With cardboard emotions, Hollywood builds a flimflam vision of the world

ORDINARILY I GO TO MOVIES at random intervals and without critical intentions. Even when confronted with foolish dialogue and absurd plots, I am willing to make the required suspensions of disbelief. I never question the arrival of the beast from ten thousand fathoms or the loss of the stone sacred to the pygmies of Zulut.

But during the last weeks of the summer I had occasion to see an unusual number of movies in a brief period of time.\* The people associated with their production are among those presently accepted as "important," in terms of both critical esteem and receipts at the box office.\*\* In one way or another their collective work presumes to describe the life and times of contemporary American society. Their description depressed me to such an extent that after several days I found myself going to the movies with the same wariness I bring to political conventions. Everybody seemed to be making announcements, and the announcements always followed the same text: that man is a weak and pitiable creature, that he stands no chance against "the system" (never defined but always malevolent), and that his pathetic dreams of love or bank robbery must end in failure and death.

Which is the same nonsense that my own generation once mistook for revealed truth. I can remember when I used to believe it. I remember long nights of passionate denunciations in the Greenwich Village of the middle 1950s, when, as every young man knew, only the artist was free, and the rest of the world was mad.

Perhaps that is why the present movies depress me so much. They show me an image of the world that I know to be constructed of papier-

mâché, and yet, still being attracted by the rational simplicities, I am reminded of my worst stupidities and pretensions. The slogans were so easy to believe, not only because they answered all the questions but also because they seemed to excuse us from the necessary moral choice. If life was a cruel joke, then the difference did any of it make?

That is an argument, I suppose, that always appeal to an adolescent mind. Perhaps the movies must always make the intellectual announcements of twenty years ago, forever generation behind because the people who make them cannot afford to abandon the show ideology of their youth. Certainly it explains the economics of the business. Citizens under the age of thirty account for the bulk of the Hollywood audience, and if the customers want romantic fantasy, no matter how distorted and corrosive, then that is what you sell them. The most successful movies of the past summer at the box office and with the New York Times have to do with rats, lust, greed, and incest. In each instance the evil in question triumphs over the rickety moral defenses of the few characters who even bother to raise tentative questions of conscience. A cockroach can be a hero and a woman is nearly always a whore.

If the collective vision of despair seems to prevail with the collective success of the despair, the bleak view of the sea at Malibu on a Saturday (\$400,000 per annum), that should trouble moralists and quibblers. Intellectual fastidiousness has nothing to do with experience. The image must conform to the abstraction, and only confuse people if you suggest that the speeches contradict their actions. The doctrines must be formulated and codified in a period of time, reaffirmed by a great many people saying the same things over and over until the clichés congeal into a received set of ideas. These then form a kind of plastic substance out of which people can make movies. They begin with an ideological premise rather than an idea for a story, and so the movie unfolds all the dramatic force of a sociology lesson fashionable at the moment depicting several dismal precepts that must be accepted at least in part, if any of the rhetoric is to

\**Carnal Knowledge, Shaft, Doc, Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?, Klute, The Panic in Needle Park, The Last Picture Show, The Hire Hand, McCabe and Mrs. Miller, Marriage of a Young Stockbroker, The Love Machine, and The Anderson Tapes.*

\*\*To give but a partial list: Mike Nichols, Dustin Hoffman, Jack Nicholson, Jane Fonda, Peter Bogdanovich, Donald Sutherland, Peter Fonda, Herb Gardner, Joan Didion, Stacy Keach, Robert Altman, Warren Beatty, Faye Dunaway, Richard Benjamin, Julie Christie, Candice Bergen, Gordon Parks, Jules Feiffer, Frank Perry, and Sidney Lumet. In brief, the most fashionable of the Americans around.

## Valleys of the moon

DOMINANT IMAGE OF THE WORLD is an implacable wilderness. The movies insist on this condition. Men on horseback travel many days across deserts and past dead, frozen rivers and into swamps and ghost towns. They obey the laws of nature and the indifference of the animals.

In the movies, the camera often lingers sensually on faces of things (water in a pond, the reflection of a woman's face), these are understood as treacherous illusions. The movies of beauty or civilization merely disfigure the inherent reality, which is brutal and indifferent. A man might be seen walking with a child in delicate sunlight, but meta-physically he remains unutterably alone in a landscape as ugly and desolate as the valleys of the moon. Wilderness appears in two principal variants: contemporary American city, usually New York, and the American frontier of the late 19th century.

The first variant provides the setting for *Shaft*, *The Anderson Tapes*, *The Love Train*, *Who Is Harry Kellerman?*, and *The Long Goodbye*.

The credits slide across the opening sequence of *Shaft*, we see the hero warily picking his way through the crowds in Times Square. The credits watch him from doorways, and the hero knows that we are in a wilderness. We know this because we have seen other movies, we recognize Times Square as the natural habitat of junkies, whores, degenerate killers, corrupt cops, and corrupt police sergeants. This supposition is confirmed by the first lines of the movie. The credits end as Shaft (a black detective) reaches the relative safety of his apartment building, there to be informed, by a shoeshine boy, that two men have been around him. The shoeshine boy never saw Shaft and neither did they speak to him, but Shaft knows them by their dress: sharp cut suits, alligator shoes. His perception of them is that of an animal.

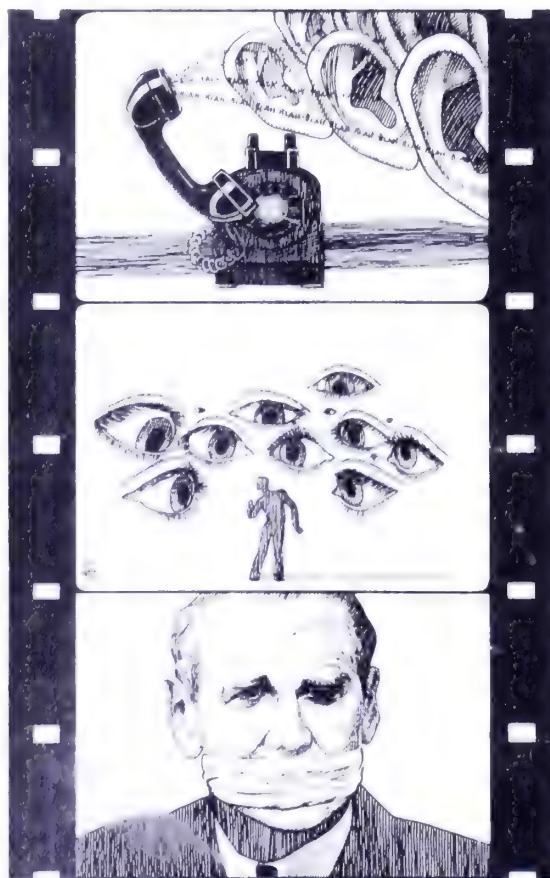
In the metaphysical context of the film, the city is presented as a complex, a maze. No reason is given or expected. Things happen seems no more unusual than in a Disney nature film, the narrative is that hawks feed on rabbits. The premise in the wilderness is that of survival: predatory animals haven't the language for mercy, religion, or philosophical speculation. In both *Klute* and *The Panic in the Palace* depends on the same premise. The hero fears the city as a place of terror

and loneliness; throughout the movie an unknown man seeks to kill her. Needle Park, a small square on the West Side of Manhattan, resembles Times Square. It is a gathering place for junkies who, when not strung out on dope, commit grand and petty larcenies to support their habit. They steal from people with the disinterest of a herd of antelope browsing in fresh grass.

The mythological West, redefined in movies of different generations, obviously affords the easiest chance for a visual image of the wilderness. Despite the softness of the photography in *Doc*, *The Hired Hand*, and *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, each movie makes a point of describing a godforsaken waste. The opening sequences of *Doc* and *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* are almost identical: McCabe (a small-time gambler and confidence man) riding through a rainstorm in the Pacific Northwest; Doc (a professional gambler and killer) riding through a sandstorm in the Arizona Territory. They each travel in darkness and wind, and at the end of their journeys they find themselves in habitations as mindless as the primordial night.

McCabe arrives in a ramshackle mining camp; the proprietor of the only hotel, a shambles of rotting wood, shows him a greasy room that presumably smells of sweat and rancid meat. McCabe says, "You got any Chinks around here?"—to which the proprietor, with sullen

"The law that prevails in the wilderness is that of survival, and predatory animals haven't the language for mercy, religion, or philosophical speculation."



The movies in question convey a particular indistinct blur: the hero moves through a somnolent, paranoid haze.



Lewis Lapham  
WHAT MOVIES  
TRY TO  
SELL US

humor, says, "I just turn over a rock." The scene and that brief colloquy establish both the physical and metaphysical landscape of the movie.

*Doc* assumes a similar landscape, but with an even more deliberate analogy to a wilderness. Doc arrives at a solitary Mexican trading post in the midst of a desert. He enters to discover, seated at a broken table in postures of boredom and suspicion, an unknown man, a boy, and a whore named Katie Elder. Everything in the place is filthy, the people dressed in ragged clothes; their expressions, like the furniture, suggesting savagery, despair, and collapse. Doc and the unknown man watch each other with the wariness of animals unexpectedly crossing an alien scent. The first dramatic action of the movie shows them playing poker for the whore. At the end of the game they pull guns on each other; Doc forces his opponent into the sandstorm and so claims Miss Elder. We could as well be watching the mating of water buffalo.

### The absent society

IF ALL THE WORLD IS A WILDERNESS, then it follows that civilization, even in its most rudimentary forms, cannot exist. The ideas of community, of a common purpose or ideal, cannot occur to anybody. The outward forms of society,

whether institutions or conventions of man become a mockery and a series of elaborate confidence games. Like the appearance of them must be understood as illusions and risies that conceal man's primitive instin

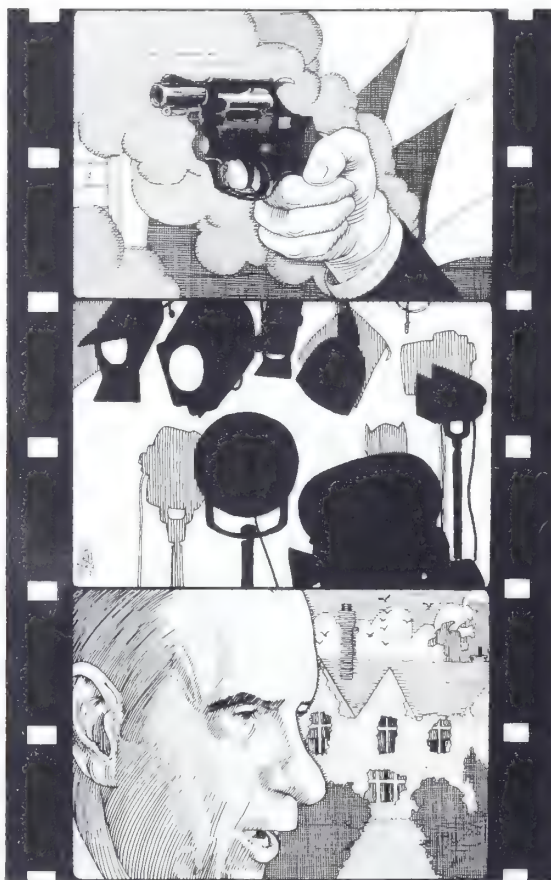
The Westerns offer the clearest demonstrations. In both *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* and the drama takes place in a dusty, wooded But neither the town nor the townspeople achieve even the suggestion of reality. The pal characters dominate the action; they ever they choose to do without reference social convention or structure. Other people around in the distance, occasionally coming together as witnesses to the formal exchange of gunfire in a saloon, but their existence for nothing. A killing might be a matter of interest, possibly of anxious concern, but becomes a reason for even mild protest.

As if to reinforce this commentary, *Doc* introduces the ludicrous figure of a newspaper reporter (for the *Tombstone Epitaph*), who presumably represents either the last remnant of the dim evolutionary beginning, of a social science. He knows that Wyatt Earp is corrupt and corrupt, that he murders the Clanton brothers for political reasons, and that he is once elected sheriff, to plunder the wealth of the town. But the reporter remains helpless to do anything about it, and so he can only assume an expression of polite skepticism. The same dismissal of society appears during a speech in which Earp gives a political speech to an obedient crowd of townspeople. The speech is absurd, but the crowd listens to it without comment. Like the leaves in the forest, the townspeople concern themselves with the passage of time.

But it is in *The Hired Hand* that the extent of the absent society attains its most specific expression. The hero is shot to death in a way that is nothing more than an abstraction of violence. The place doesn't even possess a name. There is a dusty road, a few buildings and stray animals, and a total population of six (three Indian men, a Mexican whore, a sadistic stockman, and a Mexican boy who never speaks).


The movies with an urban setting, capitalizing on the inconvenient backgrounds of office buildings, docks, theaters, traffic, and all the other visible signs of man's works, also assume an absence of society. The characters seem to wander through the city without connections to family, friends, or neighborhood, political organization, or any kind of government. They know only each other (Hardly anybody in the movies ever speaks with, somebody from a different social class. Cowboys know only the boys and Mexicans; cops know criminals and other cops.)

Variouly portrayed as corrupt, brutal, and cruel, the police as exemplars of the state



The Anderson Tapes suggests that successful thieves, like bankers or corporation presidents, remain at a safe distance from the necessary killing.





er ntes, Rudy, b. Escondido,  
ep mber 30, 1930, founder  
and resident Cervantes  
near Inc., 1962- ; director,  
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# Until They Found the Shelter, Their Home Was Danang's Streets

By GLORIA EMERSON

DANANG, South Vietnam—He is a very different boy, even in this country where not many children lead safe, childlike lives. Vo Van Be is too small, too solemn, too silent for a boy of 11—although he does not really know if that is his exact age.

One of 24 youngsters who live in a bare, decaying, dirty house in this city, Vo Van Be very much likes his new home. He shines shoes, as do the other boys, to earn money. They all have tiny wooden boxes that hold bits of polish, part of a rag and a brush.

"He has a lot on his mind; most of the other kids have only themselves to worry about, but he has two sisters to support," Richard Hughes, a 27-year-old American, said of Vo Van Be. Mr. Hughes, whose home is in Pittsburgh, was an actor in the Boston Theater Company. He came to Vietnam as a journalist in 1968; two weeks later he was deeply involved in running a home in Saigon for "wandering children"—as the Vietnamese call these homeless youngsters.

If Vo Van Be seems to be a child listening always to voices no one else hears, the two small sisters seem even more removed.

## A Child Beyond Surprise

The youngest, whose name is Bong, is 5, perhaps 6. She does not cry or often break her silence. Nothing seems to surprise her now; she only stares ahead.

Her older sister, Bi, has a swollen face and watery eyes that seem to hurt her in the sun.

They are by themselves during the day when their brother and the other boys go out to look for customers. Sometimes Bong plays a little with the big blue comb that all the boys seem to use. There is nothing else for shoeshine boys. The little girls should not be in the house that is at the end of an alley on a well-to-do middle-class street, but Vo Van Be has nowhere else to take them.

He cannot read or write. The young Vietnamese student, Vo Cong Tai, who lives with the children, tries to reach the illiterate. But there are not enough pencils, and nothing at all to write on.

Vo Van Be cannot answer questions about his past. The words do not come. Three years ago, his village in Quang Tin Province was bombed by American planes.

"Most died," Vo Van Be says. His parents did, but he does not mention this. He and his sisters took a bus to Danang where, for three years, they lived in the outdoor market, sleeping on the streets. Other shoeshine boys told him about the house and led the trio to it.

It is hard to understand why Bong does not have a clean shirt and why Bi cannot have the rash on her body treated. The answer: no money.

Dick Hughes, who is responsible for raising the \$2,500 a month for the four homes he runs, speaks quietly of his daily, monthly, yearly chase for funds.

"In the United States, people don't care anymore. They want to forget about Vietnam and kids like these," he said. "If you ask them for help, so many people say, 'We're spending our money for things at home.'"

## Busy With His Projects

An American philanthropist said, sorry, he could not help the shoeshine boys because his projects were arms

control and birth control. A Congressman, touring Vietnam, promised to help, but nothing has happened.

Three American women, whose husbands are the highest-ranking members of the United States Mission here, dropped in at the boys' hostel at 195 Pham Ngu Lao in Saigon, and made the appropriate comments about Mr. Hughes's splendid work. But the ladies said they were busy themselves helping Vietnamese refugees from Cambodia and did not commit themselves.

"They did send us a television set—maybe the last thing in the world we need," Mr. Hughes said, with a grin.

A general has chipped in \$50, but the huge American community has mostly remained aloof. Mr. Hughes does not like to hold out his hand to them, either.

The financial situation in the last two and a half years has usually been desperate. Mr. Hughes needs each month about \$2,500 to run the Danang hostel and the three in Saigon, where a total of about 130 youngsters live. On one occasion, the actor even cashed in his return ticket to the United States to meet bills.

There are more than 44 voluntary agencies in Vietnam.

"They don't even begin to dent the problem in this country," Mr. Hughes said. "The voluntary agencies are tied down by regulations and restrictions. They don't want to go out on a limb, so they only support a successful project. They write letters to me like, 'Send us a letter from your president or board of directors.' That's a joke."

The Saigon companies of Esso and Shell—two of the world's leading oil companies—have contributed about \$100 each. The most generous and spontaneous help has come from the Foremost Dairies of Vietnam, whose manager is Stanley Pantell.

"In Saigon he had the electricity re-done, the toilets fixed for us. Twice he's given us grants and even money out of his own pocket when I was really up against it," Mr. Hughes said.

A few American friends, some of them with voluntary agencies, have helped him face the crushing problems of giving youngsters a feeling of being wanted, of not needing to steal. In Danang, there is 25-year-old James Trullinger of Syosset, N. Y., who is the American deputy adviser to the Mayor of Danang, and largely concerned with social welfare.

The boys, who are from age 6 to 18, must only follow one strict rule in the hostel here: no smoking. Many of them, sometimes at age 9 and 10, like to light up a cigarette to show that they are tough and worldly. Few demands are made on the boys. Mr. Hughes does not want them to feel they are being "rehabilitated."

There are squads for doing the simplest chores: cleaning the latrine, sweeping the floors, washing the dishes, but any Vietnamese housewife would groan at the results.

The boys here own so little that it hardly matters. The one piece of furniture where they can put things consists of two relics from the scrapyard. The other piece of furniture is a long table where they eat, with two benches

thing—the basic premise must learn to care about the American said.

the hardest of all things to m. Some of the shoeshine



Vo Van Be and his two sisters, about 11, have supported fathers, Vo Van Bong, left, and Vo Van Bi, who are now in the home run by American, Richard Hughes. Their parents were killed three years ago. They now live in home run by American, Richard Hughes.

boys in Danang and Saigon have been pimps and pickpockets. They have been in jail as vagrants, and they are often persecuted by the police.

"One of the boys, Nguyen Loi, was stopped twice during the last two weeks by policemen here who wanted money," Mr. Trullinger said. "A policeman said to Nguyen Loi, 'Hey, stop right here. Give me 50 piasters so I can go to the movies.'"

But Nguyen Loi refused to come across, Mr. Trullinger said, and the boy was taken to the police station.

"His hands were held behind his back, and he was hit in the mouth with a gun," said Mr. Trullinger, who complained to the Mayor. It is not certain what the Mayor can do.

Some of the children have been hurt by the war beyond repair. Such as little Vo Van Be and his two sisters, or 17-year-old Nguyen Van Tri, who lost his right leg and half of his left leg when a Viet Cong mine exploded.

Some children ran away from brutal parents and refuse to go back to them.

There are others who have forgotten who they are, what they suffered: A tiny boy with a wide grin and long spindly legs has been christened Moritz by a Vietnamese housemaster for he does not know what his real name is. He is a Montagnard from the central highlands of Vietnam. No one else in the hostel here can find out anything more.

Phuon Van Nhan, 8 is a tormented child whose parents both had seizures of insanity. He ran away. When he talks, he cannot stop rubbing the table with one hand. Sometimes he weeps and cries out at night.

There are older boys who are heroin and morphine addicts; boys with polio who can crawl, but not walk, bright boys and slow ones; boys who have been professional thieves; boys who fight with knives, and boys who will, as Mr. Hughes puts it, never become "Horatio Algiers." Mr. Hughes does not lecture or preach. He shares what they have, and he is always there.

"Once a boy trusts you, all else will follow: school, discipline, work, dignity,

and the difficult search back to themselves, as to how they can cope for what they have lost and how one can possibly even be happy."

## Luxury Is Not Necessary

He does not think it would be for the boys if they suddenly found themselves in luxurious surroundings.

"If the boys stick with it, love, when there are few other conveniences and facilities—money, the project is sound," he said. "Then the trust will last longer, better, more affluent times."

The problems never stop. Their illnesses that must be treated, the leavable red tape before a letter is passed and can be sent to school to learn a trade; the struggle with the lords who want to raise red tape and effort to give the youngsters a feeling of "family."

"After all, no matter how good our hostels are, they will always be the second best thing," Mr. Hughes said. "Our sort of 'family' will hit us until some order is restored, until boys can return to homes at all shattered and at odds."

For two years, Richard Hughes faced the crises almost alone. He kept when to interfere between the boys who have butcher knives, to let a fistfight go on, to let a boy caress a head and take him to a very dirty small boy tell him what pined that day.

Seven months ago, he had a could pull out and let the children take over, but it has not yet taken over. He does not really let leave now. Years from now he still will not have stopped wondering how they are.

It has been worth it for him, and them. Once writing home to his parents about the boys who have been on as waifs, criminals and lost wrote:

"I care very deeply for them of them. They are gallant and I cannot fathom what a love had gone before I could

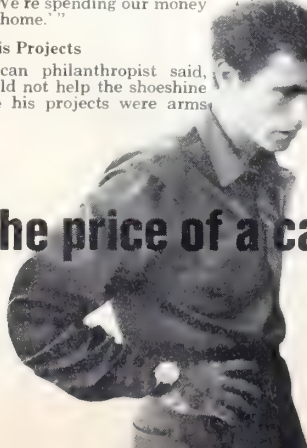
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# For the price of a carton of cigarettes, become a humanitarian. Help Dick Hughes.

The New York Times piece above

how Dick Hughes has given his life to the street children of Saigon. Many have already helped Dick Hughes. But much more is needed.

If you can spare the price of a carton of cigarettes, send it to Dick Hughes, JUSPAO Mailroom/Saigon, APO San Francisco, California 96243. If you'd like more information call us at 212-685-





entirely arbitrary justice. Their decisions are landslides and other natural catastrophes that appear to be entirely a matter of accident. They define the boundaries of their local precinct, and the characters know almost nothing of the world. *Police in Needle Park* makes an obvious point of this; junkies on the West Side searching for a fix with the single-minded attention of the rest of the world, even those aspects of life that are directly nearby (Grand Central Station, Times Square, and, newspapers, Central Park, etc.), are seen as an indistinct blur dimly perceived through a somnolent haze. Which, in a movie about drug addicts, is logical enough. But the basic condition pertains to the other question. In *The Anderson Tapes* the characters emerge from prison to find himself in a world that seems incomprehensible to him. He feels threatened by television cameras in stores and apartment buildings, by electronic listening devices in secret rooms, and by other unknown forces that are apparently operated by unknown men whom he cannot see and whose purposes he cannot begin to understand.

Take George Soloway, the paranoid hero of *Harry Kellerman*? A successful comic-book writer, Soloway feels so intimidated by the world that he spends most of the movie in an expensive penthouse on what purports to be the roof of the GM building. He has his fear to a psychiatrist, but the psychiatrist answers in code, and Soloway cannot understand his messages. In movies that actually attempt to portray the structure of society (*Carnal Knowledge*, *Marriage of a Young Stockbroker*, *The Love Machine*) manage to convey only the vague impression of an immense prison. None of the characters knows much about the place. They are told that it is as bad as marriage, and they are trying to get the hell out. But who knows why, or what it means, nobody knows. They all resolve into fantasy (*Marriage of a Young Stockbroker*) end with the characters achieving their escape; those that pretend to understand (*Carnal Knowledge*) conclude with a life of suffering and a withering of the spirit.

The apparatus of society always appears as an apparatus of destruction, as if the movies possess an ideal derived from a careless reading of the noble savage's defense of the noble savage. No one quite says this in so many words, but I think no other conclusion. The long and the short of it, the wistful staring off into the distance, the horsemen passing by on their galloping—*all of it would seem to suggest a longing for a state of grace in a world that is never and always and without interference by Mummy or Daddy or the cops, a guy who, like, you know, do his own thing. In a wilderness men simply give way to their basic drives (hunger, lust, greed), and the dom-*

inant means of gratifying those appetites must be violent. To think anything else is to be naïve; the movies that show such simpletons also show them getting killed for their foolish idealism. Characters who remain at a discreet distance from the dramatic action (usually the amassing of wealth or power) possibly might survive the last gunfight, but the characters who interfere set themselves against the inevitability of natural law. The spoils belong to the shrewd and the vicious, for that is the way of the world, and if you don't believe it, Joey, there's the body of your dead pa to prove it. The melodrama depends on the assumption that we are all criminals, but that some of us are more criminal than others.

McCabe dies because he refuses to sell out his brotherhood to a company in Seattle; the company, presumably a prototype of the modern corporation, succeeds in its swindling. Wyatt Earp calmly loots the town of Tombstone. The hero of *The Hired Hand*, transgressing the Darwinian law, risks his life for the sake of a friend; he is shot and killed.

The plot of *Shaft* turns on an uneasy alliance between an organization similar to the Black Panthers and a black criminal syndicate in Harlem. The allies, both in it for the money, wage guerrilla warfare against the Mafia for control of the Harlem rackets. The police appear as comic figures who have no intention of arresting anybody and who don't care very much who acquires the territory; they simply want to clean up the embarrassing corpses for the sake of the few conventional people downtown who still believe in the fairy tales of justice.

In *The Anderson Tapes* the Mafia is perceived as an admired business corporation. Anderson arranges a deal with a mafioso whom we see dressed in expensive suits, being driven around in a Mercedes limousine, residing on a spacious Long Island estate with wide lawns and a view of the water. The movie suggests that successful thieves, like corporation presidents, remain at a safe distance from the necessary killing.

NONE OF THIS is presented as particularly evil. The wilderness doesn't allow for distinctions between good and evil. A wolf thinks nothing of killing a sheep. The characters in the movies resort to violence not because they are sadistic but rather because they have no other way of dealing with one another. Animals cannot reason with other animals, and violence offers the only possible resolution to any of the plots.

The irrelevance of moral law eliminates not only the possibility of tragedy but also the possibility of any comedy beyond the sophistication of high-school pranks. Men die from time to time, and worms do eat them, but not for love. Or for any other reason anybody can understand.

"Hardly anybody in the movies ever meets, much less speaks with, somebody from a different social class. Cowboys know only other cowboys. . . ."



Lewis Lapham  
WHAT MOVIES  
TRY TO  
SELL US

Ice maidens

**B**EING INNOCENT OF SOCIETY, and therefore of any hope of communication beyond the most primitive signs, the inhabitants of the wilderness know very little about one another. They speak in a language of monosyllables and long silences, and at moments of delicate feeling they gaze mutely upon each other with the enigmatic expressions of animals staring from the edge of the woods.

Nothing gets explained because nobody knows anything. Hardly any of the characters have friends; neither do they possess a tradition or heritage of any kind, a sense of place, or a coherent past. In the endless wandering through the forest, strange shapes loom up out of the mist, half seen through the shadows of the trees. People meet at remote crossroads and suspiciously agree to ride on together. Instead of friends they have accomplices and confederates with whom they make tentative contracts. Different people get hired at different rates for different reasons, but always it is a deal that, should it become disadvantageous to one or the other signatory, can be instantly dissolved. Thus the difficulties between men and women.

The movies in question insist upon the futility of love. At best it is an illusion. Love is for money

and laughter; love is not for long. The characters who believe otherwise end up dying in the wilderness.

Two of the Westerns, *Doc and Mrs. Miller*, preach the lesson with magnificent fervor. Having set up a prosperous brothel, Mrs. Miller (a whore and a madam), McCabe makes the mistake, in an adolescent and naive way, of falling in love with the lady. He tries to impress her with his bravado, but he never speaks to her of his infatuation. To his surprise she complains that she regards him as a child, and she is "freezin' my soul." His unrequited passion leads him to defy the company from which he was hired, and so the company sends hired gunmen to succeed in killing him.

At the critical moment in the movie, conceivably she might have saved McCabe. But Mrs. Miller retires to a Chinese opium den, and the closing shot shows her abandoned to the elements, staring with a serene smile at a small, pale jade. I assume that the director intended an allusion to Keats' *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, with her wild eyes and faery's song, leading the pale kings to their deaths on the cold hills.

The lesson in *Doc* takes for its text the opposite situation. The whore falls in love with Doc. Having won Katie Elder at cards, Doc reluctantly takes her with him to Tombstone. Reluctantly because, as he makes plain to her, they get on the horse, a man travels fast, and a woman represents so much extra baggage that can get a fellow killed. (I am not imitating the dialogue; the characters in the movie actually say such things.) In Tombstone, Doc tentatively establishes a household with her, but then, like McCabe, she violates the code. She attempts to smother him with domesticity, with all the lousy mess of kids and marriage and settling down, and so, without so much as a farewell, Doc abandons her to the local brothel.

*Klute* and *Carnal Knowledge* argue for the impossibility of love with more sophisticated evidence, but with the same clumsy didacticism. The heroine in *Klute*, a New York City girl, attempts to stab the man with whom she has fallen self falling in love. She does so because, as she explains to her psychiatrist, she wants to escape to "the comfort of being numb again." Her numbness allows her to maintain an emotional distance from her work as a prostitute.

I suspect that it is no accident that the theme of so many movies—not only those mentioned but also *The Anderson Tapes*, *The Needle Park*, *The Last Picture Show*, *Harry Kellerman*? and *The Hire*—open to be whores. If love is illusion, then we know how to sustain it. They trade whatever fetishes the poor fool happens to fall in with him. Even the movies that specifically identify the women as whores sell them all the characteristics of the prostitute.



On screen, she attempts to smother him with domesticity, with the mess of kids and marriage and settling down...

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SEAL WITH SCOTCH TAPE AND MAIL 



Lewis Lapham  
WHAT MOVIES  
TRY TO  
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they are vain, selfish, stupid, and willing to betray anybody for a price. (In *The Love Machine* the men also possess those attributes—possibly a reference to the reality of Hollywood—which gives the movie the dramatic intensity of a quarrel in a bordello. As if a rich man had just walked into the place and all the other characters fell to grappling for his wallet.)

At the beginning of *Carnal Knowledge* we meet two college roommates who, in the vernacular of the 1950s, "score" with the same girl. (The movie not only follows the intellectual fashion of the '50s, it also goes to some trouble to establish the authentic look of the period.) The girl is a blond, selfish, and merciless bitch who finds perverse pleasure in playing the two friends off against each other.

The argument of the movie depends on a shift in the time sequence. Suddenly we skip twenty years, and we discover the two roommates still adolescent at the age of forty; older in years and more or less successful in the world, but still enthralled by their callow fantasies. The transition is accomplished by means of a careful image, that of a beautiful girl figure skating on the rink in Central Park. The querulous voices of the men begin as the camera follows the girl moving through graceful circles to the rhythm of dance music. Dressed in white, and almost invisible against the white background, she displays the

elusive unreality of a fashion photograph.

The sad tales told by the two roommates contradict everything that might be attributed to the romantic image of the girl sliding away from them across the ice. One of them marries a college bitch, whom we never see again, and from whom we hear unpleasant reports. Her husband recites the familiar litany of suburban discontent, his complaint implying that women do so many things, that they extort so high a price for their restless affections. Marriage is a road to freedom and illusion, as flat, dull, and as predictable as a railroad track receding across the desolate flatlands of Nebraska. The fantasies drift away in the wind, and a man gets left with the intolerable limitations of the self and the confining reality of kids, lawnmowers, and the

But his friend, who chose not to get married and to carry on an indulgent series of affairs, presents equally wretched testimony. His adolescent dream of freedom also proves to be a lie. The girls all say the same stupid thing; they get insistent, attempt suicide, don't put off what you want them to, make scenes, become irresponsible or unavailable at 3:00 A.M., ask for money for pregnancy, and always, just when you manage to get them, leave town. Even at New York prices, \$50,000 a year and an apartment overlooking the park, Christmas is never gay.

As the two friends make their disclosures, it becomes apparent that they have both cheated. Each of them paid the highest possible prices (marriage in one instance, enormous sums of money in the other), and yet neither of them received the goods advertised in the college catalogue.

## The doomed journey

THE GIRL DRIFTING ACROSS THE ICE, the dream that must always remain just out of reach. Like everything else about the movie, the question, the dream reflects an adolescent conception of the world. It also explains why the plots so often depend on a journey to somewhere else. The destination need not be defined; the west is a sufficient direction, or to the east is always somewhere else, somewhere where things got to be better than it is here.

Because the travelers must cross a vast wilderness, inhabited by savage beasts and with nothing for dreams, the journey must always be doomed. The most extravagant statement of this theme, both literally and metaphorical, is in *Who Is Harry Kellerman?* The creature is up to reveal Georgie Soloway falling off the building, on his way to suicide. He falls in motion, seeming to balance in the air. The soundtrack plays a sentimental song, "Where Has the Dream Gone?" As



Issues trundle across the movie screen like gigantic balloons left over from a Thanksgiving Day parade.

nobody ever could understand him. He deals with his failure to find meaning, beauty, truth, happiness, or anything of much use. As a composer of popular songs he has earned enormous sums of money, enough to buy the most expensive toys in the modern world. We see him with a triplex apartment, a telephone and elaborate telephone systems, a car, a few hip friends, easy girls, an abundance of money, and an airplane in which he sometimes dreams dreamily through the sunrise. But none of it comforts him. He rummages through his life like a child in a nursery, searching for that object that will make sense of all the symbols. Symbolism becomes opaque toward the end; he gathers he kills himself because he fails to achieve even elementary communication with the world in New York. Just as the metaphysical landscape of the wilderness is as desolate as the landscape of the moon, so also are men forever lost within the space suits of their own minds. Elements in so many of the movies remind me of songs that haunt the soundtracks. They have a same melancholy softness, and I think of a man with a guitar, waiting for a bus in an empty western depot. He sings of lost love and loneliness, of the road, and of the cities that betray him.

It is I AM UNFAIR to suggest that the studios in Hollywood make the movies for commercial reasons, that they cynically exploit the worst suspicions of the adolescent mind. If they do not, then why must we be taught the same lesson? Why the constant complaint that the world is a very bad place, and that the very, very sensitive people are flickering like little lights on the beach at Long Beach or East Hampton, L.I., always get lost in the cold and indifferent sea? The fashionable despair, a variation on Freud's radical chic, seems to me more than the necessary antithesis to an optimistic vision. We were brought up on the movies of the 1940s, and most of us believed in the ideal image of the world as false as the murals of the afternoons painted on a studio wall. Years ago Hollywood told a conventional fable: the good guys triumphant, the bad guys defeated, and the settlers gathered in prayer under the cottonwood trees. And behold, proved to be romantic. We discovered that sometimes the good guys can't make peace, that the good guys die in the desert, and that the good guys declined to write their own dialogue. The contradictions made us very sad. At about the time we began to notice events in the world that seemed to confirm our private suspicions, nothing was as nice as they had been so long ago under the Christmas trees.

The wrong people got elected to political office, big business exploited the poor, black people didn't like white people, and every now and then it rained on Sunday.

But so what? Why should that be sufficient reason to so elegantly weep, to affect the drooping pose of a knight errant betrayed by treachery in the wicked castle? Other people at other times have suffered worse afflictions. They will continue to do so despite the dismal messages that trundle across the movie screen as if they were gigantic balloons left over from a Thanksgiving Day parade.

The trouble with messages, movie producers often harshly observe, is that they do not make good theater.\* The messages prevalent at the moment suffer from a further weakness. If the moral argument is never raised, then how can anybody conceive of a dramatic plot? What becomes of the intelligent antagonist? Even the most decadent audience eventually becomes bored by the gladiators in the arena with bears. The current lack of business at the box office would appear to justify producers' sarcasm.

If for no other reason than economics, the fashion surely will change. I suspect that somebody will attempt a new definition of the hero. A modest hero, certainly marred by flaws of character, but a figure who might at least suggest occasional aspirations.

Looking at the movies in question, I often wondered what the Chinese would make of them, or the Africans, or the Russians, or the Latin Americans. To most of the people in the world they must seem incomprehensible. Like watching destructive children playing complicated games with very expensive toys.

During the long intervals between the fragments of coherent speech, I also entertained myself with awkward speculations. The most appealing of these, consistent with the heavy-handed foreboding of the movies themselves, proceeds as follows:

If Hollywood fails to come up with an image of a hero, then somebody else will, probably somebody in uniform. Assuming that the government is truly fascist, as the movie people so desperately want to believe, then surely it must seek to control the popular arts. Should it decide that Hollywood distorts the adolescent mind, encouraging riots in the streets and disdain of all authority, then presumably it will seek to accomplish its own distortions, none of them romantic.

Which would constitute the logical irony. Having instructed a generation in the necessary evil of man and all his works, the popular Cassandras in Hollywood should expect that at least a few of the better students will learn the lesson. Even false prophecies, if repeated often enough, have an embarrassing way of coming true. □

\*Producer Howard Goldstein: "For messages I use Western Union."

"The plots often depend on a journey to somewhere else. The destination need not be defined; out west is a sufficient direction, or to the sea."



## A DOMAIN OF SORTS

Mountain children and their struggle for mastery

**T**HEY LIVE UP ALONGSIDE THE HILLS, in hollow after hollow. They live in eastern Kentucky and eastern Tennessee and in the western part of North Carolina and the western part of Virginia and in just about the whole state of West Virginia. They live close to the land; they farm it and some of them go down into it to extract its coal. Their ancestors, a century or two ago, fought their way westward from the Atlantic seaboard, came up on the mountains, penetrated the valleys, and moved stubbornly up the creeks for room, for privacy, for a view, for a domain of sorts. They are Appalachian people, mountain people, hill people. They are white yeomen, or miners, or hollow folk, or subsistence farmers.

From the first months of childhood to later years, the land and the woods and the hills figure prominently in the lives of mountain children, not to mention their parents. As a result, the tasks and struggles that confront all children take on a particular and characteristic quality among Appalachian children, a quality that has to do with learning about one's roots, one's territory, as a central fact, perhaps the central fact of existence.

In Wolfe County, Kentucky, I became rather friendly with a whole hollow of Workmans and Taylors, all related to one another.\* The Workmans had followed a stream up a hill well over a century ago, and Kenneth and Laura Workman are there today, in a cabin in Deep Hollow, so named because it is one of the steepest hollows around. Kenneth Workman is forty as I write this. He is now a small farmer. He used to dig for coal in the mines down in Harlan County, Kentucky, but he was lucky enough to lose his job in 1954. Many of the older men he worked with also lost their jobs around that time, when the mines were becoming increasingly automated, but they came back to Wolfe County sick, injured, often near death.

"If we're going to be good parents," Kenneth told me, "we've got to teach our kids a lot about Deep Hollow, so they can find their way around and know everything they've got to know. It's their home, the hollow is. People who come here from outside are not likely to figure out that we've got a lot of teaching to do for our kids outside of school, and it's not the kind they'll get in books. My boy Danny has got to master the hol-

\*At the request of the people mentioned in this essay I have changed their names and some place-names.

low; that's what my dad used to say to me; all the time he would tell me and tell me and then I'd be in good shape for the rest of my life."

How does Danny get to master the hollow? For one thing, he was born there, and his very birth is a good omen, a very favorable augur, for his future mastery. Laura Workman received no medical care while she carried Danny; the boy was delivered by his two aunts, who live in Deep Hollow. Danny's first encounter with the Appalachian land took place minutes after he was taken, breathing and screaming, from his mother. Laura describes what happened: "When Danny was born Dorothy took him to the hill and showed him the blackberries and said he won't be long before he'll be eating them, but he'll have to learn to pick them, and that will be real soon. Then he was still crying, and she said to me if I didn't think he ought to go outside to see his daddy's corn growing up there, good tall, and the chickens we have, and Spot and Spot because they're going to be his dogs, just like everyone else's. I said to go ahead, and my sister Anne held me up a little so I could see, and the next thing I knew the baby was out there crying at Ken's corn, crying as loud as he could.

"Ken held him high over his head and pointed him around like he was one of the guns he'd aimed. I heard him telling the baby that here was the corn, there was the beets, and there was the cumpers, and here was the lettuce, and there was the best laying chicken we've got. Next thing I knew he told the baby to stop the crying—and he did just did. Ken has a way with kids, even as they're born. He told him to shush up, and he did, and then he just took him and put him over there, near the corn, and the other kids and my sisters all stood and looked. Dorothy was going to pick him up and bring him back to me, but Ken said he was fast asleep and quiet, and let him just lie there and we should all go and do our things be for a while. So they did; and Kenneth came in and told me I'd done real well, and he was to have a red-haired son, at last, what with all the girls that have red hair but all the boys have brown hair. He said did I mind the little f

*Dr. Robert Coles is a child psychiatrist at Harvard. For over a decade he has worked with black and white children in the rural South, in Appalachia, and in our northern cities. His description of that work began in 1967 with Children of Crisis: A Study of Courage and Fear. This article is taken from the second volume of Children of Crisis ("Migrants, Sharecroppers and Mountaineers") which is to be published in January along with the third volume ("The South Goes North").*

g out there near his daddy's farm getting to w Deep Hollow, and I said no, why should I? Shortly after each child of hers is born, the or girl is set down on the land, and within a months he is peering out at it, moving on it, ing over on it, clutching at wild mountain ers or a slingshot (a present from an older sis- her) or a spoon (a present from an older sis- ). Next comes crawling; and mountain chil- do indeed crawl. They take to crawling and ing over and rolling down the grass and ls. They take to pushing their heads against es and picking up stones and rocks. They to following sounds, moving toward a bird's or a frog's. I have rarely seen mothers like a Workman lift up babies like Danny and o make them walk by holding them and pull- hem along.

never hurry a child. The Lord made them ay He did, and when they're going to do thing they're going to, and that's what you to know."

certainly she does know that; and she also s that the chances are her children will leave ery early to wander far over the hills—and oing stay close to what she considers e." When her children grow up, however, pects they will have little interest in going urther away than they have already been— s many other American children, kept rela- close to their parents' small front yard or ard during early childhood, begin to leave almost with a vengeance when older. At Danny had been all over his father's land, p and down the hollow. He would roam with his older brother or sister, tagging hem, trying to join in with their work or e had learned how to pick crops and throw nto a stream and catch a fish. He knew his own the creek and up the hill that leads to adow. He knew about spiders and butter- d nuts and minnows and all sorts of bugs etles and lizards and worms and moles and e and those crickets making their noise. He fter caterpillars. He collected rocks of all nd shapes: they were in fact his toys. He hich branches of which trees were hard or bending or wonderfully pliable. He knew cool himself off and wash himself off and self up—all with the water of a high t. At three, he had been learning all that for ear.

### Names written in a Bible

E EDGE OF LOGAN COUNTY, West Vir- ia, by Rocky Creek, lives Billy Potter, t. Billy is tall for his age, with blue eyes k hair. He has a strong face. His fore- broad, his nose substantial and sharp, his g. Billy is large-boned and already broad-



shouldered. He is thin, much thinner than he was meant to be. His teeth are in fearful condition, giving him pains in the mouth, and he suffers from dizzy spells; but his cheeks are red and he looks like the very picture of health.

"If I had to choose a time of the year I like best," Billy told me one day when we were talking, "then I'd choose the winter. It's hard in the winter, and you're cold and you shiver, even near the fire; but the creek looks the best, and we all have the most laughing and fun then. My daddy says he's in a better mood in winter than any other time, because there's no place to go, and we just get buried in Rocky Creek, and we have the big sled we built and we go hunting, and it's a real job you have, fooling those animals and catching them, what with the snow and a lot of them hiding and some of them only out for a short time. A lot of time there's no school, because you can't get in here and you can't get out. We play checkers and cards and we take turns picking the guitar and we have the radio with all the music we want, except if there's a bad storm out there. Daddy teaches us how to cut wood and make more things than you can believe. Each winter he has a new plan on what I'm to make out of wood with my knife. He says he's my teacher when there's no school.

"For me, this is the best place to be in the whole world. I've not been to other places, I know; but if you have the best place right round you, before your eyes, you don't have to go looking. I hear they come from all over the country to look at the mountains we have, and Daddy says he wouldn't let one of them, with the cameras and all, into the creek, because they just want to stare and stare, and they don't know what to look for. He says they'll look at a hill, and they won't even stop to think what's on it—the different trees and the animals and birds. The first thing he taught us was what to call the different trees and bushes and vines. He takes us



walking and he'll see more than anyone else. He knows where the animals live and where they're going and why they want to go over here and there. He's taking my brother Donald around now. Then he comes home and tells us that Donald is learning—or else he's not learning all he should.

"If I left here and went to live in a city, I'd be losing everything—that's what I hear said by my father and my uncle and cousins. We've been here so long, it's as long as when the country was started. My people came here and they followed the creek up to here and they named it Rocky Creek; they were the ones, that's right. In the Bible we have written down the names of our kin that came before us and when they were born and when they died, and my name is there and I'm not going to leave here, because there'd be no mention of me when I get married and no mention of my children, if I left the creek."

### The edge of the hollow

ON THE MAP, MARTIN COUNTY in Kentucky looks a short distance from Logan County, West Virginia, but ordinary maps tell little about high, nearly impassable hills and mountains and valleys that run north to south rather than east to west—and therefore form a barrier to someone moving across rather than up and down the Appalachians. Marie Lewis is a seven-year-old girl who lives in Martin County, not too far from Inez, the county seat. Marie's father is a good deal better off than Billy's. Mr. Lewis has a full-time job as a bus driver and school custodian. He works for the county's school board, and considers himself extremely fortunate to do so. Jobs are short in the county, and a steady job makes one secure beyond the comprehension of outsiders. George Lewis's salary by national standards is low, very low; in 1969 it placed him among the nation's poor, among those who make less than \$3,000 a year. Yet, as he himself put it: "When others see no money at all, and you get your check every week, you're doing pretty good."

Little Marie, as her father calls her, is almost a picture-book child. She has blond, curly hair, blue eyes, a round face with pink cheeks, and a sturdy body, though even at seven she carries herself like a lady—perhaps like the gentle, sensitive schoolteacher she wants to be. She has such a teacher in school, and she idolizes her. And if little Marie someday does become a teacher, she will substantially consolidate her father's rise in position or class or whatever. Her parents realize this. They see few if any jobs available for their sons, but Marie might indeed be able to become a teacher, unless she marries young, has children, and forgets the whole idea.

"I'd like to have a family—a girl and a boy;

but not a lot of children like they do hollow. We live right at the foot of the hollow and we see them all going by, and there are many of them. My daddy says one thing could do, since they don't have the money to stop having all those children, one after another. Susan—she sits beside me in school—must have ten brothers and sisters, I think. She says we live in a real fancy house, and how my daddy gets to make all the money, and how her he works hard and he's up before all the others in that hollow."

Marie lives in a modest bungalow, but, as she said, the house is luxurious compared to the cabins up the hollow, which rises away behind the Lewises' house. Still, the Lewises are poor. They are not townspeople, but in their own description they are "people just good enough to get out of the hollow." They live but not in the hollow. They enjoy electric light, a furnace and running water. They have a television set and a radio and a refrigerator and an electric stove. They don't have much more furniture, nor do they drive a car. They are paying off the house they have built for years and years, and it is all the property they have and hope to have.

Marie can be a little casual and even outrageous as she talks about things up in the hollow for all the sadness and misery to be found there. She can point out to her worried and attentive listener that schoolmates of hers, from hollow to hollow, are as poor as any in America, nevertheless still laugh and jostle one another and get into fights, "good fights," she calls them, sometimes nasty and fierce ones, then make up and become friendly and kind and thoughtful—to everyone. Certainly includes her: "I'd like to marry one from this county. We have the best in the world here. The boys can do anything. They can climb every hill, I know they can hunt and fish better than people who live in other places. I know from what my father says. If you go to the cities in Ohio and stay there, that, you don't know what the people are like. They talk different and they think different. A lot of them don't go to church, and they don't help you out the way we do here. One who comes by, so long as he means well."

Like a good social scientist (not to mention a person with common sense), Marie talks about the social distinctions she observes, but she is grossly apparent ones to others that are subtle: "The history book the teacher gave us says our country is made up of different kinds of people, and they come from all over the world, but then in a book about Kentucky she says we are mostly the same here. I don't agree we're all the same, and neither does my daddy, because if





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around in school and in church and if you go with my daddy on the bus when he picks everyone up, you'll see we're not the same.

"There's a girl Sally who doesn't want to be a teacher or a nurse or anything. She says she doesn't want to come to school, but her mother tells her she should go just long enough to read and write a little, but not too much. There's a girl Betty who is sick, real bad sick she is, and she should go to a doctor in Inez, and Daddy says she belongs in Lexington, where they have a big hospital, but she's never seen a doctor, and the teacher tried twice to have the nurse come over, but each time Betty didn't come to school that day, and the nurse said she couldn't go up the hollow and she didn't know which house it was that Betty lived in, and the teacher didn't know either. Betty told me one day that the doctors get you sicker, and her daddy has her eating herbs and things, and she'd been prayed over a lot, and she'll be getting better soon, she believes. My mother said it's a shame, and besides Betty being sick there's her whole family: they're all sick with one trouble or another, and they don't have money, and Daddy says they're in the worst shape it's possible to be, and the father is always drinkin'-mad and fightin'-mad, my daddy says. Jamie is her kin, I believe, Betty's kin; and he's maybe nine or ten. He's real good with guns. He can shoot sharper than anyone else, everyone says. Jamie says he's got to know how to shoot, and they're always shooting up there, and not only at animals. They're feuding, feuding real bad all the time, and with liquor it gets worse. They go running up the road and they'll take a shot or two at the first house they come to. They don't dare come down to us and do that, because they know the sheriff would come and have them in jail so fast they wouldn't know what happened to them. Daddy says they fight and drink up the liquor they make because they have to fill up the day, and anyone

would surely be unhappy if he didn't have work and there was no money and all the mess they have up in the hollow. They're tossing their mess into the creek—a lot of paper and everything. The dogs go gadding, and they'll get scraps of food if they can get any, but food is scarce up there, so they throw it away.

"Once the teacher called me over, and she said I was being real nice because I shared my cookies with the kids, and my mother packed extra ones, because I told her I felt bad when others have nothing to eat. I told her I was hungry from up there, and they need more clothes than they have. I give them the clothes, but they're not going to be saying thank you the time, and I'm glad they don't! You just keep your chin up, and not bow and scrape, people don't like to be asking for favors all the time. Sally said her mother told her not to ask anything for free and not to go asking for things from people, and she should have her pride. Sally's mother told her, 'To hell with people, I'm sorry for us, because if they try, they'll starve real fast around here.'

"Sally takes my cookies though. We'll eat our cookies and she'll tell me she's glad we live where we do, because our house is a good home for the hollow, and we're lucky Daddy has the job he's got. I know that's right, because I know Sally, I wouldn't be thinking of going to high school, either.

"When they took in their corn, Sally said she'd take some down with some, because they grow it up there and don't. She said she wanted to thank us for the cookies at school, and the corn was just ripe and ripe as can be and real sweet, and my mother said they knew we were good people and they wanted to be good to us. Last time she had left, my daddy said I should never forget that people in Martin County are the best in the world, and even if they've got a lot of trouble, nothing except what they grow, they won't be begging and stealing and they don't like borrowing either. They'll take something if they let a favor be done, then they'll keep it in their mind, and when the moment is a good one they'll go and pay the favor back. He's told me that a few times, Daddy has—not to forget bringing up the corn. I don't. I won't."

### On account of the need

**W**HAT OF THE SALLYS who by the way live up those hollows and creeks, the poorest of the poor, those whose minds and souls have significantly given way and suffered beyond any reasonable limit, and who people know how to take hardship in the face of. They are the families and the children in the extreme condition—of life and limb and

described by Appalachian people themselves, for example, can spell out unselfish and even casually some of the distinguishing characteristics that set her apart, Herbie, a boy of eight who lives not in the same hollow: "Herbie's daddy in the mines, but then he got fired before the mines were closing down the mines, some were laying off people on account of the money. They had some money during the war as working, and my daddy says once you have money you never can forget it. Herbie's daddy can't recall the last time he saw him, but you can see his folks went and got along with the money—the television and the refrigerator. In our place there's no electricity, none—so we couldn't have television or refrigerator, even if we had the money. We don't need electricity. We have wood. All we need is wood for it, and my daddy goes and finds coal up the hollow and digs it out. The trouble is a lot of the time the coal is real bad under, and then we have to dig it out, and my mother will be crying and saying, 'start and it's then I wish I was staying in the hollow, maybe with Herbie and his folks, they're the best people you could meet.' Her father goes 'real bad under,' he's drinking too much. Her mother tries to stop him, 'the old man's habit,' as she refers to his drinking. After a while, though, he starts drinking, first slowly but then with desperate acceleration that strikes the minds of her seven children, who run out to the woods and to kinfolk down the

parents live as far up the hollow as one can get. From their cabin one can see a truly beautiful view of the Appalachians: the hills close by, the low-hanging white clouds and the green of the hills; the mist or the drizzle or the sun at hand, everywhere the green of the hills. The cabin is black, tar-paper black, built on four cement blocks. It lacks curbs, but it does indeed possess that old stove, the life-giving food is prepared and life-giving heat is given off. Near the stove there are beds with mattresses but nothing else. The children use the mattresses: Sally's mother, her parents, and the seven children. The cabin possesses a table and a chair to go with it, and two other chairs," both of which are battered and worn, with springs in each quite visible. The children sit and eat outside under the shade on the floor, or near the house on the porch, or else they walk out in front of the house in the case they often remain standing near their food. The children commonly go out to eat, or share a limited number of (four), spoons (five), and knives with their parents and grandmother.

The children also share clothes: two pairs of shoes, both in serious need of repair, two ragged winter jackets, and three very old pairs of winter gloves. The children, let it be said, also share something else—the hollow: its hills and land, its vast imposing view, its bushes and shrubs and plants and animals and water and silence and noise, its seclusion and isolation, and also its people—for Sally a whole crowded, complicated sustaining world.

**W**HAT I HAVE LEARNED from Sally's life (and her words and her) does not require me to say that a good deal of it is unsatisfying—to her, never mind me. She does not need me to express her central longing that her family find a more coherent, valuable kind of existence. Sally and children like her made it very clear to me that on the one hand they very much like certain things about mountain living, and on the other hand they are troubled and confused and even badly hurt (yes, they *know* they are hurt) by the hunger pangs they experience, the sickness that goes untreated, and, perhaps worst of all, the sight of what their suffering does to their parents. Those Appalachian parents certainly do take notice of their children's suffering—partly because they are parents, and also because they are traditionally proud and defiant people. Children notice their parents noticing, and Sally herself can talk about that kind of watching and counterwatching as it goes on among bruised and offended people, unwilling to let go of their sense of dignity and self-respect, and unwilling also to let go of their love for their ancestors, for their homes, their land, their conventions: "There's nothing that gets my daddy going worse than liquor. Once he told my mother he was going to start drinking because he was upset as bad as he could be, because he'd been down the hollow and over to the welfare people and it was the first time he'd gone and it was going to be the last, even if he starved to death. I guess they didn't give him anything. They said they were sorry. They said there's no money for most people, and that's all they can do in the office there.

"Daddy was more upset that he'd gone over to them than that they had refused him; I know that, because he said so all morning. I've never seen him so fightin'-mad, and he said he was, and we all got more and more scared. My mother told us we'd better go out to the woods and play, and she would take care of everything. Then before we left he looked at me and my sister and he raised up his hand, and I got scared he might come over and take it out on us—but no, he didn't do anything. He told me I was good and he was glad I was good, and he said the day would come when he'd be able to bring home clothes for us and I'd look pretty. He said I already do, but if you have a dress, it helps. Then

"At three, Danny had been all over his father's land, and up and down the hollow. . . . He collected rocks of all sizes and shapes; they were in fact his toys."





Robert Coles  
A DOMAIN  
OF SORTS

he said I could go outside and my mother said to go, and I went. The next thing I knew he was drinking and he started screaming real bad after a while. I believe a lot of the time he gets himself upset on account of us, and then he'll go and take to the liquor he makes.

"I wouldn't want to live any other place. What do you do if there's no hill you're on—if it's flat like they show you in the books in school? If I could change anything I wanted, I'd tear down that place Daddy and his friends use to make the liquor. I'd just have the hill here, where we live, and the other ones, to go and look at. I'd have us living in a different house, maybe like Marie's. Then we'd all be happier, I know that. Then I think my daddy might stop his drinking and never start again, like he'll promise us each time that he's going to do."

### Stalemate

MOUNTAINEERS LOOK UPON LIFE as a sort of stalemate, in which there is plenty of good as well as plenty of bad, plenty to hold onto as well as plenty to wish for, and, as a result "an awful lot of plenty" to be high-strung about, unsettled about, feel torn about. Faced with such thoroughly mixed feelings, mountaineers stand fast and try to persist. In the words of Marie's father, they "stick it out, last it out." Stick out and last out what, one wonders? Does he mean the obvious lack of material things and opportunities? That, yes; but more is at stake than some of us on the outside realize. Marie's father says, "As I see it, up there in the hollow it's real bad—yes, with Sally and her people. But there's plenty they just don't want to lose, an awful lot of plenty, I'll tell you. People come in here and they don't know that. I heard on the TV a man saying we're supposed to be suspicious up in the mountains, and we don't trust no one, except ourselves. What a lot of hooley he had in his mouth, saying that. Sure we're not going to like someone if he comes in here and tells us we're a bunch of damn fools, and we should do this and that and everything they want us, and then we'll be all right.

"Hell, this is our country. We made it. We came here and we stayed because we loved it, and no one's going to get us out—except, I guess, if we're going to starve right to death, and then we'll be gone anyway. But I think we're friendlier here than in those cities you see all the time on the TV, where they pay no mind to anyone but themselves. I'm no expert on anything, except driving a bus and making sure those schools stay warm in the winter and as clean as they can, what with all the kids messing things up every day; but you can walk up any hollow or creek in Kentucky and West Virginia and you'll hear people picking on the guitar and listening to

the radio and they'll stop and talk with if you want to stay for supper, that's fine you do, they're not going to go and spit selves and hold out their hand and sa here mister, give us a few pennies out big fat wallet.' No sir, they're going to their best for you, and they're going to they've got a lot to put out, that's right.

"Sure, we need more, a hell of a lot more you must have figured that out by now one's going to get us feeling kindly by on first thing with a lot of that lousy you hear on the TV—about the poor Appalachia! Hell on that! Hell on it! TV with that and the next thing I know I to tell them to take themselves and then and go try it on someone else, because what a decent, God-fearing man want not. You can get suspicious, like the are. The coal people come in here, and tearing up everything they can get the on, and maybe they'll give you the more wages, but sure as hell they get more than all of us ever will, and then the next you know they've gone, and all we have that they've torn up a whole mountain all left of the mountain is falling down on us landslide, and we're supposed to get on for you don't get suspicious over that, that's not right in your head. Then you know they been taking our timber away, by the since way back, and right in front of us that's what's been happening since I got ham Lincoln or someone was President shouldn't we go and tell our children to when some big-smiling city slicker comes with a dozen lawyers standing guard over

"Sure we're afraid of them all coming we can smell the trouble before it gets to hill in Kentucky—or over in West Virginia if they came to us and wanted to bring work here, and it didn't mean tearing whole country, and it didn't mean eating lungs, then we'd be just like any American to have a job, you bet your life. We'd stay here and be ourselves, of course. We want to act like some of the people you see on television. We wouldn't want to dress like do, and talk as they do, no matter how money we made. We'd want to live as they we'd be working, and that would sure come change hereabouts."

Many of us on the "outside" have to convince a man like Marie's father that we understand what we claim is obvious to he thinks we would only pity him and even as we pity the children of sharecroppers and of migrant farmers. Our pity will do little to anyone, and it enrages the mountaineers—who know very well what kind of justice they require and what justice we in America have far done and not done.





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The arts and joys of gliding

## THE UPWARD MIRACLE

by Wolfgang Langewiesche

**W** E NO LONGER CONTEMPLATE the landscape: we want to do something to it. Ski Vermont! If you can't ski it, fish it! Or do something else to it for the greater glory of yourself.

If you want to do something to the Rocky Mountains, I recommend soaring a glider over them on the "standing wave." It really makes them small. I have never yet got really high, but I've been so high on the Pikes Peak wave that the Peak (14,110 feet) was a mere patch of snow under me. You will admit this is worthwhile.

These standing waves occur wherever there are mountains, plus strong winds, *if* certain fine-print atmospheric conditions also prevail. Waves are not rare. But, as with tigers in India, to catch one without getting caught takes an organized setup. You need a glider, towplane, towpilot, two-way radio, oxygen, warm clothes, and electric socks. You also need a deal with Air Traffic Control, because you will penetrate altitudes where traffic must rigidly maintain assigned flight levels—something a glider can't do. So ATC sets aside, by prearrangement, a "wave window" where glider nuts can float up and down as free souls.

One place to find all this is Wave Flights, Inc., a glider port and soaring school at Black Forest, Colorado, near Colorado Springs. People come here from all over the world. You are at 7,200 feet, not in the Rocky Mountains but across from them, on a hump in the Great Plains. The view is grand. Directly west of you is Pikes Peak. A square mile of prairie forms the airport. There are three hangars, a dozen sailplanes,\* a couple of towplanes, and a clubhouse where you can bunk and cook. Chief owner is Dave Johnson, retired contractor and foremost wave pilot. There are two, three towpilots; three, four instructors. Should you not know how to fly, they'll take you into the wave as a passenger on a big

Cadillac-style all-metal glider with three seats. This would be just the thing for the man who has had everything in the way of rides—Colorado River and so on. It beats them all.

To fly the wave, you also need a concept. All soaring is done by concept because only with the mind's eye can you see the phenomenon you are exploiting: the upward air current. Without a clear idea of its size, shape, and behavior, piloting skill is useless. *With* the right idea, you need only quite modest skill to work the miracle—stay up without power, *climb* without power.

Three kinds of upward current are used for soaring. First discovered: slope lift. Where a good breeze blows against a bluff, it is deflected upward; and over the windward slope of the bluff you can fly back and forth as long as the good wind lasts. This is how a gull flies along a sea wall, or on the windward side of a ship, without flapping its wings. In a way, this is a wave in the wind, but it is not *the* wave.

Second discovered (around 1930) was the "thermal" updraft: warm air, heated by contact with the warm ground, rises through cooler air above. It rises in bubbles, or strings of bubbles; some pilots think each rising bubble has an internal movement of its own, similar to that of a smoke ring. On sunny days, the air is full of thermals, each one a sort of hot-air balloon without a skin. You glide along, downhill of course, until you feel, hear, and see (on your climb indicator) that you have flown into a thermal. Then, with the idea that the thermal is more or less round, and only perhaps two or three hundred feet in diameter, you go into a steeply banked, tight circle to stay inside of it. The rising bubble now takes you up with it—sometimes just barely, sometimes at the speed of an express elevator—to wherever the top of the action is that day; perhaps 3,000 feet above the ground, perhaps 7,000, some days 12,000 feet. When the thermal lift peters out, you glide

straight again, losing altitude of course, and wait for the Lord to give you another "up." He usually gives Weather that produces one thermal will produce many, and within, ten miles or ten minutes, you're likely to run into another. Then you repeat the procedure.

This is the way eagles, hawks, and vultures fly. It is why those birds always circle when they fly with no motionless: they must circle to stay within their thermal. In human soaring, it is now the main show. You need no hills, no strong wind, no special type of terrain. On a "stray" day, you can stay up that way for a day, shortly before noon till about sunset. You can cover great distances. The present record is 720 miles, from Texas to Nebraska. It was set by American champions, Wally Scharf, a movie-theater owner, and Ben Grumman, a furniture manufacturer, flying a German Fiberglas supersailplane. Cross-country thermal soaring is about the most exciting thing you can do in the air. But it is not *the*

**A**ND NOW, THE WAVE. All the soaring you need is contained in a diagram, nailed up in the club at Black Forest. A mountain, standing up into a strong wind, has the effect that a submerged boulder in a river: it sets up a wave. In a river, such waves are "standing" when the wave stays in place, a little stream from the boulder. The water flows through the wave shape, successive water particles describing the same motions when they get to the same places. In the air, the same standing wave in the wind, ten miles downwind from the mountain.

In a river, the submerged boulder usually sets up not just one wave, but a string of several: the water rises up and down several times, making a string, twanged once, keeps on

*Mr. Langewiesche has spent many thousands of hours in the air, and has flown all over the world. He is the author of Stick and Rudder, a how to fly book for young, serious*

while on a hill, once launched several times. In the air, the air is a parcel of air across the hill. It is forced down on the hill, but below its proper level, the level at which, according to temperature, it "wants" to float. It goes back to its original level, owing to momentum, and bounces too high. It then turns down, sinks again, and again momentarily carries it past the mark so that it goes too low; and so on for several seconds. Result: a string of standing waves downwind from the mountain. The size of the mountain has little to do with the size of the wave. The shape of the mountain is more important—a sharp drop-off on the downwind side does the trick: the original vibration that sets up the vibration. High mountains have the advantage that they stick up into levels where the winds are strong, and with a strong wind, no strong wave. These standing waves are long—often, even fifteen miles from crest to crest. How high are they? Each individual air particle during its trip through a wave-system may swing up and down only a couple of thousand feet, or even less. But, in a well-developed wave, the entire atmosphere above the mountaintop level gets swinging up and down in this fashion. This wave effect often extends into the stratosphere, sometimes into the stratosphere itself. This, like the river. The boulder is, say, fifteen feet of water; the water moves up and down only, say, a foot—but *all* the water, up to the surface, participates in the wave motion. The world's record for soaring is held by Paul Bickle, a research engineer for the Air

Force. In a glider, in southern California, he climbed to 16,267 feet. This is higher than it was thought man could live without a pressure suit or pressure cabin. And still it is not the top. Rumor has it that military pilots (in pressurized cockpits) have observed wave effects at 60,000 feet.

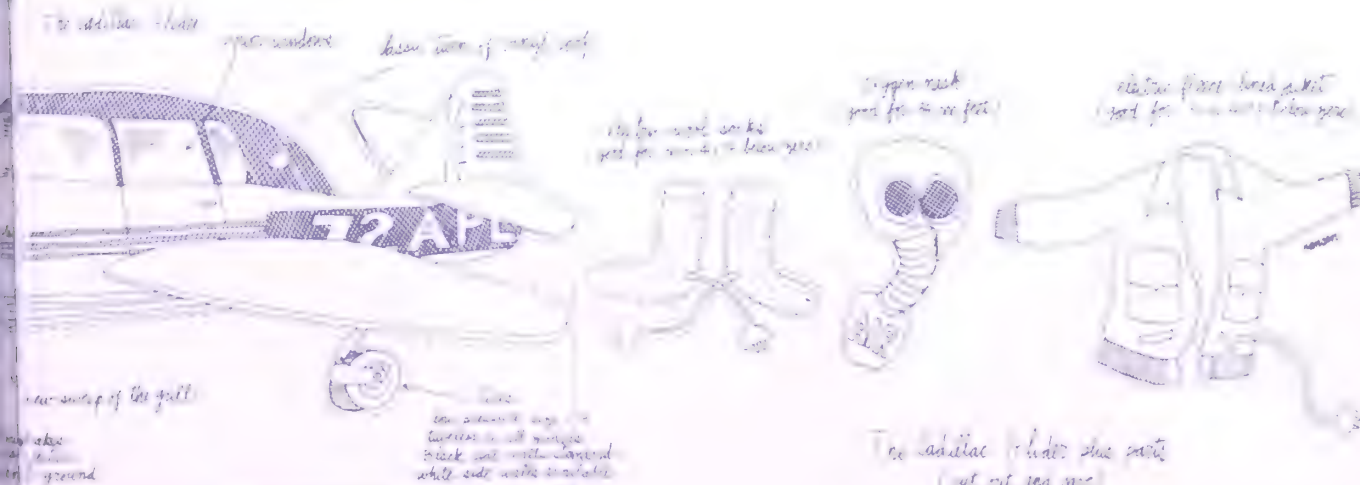
Waves can't be seen, of course. But often they are marked by a characteristic cloud, *cumulus lenticularis*, vulgo, "a lenny." Lens-shaped, or fish-shaped, it floats at the high points of the wave motion and does not move. As a batch of air flows upward in the wave, it cools and clouds up. As it flows down again, it warms up and clears. Meanwhile, a new batch of air, following the same path, does the same things at the same places. Thus the cloud, while continually changing substance, does not change position: the standing wave produces a standing cloud. To the wave flyer, the sky is often full of wave clouds. Other people, even pilots, hardly notice them. I have seen a quintuple wave trail off the north coast of Sicily, extending far out over the sea. I couldn't get anybody excited over it. Wave clouds from the Alleghenies often appear over Washington, D.C., and over the New Jersey coast. Seen from Black Forest, wave clouds over the Rockies appear and disappear, very small fish in the vast sky; but the effect is electric: there she blows, the wave! Let's go.

**TO FLY THE WAVE**, you must get yourself inserted at the right spot, where the airflow is most steeply upward. You can get there, most days, only by airplane tow. At Black Forest, the standard tow is to a point

over the summit of Pilot Peak. The mountain is normally 7,000 feet in time, by locate northward of peak. It would be more prudent to take only the road and tow to 5,000 feet above the hill, catch a thermal, climb in it, get into the wave, then climb in the wave; and this sometimes gets done. I did it once myself in California. But chances are against it. When the waves are strongest, in winter and early morning, thermals are weak. When thermals are strongest on summer afternoons, the waves are weak. In real life a man has only so much time and money: the wave is up there. So you tow.

But first we dress. It's cold where we are going, maybe thirty or forty degrees below zero. Back at the clubhouse, there's a collection of war-surplus flying suits, quilted jackets, woolen socks, fleece-lined flying boots, sweaters, mittens, and hoods. You put on what you can in as many layers as you can compose. Electric socks you bring your own. Goggles you don't need, but you need a helmet, because it has the fittings that hold the oxygen mask. You stalk out to the glider a swollen-up Frankenstein and may need help to get in and lie down. (In the better class sailplanes, the pilot lies way back. This cuts down on cockpit size, hence on drag.)

There is just room enough on the pedals for your gigantic feet. Some kind soul hooks you up—parachute straps, seat belt, shoulder harness, oxygen duct, microphone cord. You hook up the mask clamping it tight against your face; it must pinch. Someone puts the Plexiglas canopy down over you; you latch it. Someone hooks the towrope to the glider. At the rope's other end, the towplane,





a Super-Cub, is waiting, propeller ticking over. A signal is given, the rope comes taut; a new signal, you are rolling.

Towing keeps you busy. You follow the leader, at the end of a 200-foot rope. When he goes up, you go up. When he banks, you bank. Seen from the ground, if the glider pilot follows well, it's like a dance. Seen from the cockpit, it's just plain formation flying. You jockey around with stick and rudder so that you see your towship always from the same angle, the top of his tail fin lined up with a certain spot atop his cabin; during turns, two other points will line up.

Meanwhile, outside your two-ship system, the world slides, tilts, and wheels—you don't care, and hardly even look. Let *him* fly. You are locked onto him. Only one thing. In this formation, the two airplanes are not alike and don't react alike to rough air. The glider has bigger wings and is aerodynamically much cleaner and more slippery. In an upgust, it balloons up more than the towship does. Then, when you nose it down just a little, it speeds up a lot and starts gaining on the towplane. The towrope goes slack and hangs down in a deep bow. If you do nothing about it, sooner or later the rope comes taut again with a vicious yank. The rope has an intentionally weak link, to keep from tearing the glider apart. It is therefore quite likely to break, so you can't allow slack in the rope. What you do is make a slight snaking S-turn, a detour, so to speak. And then, just as the rope is about to come taut, you swerve back into line behind the towplane and come to the right speed, relative to him, just as the rope takes hold—softly. If the maneuver comes out right, it feels elegant. Most

people think they are pretty good at it, until they come to the rotor.

The rotor is a whirl that often forms beneath the wave. It is a roller with its axis horizontal. Going through it, you get abrupt ups and downs. Sometimes the rotor is marked by an innocent-looking little cloud. More often it is not. Sometimes there is no rotor, or you miss it. But when you hit it, you know it: heavy bumps, sudden drops, a bang on the head from the cockpit canopy (seat belt too loose), "oil-canning" noises as the long metal wings flex up and down. This now calls for some skill, or anyway some cool. It's not that the glider doesn't obey the stick. It's a question of when to put in a correction, which way, and how much: exactly like the cybernetics problem a government has in controlling boom and bust. If you wait too long, you have to come in too late with too much, and you make things worse. If you are too anxious and give the thing an up just when it was fixing to go up anyway—good night! First thing you know, the towplane sinks out of sight into the blind spot under your feet. You go down after it: the glider goes hissing forward, and may move forward *beside* the towplane, the rope trailing in a big arc behind the two. Once, in such a situation, the glider pilot got the towrope wrapped around his wing. So the task is to calm things down, including first of all yourself.

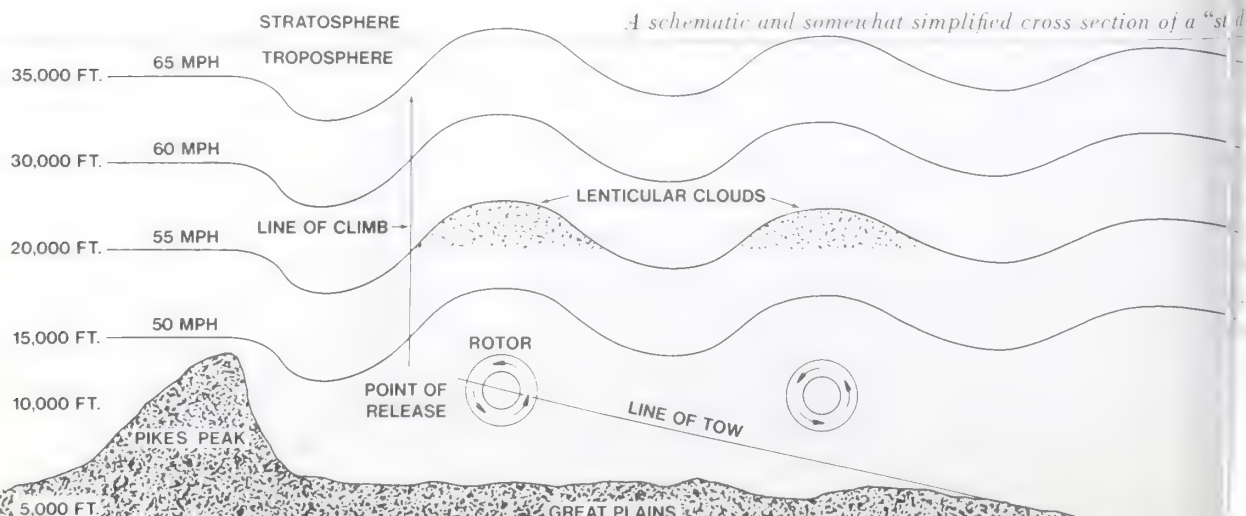
plane balloons up, you low balloons up once more: his place, and the solemn release. A pull on the red is a clank, and the towrope slack, crinkles up. The towplane off to the left and dive away towrope behind it waggles by. You can't hook on again.

The situation at this time not look fundamentally so certainly lends itself to terrible photographs—the glider, against alpine background of steep slopes and ravines. No glider under you no place to land, mountains, woods, a couple of lakes. And the whole thing, have I done?

But the situation is actually far with safety. Behind you, khaki-colored, are the Great Plains. The report itself does not show, but you can spot the place where it is. An glide angle of a sailplane is so that you could glide horizontally with tude to spare. All the time during tow, also, you could have a tail rope-break and still glide home. It's all part of the original setup that you need, the repeated procedures. For the present, the house rule is: if you can't 14,000 near Pikes Peak, don't around losing altitude, come on. So now you need lift, or you go up. Flying toward the summit (four miles distant) is the best find a wave; you approach the tain from the downwind side, at the height of the summit.

There are some ups, and there are some downs, and the time suddenly becomes very slow. The needle shows *up*, maybe cycling per minute, but *up*, and so on is the wave.

Its strangest characteristic



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as adults. If a chemist is expecting his experiment to produce an effervescent liquid and it yields an ugly solid mass instead, no careers are shattered; we try to find out why it behaved that way. Maybe there's a good use for that ugly stuff and a new market waiting. If so, it can very quickly begin to look beautiful.

After all, there were a few false starts and an occasional minor disaster on the road to "Scotchlite" reflective and safety products, "Scotchbrite" cleaning and scouring materials, and "Scotchgard" brand rain-and-stain protector for all fabrics.

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GAMES SOME PEOPLE PLAY

it is smooth—unnaturally smoother than any air you in. The wave is sometimes so you could think you were pa a pavement. Thermal lift, by is boisterous: it comes up ag from below with bumps and It's by this smooth feel, as b or taste, a wave pilot recogn a lift he has flown into is a v

The buck fever now is What must I do? How not to wave? System, man, system get a fix on your position where are you? *This* summit up with *that* lake. *This* valley right, has a road in it the straight at you. *That* lake is your left knee. By keeping th marks in the same alignment keep your station, or find it

Next, a policy: stay where. You have lift here. The bes the wave may be elsewhere. I rock the boat by experia gain some altitude first.

How do you stay? If you as you would in a thermal, you would carry you right back rotor and a terrific *down*. It fully simple. If the wave enough to lift you, the wind ably about 60 mph. The gli speed at this altitude is al 60. So, if you just point into you approximately stand s tive to the ground, give o mph. If you hold the nos lower and pick up an extra you move slowly forward. If up to almost-stalling, you dr rearward. Or, if you fly sligh you drift rearward faster. If the nose a little to the right into the wind, your net me the ground is a side-slide to. By such slight, almost un maneuvering, you can con position.

For the moment, it pay where you are. With every of altitude you gain, you al minute's extra time and n liberty of action. With ever the tension eases. At 15,000 is noticeably lower than your position in all respects

Now you are free to feel o part of the wave. Move forw sand feet, and the lift fades. Y a little, and it grows: back fades again. So you mov again to the best spot. Now gradually to the left and ri what readings you get. It is



with a divining rod. The d is, of course, the rate- edle. As in most flying, in- re crucial, the senses sim- ck it. You can't see climb when you are so far from benchmark. Neither can A steady climb, a steady el flight all feel alike. So e world *through* (so to ttle white pointer on the pretty soon, you have the the lift is best: 500 feet pulsating sometimes to mes to 400. Now all you is stay there (gently ex- all the time) and let the way.

S IN THE UP-ELEVATOR: ing was the last to de- ways of soaring, not be- e hardest (it's easy), but dea is the most recondite. me, the very existence of ned hidden. You would ith all the flying done in y all over the world, pilots e have reported wave ent- t a sign. One reason is goes up in a place—the mountain—where it is go down. Pilots have al- vained to look out for t here. So when a pilot ndraft there, it fitted his e of the situation. If he an updraft, it seemed ove that mountains can t air so there's no telling i do. Or he mistook the d a thermal; if you fly n wave in cruising flight, st usually only a few sec- els much like a thermal. w briefed on waves, prob- a experienced pilot can rec- e has met some waves. eal times soared small nd in waves. If, on hitting r-eling kind of lift, you t, nose into the wind, and ne up to almost-stalling, od chance to start wave- d a four-seat airplane, a api wave in California, et per minute for thou- e with engine throttled to rilly that airplane goes e per minute. re pilot, the wave means ubulence." This sounds e for the glider it is so ut the glider stands still in



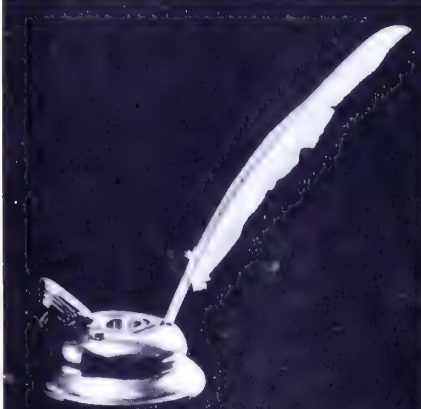
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the wave. The jet flies through it at 550 mph, with maybe a 70 mph tailwind added, and then the wave is like a thank-you-ma'am in the road, taken too fast: it can lift the passenger right out of his seat and put the coffee on the ceiling. And if an airplane banged into a rotor at high speed, it could come apart. The problem, however, is not the turbulence. It's that it comes with clear air. Thunderstorms are just as rough, or worse, but they are marked by clouds. The pilot can do something about them—put on the seat-belt sign, slow down, go around, go under, go over, turn back. The wave often gives no warning. If there are rotor clouds or lenticulars, they are usually small and they look benign. And they may be high above or deep below the airplane's flight level and seem to have no significance.

The problem was dormant until the early post-war years. Airlines flew low and slow, and crossed the mountains by the comparatively flat routes the transcontinental railroads had originally picked. Waves were rarely encountered, and perhaps never recognized. Then came pressurized airplanes like the Constellation, and the change to jets. Flying shifted to direct routes high above all mountains. And the incidents began, puzzling at first. A bomber lost part of its wing and most of its tail in the Sangre de Cristo wave. Airliners were damaged in heavy turbulence, passengers thrown around, stewardesses hurt. An airliner (American built, British flown) climbing out of Tokyo broke apart in clear air near Mt. Fuji. Clear-air turbulence almost certainly accounts for some of the private airplanes that have vanished in the Western mountains in apparently good weather.

**I**N 1951-52, the Air Force set up a project to explore the Sierra Nevada wave, with a German wave pilot and aerologist, Dr. Jöachim Kuettner, as director and chief pilot. The team crisscrossed the Sierras at all altitudes with gliders and airplanes and chartered the flow of the winds. One glider flew into an innocent-looking puff of cloud (a rotor cloud) and instantly came apart. Gradually the picture came into focus: the mountain wave is not a freak phenomenon, observable only in some remote places in Germany (where the first wave flights had been made in 1933). It is a nor-

mal element of weather active on many days in mountain country. It obeys regularities: it occurs only in certain types of weather, and then usually in the same locations. Waves can be forecast. Northwest and United Airlines later found 169 different wave sites on their western routes alone; for each site they now know the weather that brings on wave action, the exact location of the wave, and a detour bypassing each known wave. Today the airline pilot knows all about waves. The government indoctrinates its weather observers so that, when those harmless-looking lenticulars and rotor clouds appear, they are recognized and properly reported on the teletype. The problem seems to be under control. But an encounter with an errant wave is still possible, and there are also some other sources of clear-air turbulence. The smart traveler keeps his seat belt on.

For the soaring pilot, wave flight has barely been scratched. Most American waves have not yet been flown. It takes time, money, and organization to set up a camp, get a towplane, arrange for a wave window with ATC, and explore a new site. But New Englanders now reach Mt. Everest altitudes in the Mt. Washington wave. At Sugarbush, Vermont, people get into the wave from low tows. From bases in Virginia and Maryland, people reach 24,000 feet. The Europeans, too, keep discovering new waves. French and German pilots now reach 24,000 feet in a wave from the Vosges, which are no higher than the Alleghenies. French pilots reach several thousand feet in waves triggered by hills that aren't on most maps. Flights from wave to wave are possible, perhaps day-and-night flights over great distances. There must be 1,000 wave sites in this country, more than there are ski sites. Soaring is in many respects like skiing: totally useless—and glorious.

**E**IGHTEEN THOUSAND FEET and going up. Half the atmosphere (by weight) is now below us. In thinner air, the glider moves faster: the 50 mph shown on the indicator is in reality about 70. The wind up here is probably also about 70. (One of the special conditions for a good wave-day is that the wind must increase with altitude.) So, relative to the ground, we continue to stand still, approximately. The game continues of

feeling out the exact place where lift is best—moving forward and sidewise experimentally. Finding position, landmarks are help. The ones that were beside you are now steeply up and too far. You hold position, by guess more than by operating on a mental map.

The region of best lift is incredibly small. Push forward a foot, your climb is cut in half. Let the drift backward a minute, and you're into the sink part of the wave, like stumbling backward in a mine. First you get sink. Then, push forward again into the lifting part of the wave, you have to fly steadily holding the nose down. To reach more altitude. One such study cost me a couple of thousand feet.

Twenty-two thousand, guess. There's something hypnotic about smoothness, the rhythmic motion and the silence. A good climb flown slowly, makes almost no sound—merely a rush like the wind through trees. The noisiest thing inside is your own breathing, slightly muffled by the oxygen mask. Up about here, to put it in another language, you are entering a new environment. Watch out. Failure of the oxygen system.

The higher you are, the longer time you would remain conscious if your oxygen failed, but the longer time it would take you to get to a more livable altitude. The medical tables give you three minutes of consciousness at 25,000 feet, half a minute at 30,000, half again at 35,000. The pilot, unlike the mountain climber, does not die of work. He does not run out of breath. He merely becomes inattentive, irrational, and then passes out. At any altitude over 20,000, you probably use up your period of doing nothing. In the Sierra project, one pilot, Peter G. Smith, died of anoxia at 30,000 feet.

It could happen to anyone relaxed and perhaps almost drowsy. I was just climbing at 20,000 feet when I happened to look in the lower right-hand corner of the world, the oxygen pressure gauge zero. It turned out later that the "ox" tank some hours before the flight, I had not tightened hard enough, and there was a leak. So from here on up, the oxygen pressure gauge shows how much you have

which shows, each breath at this breath is positively gen, not just thin air. And ails: when they turn blue, o down.

ree thousand, going up. clearance from ATC. You dio and call Black Forest; Denver; and in a couple of e Johnson's voice comes ea is now open to 36,000 e nearing 36 T, you called e would almost certainly e Pikes Peak area to

e thousand. Now begins a serious cold. There's no et; but the "standard" ss average) atmosphere -30°F. At 35,000, it is n the cold gets to you. All h don't stop it, especially n elbows touch the cold skin ne, and where your heels n floor. People sometimes er wave than they ex- h are not totally dressed t me down with their feet n en.

does other things. It forms e Plexiglas from your ou have to fly with the ator blowing icy air at el can split the Plexiglas kt canopy. It can deaden v at runs the radio. It can e radio itself. The pilot a the highest wave flights exies, Hod Taylor, a for- apilot, carries his battery ide his flying clothes to rm. Even so, the cold al- n. He was above 41,000 obing, when his mask ure from his breath had it.

e between 25,000 and eton most days, the rate nishes, and finally there ot where you can hold y anywhere else, you get ne line.

is entirely describable: ut the same as from a eference is, you made it ou can really see it. ome out of your shoul- angel's, and are not in h glider's nose is but a ousing around your sides is nothing. The ot is just under your Ek, the little wight, now



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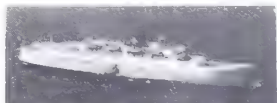
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GAMES SOME PEOPLE PLAY

hides there. As you go up, near mountains shrink, but far ones rise. From two or three hundred miles away, the high white ones look at you across the green-blue West. You are alone with them, a Lowell among the Cabots.

This is most gratifying. But we didn't come up here to look at the view. We came to look at the altimeter—how high we've got, on nothing. Twenty-five thousand, 30,000, maybe 35,000: on nothing.

Physics talks about Maxwell's demon. He is a sort of gatekeeper, stationed at an orifice between two chambers, both filled with air. He can tell a fast-moving molecule from a slow-moving one; as molecules randomly approach his gate, he opens or shuts it so as to shunt the fast ones into one chamber, the slow ones into the other—like cutting cattle on a ranch. Pretty soon he has one chamber full of hot air, the other full of cold: and on the difference he could run a little engine. Great fellow: he has found a loophole in the Second Law of Thermodynamics. It is as if he had persuaded a river to run uphill and fill a reservoir. Maxwell's demon is imaginary, a paradox. What he does cannot be done. But we have just done it. Riding the wave, we have collected energy. From our altitude now, we could glide, if we chose, several hundred miles in a straight line; we could remain airborne several hours. We have practically the same liberty of action as a powered airplane. We have been, so to speak, *making gasoline*.

And then we throw it all away! Most people do. The practicalities prevail. One, it is cold. By this time, the cold has got inside you. Two, a straight, long-distance glide would require a new ATC clearance, and, because a glider can't hold an assigned altitude, this would be an exceptional deal, to be negotiated beforehand. Three, you want to get that mask off your face. Four, you want to land the glider at its home port, to avoid a costly retrieve. Five, somebody else is waiting to fly it. Lots of good reasons. The real reason is: a downhill glide just isn't interesting—not after the upward miracle. And so you put the nose down and go plowing down in curves and spirals. You even put the dive-brakes on, most brutally wasting all that beautiful energy. ☐

HARPER'S MAGAZINE/NOVEMBER 1971

## Pineau de la Loire

A unique bottling of a white grape from the c of The Christian Brothers



Some of the grapes in our Napa Valley vineyards have more distinctive names than others. Pineau de la Loire is most descriptive: this is the grape of the district in France's Loire Valley.



In its homeland, it is a wine of a fresh, lively character. I have been intrigued by capturing this. By setting aside all of the crop, and fermenting slowly, to retain all of the richness of the grape, Pineau de la Loire has yielded an exceptionally charming wine. It is at maturity in vat and bottle is now ready to be enjoyed at your table.



With its splendid noble heritage Pineau de la Loire is a worthy paniment to the finest medium body and so flavor are especially foods that are not too spiced. Shellfish, sole meat are suggestions. be served chilled, of course.



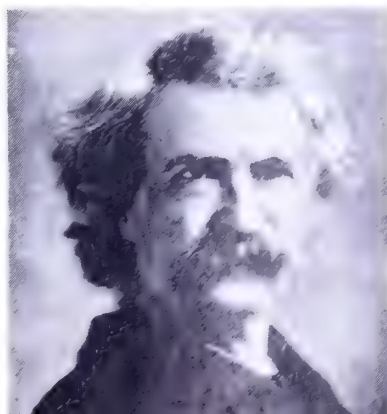
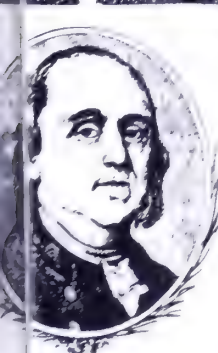
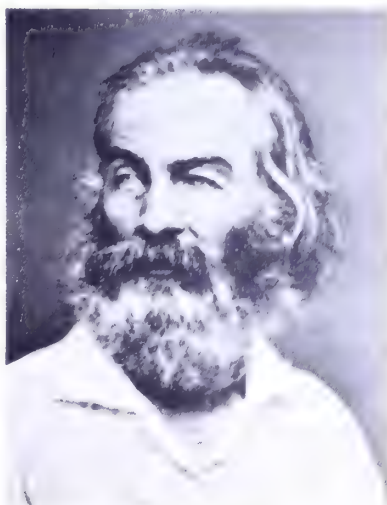
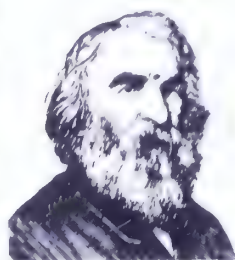
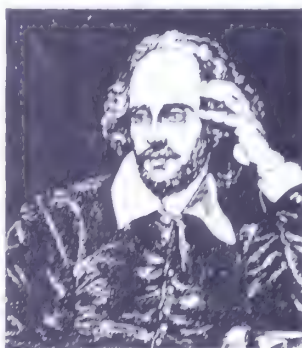
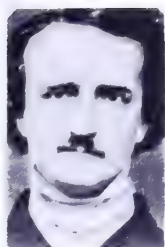
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# BOOKS

Slightly less than the speed of sound

**Cruising Speed**, by William F. Buckley, Jr. G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$6.95.

IN THE PRESS SECTION at an Apollo launch a couple of years ago, I asked a young radical writer, who had just made a big name for himself with a very good book about the Columbia riots, if he wanted to meet William Buckley, who was standing not far away. "You don't *meet* William Buckley," snapped my friend. "You *confront* him." So I arranged the confrontation, and, I think much to my friend's frustration, they spent the next few minutes chatting happily about—sailing.

Nothing unusual in that. Buckley probably has more left-wing friends than anyone else—with the possible exception of Allard Lowenstein, who has made a career out of left-wing friends, and who is himself a friend of Buckley's. As the journalists who write about him, the liberals who debate him, and any number of others are forever discovering, there is a world of difference between the public William F. Buckley, Jr., with his polemics and his sometimes insufferable air of indomitability even in defeat; and the private William F. Buckley, Jr., who is one of the world's most gloriously engaging men, without a nasty word in his vocabulary.

As a result, Buckley tends to be portrayed as a paradoxical figure, each side of his personality making the other more difficult to understand. How, in God's name, the Left asks, can such a likable man hold such hateful politics? Some of the paradox disappears when you realize that it is precisely in God's name that Buckley does it. His views on America's role in the world are, simply, outside the realm of reason, which is to say he is one of those Catholics who take it on faith that if God had meant for the world to have Communists, He would have told us so. (As for purely domestic issues, Buckley isn't unrea-

sonable at all. Wrong, maybe, but not unreasonable. He doesn't fit his caricature as a racist who is unsympathetic to the poor. In many ways, one hastens to say in his defense, there is as much relationship between Buckley and Strom Thurmond as there is between Aristotle and Agnew. As a perceptive reporter has noted, one speaks for the rule of law, while the other cries for law 'n' order.)

But still, there is an image problem. Buckley just does not behave appropriately for someone who wishes to be taken seriously as a Christian Crusader. His boisterous good humor, and pranks—such as the recent phony Pentagon papers—have led some of his nonadmirers to conclude that he is merely a dilettante and a showman, more concerned about having a good time than he is about even his own stated cause. Is he, in fact, for real? this group asks.

**B**UCKLEY HIMSELF has never been fond of the public confessional, answering humbly for the sins he may be guilty of, but he has finally figured out how to show enough of his personal self that reasonable people can draw their own conclusions and—what else—have a little fun at the same time. Thus, his indulgence in what he calls the "colossal effrontery" of a "documentary" about one week in his life—people, events, correspondence, and reflections.

Since it is a public act, it is, naturally, maddening in certain parts, as when he says, "I am, for all my passions, implacably, I think almost *unfailingly* fair: objective, just," and then, in the same paragraph, ascribes to Kingman Brewster during the Yale-Black Panther spring "the position that no murder should be investigated if there is the possibility that it was committed by a Black Panther." The line is an amusing one that makes me laugh when I read it, but recalling Brewster's anguished statement about the difficulties of fair trials for notorious

black leaders, one hopes that in the land would hold Buckley mark to be fair, objective,

More important than the professional obligatory polemic the book provides a rare picture of how and why Buckley works the way it does; and more than not it is a delightful cause for him cruising speed slightly less than the speed of

As is well known, if Buckley himself any thinner he could solve. Three columns a week, program, countless lecture a life that would wear him Knickerbocker, and dictating to most of the 600 or so that receives each week—the type that could be used as evidence questioning, if not the sound at least the depth of his ideological truth. At one point, week, Buckley receives a frequent letter from a liberal academic named Herbert, who says that Buckley is so caught up in games of being a celebrity that he stagnated and should find a way to seek new answers. About which Buckley thinks:

*One wishes for the wisdom of John Henry Newman. Being that one possessed the certitudes worthy? The wisdom of a middle-aged, middle-century American conservative John Kenneth Galbraith, my friend, has approached me. I listen. Give it up, he says, next to me in the Volkswagen head out from Gstaad to Rinderberg, which is where most to ski. The whole International Review, journalism, radio, lecturing. College academy, and write books that count. I did it, by the way, and went to Harvard. Break must be absolute. I need the trauma. Then—ah—you will discover the give a theoretical depth to ideological positions.*

*But—I answer, in his theoretical depth is there have not myself dug*

Larry DuBois is a former contributing editor of Time now living in Washington, D.C.

ns of American conserva-  
 ist I have advertised their  
 y. How can I hope to do  
 gainst positivism than  
 has done? Improve on  
 s analysis of rationalism  
 s one illuminate a sun-  
 discover orthodoxy more  
 ly than Chesterton did?

letter Buckley receives  
 e of how infrequently one  
 urnalistically relevant op-  
 y make a simple profession  
 d so he makes one, in his  
 y, concluding:

ly extraordinary feature  
 isn't the faithlessness of  
 n people; it is their utter  
 nance of the Christian re-  
 y travel to Rishikesh [to  
 ishi] to listen to pallid  
 nd imitations of thoughts  
 they never knew existed.  
 go anywhere to experi-  
 tually — except next

ASUALLY, Buckley offers  
 a glimpse into his personal  
 out his shameless, and  
 trics. Pondering a recent  
 e Cambridge Union with  
 th, a debate Buckley had  
 ally at least, by the show

ave won, at Cambridge,  
 n less sardonic, leering,  
 t know. It is very hard  
 o peel, without protective  
 irectly to an audience,  
 e audience might turn  
 and, as a conservative  
 up in the knowledge that  
 e not for us, I must not  
 iend the power to be-  
 s verdict matters to me.  
 y failure, as a public  
 at my strength.

ctingly, Buckley cheats  
 elaborate on the point.  
 k escape from this very  
 ect is right in character.  
 easily, and usually, for-  
 ley is a man who has  
 abuse in the past twenty  
 has dished out, and the  
 ivering is, by now, several  
 -only Gore Vidal, as best  
 mber, has completely  
 gh, and that incident is  
 w Buckley doesn't even  
 f cavalierly as part of the  
 day, he will admit in pri-  
 s sorry he blew his cool.  
 e understands the prob-

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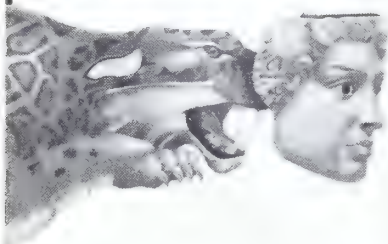
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**Robert Ardrey**



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\*New York Times

**BOOKS**

lems of showmanship any better than Buckley. A DePauw University student writes him, asking that he speak on campus, with no fee, but for the opportunity of enlightening the wrongheaded liberal kids. Buckley responds that his lecture fees—which are astronomical, approaching six figures a year—go entirely to subsidize *National Review*, so it can be sold at a price that even college students can afford. "If your fellow students have any intellectual curiosity at all," he continues, "they will pick up *National Review* at a very small cost to them. If they want me personally, what they want is theater. For theater, I charge."

And so he moves on at cruising speed, through Bach concerts, Manhattan discotheques, lunch with Otto von Habsburg, a debate with Ramsey Clark, the Rolling Stones movie about Altamont, Mass at St. Jean's on 76th Street, and a flight to Washington on the corporate jet of CBS President Frank Stanton, enjoying himself and everyone else all along the way.

**D**ESPITE BUCKLEY'S GENIALITY and wit as a comrade, it is *not* impossible, the gleeful exclamations of many of his new acquaintances notwithstanding, to dislike him personally. Among those he has encountered who don't admire his politics, nearly as many would consider themselves enemies as friends. In his documentary, Buckley tells of one, a young rabbi's assistant who was determined to express his contempt personally to Buckley after a speech at a synagogue. There was a minor scene, about which Buckley's host was appalled. "I dismissed it as utterly inconsequential, totally understandable, infinitely excusable, etc., etc.," writes Buckley, "even though the sting punctured, and one of these days I will perhaps know enough about myself, though I do not spend much time in conscious introspection—this journal being a spectacular exception—to know whether such hurts are an offense pure and simple against my vanity, or whether, as I would prefer to think, they offend me as ruptures of the membrane of social affections—Garry Wills' term—that makes it possible for people to live together, people by definition being people who disagree on questions trivial and substantial." □



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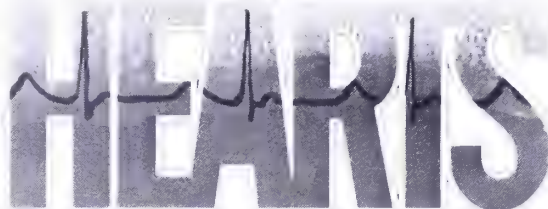
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Chicago  
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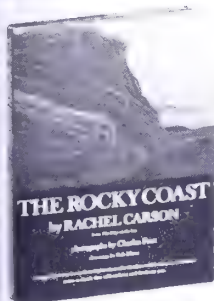
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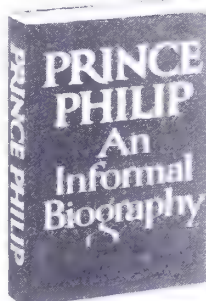


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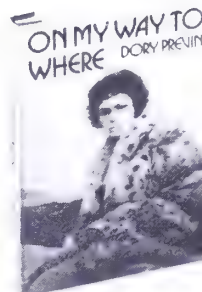
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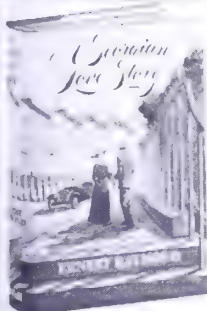
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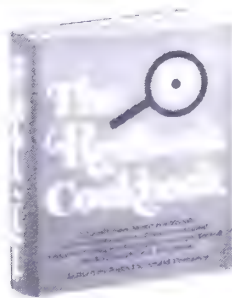
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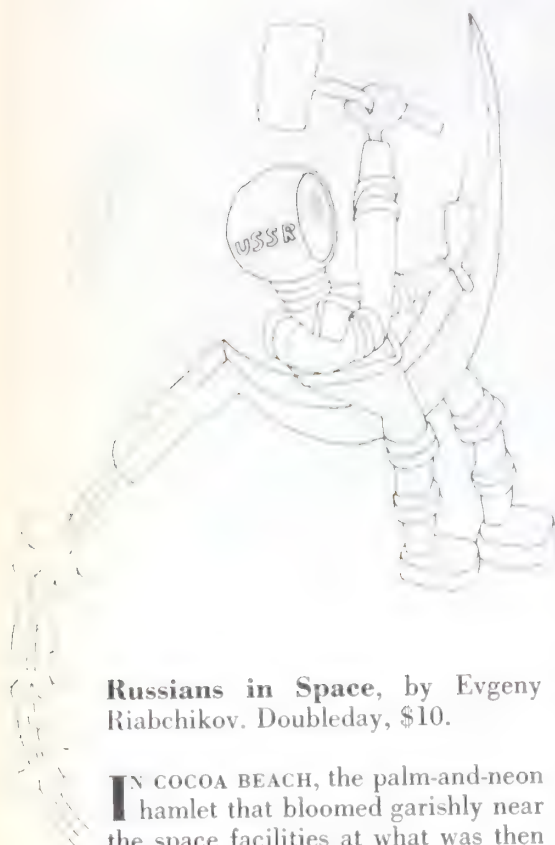
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# BOOKS

An operatic version of reality



**Russians in Space**, by Evgeny Riabchikov. Doubleday, \$10.

IN COCOA BEACH, the palm-and-neon hamlet that bloomed garishly near the space facilities at what was then called Cape Canaveral, there allegedly lived a young woman with a relentless obsession. She was determined, the story went, to sleep in some secret sequence of her own with each of the seven Mercury astronauts. This was back before anyone had made a space flight, and in those sexist, prelunar days, hers was considered by the rumor-dealing barflies of the Canaveral press corps to be an ambition of substantial magnitude and merit. The young woman, if she existed, might possibly have been less impressed by the astronauts' high IQs, superb fitness, and total dedication than were the reporters, dazzled as they were by an occasional glimpse of an astronaut by the magic of jukebox light or when one of the seven charged off in gleaming Hertz to places the reporters couldn't follow.

Obviously the story of this astronaut collector is untrue. Since I was

*Mr. Wainwright worked with the American astronauts from 1959 to 1962 for Life magazine, which at that time had the exclusive rights to their personal stories.*

then a member of a *Life* team assigned to interview and photograph the astronauts at interesting, exciting, fascinating, dangerous, touching, warm, heartfelt, revealing, attractive, and (naturally) exclusive moments in their personal lives and work—and was supposed to keep my eyes and ears open for *anything else* besides—I should know, shouldn't I? From time to time there were, like restorative onions in those watery motel Gibsons, reports of the lady's progress through the roster. But she was never identified or pointed out to me, and I strongly suspect the astronauts of making deadpan additions to the lore themselves.

In any event, the importance of the story is that it existed, a patch of color and irreverent relief against the overall journalistic fabric (a sort of wrinkle-resistant homespun) woven about the astronauts. For most of the seven, their preference for fact, a parallel discomfort with any ambiguity, and their almost ritualized public modesty ("I'm just one member of a huge team") conspired to conceal their identities—which may have been the intention of some. Thus they tended sometimes to disappear entirely from view in the middle of stories about and apparently by themselves, and they ran muddily together now and then, one hot pilot not always distinguishable from another. The masking of their differences, which most emphatically existed, was of course mainly the fault of their ghosts. But the astronauts had the right to approve the transcripts of their autobiographies, and they made their own forgettable contributions to homogeneity.

TO RETURN TO the Cocoa Beach fable, if there was a similarly inclined lady working the steppe near the Baikonur launch complex northeast of the Aral Sea, she doesn't turn up in *Russians in Space*. As the title suggests, this is a book largely about the cosmonauts, and its author, Evgeny Riabchikov, is a Soviet journalist, filmmaker, and television commentator who has specialized in space. Mr. Riabchikov is personally acquainted with many cosmonauts, a fact that past experience would lead me to guess explains a certain hard-breathing humility in his presentation. Cosmonauts, astronauts, -nauts of all nations are severely intimidat-

ing to some men, often especially to men whose work involves capitulation of heroics not the adventures utterly unknown gets a bit defensive about not a rocket, about not being qualified to go to the moon, when one goes from liftoff to liftoff by type.

But if there was an awe-struck quality to coverage of the U.S. astronaut, Mr. Riabchikov has made a quantum jump with the spacemen of his country. Perhaps the sheer earnestness of the enterprise gives his work a lyric sweep unknown in space journalism. Whatever the reason, it makes delicious reading for those grown gray and a bit jaded at the knee of Walter Cronkite. In this report of the landing of Yuri Gagarin, the world's first space-

... Gagarin landed by parachute a few dozen yards from a dense vine through which the April winds were happily babbling. Nearby, away, the cosmonaut saw a woman and her little girl. They were standing beside a spotted calf and looking in disbelief at the strange dressed man. In his orange suit and white space helmet Gagarin would of course have amazed them.

Removing his space helmet, he shouted joyously to the woman, "I'm one of your own people, comrades! One of your own!"

On that particular day Akimovna Takhtarova, the wife of a forester, was planting potatoes. With her was her six-year-old granddaughter, Rita. The little girl was the first to notice Gagarin.

The old woman and her daughter ran up to the man in the space suit. Gagarin asked them of the village near which his spacecraft had landed. And he asked them to immediately report his return to earth.

"Have you really come from space?" Anna asked incredulously. "Just imagine—I have!" Gagarin said.

Now I'm not doubting for a moment that this event took place as reported. It merely sounds a bit didn't, like *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, and I am grateful for the operatic version of reality. The speech before liftoff is likewise full to the fancy. He and his crew had been singing in the bus and had been singing in the bus and had been singing in the bus and well embraces were so ardent that the general reported he "very rarely to use force" to pry the cos-

Before this year is ended, mankind may have witnessed the monumental human catastrophe of modern times. In an area of south Asia called Bengal, nine million people are dying of starvation, disease, and despair. The East Pakistanis.

**Give us a hand. Let's see  
if we can save a people.**

Six months now, the victims of civil war in East Pakistan are pouring into the surrounding provinces of India seeking safety. Nine million refugees have made the dash, fleeing death and arbitrary death, a shattered family, a burned village. They are probably twice again as many broken people wandering inside East Pakistan, homeless, or hiding, or headed for the greatest sudden displacement of a people in history.

It follows closely an unimaginable natural disaster—a cyclone which washed East Pakistan's delta region in November of last year, leaving hundreds of thousands of people and effectively removing the food supply for a year.

East Bengal, the region of the Ganges River basin. It is one of the most densely populated places on earth. In such a place, overcrowding, any calamitous event—an earthquake, a famine of crop weather, a war—is amplified to the absurd. The East Pakistanis have been doubly victimized during the past year. The result is a scale of human suffering so extraordinary that the simplest, sparest descriptions sound like sensational lies.

Nine million whose suffering we can see (the number may be a million by winter time) are clinging to life. In the camps, their circumstances are not particularly degrading. They have no circumstances. They live in the open. In the fall soon be winter. Their wounds will not heal. Nor will the pustules of their diseases close. And the diseases are especially virulent are cholera, pneumonia, diphtheria, typhus, conjunctivitis, and dysentery. Mealtime is passed in a mile-long line for a cup of rice. The children's population in these camps of fragmented families is, predictably, huge. Those whose parents are missing must learn to scavenge. If he can't, there is often no one in particular who is guarding against death.

We are faced with an unavoidable and final fact. As a burgeoning population struggles with a finite world's finite resources, we know that twenty million Pakistanis can be rushed toward the world before the world's peoples realize it. Americans are not that even in these—for us—lean times, we enjoy a superabundance, a relative comfort, that might be shared when another part of our globe cries out, from vile and abject misery, for help. We can answer the plea of a weary people in desperate need through Project Relief.

Project Relief is always searching for, and working through, agencies which provide the greatest percentage of actual relief and distributed for each dollar donated. For example, the money Project Relief now receives is routed through the Inter-American Fund, whose reputation for the efficient

management of funds in the field, in the refugee camp, is exceptional. A gift made to Project Relief purchases direct relief: medicine and field hospitals; food and powdered milk and vitamins; blankets and simple plastic shelters; basic clothing and children's smocks. Donations also work to produce more donations, hence more relief, by bringing the plight of the Pakistani refugees to Americans through magazine and newspaper advertising. Project Relief, as a non-profit, charitable organization, pays no salaries and accepts only donated service as a staff.

Once or twice in every year, it seems, the side of a mountain falls on a remote string of villages. Or an army wars on a land for its resources and a people is largely destroyed. Or a typhoon strikes a crowded shoreline and a city is lost. As we begin to understand the calamity, watching newscasts in the evening and, over breakfast, noticing grisly pictures in the paper, we are most often frustrated because things are over and done with. The event has come and gone, almost casually, and its effects are irreversible. Damage done, we can only count the dead.

For our sakes, the situation in Bengal right now is different. The refugees have been set aside and marked by circumstance for death. The killing ground has been prepared. It is the filthy, wet, cold refugee camp. But the wholesale dying is only just beginning. The end for millions of people—first the children, then the aged, then everyone—is holding off. We have a couple of months to work with.

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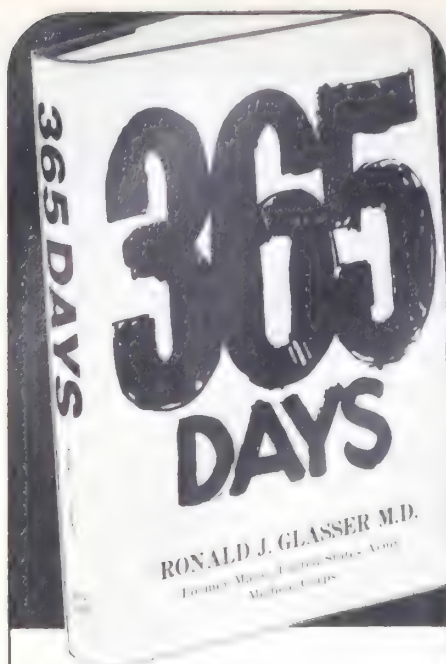
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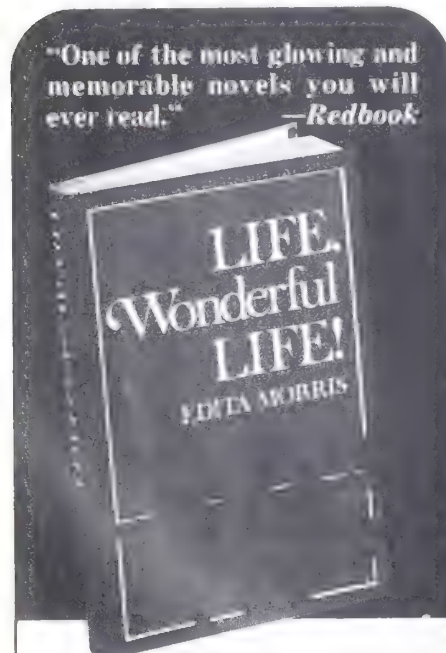


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#### BOOKS

loose. All suited up, Gagarin moved to a microphone.

"Dear friends, you who are close to me, and you whom I do not know," he began. He spoke simply and sincerely with no signs of anxiety. "In a few minutes a powerful space vehicle will carry me into the distant realm of space. . . I wonder whether it is worthwhile to tell you of the feelings I experienced when I was offered the chance to make this flight? Joy? No, it was not merely joy. Pride? No, it was not merely pride. I felt a great happiness. To be the first man in space—to meet nature face to face in an unprecedented encounter—could one dream of anything greater? But immediately after that I thought of the tremendous responsibility I bore: to be the first to do what generations of people had dreamed of. . . ." He paused and all was silent except for the sound of the April wind blowing across the steppe.

When he caught his boss sneaking a look at his wristwatch, Gagarin wound up his address and got in the elevator that carried him to the top of the rocket. On the way up, Mr. Riabchikov tells us, "the silence was broken only by the cry of a bird that flew by him."

Mr. Riabchikov makes no claim to have heard that bird himself, and less than a month later when Alan Shepard made America's first flight, I was nowhere near his launch. At the moment of liftoff, in fact, a photographer and I were crouched in growing panic in front of a television set in a Virginia Beach hotel ready—more or less—to race over to Shepard's house nearby to gather happy pictures and comments from his wife Louise. The story depended on Shepard's survival, and the question of survival was a very big one then. In any case, Shepard didn't tell me about the launch until some days later, also in Virginia Beach, when we sat in his backyard and roughed out the trip on a tape recorder. Shepard is now an admiral whose footprints await a clean sweep-down on the moon; his voice shook sometimes when he spoke of that fifteen-minute flight in 1961. But the language that evolved had a distinctly offhand, nonorchestrated quality, which may have reflected the sense of the man but somehow fell short of the sense of awe others attached to his mission. Shepard spoke thus of his prelaunch moments: "I sort of wanted to kick the

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# WOODY ALLEN

is currently writing a major philosophical work to be called *The Cosmos on \$5 a Day* and revising his autobiography to include himself. In the meantime, he has graciously consented to entrust the world with this modest masterpiece.



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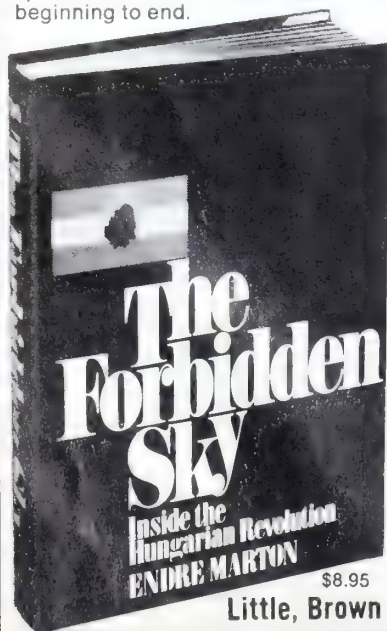
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#### BOOKS

tires—the way you do with a new car or an airplane. I realized that I would probably never see that missile again. I really enjoy looking at a bird that is getting ready to go. It's a lovely sight . . . And this one had a decided air of expectancy about it. It stood there full of lox, venting white clouds and rolling frost down the side. In the glow of the searchlight it was really beautiful."

Partial as I am, I would have to chalk that one up as a clear win for the Russkies. But it appears that some moments in the space experience reduce all pilots to the lowest common banality. When Shepard reached the highest point of his ballistic trip and looked down, he exclaimed at the "beautiful sight." John Glenn didn't advance the art of altitude appreciation much when he said: "Oh, that view is tremendous!" Now Mr. Riabchikov has brought us Gagarin's spontaneous response, and we should be relieved by it: "He poured out his feelings, exclaiming: 'It sure is beautiful!'"

THE INITIAL PLEASURE of watching Mr. Riabchikov at work with familiar materials palls a bit, like watching Japanese ball players in an extra-inning game. His book, whose production Doubleday arranged with Novosti, the Soviet press agency, smacks here and there of the company line, which is to say that it is totally reverential about the history of Russian rocketry and the space program and about every man, woman, and dog who ever had anything to do with it. Rich in detail, the book tells us, for example, that Gherman Titov, the second Soviet pilot in space, memorized *Eugene Onegin* during a prolonged period in an isolation chamber. Another cosmonaut, Pavel Popovich, is reported to have responded somewhat more restlessly, dancing and singing Ukrainian songs all day long. A third, Aleksei Leonov, the first space walker, drew the close attention of the psychologists when he painted a picture of a sinking ship. Then he drew a sketch of Paganini. "I had read a book about the great musician," he told the ever-faithful Mr. Riabchikov, "and I wanted to express . . . the violent emotions that tormented him and his passionate nature." In his exposure to a darkened isolation chamber, Wally Schirra had, as he expressed it with

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Reports



some pleasure, "beat that test by going to sleep in the middle of it." All of which illustrates, I guess, that cats skin out differently. Schirra's use of black time is an illustration of the sort of utter practicality that made him a first-rate astronaut, though a bit shaky on his Pushkin.

**A**CTUALLY WHAT EVENTUALLY does me in about *Russians in Space* are the repeated references to an ambience, a climate so foreign to my own in a subject grown so stale. Much of Mr. Riabchikov's writing about space is a damned clumsy bore, an interminable series of launches, reentries, and new Heroes of the Soviet Union punctuated by useless

rhetoric on the importance of their missions. I doubt if the book offers anything new to informed rocket watchers or space historians. Still, I am moved to read, for example, that Valentina Tereshkova, the only woman space pilot, sang to the cosmonaut in a neighboring orbit "just as she had back home on the Volga, at the textile mill, at flying school . . ." I am happy to read that, when she landed, "from every direction, herds- men on horseback came galloping up to see the capsule." Even though everything tells me it must be sheer baloney out of a Soviet copy of a James Stewart-June Allyson script, I am almost saddened to read of the parting between Vladimir Komarov and his wife before he left on the

flight that killed him. "Dawn breaking," throbs Mr. Riabchikov, "and its first rays were dispersing the mist. Komarov looked at his wife who was holding his suitcase, a finger along her eyebrow, and gently kissed her on the cheek. He leaned on his chest: and both of them watched, wordlessly, as the dawn came through the shutters of the blinds. The sky brightened, and the light-blue woods turned to gold."

"Komarov straightened up to go." He threw his jacket over his shoulder and opened the door with a military stride. "Grissom, a tough, funny, no-nonsense man, would have found the rigidity for that, but it would have tickled him too."

Catharine Meyer, Frances Taliaferro

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**Krumnagel**, by Peter Ustinov. Atlantic-Little, Brown; \$7.95.

Barton Krumnagel is the anti-hero of the year. A kind of allegorical figure of vulgarity, he is the oafish police chief of a city in Middle America. In an English pub on the first leg of a round-the-world trip, he shoots a man who annoys him in an argument. Krumnagel's subsequent adventures allow Ustinov to satirize British justice, experimental prisons, hard-hats and street-corner Buddhists, ghostwritten memoirs, American lovemaking, and forensic psychiatry, just for openers. Krumnagel himself emerges as a sort of Holy Churl.

Ustinov's humor is bitter, and his ear is brilliant. He is preeminently a dramatist, and this novel is a collection of memorable confrontations. The heroes and villains are interchangeable in *Krumnagel*, as in the "chaos of the human spirit," which is the true subject of Ustinov's farago. —F. T.

**A Sort of Life**, by Graham Greene. Simon and Schuster, \$6.95.

This grudging title is accurate for Graham Greene's candid short self-portrait. In the Greene grain, it begins languidly. About halfway along, the reader almost reluctantly finds himself sharing Greene's introspection about his morbid adolescence, his artistic and economic prob-

lems, his succumbing to religious faith. Willy-nilly, one slips into his tentative phrasing — "almost" or "sort of" are about as far as one wants to go in assaying Greene's experience and one's response to it.

But life did make him sort of sick, and only gradually did he learn to endure being shy, bored, frustrated sexually and professionally, and to stop slipping now and then into near-suicide. He was the son of a school-teacher who succeeded to the head-mastership of the Barkhamsted School, in a small town not far from London, and was apparently happy in a family of six children. He began to suffer when he became a boarder at the school because he was that perennially sensitive boy among the usual galaxy of hearty extroverts, and, for example, his nights in the dormitory were made hideous by the sound of others' farting. To escape the school regimen, he lied, stole books, and hid out a lot, especially on the town common. After several inept attempts to take his life, he began psychoanalytic treatment at sixteen, which he enjoyed. But three years later, he found a revolver in a drawer and, at intervals over the next several years, played a private game of Russian roulette with it. He gave up the game when the excitement wore off, though he says he was playing another version of it when he went later in life

on various reckless trips — to Liberia, to a *léproserie* in the Congo, to the Kikuyu reserve during the Mau-Mau insurrection, and on an "emergency" in Malaya during the French war in Vietnam. "Through those last three regions of claret war, the fear of ambush seemed just as effectively as the revolver in the corner cupboard in the dormitory war against boredom."

He got a job eventually as a sub-editor on *The Times*, and was happy in the work, the hours, the atmosphere of intelligent and agreeable learning lessons valuable to him as a novelist.

He had an unequalled triumph when his first novel, *Man Within*, was accepted, but success was slow; ten years and novels later, the publisher was reluctant to risk printing only 3,500 copies of *Power and the Glory*. Green's memoir before there was any that could be called success, he put it in his diary, "I have written before." He noted the same in himself that he had known at sixteen — "the symptoms of a too little hope. . . ."

It makes no crucial difference whether you have been an admirer of Greene — no one could be a more devoted Greene admirer than he. Yet his somewhat *maussade* record of the evolution of a true writer

## er omantics



is music is mid-century music that stems largely from Schumann, and not from Liszt and Wagner. It is well made, graceful, and very serious music. There are no great strong or original figures. It is a parallel with the best of the 19th century. How many Bachs after all, did that age produce? The music of these ten romantics is not destroyed. The Jensen F sharp may owe a huge debt to it but it also has character of its own. It is pervading lyricism at work of an attractive music. The large-scale D minor

Genesis also has a record devoted to the piano music of Leopold Godowsky, almost all of it recorded for the first time. The pieces—the **Sonata in E minor**, the “**Fledermaus**” **Paraphrase**, and shorter works—are played by Doris Pines (Genesis 1000), a pianist who has unusual sympathy for this idiom. She has a fluent technique, an agreeable tone (no forcing at any time), and an ability to bring out the complicated strands of Godowsky’s overloaded music.

Alkan never was a fashionable composer, though some important pianists, especially Busoni and Petri, took up his cause. He was a friend of Liszt and Chopin; then he became a



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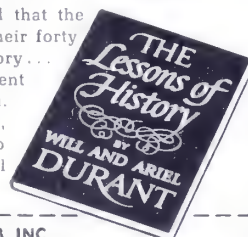
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- Irwin  
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## CAMPAIGN '72

- Reeves* **96** NIXON'S SECRET STRATEGY  
Of politicians and reality and gaps.

## FICTION

- Kurian  
Broder* **86** ELENA, UNFAITHFUL

## VERSE

- ldman* **18** SEASON
- le Kanfer* **18** NOW IS THE TIME

## DEPARTMENTS

- |                            |                 |          |                  |
|----------------------------|-----------------|----------|------------------|
| <i>hischer</i> <b>16</b>   | THE EASY CHAIR  | <b>4</b> | ABOUT THIS ISSUE |
| <i>chickel</i> <b>30</b>   | PERFORMING ARTS | <b>6</b> | LETTERS          |
| <i>rt Mayer</i> <b>40</b>  | TELEVISION      |          |                  |
| <i>tr Kazin</i> <b>112</b> | BOOKS           |          |                  |
| <i>N ntupit</i> <b>124</b> | BOOKS IN BRIEF  |          |                  |
| <i>Somberg</i> <b>130</b>  | MUSIC           |          |                  |

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## ABOUT THIS ISSUE

**G**rudgingly, we are finally beginning to develop a future consciousness. Due in no small part to the concerns and activities of the ecology movement, we are coming to realize that actions have consequences (even if unseen), that we make the future in the present.

Yet most talk of the future is disappointing. Professional prophets regale us with analyses of where we are going, what the shape of things will be years hence; but when we look closely, we often find that they are describing no more than where we are. By mistaking what already is for what may be, they limit our vision and persuade us that we can exercise choice over that which is set in the concrete of the present. The primary failure, one suspects, is simply of imagination.

The most provocative views of the future appear to be coming from certain highly imaginative generalists. In this issue, William Irwin Thompson's "Planetary Vistas" (page 71) provides a fine example of an all too rare effort to see the future as more than mere linear extrapolation of the present. What the article attempts is no less than a sweeping reintegration, erecting a structure of possibility to contain the variety of past and present human experience.

Thompson, who taught at MIT for several years before becoming associate professor of humanities at York University in Toronto, began his flight to the future in a book published last spring, *At the Edge of History*. There he emphasized the linkage between the technological crisis and the spiritual crisis that together wrack contemporary culture, and suggested that our nearsightedness keeps us from seeing the patterns that we are carrying into the future. "Planetary Vistas" represents a continuation of Thompson's effort to equip us with corrective lenses.

Americans are notoriously unsentimental—or at least we like to think we are. We cling doggedly to images that stress a hard-nosed, no-nonsense, straight-from-the-shoulder kind of frontier self-sufficiency. "Prettified" emotions supposedly make us as uncomfortable as a ten-year-old boy being fussed over by his mother.

The image, however, bears little correspondence to reality, as Richard Rhodes points out in "Packaged Sentiment" (page 61). As a nation, we are sentimental enough to send some six billion greeting cards a year, the equivalent of thirty a year for every man, woman, and child. And it's a growth industry. The newest thing on the market is do-it-yourself cards; the customer can put together his own missive by selecting one of a variety

of illustrations and then make up with any of several message new line, developed by Hall called "Personal Expression."

The genius of the greeting-card industry is probably the way it has minimized sentimentality. We need not be embarrassed about emotion printed, it leaves that certain cold which provides space enough for an unsentimental image and the emotional reality to coexist comfortably.

*Harper's*, incidentally, has a stake in the card business. Even the Museum of Fine Arts in New York sells Christmas cards made from *Harper's Magazine* covers. The popular, a Penfield illustration appears below. If the truth be known, it makes us feel rather sentimental ourselves.



# Jingle Belle



Have a Dickens  
of a Christmas.  
Give J&B  
Rare Scotch.





# LETTERS



## Ecology

"Who wants to breathe clean air in a racist society?" I do! Richard Neuhaus ["Not Nature Alone," October] adds confusion to an already confused and all but hopeless situation by placing the plight of the poor in opposition to the quality of life for all of us. In the long run there is no hope for any of us without ecological management of the earth's resources and the relation of people to these resources. In the long run we have no choice but to "reduce the number of guests at the table." Neuhaus's apparent acceptance of a "breadline" for humanity is a desperate short-range choice at best.

We don't cure poverty by short-range compassion and handouts. We cure it by intelligent political action and an ecological adjustment between the number of people, the quality of their lives, and the earth's resources. True, we have short-range problems involving existing people that must somehow be worked out. But the implication that the ghosts of unlimited multitudes not yet conceived have some kind of sacred rights at the "banquet table" is simply nonsense.

What about the nonhuman life on this earth? At present humans are gradually pushing other animal life off the earth. Is this a part of God's plan? Is it to attain the greatest possible mass of human protoplasm without regard for other life? The arrogance of humans is boundless! Man will not "inherit the Earth" until he learns how to live in harmony with it. . . .

LEON S. MINCKLER

College of Forestry  
State University of New York  
Syracuse, N.Y.

... Although the environmental-population issues will continue to excite emotionally charged rhetoric as typified in the Neuhaus paper by such terms as "commissar," "prophets of doomsday," "nature's yogis," etc., it seems quite unlikely, in my opinion, that emotionalism will aid the resolution of our real problems, and may in fact seriously hinder the problem-solving process. Those professionally engaged in achieving real solutions clearly recognize that Professor Hardin does not ignore the plight of the poor. Rather, he is attempting to analytically define those changes that must be made within the social system if perpetuation of the underprivileged, and environmental abuses, are to cease. To be sure, there are environmentalists who exhibit snobbery and seek exclusive right to the environment, and still others who seemingly are void of empathy and avoid their own species with extraordinary rationalizations and caveman instincts. In such assertions, Neuhaus makes a valid point. And I don't for a minute believe Neuhaus associates Hardin with the selfish and the covetous. But Neuhaus is exhibiting professional irresponsibility when he briefly characterizes Hardin as a "prophet of doomsday" and a "commissar," and thus, as it were, "that's all there is to Hardin!" I don't really object to labels themselves being attached to one's adversary in the heat of debate, but in this case poetic license does not justify omission of another label or two. To give the readers a more balanced impression of Garrett Hardin, Neuhaus might have also told them truly that Hardin is compassionate or sensitive or analytical or objective or factual. More to the point, Hardin is

more inclined to dispense with personalities and get to the issue. In the article, Neuhaus does appeal down to personalities. He is viewed, of course, as a friend.

L. H. WULLSTEIN, Chairman  
Grand Canyon Synagogue  
The University of Utah  
Salt Lake City

Richard Neuhaus's article in the October issue is a great public service.

The same forces of reaction that have sought to obstruct human progress in this country throughout its history are today seeking to subvert the environmental movement to end it as a force to obstruct the economic and social change they fear. If they succeed, they will visit upon us the full brunt of economic stagnation, the worst environmental hazard for many of our citizens—the encompassing blight of poverty.

FRANK E. SMITH, Jr.  
Tennessee Valley Authority  
Knoxville

RICHARD NEUHAUS REPLIES

The vociferous response to "Not Nature Alone" reinforces my belief that the ecology movement has come for many a sacred cause and permits neither criticism nor dispassionate analysis. My article in *Defense of People*, the book in which it came, do not suggest that pollution and unlimited population growth are not very real problems, though they are. My criticism is directed at an ecology movement in its apocalyptic stridency that overlooks the human, political and moral consequences of the "solution" it espouses.

As for being biased in favor of

# Thank God for tomorrow's medicine.

Remember yesterday,  
when pneumonia was a  
big killer?

It's almost nostalgic.

And how about today? Well,  
you're not sick today,  
why worry?

It's tomorrow that  
holds the terror. And  
that's what we consider our  
business: to be ready  
for tomorrow.

We put an enormous effort  
into it. Time, talent,  
equipment and some  
\$100,000,000 a year of our  
own research and  
development money. (Yet  
your average prescription  
still costs only \$4.02. Five  
percent less than the same  
quantity of medicine cost a  
decade ago.)



But one of the interesting  
things that goes into the  
making of medicine defies  
all analysis.

It is the stuff that  
breakthroughs are made of.  
Like the breakthroughs that  
tamed pneumonia. And will  
ultimately control cancer  
and heart disease.

This interesting thing is  
called intuition.

And Lord only knows  
where that comes from.

**The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association**

Send for our free booklet, "When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask." It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. HA2, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.



# THEY SAY THE CASBAH IS PRACTICALLY BUILT ON A MOUNTAIN OF PICON BOTTLES.



Picon is one drink you probably never heard of, much less tried.

It tastes bitter. It tastes sweet. It tastes very good if you like a bittersweet drink.

It was invented by a Frenchman named Gaetan Picon. 133 years ago.

Picon was then a supply sergeant in the French Army. The days were hot and somehow water didn't satisfy his thirst. One afternoon, thirsty, with nothing to do and the key to the supply room in his pocket, Sgt. Picon requisitioned some things for his own use. Oranges, they were delicious in this part of Africa. Gentian, Quinquina bark, and alcohol, for obvious reasons.

He mixed it all together and got something exotic-looking, different, and rather robust. Picon liked it, the gang in the barracks liked it and soon, most of the French Army were crazy about it.

Picon's discovery became the drink of its day. That's the

reason people say the Casbah is practically built on a mountain of Picon bottles.

Once out of the Army, Picon returned to Marseilles, where he began producing his liquor for profit. He called it Amer Africain. As his fame grew, others saw great possibilities in his drink. A friend snatched a bottle and entered it in the world-wide London Exposition of 1862. Amer Africain won a Bronze Medal.

Suddenly a more prestigious name seemed necessary to go along with the great honor. "I have it," said Picon. "Picon."

The Picon works began turning out the stuff in earnest, and the particular appeal of this new drink burgeoned. First Marseilles, then Paris, then all of Europe, then America.

But, in America an odd thing happened. Although Picon was sold in every major city, three quarters was consumed in San Francisco. It had something to do with the French and Basque and Italian shepherders. (Their fondness for Picon had followed them from Europe to California and then to Nevada.)

What of Picon today? In Europe, the good sergeant's family still runs the Picon works. And in America, San Francisco still knows something the rest of the country is just finding out.

## How to enjoy Picon

- Picon and soda with a twist
- Picon and sweet vermouth with a dash of soda
- Picon and soda with a brandy float



**PICON**  
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE



adly admit to the charge. Powerful are accountable to us, the rich to the poor, the belief of Western moralism from Augustine to Marx. It is firmly rooted, I am persuaded, in the Biblical tradition. This is a constant challenge from the conservatives whose chief concern is the survival of their "quality of life." The ecology movement is a part of the most recent movement of conventional conservatism. The danger and irony is that liberals and radicals have fallen into waving the ecology flag on the belief that they are attacking the power structure. The majority of the several powerful nations are no doubt delighted to see the energies diverted to religious wars and away from all the nonsense about war, peace, and revolution. It is time to examine more closely the moral assumptions of our society. We proclaim "survival" as our purpose and focus our attention on the biosphere in general at the expense of human needs in particular. Alarmists' creeds urging a price in order to "save the environment" are usually less effective in recognizing that the environment is as usual, presented to the environment worth saving. With the quality of a society is measured by its concern for its vulnerable members. Some of us we must choose between catastrophe, on the one hand, and their admittedly harsh reduction of both the number and the status of the poor, on the other. We can refuse to be intimidated by other options, but we must have a more just distribution of resources.

Professors, unite!

Unite!" [Myron Lieberman] is a brew of sly and ill-concealed preference. Lieberman's forecast that we will make substantial gains in economic growth is doubtless correct. Social and other barriers to the powerful organizations and NEA, are spreading. To organize a campus, it is a majority of those who are. With jobs threatened, and public disfavor



## AN ORDINARY DOG IN AMERICA EATS BETTER THAN SHE DOES.

Cristina eats whatever she can find in the garbage. And that is far less than some prowling dog would find in your garbage can.

For just \$12 a month, you can save such a child.

Through our Children, Inc. "Adoption" program you can help provide a child with a better diet, new clothes and medical attention. Even an education.

But there's not a moment to lose. Every 60 seconds, five or six more children will die from starvation.

Write direct to Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood, Children, Incorporated, Box 5381, Dept. HM-12, Richmond, Va. 23220.

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐ girl ☐ in \_\_\_\_\_

Name of Country

I will pay \$12 a month (\$144 a year). Enclosed is my gift for ☐ a full year ☐ the first month. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.

I understand that I can correspond with my child, and continue the "adoption" longer than one year if I wish. Also, I may discontinue the "adoption" at any time.

☐ I cannot "adopt" a child, but want to help \$ \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Or, I will pledge \$ \_\_\_\_\_ per month.

☐ Please send me further information.

☐ If for a group, please specify \_\_\_\_\_

Church, Class, Club, School, Business, etc

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

You can "adopt" a child from any of the following countries. Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Guatemala, Honduras, Hong Kong, India, Iran, Japan, Korea, Lebanon, Mexico, Nigeria, Paraguay, Peru, Syria, Thailand, U.S.A. — Appalachian children or American Indians. (Or a child of greatest need) All gifts are fully tax deductible.

**CHILDREN, INCORPORATED**





# No-fault auto insurance are for it, should

Some people say no-fault is the answer to all the auto insurance problems. Everything from the high costs to the length of time it can take to collect a claim.

Some people say no-fault is the answer to nothing. Several states already have it.

Several more are considering making it law.

We happen to think that, while no-fault is a good place to begin, there are a great many more things that should be done.

However, knowing what you think of insurance companies—and knowing that some of you may find it a bit hard to believe that any insurance company could be for anything that could lower rates and make claims easier to collect—we'd like to do something better than give you our opinion.

We'd like to supply you with enough information to have your own opinion. (After all, it is your money that's at stake.)

So if you call or write The Travelers Office Consumer Information, we'll send you out a simple explanation of no-fault. As unbiased as we can make it.

We'll tell you what major no-fault insurance packages have been passed or are being considered.

# Insurance companies to be against it?

We'll tell you how the various plans are supposed to work.

We'll tell you what problems they could solve and what problems they can't possibly solve.

And, of course, we'll tell you what we think ought to be done.

Then you can make up your own mind. Before state legislators make up theirs.

And if you have any less lofty questions on your mind—or any problems—our Office of Consumer Information will do its best to help you with them too.

Call toll-free weekdays, from 9 to 5 Eastern Time  
**1-800-243-0191.**

Call collect from Connecticut **277-6565.**

Or you can write, if you prefer, to The Travelers  
Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square,  
Hartford, Connecticut 06115.



THE TRAVELERS



rife, frightened majorities will not be hard to find. They will expect, and in many cases win, standoffs and even short-term gains.

What of the longer run? Here Mr. Lieberman's preferences and predictions get all mixed up. If enough faculty members read and heed what he says, he may have produced a forecaster's nightmare — the self-defeating prophecy. For the brave new world that Mr. Lieberman describes will be desperately repellent to many of us.

I have in mind particularly his assertion that faculty unionization will mean "the end of 'faculty self-government.'" The notion that faculties do have "primary responsibility for such fundamental areas as curriculum . . . research, faculty status" (as leading spokesmen for higher education agreed in 1966) comes, he tells us, from "pathetic confusions about professionalism." In the new world, administrators transformed into real managers will make these decisions, "monitored" by real professionals, namely the "full-time professional staff" of the union (in oldspak they were called "business agents").

The mark of a learned profession, as most of us understand it, is that its members do control membership in the profession, set its standards of performance, and define its obligations to students, colleagues, scholarship, ultimately to society at large. These are ideals that often are not realized and, it is clear from the article I am criticizing, sometimes are not even understood by members of the academic community. If the abandonment of these ideals, and their replacement by a managerial mentality, is a consequence of unionization, then even the clownish professor on the cover of your October issue might see the union light differently.

Of course, Mr. Lieberman's scenario doesn't have to be played out. Contrary to his view, in many universities, faculty, administration, and trustee do share authority in a civilized way. The professional organization of faculty members, the American Association of University Professors, seeks to promote this kind of setting for teaching and study. At the same time, it recognizes that many faculty members feel intimidated, many administrators harassed, and many legislators resentful. We have to grope our way toward forms of or-

ganization that will compose these differences, not exacerbate them. To Mr. Lieberman, with his simplistic confidence in the trade-union way, such efforts appear "fatuous" and "befuddled." Indeed, the AAUP, in its old-fashioned way, even takes a cautious view about the appropriateness of faculty strikes, or of compulsion to pay union dues. How befuddled can you get?

RALPH S. BROWN, JR.  
Yale Law School  
New Haven, Conn.

Authoritarian administrators may warm to Myron Lieberman's vision, but it is hard to imagine many faculty members joining them. For it is quite clear that, in extolling the benefits of collective bargaining, he takes special pleasure in the thought that it will keep the faculty in its place.

It is hardly an attractive place. Even economically, despite initial gains, the faculty of Mr. Lieberman's hypothetical institution (more aptly called SUMP than he himself seems to realize) can look forward at best to a "modest raise" permitted it by an aroused student body organized against the faculty enemy. Academically, there would be an end to "faculty self-government"; that is, the faculty would relinquish to the administration its primary authority for appointments, promotions, tenure, curriculum, and grades.

Mr. Lieberman believes, to be sure, that a division of labor in these matters will benefit higher education: the faculty will establish the criteria and the administration will make the decisions that implement them. Presumably, under such a division the faculty would provide the administration with a list of the qualifications it expects of an applicant for a position, and the administration would find the man; the faculty would outline the requirements of a sound curriculum and the administration would lay out the courses to fulfill them. It is delectably simple. Indeed, if statements of criteria could be

readily translated into well-qualified appointments, a stimulating curriculum, and an equitable system of student evaluation, one could hardly think of a way sufficiently to thank Mr. Lieberman for his proposal.

They cannot, of course, and led all by an administration that has effectively closed the faculty out of significant academic decisions. Sure, experience of the past half century should have taught us that much the system Mr. Lieberman advocates is not the least bit new. It is as old as the authoritarian administration. Innumerable faculties have had good fortune to shake off and rid themselves of which others still labor restlessly.

Holding such views, Mr. Lieberman not surprisingly has little sympathy for the American Association of University Professors, which has consistently asserted a professional responsibility for the faculty in the very matter Mr. Lieberman would reserve for administrative decision. Even most grievances handled by the AAUP would either not have arisen under collective-bargaining agreements, he tells us, or would have been handled (more equitably) under binding arbitration. Mr. Lieberman seems unaware of the fact that the time and costs of arbitration have limited use and that arbitration is conducted on the basis of the collective-bargaining contract and cannot avoid identifying the deficiencies of the contract, reviewing complaints on the basis of its own widely accepted policies. The AAUP offers faculty members the course that their collective-bargaining contracts, defective as many are, do not; and it continues to receive requests for assistance from faculty members whose bargaining agents have been either unwilling or unable to assist them.

When he contemplates the position on collective bargaining, Mr. Lieberman's view is equally defective. It is simply not correct to state that in 1968 the AAUP "did accept collective bargaining, but not that the professors should be represented by so-called faculty organizations." The *Policy on Representational and Economic Interests* recognizes that faculty members may choose to represent themselves either through senates or councils or through exclusive agent (or through both) if it granted AAUP chapters the right of seeking exclusive representation for their faculties. It did

#### EDITOR'S NOTE:

Richard Barnet's article, "The Game of Nations," which appeared in the November issue of *Harper's*, was adapted from his book, *The Roots of War*, to be published this spring by Atheneum.

ma says, caution faculties  
dependence on external rep-  
tative agencies," but it added the  
qualifier—overlooked by  
Lieberman—"that diminish the  
unities of the faculty for self-  
me." With a proponent of  
regaining like Mr. Lieber-  
man to eliminate faculty self-  
me. altogether, the caution  
is well taken.

BERTRAM H. DAVIS  
General Secretary, AAUP  
Washington, D.C.

on Lieberman's article mis-  
he reason why faculties oppose  
is "productivity."

Moreover, as he says, that  
to contend that you can't mea-  
sure and shouldn't even try."  
that try repudiate the quantita-  
tive measurement of educational ef-

Without blink, Mr. Lieberman  
the Carnegie Commission's yard-  
stick for "productivity": "the cost of  
instruction, credit-hour of instruc-  
tion." The implicit "product" is some-  
thing like a conveyor-belt student passing  
through courses and college. "Pro-  
ductivity" thus measured by assem-  
bly-line routine: the more students we  
produce and the cheaper the costs,  
the more "productive" we are.

Professors—and taxpayers—  
recognize the absurdity of that  
approach. It is the quality of the  
education that should be most con-  
sidered, especially in the face of  
the demand for "productivity"  
by Lieberman.

Our conviction that "produc-  
tivity" increases with an increase of  
the number of students per  
credit hour assigned per teacher.  
To improve the educa-  
tional quality to students in college is  
not instruction, not water it  
with "productivity," there-  
fore it must be necessary to raise  
the quality of producing a credit-hour

Lieberman is correct in  
that "even most profes-  
sors slow to claim that qual-  
ity with" the increase in  
enrollment over the past four dec-  
ades—son—which eluded him  
has gone largely into  
quantity rather than en-  
tity.

Lessons at City University  
is a case in point. We  
program in September

In an era when so many  
things are not as good as  
they used to be,  
here is one thing as good  
as it used to be.



Vat 69 Traditional Scotch Whisky

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Sole Dist. U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.



1970 to offer a college education to every New York high-school graduate; 35,000 enrolled as freshmen last year and about 41,000 this year. Yet neither New York State nor New York City, which share the fiscal responsibility, has made adequate investment to accommodate these numbers.

Instead, both state and city mandated a 10 per cent boost in "productivity." As a result, there are not enough teachers to teach these students, nor enough facilities to house them or provide them with study and library space, nor enough remediation to help them overcome their scholastic handicaps. This very "productive" program is doomed to failure unless the *quality* of instruction can be underwritten.

The issues raised by Mr. Lieberman are critical to the future of universal higher education. The public must be confronted with the hard fact that it costs, not merely to admit students and later to send them off with some kind of diploma, but to help them succeed in learning while in college.

"Productivity" is also critical to the future of faculty unionization. As the largest collective-bargaining organization in American higher education, the Legislative Conference has learned that the battle of "productivity"—quantity vs. quality—is more important an issue than salaries in activating and organizing faculties. "Productivity" threatens their professional commitment, which is more precious to them than bread and butter.

BELLE ZELLER, Chairman  
Legislative Conference of CUNY  
New York, N.Y.

#### MYRON LIEBERMAN REPLIES:

I am grateful to Mr. Brown for providing a fresh and confirmatory example of the fatuousness of AAUP leadership. His first sentence refers to my "sly prediction and ill-concealed preferences." Unfortunately, we are not informed as to wherein my predictions are "sly" or what it is that I tried unsuccessfully to conceal. Certainly, I have never concealed my view that AAUP leadership is shockingly inadequate. In this connection, I note that on October 6, faculties at fourteen state colleges in Pennsylvania voted for representation by the NEA affiliate in that state by a margin of 2,010 to 1,282 over the AAUP affiliate.

In view of Mr. Brown's failure in his letter to identify himself as chairman of the AAUP Committee N on the Representation of Economic and Professional Interests, the committee most directly responsible for these and other AAUP election debacles, I leave it to others to assess his comments about "sly predictions and ill-conceived preferences."

After this running start by innuendo, it is not surprising that Mr. Brown deliberately (or ignorantly, take your pick) misquotes my article. He writes: "In the new world, administrators transformed into real managers will make these decisions, 'monitored' by real professionals, namely the 'full-time professional staff' of the union (in oldspak they were called 'business agents')." In fact, I wrote the following: "Collective bargaining will force professors out of administration, but administrators will be monitored by faculty unions in the performance of their administrative duties."

Now a business agent is a representative of the employees. Mr. Brown's snobbish attitude toward the position illustrates beautifully why professors lack effective representation. Whatever the title, however, there is no reason to assume that full-time representatives of faculties will not reflect the wishes of their constituents, unless one believes, as Mr. Brown apparently does, that professors are less capable of controlling their representatives than custodians or plumbers. Personally, I have more faith in the ability of professors to control their own representatives, whatever may be Mr. Brown's experience in the AAUP.

Like so many of his confused organizational colleagues, Mr. Brown does not understand the distinction between a profession and a group of professionals employed by a single employer. It is one thing for lawyers to have a decisive voice in the standards of entry to the legal profession; it is a much different thing for professors at a particular law school to decide who can be employed by that law school. To assume that professors must make the latter decision to be "professional" is to illustrate again the pathetic confusions about professionalism discussed by my article. Mr. Brown's letter also illustrates pathetic confusions about collective bargaining, unionization, and my article as well. I will have to con-

cede, however, that his letter with a most appropriate qu concerning the AAUP. Concern he asks rhetorically, "How be can you get?" Judging by his the answer is that we ought assume any limits in the matter.

According to Bertram Davis "thoritarian administrators" may to support of collective bargaining but not many faculty members. This stupid comment tells it all many administrators, authors or otherwise, are advocating collective bargaining by faculties. Surely Mr. Davis ought to know now that collective bargaining is legally and practically, has a faculty initiative, or it would not have materialized at all.

While Mr. Davis writes as a "thoritarian administrators" would brace collective bargaining, a committee of his own organization advocates collective bargaining as an appropriate response to authoritarian administration. Thus the report of AAUP's Committee N on the Representation of Economic and Professional Interests, 1970-71, chaired by Ralph S. Brown, Jr., of Yale University, states that "if all administrators attended properly to our pronouncements, there would be no need for this kind of pressure to obtain better conditions. But we know that they are autocratic and obtuse administrators, responsive only to pressure from them, an enforceable contract is the effective way to yield compliance that ordinary decency should provide." I can only conclude that Mr. Davis is as out of touch with the developments in his own organization with developments in educational employment relations generally.

#### White

"White Ethnic," by Novak [September], is a substantive contribution to contemporary thought.

Sympathies that must exist for social justice for all minorities in the past two decades have been directed mainly to the fight for civil rights of blacks, Puerto Ricans, and Chicanos. Important as the fight has been, emphasis has given rise to a new isolation among "white ethnics" that has added to the anger and of many "white ethnics" today.

Other forces have had



impact. While America's  
has traditionally been at  
(all ceremonial occasions)  
racial diversity of her roots,  
we have paradoxically yet  
lly attempted to obliterate  
ences. We have long un-  
at a sense of rootlessness  
insecurities that can give  
tration and perhaps even  
t in an attempt to "Amer-  
selves, we have virtually  
ions of American citizens  
colors, and nationalities  
oots.

as a positive and hopeful  
future that those Ameri-  
history lies in southern  
Europe are now seeking  
sense of cultural pride in  
eritage. Rather than see  
w movement as divisive,  
ware of its ultimate unify-

ork City, Italians, Poles,  
krainians, Hungarians,  
a and others have long  
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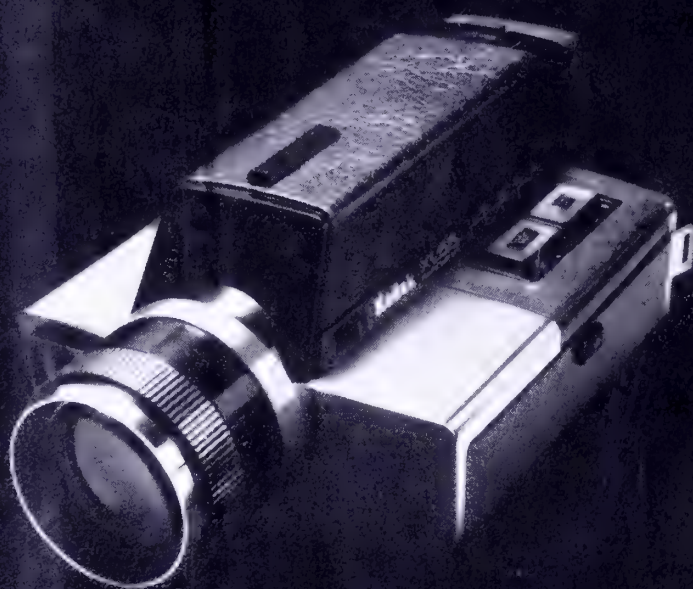
more importantly, city  
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unities, hard hit by the  
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these programs.

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also understand the plight  
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some time, it is perhaps the  
burden of Americans like  
Nak to enlighten our in-  
governmental, and cor-  
adship so that we may heal  
de that we, as a society, have  
un ourselves.

JOHN V. LINDSAY, Mayor  
New York, N.Y.

## Now. Movies without movie lights.



Kodak announces a new kind of super 8 movie film and a new kind of movie camera that let you shoot color movies just by the light you live in. Even by the light of the candles on a birthday cake.

The new film is Kodak Ektachrome 160 movie film. It's four times as fast as Kodachrome II movie film.

The cameras are the new Kodak XL models. Each has a super-fast  $f/1.2$  Ektar lens and a revolutionary new shutter design that lets in lots more light.

Each comes with a precision automatic exposure control system. Each has drop-in loading and is battery-powered.

The XL33 camera (not shown) is less than \$120. The XL55 (above), with power zoom, range-finder, and sports-type viewfinder is less than \$200.

Look into either one. You'll see a whole new world to make movies of.

Kodak makes your pictures count.

**Kodak XL movie camera/  
Ektachrome 160 movie film.**

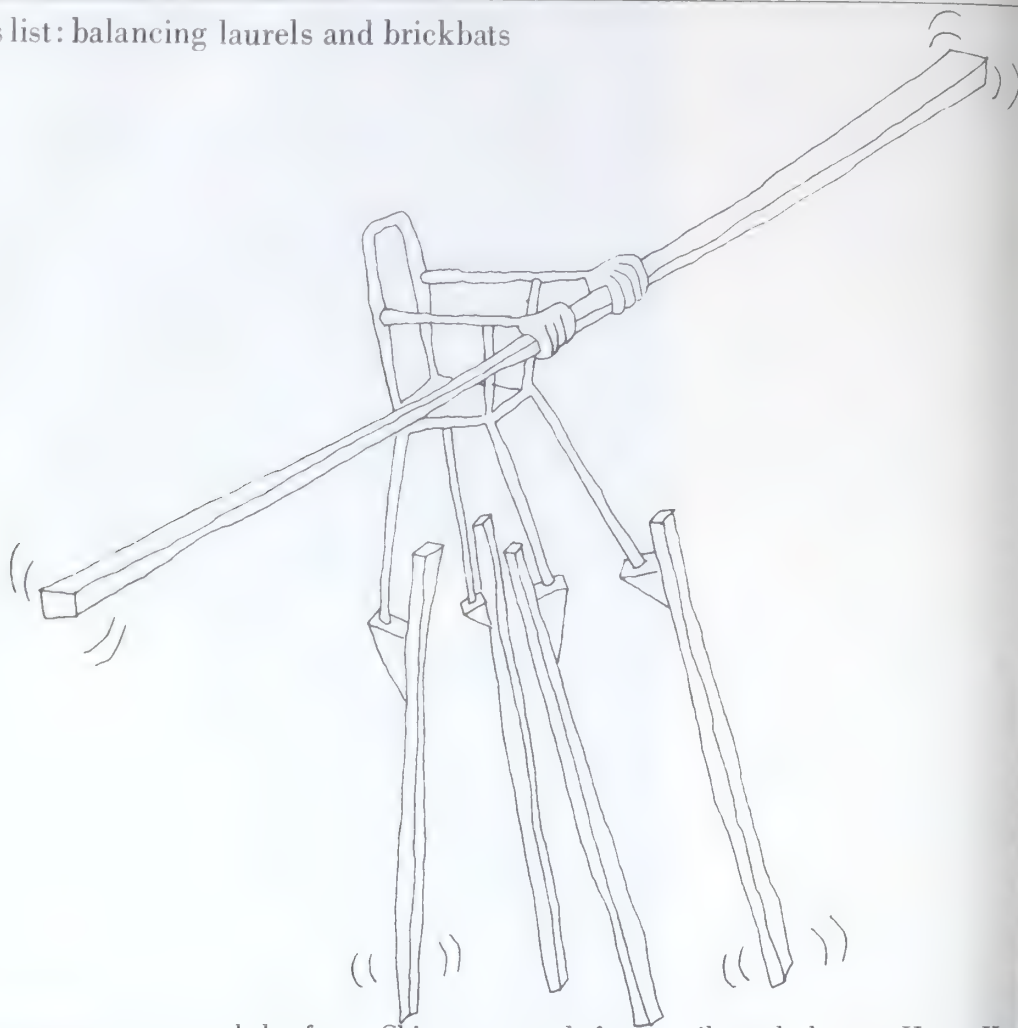
**Kodak**

Prices subject to change without notice.



# THE EASY CHAIR

Christmas honors list: balancing laurels and brickbats



SPECIAL HOLIDAY GREETINGS to certain people whose deeds, admirable or otherwise, entitle them to more public attention than they have yet received.

1. To Joseph Alsop, *Washington* columnist and amateur strategist, for achieving at last his rightful niche in history.

He was placed there by Barbara Tuchman. In her monumental historical study, *Stilwell and the American Experience in China*, published this year, she documents for the first time Mr. Alsop's role in World War II. He then served as public relations aide, or flack, to General Claire Chennault, commander of American air forces in China. Chennault was a brilliant leader of fighter pilots, but he was also a megalomaniac with unlimited ambitions, few scruples, and the wildest illusions about the capabilities of air power. He conceived, for example, the remarkable notions that: (1) his planes alone, with minimal

help from Chinese ground forces, could halt the advance of the Japanese army; and (2) if he were given 105 fighter planes and 42 bombers, he could "accomplish the downfall of Japan . . . probably within six months, within one year at the outside" by cutting the sea lanes to the Japanese islands. (Actually, as Mrs. Tuchman points out, the defeat of Japan took three more years, many more than a hundred times that number of combat planes, and ultimately two atomic bombs, not to mention the fiercest kind of fighting on land and sea.)

Since his superior, General Joseph W. Stilwell, rightly regarded this strategy as nonsense, Chennault determined to force him out, in hopes of replacing him as commander of all American forces in China. In this undertaking he was, in Mrs. Tuchman's words, "fanatically supported" by Alsop, "a journalist with a tendency to cataclysmic opinions." Because Alsop was related to the Roosevelt fam-

ily and close to Harry Hopkins, he could carry his campaign to the White House outside of the regular command.

His efforts and Chennault's, together with the growing enmity of Chiang Kai-shek, finally did the trick, in Stilwell's recall. But for Chennault was a profitless victory. As soon as the Japanese planes became a serious nuisance, the Japanese simply overran his command — as Stilwell had predicted they would; the Chinese troops assigned to protect them put up only nominal resistance. Then, too, Chennault never had a chance to get the promotion he coveted, because Chiang Kai-shek, George Marshall considered him unfit for independent command and despised his "machinations." Alsop, Mrs. Tuchman notes, "became General Marshall's personal anathema" and "not only did not earn some of Marshall's praise but also earned some of Marshall's criticism."

Newspaper readers who



one of Mr. Alsop's current  
onouncements will find a  
ective in Mrs. Tuchman's  
his first venture into high  
d the results. Incidentally,  
o still believes that the  
ates owes anything to  
-shek—or ever did—will  
d by her record of his in-  
tolerance of corruption,  
toward his wartime allies.

hard Ries of Bloomington,  
o put his money where his  
onvictions are. Convinced  
tomobile is a dangerous  
sold his car and donated  
proceeds to the Environ-  
ense Fund.

rman Strouse of St. Hel-  
rnia, for his services to  
nd for a lesson-by-exam-  
ay to live a good life.

his working career as a  
paperman, and ended it  
rement a couple of years  
of J. Walter Thompson,  
s biggest advertising  
the intervening years he  
essed, as many climbing  
re, by the world of busi-  
ways found time to enjoy  
n his family, good food,  
he now lives surrounded  
ys), good friends, and  
ok. Since his Seattle days he  
llecting early editions of  
i authors and examples of  
ti; with knowledgeable se-  
le result is one of the best  
ore are books now in private  
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as written and published  
me distinguished limited  
: instance, *The Passionate*  
h only biography of Amer-  
rs great book designer,  
Ed Mosher of Portland.  
On of his earlier books. *How*  
ld a Poor Man's Morgan  
esteemed by all serious  
s.  
ughut his busiest years Mr.  
accepted frequent invitations  
re literature and bookmak-  
enore scholarly audiences,  
ntimes to do so in his retire-  
le s served as chairman of  
tional Book Committee, a  
of e New York Public Li-  
egats' Professor of the Uni-  
of lifornia, and fund-raiser  
unable literary causes.  
ate benefaction is the Sil-

## New Lady Sheaffer

A gift with a feminine flair.  
New "Lady Sheaffer"  
shimmering in a golden-  
glaze jewelry finish,  
banded by a flourish of  
Florentine. One of  
many new "Lady  
Sheaffer" pens. Pen,  
\$15.00. Ballpoint  
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pencil, \$7.50 each.  
Give it proudly.  
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A magnificent gift.  
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\$15.00 each.  
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# VERSE

## SEASON by Irving Feldman

Nomadic if somehow disembodied,  
going in meadows thick with grass,  
hurtling fences or stopping suddenly,  
he watched the clouds, protuberant  
and dizzy, the makeshift leaves  
seasonal like all else, and deer that fared  
in fields at dusk, intent and browsing,  
or went in leaps as he so often had.  
Soon there was smoke of other places,  
rare drift within the autumn hedge,  
and birds of fateful passage, arrested  
on their providential boughs,  
summoned, he knew, by vociferous instinct.  
And higher still a cowskull crushed  
and bleaching under the conifers welcomed  
the tumbling breeze, the sun at noon.  
Below, where the road went off, the barnyard  
rumbled with bellicosity and panic.

Day by day, the land came lower,  
or the sky was farther off,  
and trees dismissed their thicket, stood  
alone and mute, stranded at dusk  
in no certain station.

No longer  
did he look; his eyes received  
the stream of leavetaking, ceaseless  
and certain, that breathed once at  
the edge of passing, then gone, gone,  
gone every one, declaring  
his domain with their leaping: the space  
between the full enduring summer,  
the fall's inexorable going.

## NOW IS THE TIME by Allen Kanfer

There is as much truth in an apple as  
In words: an aphorism for apple worms.  
There is as much depth in oceans as  
In love: an aphorism for trilobites.  
There is as much love in a wasp  
As in a maid: an aphorism for carib figs.  
There is as much compassion in a tomb  
As in a man: an aphorism for ghouls.  
This is not the time for cleverness: neither  
For long dark sentences nor blue-print wisdom:  
Now is the time for standing still: to learn  
What happened in the darkening of counsel  
Without knowledge, reason defoliated,  
All terrors of the nursing home our refuge.

## THE EASY CHAIR

verado Museum in St. Helena  
he founded to house his collec  
Robert Louis Stevenson manu  
books, letters, and memorabi  
cated near the abandoned Si  
mine, where Stevenson spe  
honeymoon, it is a prime reso  
literary scholars. Its opening w  
brated with champagne fr  
Schramsberg winery, which  
son frequented in 1880. A sen  
gesture, no doubt, but one the  
occur only to a civilized man.

4. *For his practical contrib*  
*Red Power, a symbolic feathe*  
*to the war bonnet of William*  
*Keeler, chief of the Cherokee,*

Mr. Keeler happens to be  
chairman of the board of Phil  
troleum, headquartered in Bar  
Oklahoma. Surprising as t  
seem to outsiders, it would s  
Oklahoman, for the Cheroke  
long since demonstrated a un  
ent for business and politics.  
kee ancestor or wife has alw  
a prime asset to any Oklahon  
cian, and in the peculiar soc  
berty of the state a Cheroke  
strain ranks distinctly high  
Plantagenet—even though  
never had a lot of oil mone  
Osages and a few others did.

For many years the Phill  
pany has hired a high prop  
Indians, in all kinds of jo  
roustabout to the executive s  
der Keeler's leadership it rec  
branched out to help Indian  
tribes to establish industrie  
own. One such is Cheroke  
Industries, which does elec  
sembly work, welding, and c  
ting for airliners; another  
Wingate, New Mexico, th  
jointly by Phillips and the  
Navajos, makes high e  
Others range from an em  
agency in Kansas City to a l  
operation in New Mexico.

Keeler's latest undertak  
Indian National Bank, which  
to have in operation early

5. *To James T. Kinne*  
*mayor, and his 180 fellow*  
*Nayaug, Connecticut, for*  
*bending opposition to prog*  
*form.*

To fend it off, they want  
from Connecticut and be  
fifty-first state. It would be  
est, about one mile square  
tween Roaring Brook and th

# don't talk about opportunities. create them.

Hooper is the boss.  
He is better than good  
He successfully runs  
service station.

ore, he owns his own  
ew car, and his three  
re assured a college  
. And now he's become  
wholesaler with two  
make deliveries.

ren't always so good  
oe; back in 1959 he was

working in a lesser job. At night,  
to earn extra money, he worked  
as an attendant in a Texaco  
service station.

Impressed by his hard work and  
determination, we arranged financ-  
ing so he could go into business  
for himself.

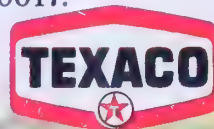
Today, Billy Joe Hooper is just one  
of 1,700 minority group retailers  
who operate their own Texaco  
stations. We have a special program

to train minority group members  
who are interested in doing this.  
We call it Operation Opportunity.

Call it what you will, it proves a  
point. We at Texaco don't just talk  
about opportunities. We create  
them. If you know someone who may  
be interested, please write to us:

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Sales—United States,  
Texaco Inc., 135 East 42nd Street,  
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most people like to putter a

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you'll be refreshed to putter along our hibiscus  
and oleander-lined lanes.

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brilliant bursts of Bermuda blue water. View re-  
hewn monuments of coral rock sculpted by time  
in settings of soft pink sand. Pass glorious gardens.  
Cross the world's smallest drawbridge. And on  
visit the touchstones of history.

All at a leisurely pace, since we have a speed  
of only 20 mph.

Most refreshing of all, you'll find that cycling is  
just a rule of the road. It's a way of life.

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You may even need it. And it's 90 minutes near

# Bermuda

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near South Glastonbury. e has asked Connecticut's vell P. Weicker to intro- tion in Congress to make independent, because its e it just the way it is now. want a paved road that the eateing to build. They n income tax, which seems oner or later even in Con- ey don't want any new- rists, or real estate de- this year they dedicated e crossing near the edge opes of scaring interlopers 1623 the village has had nan people, and it is deter- serve that ratio. If it does od, its first legislation is a bill to repeal the twenty, and maybe the nine- ll.

ne three hundred Danish ie Long John Silver Black for an unforgivable act hey are apparently deter- xterminate the Atlantic

x years ago they dis- e previously unknown g ground of these fish in trait west of Greenland. are born in relatively flowing into the Atlantic nent, Scotland, Ireland. her places, *not* including hey spend most of their in and near the Davis ning to the streams of o lay their eggs. Because quely valuable game fish, tates and other countries in have spent many mil- ect them—by means of fish ladders, scientific gement, and cleanups of eams. Until the Danes the endangered species ave a fair chance to sur-

chance is shrinking fast, thirty-five trawlers work- vis Strait are roughly ir catch every year. Their was four hundred thou- , and perhaps that many tally injured by the Dan- Since they have no sal- of their own, the Danes ignored the protests of dists in other countries. happy to reap what others nd nurtured; and if they get away with such plun-

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**Your \$10  
Christmas gift  
can buy \$400  
worth of food  
for hungry  
families.**

On the back roads of Mississippi, Alabama and other parts of the deep South, there are still many thousands of families facing slow starvation. Right now. Right here in the U.S.A.

Their diets are so inadequate that hunger and malnutrition have become part of their lives. Many children of tenant farmers and seasonal workers have actually never known what it is like *not* to be hungry.

The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its fourth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for the neediest of these families. Under the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan, \$1 buys as much as \$40 or more in Food Stamps. Thus your \$10—an amount that buys "just another Christmas gift" for more fortunate kids—can mean \$400 worth of urgently needed nourishment to help a family survive.

To contribute to this fund, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you. And may your Christmas dinner be a little more enjoyable this year.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund  
Dept. A 1, Box 121, Radio City Sta.  
New York, N.Y. 10019



der, they probably will soon be by other unscrupulous fishermost likely Russians and Japwho have been equally ruthless exploiting other species, nwhales.

In the absence of any effective national law against this kind of logical crime, about the only way to persuade the offenders to stop seems to be an organized boycott of Danish exports. Some conservationists already are talking about this possibility. Anyone who would like to help should write to the Committee on Atlantic Salmon Emergency, Box 164, Hancock, New Hampshire. The chairman is Richard Blumenthal, a member of that state's water pollution control commission.

7. To the Boy Scouts of Charlotte, North Carolina, for pioneering the idea of bringing the Scouts out of the city and smack into the middle of the urban problems.

Under the leadership of George Grimes, their program director, 1,500 scouts—black and white—converted a thirty-five-acre eyesore in downtown Charlotte into a much-needed park. The slums that once covered the site had been torn down under an urban renewal project, but no money was available to provide them with decent homes. Working with city authorities and the Chamber of Commerce, the scouts got the plans to clean up and landscape the rubble-strewn wasteland.

In one spring day they piled 135 truckloads of trash and debris. Local businessmen supplied the crews with free lunches and drinks; a women's club collected stamps to be redeemed for ground equipment; and high school woodworking classes built and painted picnic tables. The Junior Men's Association supplied shrubbery, and grass seed, and they directed the scouts in planting them. Apparently there is no official scout badge—yet—for this kind of activity, but an anonymous note to it that every boy who took part in the project got a special ribbon. The resulting oasis of greener grass is known, naturally, as Good Turn.

8. To Archibald MacLeish for writing probably the best—and certainly the most underappreciated—play of 1971.

Scratch opened and closed

no chance to see it, but it  
lable in book form (Hough-  
\$, \$4.95). After reading it, I  
t the New York critics who  
down so casually simply  
erstand what MacLeish was  
tempted something utterly  
ble: to write a serious play,  
tellectual as well as emo-  
ent, that would deal with  
moral issue.

at least, he seems to have  
e brilliantly—although it  
e of *Scratch*, as of some of  
ys, that the full meaning  
orbed more easily from the  
her than the stage version.  
e lier play, *J.B.*, also con-  
sious philosophical and re-  
sitions. It was suggested by  
l story of Job, as the new  
suggested by Stephen Vin-  
n's short story, "The Devil  
l Webster." Its language  
ay poetic. Yet *J.B.* got re-  
tical attention and had a  
Broadway.

ference in the reception of  
ws may have something to  
e differing moods of the  
nd the critical establish-  
appeared in a decade when  
ill willing to listen to a dis-  
the eternal perplexities of  
a soul. To the intellectuals  
ay such moral earnestness  
narrassingly unwit-it. Be-  
their eyes, MacLeish com-  
nforgivable sin against the  
t. He dared to speak up for  
American ideals and (can you  
it for patriotism and com-  
ll dirty words in today's

a conflict in *Scratch* is be-  
el Webster's conscience  
t'sman's duty to the United  
In the end, his conscience  
eter sacrifices his passion-  
ions against slavery—and  
t the Presidency—to vote  
omise that he hopes will  
ion from civil war. Mac-  
eily believes that this de-  
morally right.

py had argued for the other  
it had ended with Webster  
he Fugitive Slave Law,  
flag, and shouting for in-  
ust, while a procession of  
anacled blacks marched  
the backdrop—you can be  
erach would have been  
comed on the front page  
er *New York Review of Books*.

# Sony brings you 3000 new radio stations.

If you're getting tired of All News, Top 40, and even FM rock and roll revival stations, there's something you should think about.

Short wave radio.

The BBC is on short wave. So are French lessons, from France.

There are ham operator, and ship-to-shore calls. Not to mention Radio Moscow, the Voice of America, and the voice of every other country. Altogether, in fact, there are more than 3000 short wave stations.

And we've got something that can pick up every single one of them.

The CRF 230, on the left in the picture, is the best short wave we make.

It has 23 bands, 3 antennas, 2 speakers with separate bass and treble controls, and a muting switch to eliminate between-station hiss on FM. Plus, on short wave, a double conversion superheterodyne circuit which rejects interference signals and makes tuning easier and more selective.

The radio on the right is the CRF 160. It's slightly less sophisticated than the 230, but it also costs a lot less.

If you're really curious about either radio though, or about short wave in general, why not see a Sony dealer or write us at the address below?

After all, since you've been interested enough to read this whole ad, something about short wave must appeal to you.

Right?

**SONY**



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9. To the rebellious inmates tica prison, for coming up with may be a sound idea—although New York penal authorities to consider it seriously at the the tragic revolt in September

One of the prisoners' demand for "speedy and safe transport out of confinement to a nonimperial country." Well, what is so wrong that proposition? Indeed, to extend it as a standing offer to anybody who considers himself a "cal prisoner" in any jail in the world, if some other nation—maybe, or Cuba or China—is willing to receive him?

This would amount to voluntary exile, a practice that applied well in ancient Greece. Rates, for one, was offered a choice between exile and death: unlike many Athenians chose exile.

If any considerable number of victims should opt for migration to a "nonimperialist" country, even might benefit. The overcrowding of our prisons would be somewhat relieved. The American taxpayer would be spared the expense of feeding and guarding these ex-inmates. The expense abroad would protect them from their possible future crimes as well as their residence in jail. Certainly would be better off in Algiers than in jail; at any rate, the dridge Cleaver evidently feels the same. The receiving countries would find useful work for them in "socialist reconstruction" in the sugar cane fields or in the paddies.

International agreements on extradition-in-reverse should be too hard to negotiate. Casto was encouraged enemies of the regime to leave Cuba, and we have accepted several hundred such exiles. To be consistent could hardly refuse to accept the political militants who to escape "oppression" had fled to Algiers and China, more so, set precedents by welcoming them who jumped bail after conviction for violent crimes in this

10. Speaking of prisoners my favorites is Lou Torok, 606 in the Chillicothe (Ohio) Correctional Institute.

He is teaching himself, with considerable success, to be a professional writer. One of the recent novels he sent me was a well-informed

## **dollar is a magic et in Mexico.**

up your overcoat. Put  
r galoshes. Stow your ear-  
forget the aspirin and

so is the world's finest cure  
ter chills...the biggest and  
ion value in the world.  
dollar gets you just as many  
ever did...and, starting  
they'll buy you a whole

se nowhere else will you  
t Mexico has to offer, at

prices within the reach of everyone.

Sun-drenched beaches, warm-  
blue waters and the most inviting  
year-round climate in the world. Add  
to this the smiling, friendly faces, the  
hospitality and comfort that only  
Mexico can offer and you'll soon see  
why more people than ever before  
are making a Mexican vacation  
their choice over all others.

The warmth, the charm, the  
variety and color make certain your  
vacation dreams will come true...and  
you'll be amazed at how economical  
it all is.

Find happiness in Mexico. Where  
you always buy low...and live high.

Tell me how to find happiness.  
Send me a brochure on Mexico now.

Name

Address

City

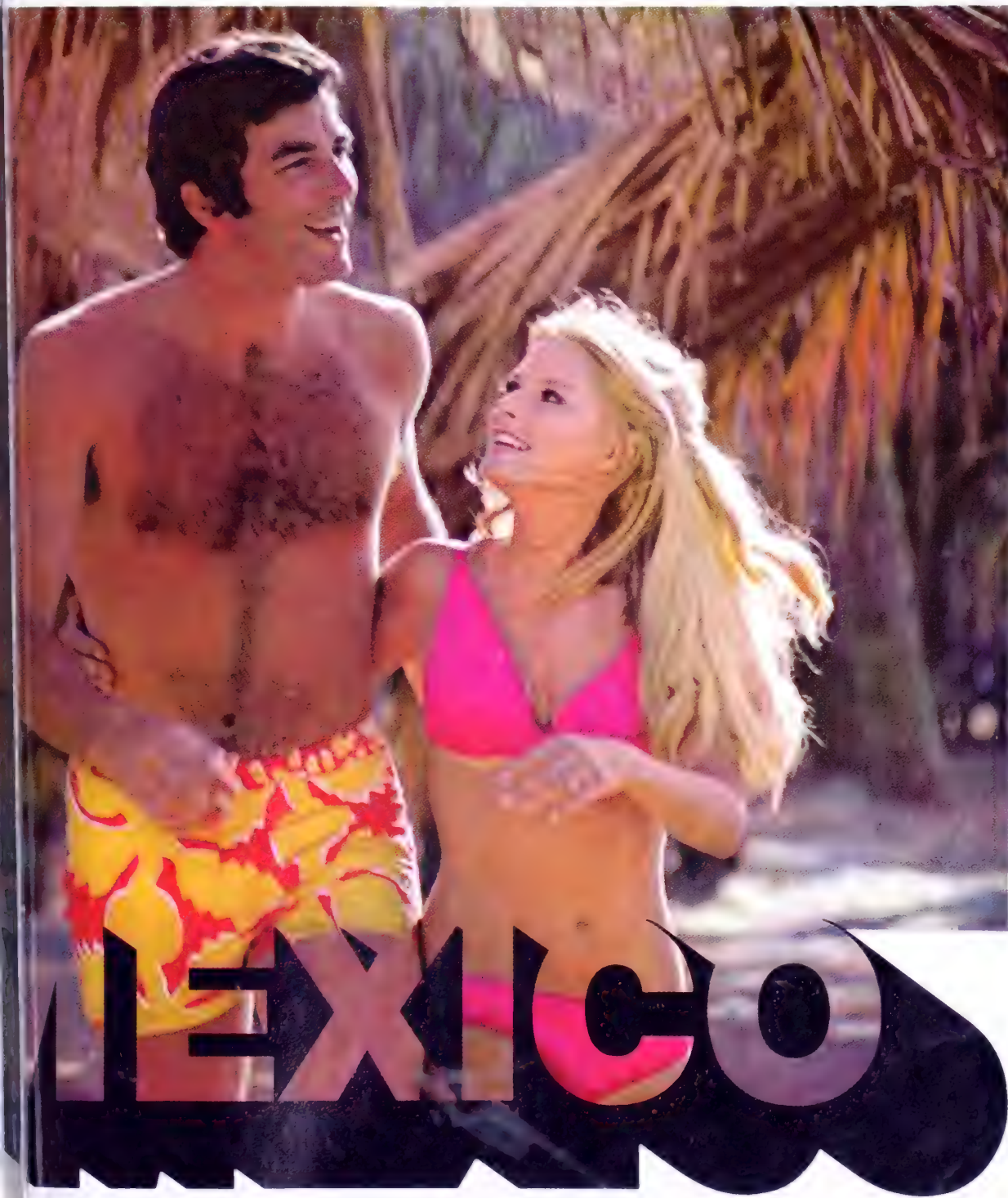
State

Zip

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9445 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90212

**Happiness is 12.50 pesos  
for your dollar.**

Mexican National Tourist Council  
Mexican Government Department of Tourism







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of our surmountable  
urban problems

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In San Francisco, Westinghouse propulsion and control systems will be the heart of BART—75 miles of subway, surface, and elevated rail lines. Automatic, hands-off operation.

Six and a half million people are moved in and around New York daily. More than half of the subway cars have Westinghouse propulsion equipment.

Similar Westinghouse systems will power the advanced transit network designed for Sao Paulo, Brazil, the hemisphere's second largest city.

We also think smaller. A Westinghouse shuttle system has eliminated the long hike at Tampa's new airport. From parked car to plane in three minutes—riding. Another system is under construction at Seattle-Tacoma airport.

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**CROSS**  
SINCE 1846

## THE EASY CHAIR

entitled, "The Christmas Cro about the swindles con men ha vised especially to entrap u holiday shoppers. It didn't seem right for *Harper's*, but Mr. eventually syndicated it to a n of newspapers. May the comin bring him closer both to freedo to a new career.

11. To Dr. Frederick W. Go Jr., of Maricopa County, Arizoi his development of a mobile n and birth control clinic—the its kind—to serve 25,000 po patients who are too poor or elated to get to a doctor's office.

Built something like an ov camper, the clinic is staffed by tor, two nurses, and a health a who doubles as driver. Its thre are furnished with equipm complete physical examination cer detection, and projection b control educational films. Dr. rich, who is director of fami p ning for the county health p ment, finds that the clinic's w are especially welcomed by th fa lies of migrant workers who ously got little or no medica tion.

12. For his precocious sp theology, a reverent Christa membrance to a five-year-ol of mine, Charlie Hahn.

His main preoccupations a e ment are religion, anima knights. When he grows up, y to be a Crusader, and he is try to understand the Supreme sin will someday serve. One n wants to know is why Jesus e his home in the manger, w nice cows and donkeys. A does God look like—"Is he a Like many seekers before hi b his perplexities: "I want t in God, but I don't know ho

He has, however, reached e logical conclusion that is o sound. "When I get my ar remarked recently, "I am go z zoo and let out all the goril wait for God to do it, it v happen."

Cheerful Christmas wish the gorillas, and Charlie, Torok, and Archibald Mac to all others who believe hearts that they deserve th

# The drier liqueur

**B & B** on the rocks



**B & B** Stinger



**B & B** a la Francaise



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**B AND B**  
BENEDICTINE BRANDY  
The drier liqueur



## PERFORMING ARTS

Lecture notes

**C**RISSCROSSING THE COUNTRY (as the saying goes), bringing joy through culture to the masses; testing opinion, acquiring "feedback" about one's subject—so difficult to obtain if you're an inmate of the Manhattan Island Intellectual Internment Camp; earning what seems to a writer easy money (i.e., money not acquired through the painful process of hunching over a recalcitrant typewriter); flinging words into the air where they instantly self-destruct and cannot hover around to haunt you as printed lines are wont to do. In short, lecturing. And it *did* seem a good idea at the time I sought out and signed up with an agent some three years ago. That illusion has long since gone, and I'm left with a tableau of dismal memory.

**A** GLOOMY OLD BARN OF A HALL at a junior college in the San Joaquin Valley: I stumble out on stage to confront fifty or sixty youths scattered in variously indolent postures around an auditorium designed to hold at least ten times their number. "Say, this is terrific," my host says. "Best crowd we've had all year."

**T**HE STUDENT UNION at a teachers college in Oregon: it is exam week; the undergraduate committee has forgotten to put up posters, and the man from the political-science department who is to introduce me—even though he's not just certain what it is I do—has commandeered the squawk box to try and drum up an



Robert Pryor

audience. Into the indifferer sphere of pool hall, bowling, snack bar, he flings his invat "Mr. Richard Schickel of *Lif* magazine will lecture on the contempor cinema in the cafeteria in fe utes. Five minutes. Mr. Schickel." Fine beads of pers appear on his forehead, a tremble on his lips and die uer disapproving gaze.

We share similar uncertainty have just allowed myself to hou in a large metal tube, s through the sky for an engage which \$500 of the college's for about to be spent on entan three students and six of relatives who have come den Portland to hear the act. Weous have met in Uncle Ralph room.

**A**NOTHER JUNIOR COLLEGE one in Washington: I a its first annual arts festival develops, is imperiled by Jon C. dine's abrupt cancellation of Shakespeare reading. Amid the ter of typewriters and seng chines—the college is vocation oriented—my hosts are on epe with Rudy Vallee's agent, get the Vagabond Lover to the for the absent actor, and a sh gain is being driven. Ear motel, which has contrived a room entirely innocent o

*Richard Schickel is film critic for a collection of his essays is being p spring under the title, Second Si*



The advertisement features a bottle of Black & White Scotch Whisky on the left. The label is partially visible, showing the brand name and some text. In the center, a glass filled with whisky and ice cubes sits on a reflective surface. To the right, a bottle of Black & White Scotch Whisky is wrapped in black paper with white diagonal stripes, tied with a silver ribbon bow. The background is dark, and the lighting creates highlights on the glass and the bottle.

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# BRAUN

I had encountered a husband-wife dance team who had opened the night before. They performed their recital in the science lecture hall, which lacked the space they required and forced them to rechoose their numbers to take into account the immovable lectern—fitted with a light and gas jet—that dominated the room. I, naturally, was given a cavernous gymnasium where no other crowd—maybe a hundred—was waiting for me. I kept wondering where they were going to see Rudy Vallee.

ANOTHER GYM, this time at the University of Illinois, where a celebrated basketball school who requires an arena seating 15,000. The entire freshman class was forced to attend a weekly lecture. I sat on a tiny platform at the front of the circle, and I have an acute consciousness that I am not William James or Bryan. And that I'm being judged on a cross of gold (or, more precisely, the desire for same) of my own doing. How far away they are, I can see that these are real buttons, the sleeves of the hand-cut suit I had run up to impress my audience. What an idiot I must seem to them, an abstraction, a speck of the world's boredom suddenly materialized before them.

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE IN NEW YORK. I have a cold, not improved all by a three-hour layover, etc., etc., planes in the St. Louis airport. I am almost senseless with patent fatigue, queasy from a diet of fried food, feel, as I begin my talk, a churning in my bowels. Tension, I tell myself, try to speak over a yoga meditation exercise my wife has taught me for just such emergencies. I am nervous. Gradually it becomes clear, unless I hurry I am going to make quite a remarkable public statement of myself. I hurry. I finish. My father announces a question, I pray for the customary intermission. But it is a fact that the Catholic colleges are hotbeds of interest in me, and this one is no exception. My hands impertinent. What do you think of Andy Warhol? of the Academy Award nominations? of the rating of John Ford? John Cassavetes? and Mary? They're a grand old



# 3M has made a lot of mistakes. We're very proud of some of them.



as adults. If a chemist is expecting his experiment to produce an effervescent liquid and it yields an ugly solid mass instead, no careers are shattered; we try to find out why it behaved that way. Maybe there's a good use for that ugly stuff and a new market waiting. If so, it can very quickly begin to look beautiful.

After all, there were a few false starts and an occasional minor disaster on the road to "Scotchlite" reflective and safety products, "Scotchbrite" cleaning and scouring materials, and "Scotchgard" brand rain-and-stain protector for all fabrics.

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just the sort of people I had hoped to encounter with greater regularity on my travels. But now the nausea is coming in awful waves, cunningly timed to alternate with stomach cramps. I clutch the podium, knuckles whitening, gulp down huge swallows of water, but it's no use. "I'll take one more question," I croak. I answer it with a brevity that could not be defined as the soul of wit, though it was certainly the beginning of wisdom, and exit at speed, without pausing to acknowledge the spatter of puzzled applause directed at the suddenly empty stage. Fifteen humiliating minutes later I emerge, pale and tottering, from the men's room to be confronted by . . . a coffee hour. Much compensatory behavior—hearty backslapping, hee-hawing good fellowship alternating with exemplary sobriety as I earnestly answer every question in excruciating detail, hoping all will understand that my peculiar onstage deportment was aberrant, not the real, charming me.

THE GAUDY DINING ROOM of a country club in Houston: gently bred middle-class ladies do not like to get up on their hind legs and ask questions right out loud in an open meeting, even when the gathering is composed exclusively of their peers. Often women's clubs skip the question period entirely, or else, as in this instance, they provide the members with small white cards on which to scribble queries in demure anonymity. As a rule, these are then sifted by Madame Chairman, who passes them on to the speaker for appropriate reply.

During most of my travels I accepted the customary practice but on this particular occasion, for reasons I could never afterward explain, I decided to look through the cards myself. Would that I had never done so. I can still see the precise, firm handwriting, the neat lines seeming to express a clinical judgment from which there could be no appeal. Instead of a question, the unknown lady had announced an opinion. To the chairman she had written, "We don't want him again."

THE CRITIC CRITICIZED; truth told in the unlikeliest of places; a career—albeit a part-time one—shattered by a single perfectly placed blow. I think everyone who appears

live and in color in his own persona before breathing, coughing, scratching, sneezing, rustling audiences harbors the fear that, by reading the unconscious signals he cannot avoid sending forth, they will discover his secret shames. And it seemed to me that this lady—whom I imagined bright-eyed, thin-lipped, girdled into some unnaturally alert posture in the deeper recesses of the room—had indeed found me out. For although I affected a casual easy manner in public, the fact is that by this time I had developed a degree of contempt for myself and for my audience. Both derived from my disappointment with my gifts as a speaker. Insecure when many strange eyes were fastened on me, I had adopted (not entirely consciously) what I imagined was an ingratiating style—chatty, informal, unpretentious, *reasonable*. In fact, however, my tendency—unless I am with very close friends—is toward a certain arrogance and assertiveness, and standing up there, playing Mr. Nice, rambling more than I wanted to, I was often disgusted with the performance. And disgusted for the audience for letting me get away with it. Worse, every once in a while, for no reason I could later duplicate, I would turn into the kind of speaker I wanted to be—crisp, controversial, giving the folks what they really wanted, which was a good show—and I would get mad at myself for my inconsistency. Finally, after a few months on the circuit, I was assailed by the same whorish guilt that overwhelms me when I write something purely for money.

So I had to concede the perceptiveness of the lady who had discovered that I was traveling under a false identity. It was even kind of a relief to find that one's worst fear was not mere fantasy, to have it made clear, in real life, that you can't expect to take the money and run forever.

The only surprise was the place where my cover was blown. I had imagined that the dangerous checkpoints were the colleges, that I would be brought down or sent up or whatever by some bright, aggressive college kid, terrifically knowledgeable (as a few indeed are) about my subject. But, as I soon learned, this most notorious of younger generations is, for the most part, patiently tolerant of adults who do their mysterious thing for their mysterious adult reasons, so long as the adult in question proceeds

in an unthreatening manner. The self-absorbed, conceding you own self-absorption and getting on with it, taking a torpid laissez-faire attitude toward guests of any and all descriptions. It is the ladies—and to a lesser extent those adults who have so long time acted as advisers to all lecture committees—who have the hard noses.

Their attitude might be termed aggressive passivity. They remember when speakers were really persons, men and women who embarked on monumental thirty- and sixty-day cross-country tours (by train) who depended for a large share of their livelihood on making strong impressions. The test of the days was how often you were voted back to the same place, how many enthusiastic endorsements the committee could show other future chairmen. By contrast, the modern lecturer is usually someone who, for whatever reason, deigned to be lectured and pick up the small change of celebrity. He doesn't really need the missed connections, the crumpled plastic motels, and he knows he can sell himself or his book or ideas more efficiently with a fifteen-minute appearance on the local television show than he can with 300 actual students. So he tries a lot less hard and a counterpart of twenty or thirty years ago did.

Besides, our style of self-presentation has changed—also as a result of television and of our recent developed cultural bias toward the individual, the group therapy, and encounter sessions. We are less and less likely most of us, of someone handing out the word from on high. More and more we prefer communication involving a great deal of give and take among all participants. The expectation of people who expect themselves to do all the work, to enter, to edify them while they contribute more than polite silence to a women's club. They want to walk into a hall with a neat summary of the subject—movies or foreign politics or American Novel Now—finalized in their mind so they can later tick it off to two-three to their husbands or bridge club. Thus this consistent my failure in Houston; very few lecturers under the age of fifty are my critic what she wants, for the very few young orators. The style is deliberately anti-slick, an earnest sincerity not to be en-



or logical in your presenta-  
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s clubs. Despite the inabil-  
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reluctant to abandon them, since they were faithful clients in difficult days and remain so at this moment, when business is again bad.

The small-time engagements also have a practical utility. If a speaker has two dates at good fees, but they are separated by an idle day or two, he can be sold cut-rate to lesser groups on the premise that anything is better than lying around a hotel reading paperbacks while the room-service tab mounts up. Needless to say, the agency's salesmen (mostly women in hats) expend no great effort to make congenial matches between speaker and organization. Indeed, it can't be said they go to much trouble in that direction anyway. The man I worked for, a cheerful old bandit whom I quite liked, told me on first meeting that, in some thirty or forty years in the business, he had never heard any of his clients do their numbers. "I might not like a man," he growled, "and I might get prejudiced against him. I've got all kinds of people I hear are terrible. But out there, they're doing great, and I can't let my own taste interfere. You just can't tell what an audience is gonna like."

So immediately one feels exploited—too many dates at low prices before too many uncomprehending audiences (almost universally, my best experiences were before groups that had sought me out, to whom I had not been sold as an unknown bargain). But that's only the beginning. Once you arrive for a date, you nearly always discover that the contract, which carefully specifies that the speaker be available for only one other activity besides the lecture itself, is honored only in the breach. There's the dinner before the speech and the reception after—both traditions of long standing. Then there are the two or three radio and television appearances, interviews with the local papers, and, on a campus, requests to take over a class or two. I once taught four hours of freshman English in one day at a little denominational college in the Southwest.

You are, of course, theoretically free to refuse these requests. But in fact you are a captive. Your choice again is between the four walls of the motel room and being a good sport.

**O**N THE OTHER HAND, you soon realize that the paranoia among the hosts is at least as pressing as

your own. For example, some sponsors contractually specify that the lecturer arrive the day before his engagement. It seems silly, is often a nuisance, but there is always some historical justification for this clause—the Blizzard of '59, the Great Fog of '63, when all assembled to await a speaker grounded somewhere up the line.

There are also plenty of lecturers in the Dylan Thomas vein—men who in their wanderings (understandably in my view) take to strong drink and/or weak women and manage to get derailed en route. Thus a twitter of anxiety nearly always attends one's comings and goings on the circuit. "You don't mind if we take you directly to the hall—we only have a couple of hours . . ." "Gosh, I'd sure like to check in to the hotel—how far is it to the campus?" "Well, normally, fifteen minutes, but with this rush-hour traffic . . ." "It'll only take me five, just to change the old shirt." "Well, I don't know, we've asked a few people in for cocktails and supper. I'm sure I wrote the agency about that . . ." Indeed he had. Twice. And one understands that some SOB came through a couple of years ago and retired immediately to his room not to be coaxed out except to give a lecture of precisely the prescribed length, after which he trundled immediately off to bed, denying the committee its customary reward—the chance to rub up against a real-live representative of the great and possibly wicked world of celebrity.

**T**HE AGENT'S SHARE of the paranoia comes into play when you are forced to cancel an engagement on short notice. The trouble of coming up with a substitute he can usually manage, albeit crossly. Not so simple, however, is the problem of placating the sponsoring organization. Its officers secretly believe that they are victims of a conspiracy among the sharp practitioners known to reside in New York City. They worry that their money is not as good as anyone else's. Their tattered pride leads them to threaten—and sometimes actually carry out—a boycott of the offending agency's entire client list. And in an overcrowded and decaying business there are too many elsewhere, including a new breed of agents who represent nobody and hence everybody. They operate by

finding out who a sponsoring organization is dying to have but has been able to attract. Whereupon go get him, shamelessly raid exclusive lists of the established more gentlemanly firms. So, the pressure has been on. Last year, I tried, several months in advance, to change a date by a mere two hours and found my agent telling me not to force him to make my request. "They'll kill me," he said. "You'll ruin me in Missouri!" the feeling he was not conveying was that he was honestly scared.

**A**ND SO HE SHOULD BE. I've been with several friends who have traveled the circuit, and they report experiences similar to mine: small, indifferent audiences, a steady decline over the years in bookings, a growing feeling of apathy throughout the business. Part of that could be traced—in a time of rising educational expenses, the forum committee budget is a logical place to cut back, especially since kids don't seem to be interested in speakers anymore, also true that lectures have traditionally provided a focus (or, more properly, an excuse) for radical activity to disrupt a campus. It happened to me once at Duke where Mike Aronson, *The New Yorker*, Blair Clark, and Eugene McCarthy's campaign manager Otto Preminger, and I were engaged for a three-day seminar on the theme "Too Establishment," which I sneered—perhaps correctly—before we even arrived. The student in charge of arrangements contented himself with digging out some bad reviews I had written of Preminger's seminar, promised, in handbills, a "discussion" between us. ("I won't if you won't," Otto said as we were introduced at a reception prior to the seminar. And we didn't, being gentle and being aware, too, that we could get more mileage out of such a counter on a talk show sort of thing.) So we did a little gavotte and the next day Otto decamped, and the same night Mike and Blair and I politely agreeing with one another another seminar, when during the SDS crowd didn't leap to the stage and take the microphones away from us. We retired in good order, started making inquiries the next plane left for California. Look, nothing personal, it's the SDS kids. Maybe we could

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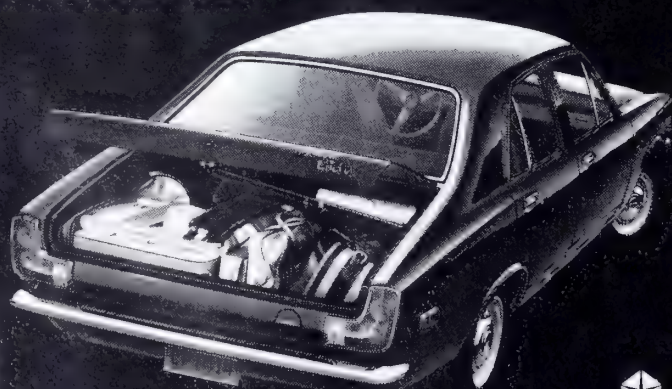
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## PERFORMING ARTS

together and figure out a way of ing the last day of the confe more "meaningful" and "rele

We did, and after all the po rhetoric was shaved away, it t out they had a reasonable comp Our sessions were being held giant auditorium and we were stage separated from the crow moatlike orchestra pit. Mem the audience couldn't ask a q without first commandeering a phone, and there were not eno them to serve everyone who wa get his two cents' worth in. So we did was break the last night' ing into three smaller meetings sessions, really—and damne didn't like it better than stand there in splendid isolation, t touch not only with the audien with myself—sometimes feel schizoid that I could feel a my sensibility detach itself, d into the hall, settle down, an sending comments back: "mo tures," or "slow down," or "yo peating yourself, stupid," or n ten "boring, borriinnng, BO

**A**S WHATISNAME said, "Th a ium is the message." makes the lecturer's message words he utters, but his ve Which means he must hand over to the crowd, just as h himself over to the camera w on TV.

In practical terms that imed ting them handle the mercha roughly as they want, even eno ing them to do so, since the certain residual shyness, tioned manners really, that overcome. It also implies a and ment of the visible shields by the raised platform and the lectern as well as the invisib provided by formal rhetoric. hie a way of saying, finally, tha ture business is either goin to come the seminar business or going to cease being any sor f nness at all.

As for me, I have just for ally tired, and I hope never to ride airline or see the inside of a Inn again. Let other hands pi torch of reform. For those v on carrying it on, I have but of cosmic advice: stay away Tri-Cities of North Carolina furniture convention's on. get a room anywhere.





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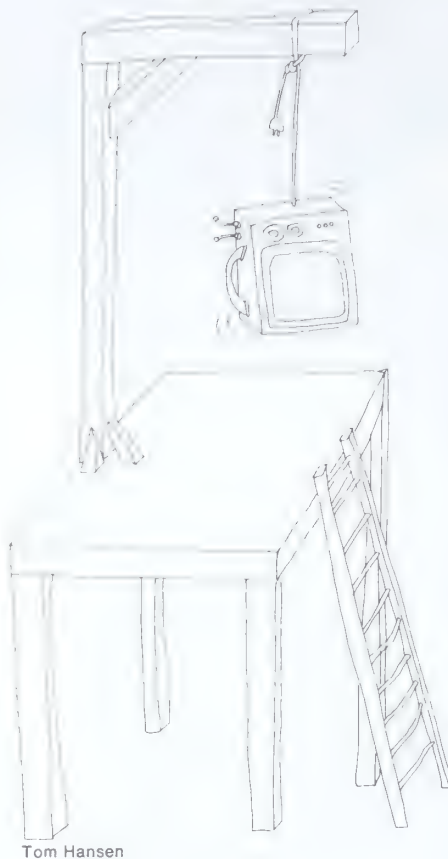
# TELEVISION

Freedom of the press can be a matter of self-interested definition

**F**EW EPISODES in the tangled history of news broadcasting have been so generally discreditable to so high a proportion of the participants as the fuss attendant on the CBS documentary, *The Selling of the Pentagon*, in the spring of 1971. The subject—the abuse of funds and discretion in the PR programs of the Department of Defense—was moderately daring; and given the Nixon Administration's reaction to Joe McGinniss's book, *The Selling of the President*, the title guaranteed negative reactions at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. But most people, even some in the military, would be willing to agree that pushing weaponry and war is an activity scarcely more defensible than pushing drugs. The key scenes in the documentary, the introduction of children and businessmen to the pleasures of putting little fingers on big triggers, were legitimately horrifying, and there were details here and there in the show that were not part of the fund of common knowledge. Still, said Perry Wolff, the CBS News executive producer whose unit was responsible for the program, "This wasn't supposed to be our fast ball for this season. It was just one show in the continuing *CBS News Hour*."

In fact, what appeared on the air was a considerably slower ball than the first cut that had been prepared for viewing by CBS News senior executives. The problem was in part that CBS itself was heavily involved in some of the activities the program criticized. (Wolff, in fact, had been the producer of the CBS series on *Air Power* back in the 1950s.) One of the sillier bursts of anti-Communism in Defense Department promotion films

*Mr. Mayer was television critic for Harper's in 1959-1960. His reportorial study, About Television, from which this article is excerpted, will be published this spring.*



Tom Hansen

had been uttered by Walter Cronkite as narrator; and the Cronkite film, though dating back to 1962, was the most popular thing in the Pentagon catalogue, with more than a thousand showings at Kiwanis affairs and the like in fiscal 1970. Cronkite is a multi-million-dollar property for CBS, and while he was willing to be criticized, there were limits. Producer Peter G. Davis was angry about the war, the military, and much else, and here and there he had forgotten about limits. Wolff screened the show first for his immediate superior, Bill Leonard, then for Richard Salant, president of CBS News, vice president Burton Benjamin, and Cronkite, and there followed a snow of memos. The one

from Salant included thirty points," things in the show that to be made to conform to policy reediting process stretched on the program missed its first a

Among the pieces of mail set in motion when the show on February 23, was the videotape duplicating machine at the Pentagon. CBS estimates that it made thirty copies of the show and distributed them about to members of the military who might be able to demonstrate a fault. Within a week the Pentagon had a brief about the show in the hands of every major newspaper, and in print in the *Force Journal*. As an attack on the show, the Pentagon effort was brushed off, because there really was anything seriously wrong with the show. But in investigating CIA procedures, the Defense analysts come up with several embarrassing errors, two of which should be sufficiently disturbing to trouble people who liked the show and the Pentagon.

One was the presentation of excerpts from a speech by Colin Powell at a military "seminar" sponsored by a local business roundtable in May 1970 in Peoria, a city that benefited by defense contracts. The episode began with a statement by CBS reporter Roger Mudd: "The Army has a regulation stating that personnel should not speak on the policy implications of U.S. involvement in Vietnam." Colonel Powell was then shown saying the following six sentences, apparently one after the other: "Now we've come to the heart of the problem in Vietnam. Now the Chinese have and repeatedly stated that this is next on their list after Vietnam. South Vietnam becomes Communist it will be difficult for Laos

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The same goes for Cambodia, and the other countries of Southeast Asia. I think if the Communists were to win in South Vietnam, the record in the North—what happened in Tet of '68—makes it clear there would be a bloodbath in store for a lot of the population in the South. The United States is still going to remain an Asian power."

The first of these sentences was from page 55 of Colonel McNeil's text; the second, from page 36; the third and fourth (quotes from Prince Souvanna Phouma of Laos, though the CBS excerpt did not indicate that), from page 48; the fifth, from page 73; the sixth, from page 38. They were made to appear continuous by a standard film-editing technique, in which shots of the speaker are alternated with shots of the listening crowd.

Now, there is simply no question that this sort of thing is illegitimate. There is also not much question that CBS could have taken a continuous paragraph from the speech that would have served its purposes *almost* as well. From a public point of view, producer Peter Davis and/or his film editor stand convicted of improving a good story just a little, which deserves a mild rebuke and an injunction to go and sin no more. Even the most sober and responsible reporters (*mea culpa! o mea maxima culpa!*) do this sort of thing every once in a while. From Colonel McNeil's point of view, the situation may be somewhat different, for CBS did show him deliberately and consciously violating a Defense Department directive, while the full text of his speech could be held to leave him at least a loin-cloth of self-image that he was obeying the rules. He is suing CBS for \$6 million, and presumably a court and jury will decide whether or not CBS violated his rights by stripping him of this self-protecting belief.

**T**HE OTHER MATTER was considerably more serious as a question of reporting practice (though quite trivial in terms of the message of the program). Roger Mudd had interviewed at length Daniel Z. Henkin, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs. With his tape recorder rolling in the background (the Defense Department requires officials to make tapes of interviews), Henkin

ran down some of the divisions report-

ing to his department, ending with the "Directorate of Community Relations," which he described as a service that arranged meetings, sent speakers, etc. Mudd then asked, "But aside from your meetings in which you disseminate information, what about your public displays of military equipment at state fairs and shopping centers? What purpose does that serve?"

Henkin replied, "Well, I think it serves the purpose of informing the public about their armed forces. It also has the ancillary benefit, I would hope, of stimulating interest in recruiting as we move or try to move to zero draft calls and increased reliance on volunteers for our armed forces. I think it is very important that the American youth have an opportunity to learn about the armed forces."

On the air, this sequence appeared as follows:

MUDD: What about your public displays of military equipment at state fairs and shopping centers? What purpose does that serve?

HENKIN: Well, I think it serves the purpose of informing the public about their armed forces. I believe the American public has the right to request information about the armed forces; to have speakers come before them, to ask questions and to understand the need for our armed forces, why we ask for the funds that we ask for, how we spend these funds, what we are doing about such problems as drugs—and we do have a drug problem in the armed forces; what are we doing about the racial problem—and we do have a racial problem. I think the public has a valid right to ask us these questions.

Henkin's reference to recruiting as a purpose in displaying military equipment at state fairs, a reasonable enough reply, had been deleted; and in its place CBS had inserted, from a subsequent section of the interview, some statements from Henkin's answer to a question Mudd had asked him about "the instant availability of military speakers at Kiwanis and Rotary and so forth." This question was not presented on the program; and the result was to make Henkin seem like a weaseler and a fool.

Mudd's next question, as the show ran, was, "Well, is that sort of information about the drug problem you have and the racial problem you have

and the budget problems you have that the sort of information that passed out at state fairs by sergeants who are standing next to rockets

Henkin's actual reply was: "I didn't—wouldn't limit that to sergeants standing next to any kind of exhibits. I knew—I thought we were discussing speeches and all."

On the program, Henkin's answer was presented as: "No, I wouldn't limit that to sergeants standing next to any kind of exhibit. Now, those who contend that this is propaganda. I do not agree with that."

The second sentence of the answer had been lifted from the context of an answer to an earlier question. Of course, Henkin looked confused because he had thought he was answering a question about speakers at meetings; and the look of confusion is not unlike a look of guilt.

This episode shows at least some conscious malice, a desire by the producers of the program that the men in charge of the Pentagon's public relations apparatus look bad on the television screen. (To the contrary, incidentally, Henkin appears from the record as one of very few heroes in this story. He told the House committee what had happened to him was true in his long experience with CBS. Asked whether he thought CBS violated the First Amendment by supplying the committee its notes and tapes and film "outtakes" not used in the show, he said, "I do want to be honest with this committee and anyone who may read its record, since I must say that as a newsman it is a matter as this—I would, of course, first want to consult with my lawyer—but my inclinations would be to provide my notes or source material." This drew from Congressman J. J. Pickle of Texas a somewhat pathetic aside about his understanding of why Henkin might hedge just a little bit for the brothers.") Nobody in or out of the business should condone the manipulation of the filmed interview of Henkin. John Tisdall, chief editor to the editor for news and current affairs at the BBC, says that here who was discovered to have presented as the answer to a question an answer that in fact had been another question would be a question of his authority to exercise in the production of program.

How much of this sort

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AL 7, 1971, Congressman  
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in disconsolately on the ice.  
e narrator intoned, "Grieve  
and for us." But the men  
helicopter had merely shot an



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anesthetic into the animal so it could be tagged for research purposes, and in the original film, not shown on the air, the bear had later been seen lurching to its feet and walking off.

NBC had no trouble with the Stagers subpoena, because the program in question had been produced by David Wolper rather than by the network, and had simply been slotted into a time period purchased for the purpose by Quaker Oats. All inquiries were passed on to Wolper, who supplied, without raising any constitutional questions, the material demonstrating the deceptive nature of this relatively brief section of his film.

At CBS, however, the subpoena was big trouble. There were a few men at the Pentagon who had given information on a confidential basis, and the producers had a moral obligation not to reveal their names, which were, of course, part of the documentation in the files. Also in the files were the reams of internal memoranda the show had generated. Some of the comments from senior executives would be ammunition for the enemy. Other comments would be upsetting to Cronkite, because it had been quite impossible for the memo-writers to avoid having some fun with "Walter's" involvement. And the details of how the show had been softened before airing, while they would certainly protect the network against some of the loonier charges launched by the Radical Right, would be embarrassing both to network executives and to the larger world of journalism. Stagers' subpoena was a little vague in its delimiting of what CBS was required to produce; at its worst, it was a fishing expedition that would yield many brightly colored fish, few of them of any conceivable relevance to the law-making powers of the Congress. On April 20, by appearance of counsel, CBS refused to honor the subpoena.

Some of the internal problems at CBS seem to have come to Stagers' attention, because five weeks later he amended his subpoena to apply only to the film and tape from which the material actually broadcast on the program had been selected. "All we want," said Stagers, a pink cherub with white hair, one of those country-bumpkin Congressmen who are always foxing city slickers, "is the films from which they took something, from which they eliminated. We think the people ought to know. The

government gives them a license, protects them against anybody else who wants to broadcast on those frequencies. That gives us the right to find out whether they're telling the truth or not; we're elected by the people to find out." And his committee counsel, Daniel Manelli, small, black-haired, much more urban, added, "The truth is not always complicated."

*The Selling of the Pentagon* was by no means the first CBS program for which Congress had issued subpoenas, and the others had been obeyed. A House Appropriations Committee had investigated charges against *Hunger in America*, and Stagers' own committee had subpoenaed the complete records both of a show on marijuana produced by WBBM-TV, a CBS-owned station in Chicago, and of a projected but never produced show on an abortive invasion of Haiti. These two had been rather harebrained operations, involving a pot party at Northwestern staged for the cameras, and what amounted to a marginal CBS subsidy to Haitian revolutionaries. In addition, all the networks had made available without subpoena their outtakes (i.e., the portions of film not used on the air) on the riots that accompanied the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago.

In response to Stagers' second subpoena, Stanton came to the hearing room himself, and declared that CBS would not provide outtakes and he would not "under compulsory process" answer any questions about *The Selling of the Pentagon*. He distinguished the current case from the pot party and Haitian matters with the explanation that those had involved criminal or possibly criminal activity. Moreover, there had been no question of investigating editing activities in the Haiti case because nothing had been aired at all. In any event, one cannot waive First Amendment rights; the fact that CBS had yielded to subpoenas before did not mean the network was obliged to do so again. Circumstances had changed: the executive branch had been leaning hard on broadcasting and on the press. In this case, the government itself was investigating the probity of a broadcast critical of the government; it was hard to think of anything more likely to have a "chilling effect" on the necessary freedom of the press to criticize government activity.

By then, a large community rallied round CBS. The network circularized broadcasters, papers, and schools of journalism and secured large numbers of supporting statements, not to mention letters and telephone calls to Congressmen. Breaking their own about when programs had broadcast to be eligible for prizes, several universities and an Emmy committee had given a prize to *The Selling of the Pentagon*.

THE MOST SERIOUS WEAKNESS of the CBS position was the evidence of what had been done in the Henkin interview. When it became clear that Stagers was indeed prepared to force the issue with a contempt citation against Stanton, CBS, the network moved to repair its self-inflicted damage by promulgating new rules to govern its behavior. To prohibit what had been done in the Henkin incident would mean something CBS was not prepared to confess, so the new rules did not specifically forbid the splicing in of answers to questions other than the one asked on the air. Instead, they required that should such a thing occur, "the broadcast will so indicate either in lead-in narration, in dialogue narration lines during the interview, or appropriate audio lines." This, in effect, of course, a prohibition on the most imaginative reader. It is hard to conjure up the image of a television narrator saying, "The interview you are about to hear presents as answers to our prior questions answers Mr. X in fact to other questions."

Unfortunately, the Henkin incident went a little deeper than that. Congressmen were disturbed by the possibility that what had happened to Henkin could happen to them; they would never be able to rely on CBS in the past had consistently refused to provide anyone with transcripts of interviews from which excerpts had been aired, and interviewees would not have been able to correct their own records. The new CBS rules therefore provided that "transcripts of the entire interview will be made available to the interviewee after the broadcast, upon request of the interviewee."

Later, during the Congressional debate on the issuance of the subpoena, letters from several

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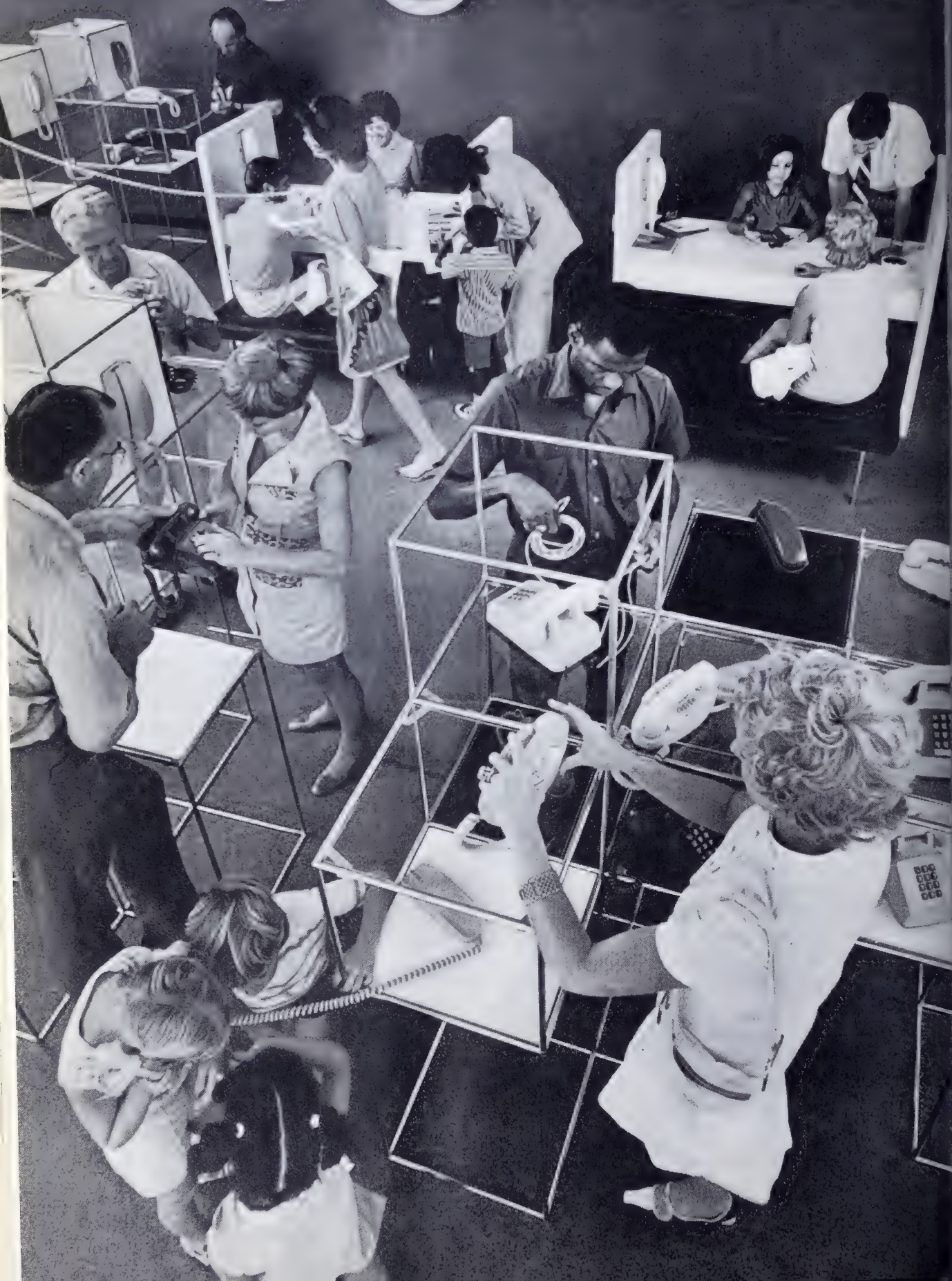
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newsmen and news executives would be introduced into the record. "Examination of film outtakes," William J. Small, manager of the CBS News Washington Bureau, wrote, "even by fellow professionals, can frequently be a poor judge of the actual editing without much more information."

Daniel Schorr wrote that "to try to compare an edited product with the raw material in retrospect without realization of the pressures and needs of the moment is to invite oversimplified and erroneous judgments. To have to live with the constant prospect of such judgments being made would be to live with a form of subtle but real coercion." Burton Benjamin added that "it would, in my view, eliminate the appetite for investigative reporting. Much of the investigation has traditionally involved the government. The proposed system would involve a review by the very people you are investigating."

But by the time these letters were sent, CBS had already given away most of the game. There is, of course, a ponderable difference between automatically giving the government outtakes of interviews with people hostile to government policy and giving only those involving the government's own people. But the opposition expressed by Small, Schorr, and Benjamin to permitting the government to look over the editor's shoulder had already been overridden within CBS. Assuming that the new rules are for real and not merely part of a tactic to ride out a storm, anyone who feels himself aggrieved by the use made of his filmed or taped interview will have guaranteed access to the transcript, and a free field for second-guessing the editors.

CBS was now ready to challenge Staggers in the forum where he was most likely to be beaten—the House itself. Despite brave words from counsel, CBS News, headed by a lawyer, housed no serious hope that the courts would refuse to enforce Staggers' subpoena if the House voted contempt. Staggers' position was weak on two fronts. The first, and most important to the public, was that *The Selling of the Pentagon* had been, after all, a true and fairly important public service—and among those who would vote for a contempt citation against Stanton were a number who wished to punish CBS not for contempt of Congress but for air-

ing this particular show. Even those who were angry at what had been done to Henkin understood well enough that many of their colleagues strongest in denunciation of CBS would not have been much upset at similar treatment of, say, Bobby Seale.

More important in the House itself, however, was the narrowness of the ultimate subpoena Stanton had refused to honor, and the trivial significance of the information it could produce. Thanks to Henkin's tape recorder and Defense Department investigations, the subcommittee already had nearly everything that CBS had been ordered to produce. To exert the contempt powers of Congress to compel the production of documents that were already known seemed unwise to thirteen members of the parent Commerce Committee (out of thirty-eight who voted on the issuance of the citation).

Despite press reports to the contrary, however, the thirteen who voted against citing Stanton did not line up behind CBS. "Some of the general criticism leveled against broadcast news reporting these days is well-founded," their report said. "Our dissent is not an endorsement of the past conduct of broadcast journalism. In fact, we feel that the physical and technical limitations of the medium and the questionable practices of the past may force Congress at some future date to formulate a more effective national policy in this area to safeguard the public's interest. However, this is not at issue here except that we might lose some of our authority to act properly in the future by acting improperly here." With friends like these, CBS would never be in need of enemies.

In the end, the cogency of the minority report—plus pressure from the broadcast and newspaper fraternity all over the country—convinced the House not to act on the Commerce Committee's request for a contempt citation. On July 13, a motion to recommit the matter was carried by a standing vote of 151 to 147; when Staggers demanded a roll call, the vote became 226 to 181, and the episode was over.

**E**XCEPT THAT SUCH EPISODES are never over: their echoes resound. At the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, for example, the new

CBS rules for editing speeches interviews, and for supplying viewees with full transcripts, provoked a management Whatever First Amendment CBS may have, CPB has no charter from the Congress rec its service to be "fair, objective balanced." Clearly, any grants CPB passed through the Broadcasting Service to local commercial stations that p documentaries would have to b ditioned on the use of procedu least as self-effacing as those n nounced by CBS. But many producers of documentaries noncommercial stations see e selves as crusaders, and the i tion of the new CBS rules see s them the hand of Big Brother at ing at their throats.

Big Brother is in fact loo looking around. In the works House is a Truth in News Bro. ca ing Bill (submitted, incidenta , a Congressman who voted to co mit the contempt citation), hi would write into law a gh tougher version of the new CB ru and would hold *licensees* resp sil for its violation, so that each n wo might have to perform a consi ral song and dance for its affiliates s they would clear time for an do mentary. The chance that sor thi wrongheaded will be done ha b greatly increased by an alme d perate erosion of trust occasied the handling of this trivial sp about the editing of *The Seng*, *the Pentagon*.

Except for the *Washington Post* and maybe *Time*, none of th news media even attempted o amine what was troubling son of better men on the Hill. (*The New York Times Magazine* carried an and ignorant denunciation of s in particular and governmen a eral from the "committed" ce spondent Robert Sherrill.) Cigh men looking at a record that e strated an instance of clear v doing were told by broadcast journalists that the Henkin i had been (in testimony fro S ton) "fairly edited" and (in from Salant) "in accorda customary journalistic practi proposition that these guy e fundamentally untrustworth far from the surface of a (p man's mind, gained incre the thorty as the dispute wor



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of the Congressmen who the House *against* citing or contempt also spoke news media in terms of istaste.

hidden issue here," says Gunn, president of the Broadcasting Service, "is responsibility." In the end, o substitute for a profes- jective job of reporting, and documentary construc- tual time" to reply, that fa- gan of government, court, r, and critic, is in reality, Seldes once wrote, "an mula." Seldes challenged that a stranger appearing am to answer an attack de- the master of that program he program's audience, and hold on the affections of nce. Quite the reverse is psychologically an inter- at may be resented. He is someone who has enjoyed of the audience, and he is them of what they are ac- o have."

is tired of being Caesar's as you are," NBC News Reuven Frank told his staff o written in the aftermath *elling of the Pentagon*, re- everyone of NBC rules deceptive practice." But news and public affairs be Caesar's wife, even at some vivacity. A reply to tary, given inevitably by personally concerned or to one side of an argu- never answer the state- news broadcaster who has nage of impartiality and ice.

HAT PUBLIC OPINION can deceptive news practice is casualty of the *Pentagon* from expressing concern distortions in the Henkin the university and intel- munities presumably most o these matters gave the award in the book. A man is passionately with the ew he believes he finds in a program is no more amine the technical back- s production than a lover is nto the use of cosmetics by . David Brinkley observed ly ever accuses a news

service of bias on *his* side. Because interest in substance is so much greater than interest in technique, nobody has ever successfully defined "editorial responsibility" or figured out a way to guarantee its presence.

CBS showed great courage in fighting off the Staggers subpoena. If the contempt citation had gone through the House, it is more than possible that the FCC would have felt itself constrained to deny regular three-year license renewals to the CBS-owned stations, because people and organizations convicted of contempt of Congress for actions related to their broadcasting activities are dubious licensees. But a little more courage, properly placed, would have avoided the whole sordid dispute. What CBS News should have done when the Defense Depratment brief surfaced was to send to Henkin and probably to Colonel McNeil letters of apology from producer Davis, executive producer Wolff, vice president Leonard and president Salant, who were the chain of command on the show. The statement announcing the dispatch of such letters could have stressed the difficulties of editing under time pressure and the obvious unimportance to the show of the matters on which CBS editing had been unfair. What got the best Congressmen angry and what was discreditable to CBS News was not the editing of the Henkin interview—even Caesar's wife can be allowed erasers on the ends of her pencils—but the subsequent defense of something indefensible. If the normal standard of CBS editorial responsibility was indeed demonstrated by the Henkin episode, then there was something horribly wrong about the operations of CBS News.

Of course the Pentagon did not come to Congress with clean hands, but the defense of "you're another" is a confession of editorial irresponsibility and a guaranteed long-term disaster. No doubt the CBS lawyers were to blame: the first rule of legal advice, especially in situations where libel suits are a possibility, is, "Never admit nuttin'." What the television news divisions must ask themselves is whether they are healthy enough to withstand infection from the adversary system, whether they can afford to let their public reputation for impartiality and probity sink to that of the lawyers. □

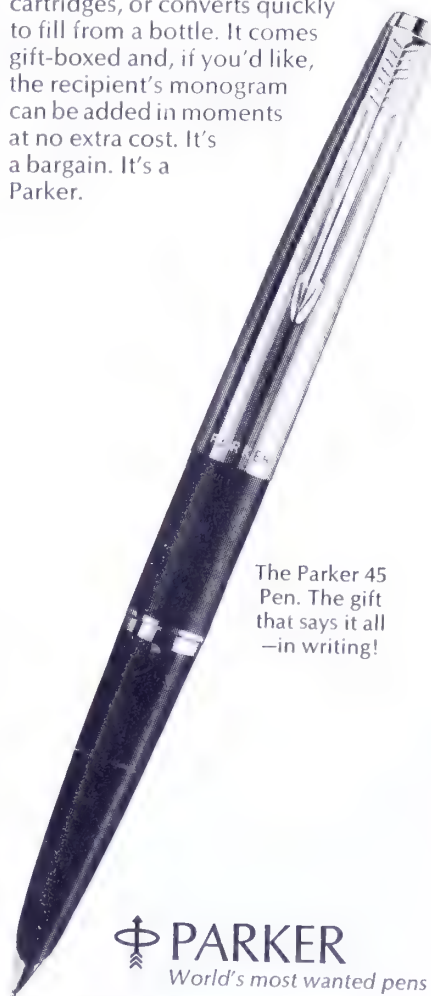
HARPER'S MAGAZINE/DECEMBER 1971

## Who deserves a really great \$5 gift for Christmas?

These are just some of the people you know!

- Your nephew who communicates on *both* sides of the generation gap.
- Your friend at work who kept things moving when you were sidelined.
- Your best babysitter—the one who always washes the kids' dinner dishes.
- Your druggist who delivered the prescription himself.
- Any member of the family who keeps "borrowing" your pen.
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# Because you're mine





was

## MUNICIPAL MONOPOLY

servants: there are no culprits, only scapegoats

TIES ARE NOT WORKING WELL. Sanitation, safety, transportation, housing, education, electricity and telephones—all seemiling. The taxpayer complains about efficiency, and mismanagement, and public servants.

the problems derive from the fragile modern society, which is so variously and interconnected. Just think of all the people—from farmer to supermarket—whose efforts must mesh in order for a head to reach your table. Any one part could break the chain, including the guild card authorizes him (and only pump gas into the baker's delivery van. ess, we manage to get our daily bread. That's because there are many sources and numerous individual bakeries: no in effective monopoly. Furthermore, can be stockpiled, and so there's always wheat, flour, and even bread and frozen d at various points in the system.

y, however, is uniquely vulnerable to outflows—and it doesn't have the option of moving to the South, starting a branch along, or going out of business. After principal function of government is to protect at least regulate, those services that every nature are monopolies; and so the hes public sanitation, police, and fire while the state government regulates the power and telephone companies. all monopolies of a crucial sort, for ces—unlike flour—cannot be stockpiled.

lies a key problem of American cities: s, whether public or private, are inefficient. Most city agencies are monopolies, are automatically tempted to exercise monopoly power for their own parochial—and efficiency is rarely seen as an

When a municipal monopoly no res any interest but its own, the citi-

zenry is left quivering with frustration and rage. The inefficiency of municipal services is not due to bad commissioners, mayors, managers, workers, unions, or labor leaders; it is a natural consequence of a monopoly system. *The public has created the monopoly, the monopoly behaves in predictable fashion, and there are no culprits, only scapegoats.*

Monopoly systems are also inherently unreliable because of their vulnerability to strikes and slowdowns. Legislators who do not seem to understand the fundamental workings of the system continue to demand that public employees behave as though they did *not* possess monopoly power. The New York State legislature, for example, persists in drafting futile no-strike edicts, and is now hailing compulsory

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George Gardner



E. S. Savas  
MUNICIPAL  
MONOPOLY

arbitration as the latest cure. That's like King Canute asking the sea to pretend it's a pond and telling the tides they must cease and desist. The U.S. Congress did much the same thing—and achieved equally spectacular failures—in its naïve dealings with monopolies such as the Postal Service and the railroads.

Employee groups favored with a monopoly can always arrange work slowdowns and carefully contrived absenteeism to achieve the effect of a strike, while getting around no-strike laws and avoiding prosecution. The government is then left with trying to prove there was a conspiracy when a tenth or a third of the work force suddenly took ill or started diligently following some obscure, trivial, but time-consuming work-safety rule.

In this situation, the urban public often lacks even the most basic defenses of a community: when much of the municipal work force lives outside the city proper, they and their families do not feel the effects of strikes and slowdowns at first hand, and are not subjected to social pressure from their friends and neighbors to resume their duty of providing vital services.

### Roll call, lunch breaks, and washing up

EVIDENCE OF MALFUNCTIONING municipal monopolies is all around us, and although the specific examples here are drawn from New York, the picture is, or soon will be, similar in other cities across the country.

Over the past ninety years, for instance, New York has constructed an elaborate organization called the Department of Sanitation and given

it a monopoly over the collection of household refuse. Unlike most municipal monopolies, however, there is here a standard for comparison—the regulated (and unionized) private cartmen who collect refuse from stores, restaurants, and other commercial establishments. The comparison is instructive: it costs Sanitation almost three times as much to collect a ton of garbage as it costs the private entrepreneur. Furthermore, the average Sanitation truck is on commission more than 30 per cent of the time the private truck is out only about 5 per cent of the time. The explanation is obvious: if you own a mere one or two trucks, as most cartmen do, and your livelihood depends on them, you will make sure they stay in working order.

An explanation of the threefold difference in collection costs is also simple, and derives from such embarrassingly old-fashioned concepts as close supervision and good management, motivated by the lure of profits. The more refuse a private cartman picks up in a day, the more money he makes. In the municipal monopoly there is absolutely no connection between the two.

Household refuse collection is not the monopoly granted to the Department of Sanitation; it also has exclusive responsibility for street cleaning and snow removal. Here, too, the dead hand of monopoly is evident. In an eleven-hour work shift only about six hours of actual plowing is done. The rest of the time is consumed in roll call, sign-up, lunch breaks, coffee breaks, warm-up, fueling breaks, driving to and from their routes, and washing up.

Nowhere does the inexorable inefficiency



Charles

all monopolies come through more than in the following incredible statistic: In 1940 and 1965, the number of police in New York City increased by 50 per cent (5,000 to 24,000), but the *total* number worked by the entire force in 1965 was less than in 1940. The increase in man-hours was completely eaten up by a shorter work week, a longer lunch break, more vacation time, more holidays, and more sick leave. By 1965, during the same period, the length of the average work week throughout the U.S. had increased by only 8 per cent.

The monopoly nature of police, fire, and sanitation services has produced work schedules unrelated to public needs. Until Mayor Lindsay successfully persuaded the state legislature to pass the "fourth platoon" bill—and it was a major effort on his part—state law required an equal number of policemen working each tour of duty. Small wonder that there was "dozing," or sleeping on the job; there wasn't much work to be done at 4:00 A.M. Whether the Mayor nor the Police Commissioner could reduce the graveyard shift and then to other tours of duty. "If you want more police available at 8:00 P.M., hire more police," was the legally sanctioned reply.

Most absurdly run New York City monopolies are mass transit. Seventy per cent of all mass transit accidents occur during rush hours, and therefore more bus drivers and conductors are needed during rush hours. But just try to push through efficient "split-shift" scheduling of man-hours. Instead, some bus drivers for the state-run Metropolitan Transportation Authority work 12 hours a day but are paid for *fourteen*. They are compensated handsomely for the "hard work" of making a paid four-hour Mediterranean cruise in the middle of their eight-hour shift. Imagine where baseball would be if the umpires insisted on being paid for a full week, fifty-two weeks a year.

Of course, no rundown of the municipal monopolies would be complete without mentioning education. It is enough to point out that a 50 per cent increase in the number of teachers, and the hiring of one paraprofessional for every two teachers, has produced only a slight reduction in class size. The teachers have simply reduced their work hours and passed on some of their salaries to parents can judge for themselves whether there has been better teacher preparation for the education for their children.

Another recent example of a malfunctioning municipal system is one invisible to the average citizen. Over the past century, the city has continued to elaborate, time-consuming, costly bureaucratic system of checks and balances designed to assure that the government gets fair prices for its purchases and to protect against corruption in contracting for supplies and equip-

ment. However, the consequence is a long delay in securing bids, ordering goods, and paying bills. Requests are prepared and submitted to bidders on an approved list. Sealed bids are received and opened ceremoniously, contracts are awarded, purchase orders are prepared and issued, goods are received, several different agencies check to see that the right goods were delivered in good condition to the right place at the right time, payment is authorized after a proper invoice is received and cross-checked, and finally a check for payment is grudgingly issued by the city treasury months later.

The result of all this red tape is that many potential vendors refuse to do business with the city, while those who do charge higher prices to make up for their additional costs and trouble. Thus, a strategy intended to *increase* competition and *reduce* the cost of goods has precisely the opposite effect of *reducing* competition and *increasing* cost.

MUCH OF THE MALFUNCTIONING of municipal monopolies can be attributed to the fact that the civil service system itself is defective. The system was originally designed to promote quality in public service by providing security for the individual employee and freedom from external influences. Unfortunately, this has come to mean freedom to be unresponsive to the changing needs of society. The problem shows up all over the country in the form of uncivil servants going through preprogrammed motions while awaiting their pensions. Too often the result is mindless bureaucracies that, to the embittered taxpayer, appear to function solely for the convenience of their staffs rather than the public whom they are supposed to serve.

In civil service there is virtually no connection between an employee's performance and his reward; raises are automatic, and an employee cannot be dismissed without an extraordinary and time-consuming effort. Instead of a merit system there is a seniority system. Promotions occur incestuously from within, based on examinations that attempt—but fail—to measure performance. The Civil Service Commission in New York recently severed one of the last vestigial links between performance and reward when it abolished a rule requiring a favorable appraisal of an employee in his current job before he could be promoted. In the meantime, the able and devoted civil servant—and there are many—is often no better rewarded than the incompetent slacker and finds himself vilified by the public for the negligence and lethargy of his colleagues.

It is not only rank-and-file employees who are tempted to abuse their monopoly power; monopoly agencies tend to develop their own separate goals and values. Thus, in a paradoxical and unintended way, it turns out that a severe hous-

"The monopoly nature of police, fire, and sanitation services has produced work schedules totally unrelated to public needs."



ing crisis can actually be *good* for a housing agency, in the same odd sense that dirty streets are *good* for a street-cleaning department, high crime is *good* for police, a drought is *good* for a water department, traffic congestion is *good* for a traffic department, and an epidemic is *good* for doctors and hospitals. No one wills it that way, but the system rewards the crisis area with money, growth, visibility, and prestige—the chance to be a hero. This can lead to brinkmanship, an appealing tactic that is readily available to a monopoly.

Of course, all the remarks about the publicly operated municipal monopolies apply equally well to the privately operated municipal monopolies. Brinkmanship is being exercised when a local electric utility warns that its equipment will (be allowed to?) deteriorate unless its demands for higher rates are met. Or when it predicts (threatens?) a blackout unless it is permitted to build a dam, power station, or transmission line at a particularly scenic spot.

### Refuse-collection vouchers

SO MUCH FOR THIS BRIEF but depressing catalogue of runaway municipal monopolies, both public and private. What can be done about this state of affairs? How can the inefficiencies of our public services be corrected?

There are three major strategies for relaxing the stranglehold of the municipal monopolies:

- Increase the supply of organizations and people authorized to provide the services.
- Reduce the demand for these services.
- Break up the monopolies into smaller pieces.

The first approach—increasing the supply of organizations and people who are authorized to provide municipal services—is an obvious remedy in the area of refuse collection. Under competitive bidding a city could contract with private carting firms to collect refuse from certain routes or in certain areas. This is the way it's done in Boston and it was the practice until 1929 in parts of New York, where the idea is now being examined anew.

A more drastic approach would be to issue a refuse-collection voucher to a property owner when he pays his property tax. He would then have the choice of using his voucher to purchase service from either his sanitation department or a private firm. Competition for his voucher would be based on the quality and quantity of service—convenience, cleanliness, quietness and frequency of service, and the amount picked up. Of course, the competition ought to work both ways. A store owner should also have the option of buying *his* service from a sanitation department; in most cities at present he can be serviced only by private industry.

The voucher system is also being used experimentally in some cities to provide competition to the education monopoly. Under this system, a family receives a voucher good for year's worth of grade-school education, for example, and can use the voucher to enroll child in any certified private or public school. The school subsequently converts the voucher to cash by turning it in to the public agency issued it.

One might argue that a completely competitive system of education could lead to such diversity in curriculum and achievement that students transferring or being promoted to other schools would be badly served. There is no reason to think so; higher education in the United States is a good example of a competitive system, with both private and public colleges in many different state systems, yet these problems do not arise in any serious form. Regulation of all schools would continue to be exercised by government boards, which would prescribe general standards for curriculum and reading achievement, for example, while leaving the pedagogical decisions to the individual schools. The function of the state would be to inspect, measure, and report on the performance of the different schools.

Certainly, competition is not practical for all municipal services. In particular, it is difficult to see how the dangerous duties of police and fire departments could be performed competitively. However, some activities other than catching criminals and putting out fires do lend themselves to competition, even though the competition would come from other public services. Civilians could perform more of the work currently assigned to uniformed patrolmen and men that doesn't require their special skills. An obvious area is traffic control. Meter maids in New York's Traffic Department could direct traffic, but there is predictable pressure from the police to prevent this from happening. Even parking enforcement, the Traffic Department agents do not have authority to issue tickets for "no parking" violations; that remains the preserve of the police—and incidentally guarantees the latter the extralegal fringe benefit of parking with impunity in no-parking zones.

THE SECOND MAJOR STRATEGY for relaxing the stranglehold of the municipal monopolies is to reduce the demand for their services. There are three possible ways to accomplish this:

- Shrink the monopolies.
- Change our consumption habits for these services.
- "Do it yourself."

Shrinking the refuse-collection monopoly means reducing the number of eligible customers. For example, a city could drop its traditional "free" service to tax-exempt prop-

stitutions such as schools, hospitals, and apartment buildings. These customers then arrange for their own pickups, using special services.

scope of the traditional education monopoly—shrinking—albeit on a minute scale—as they drop out of high school and subsequently enroll in privately financed street academies and high-school-equivalency programs in the neighborhood forces and in the business world; such programs ought to be encouraged. In the same vein, junior colleges throughout the country are stressing remedial programs whose purpose is to provide the high-school education not provided by the high schools. Perhaps the responsibility should be formally assigned, by permitting students to enter college after two or three years of high school. For vocational high schools, it is likely that they could be replaced by modern industrial schools or corporations that have a vested interest in training skilled workers to fill expected job openings. Shrinkage may also occur at the other end of the educational spectrum, if day-care centers expand to assume the functions of kindergartens.

In the field of electric power, one way to limit the scope of the monopoly is to separate power generation from power distribution. Legislation should make it possible for a city to buy power from any appropriate generating plant, not only on the local utility only for the use of its own distribution network.

Another way to limit the demand for certain services is to change the public's consumption habits for such services. For example, to reduce a city's vulnerability to power outages and brownouts, it would be helpful to reduce the peak demand for power. One way to do this is by a pricing policy that would encourage people to pay more for the power they draw during peak periods and give them a bargain on the power they use during low-demand periods. This would require some technical changes in metering, but it can be done; in fact, such a system is in effect in France.

Finally, the "do it yourself" philosophy makes sense for some municipal services. For example, the City of New York, in its drive for a Better New York, out of its own pocket and at its own expense, has started cleaning the streets (in addition to the sidewalk cleaning in front of its member buildings). One way to reduce the need for more preventive police is to encourage more citizen patrols, neighborhood watches, auxiliary police and the like to work in cooperation with the police. Already in many neighborhoods residents are, in effect, doing special tax on themselves and purchasing their own security services or volunteering for guard duty in front of their block or building—and thereby buying security at a much lower cost than the municipal police could provide.

SO FAR WE HAVE DISCUSSED various ways to increase the supply and reduce the demand for monopoly services. Together these two strategies would reduce the number of failure-prone parts in our vulnerable city systems.

In addition, there is a third strategy. These public systems could be made more reliable by breaking them up into smaller geographical pieces. That way, if a little system breaks down in a Bronx neighborhood, maybe it won't affect Harlem; a street-cleaning slowdown in Brooklyn Heights could still mean clean streets in the financial district. Neighborhood government, a concept much in vogue, offers precisely this opportunity. One doesn't even have to invoke the ideals of "participatory democracy" or "power to the people." Neighborhood government makes sense even on such prosaic grounds as potential reliability, efficiency, and effectiveness.

Suppose that a neighborhood were to receive a modest supplemental budget that could be expended at the direction of some sort of neighborhood government council. One could then imagine the following dialogue between the neighborhood body and the city's street-cleaning department:

CITIZENS: *We would like to spend \$100,000 more this year for cleaner streets. What will that buy us?*

DEPARTMENT: *(thumbing through the city's official rate book) Umm, let's see now... oh, yeah. For \$100,000 you get one truck, three men, and a broom.*

CITIZENS: *What? For \$100,000 all we get is one lousy truck, three men, and a broom? Forget it. We can get a better deal by setting up our own local Municipal Services Corporation!*

But there is a more drastic and far-reaching way to break up the monopoly and to restructure the public service in a manner that simultaneously builds up the neighborhood concept and takes advantage of the dawning "do it yourself" awareness in urban communities.

Before describing it, however, it is useful to step back and view urban problems in the following way: the urban dweller is dissatisfied because he feels that he cannot influence the quality of his immediate environment—he cannot effectively influence the safety of his family, the education of his children, the behavior of his neighbors, the appearance of his physical surroundings, the cleanliness of his block, the purity of his air, or the adequacy of local transportation.

The problem arose when the Industrial Revolution brought about a separation between the place of residence and the place of work. As more and more people started working at sites

"Neighborhood government makes sense even on such prosaic grounds as potential reliability, efficiency, and effectiveness."



distant from where they lived, they could no longer pay attention to the immediate environment around their homes and had less reason to interact and cooperate with their neighbors. They started paying people to educate their children, police their streets, protect their property, pick up their litter, and so forth. In other words, we've been "contracting out" for our local needs, but we've done it without writing very good specifications for the work to be done and without establishing very good systems for measuring the performance of the contractors who are doing the work on our behalf.

With that view in mind, consider these two facts and translate them for any city in the nation:

- New York City has about 400,000 employees.
- New York City has about 60,000 residential blocks.

Then start speculating about converting one-seventh of this work force into block workers. Imagine the effects of one full-time worker on each block whose job would be to monitor services, organize a block association for self-help, and generally work to improve life on that block. I'm not suggesting a Red Guard commune, where everybody on the block falls out for calisthenics at 6:00 A.M. and afterwards marches into the community mess hall for breakfast, but think of the possibilities.

Crime could be reduced by a voluntary escort service and by informal street and building patrols whose members would not be too embarrassed or too uninvolved to help a woman screaming for her life. Block parties and other functions organized by the block worker would increase the street movement, create a sense of community, and otherwise make the block a safer place. Drug pushers would look for more hospitable hangouts. Social pressure on litterers, superintendents, tenants, homeowners, merchants, illegal parkers, and cleaning personnel would produce cleaner streets and sidewalks. Fire-prevention programs and even fire drills could be carried out on blocks subject to the daily threat of fires, and this might also reduce the number of false alarms. Parents' associations and local school boards would have a good mechanism at their disposal to build an informed constituency and increase their influence over the remaining education monopoly. In tenement areas, the block worker could organize tenant groups to improve housing conditions and to work with landlords and the police to improve building security. Ad hoc recreation activities, after-school learning centers, and volunteer day-care facilities would inevitably be started. Merchants using predatory practices would be more likely to be exposed than they are today. Repairs to streets, sidewalks, hydrants, lights, signs, and even public telephones could be ordered

promptly by the block worker and followed to make sure they were done.

All this could be accomplished with not more sophisticated than lists of tenants' phone numbers, access to a mimeographing machine, and Scotch tape for posters. Right now we've got police, sanitation, fire, education, housing, recreation, social services, consular affairs, highways, traffic, and other departments whose job it is to produce these results. Potential reductions in these agencies, and saving money to block workers, might accomplish more, in the final analysis, where it really counts—in the taxpayer's daily life.

The cost of such a program could be fully offset by assigning the block worker to perform minor departmental inspections and to read water meters. The local utility company would pay to have him read its utility meters on each block. And here is a far-out approach to further revenue sharing that Wilbur Mills hasn't mentioned: the worker could be paid by the Post Office Service to pick up mail at the post office and deliver it to the residents on that block.

The block worker would emerge as a neighborhood concierge, a benign busybody with formal responsibility for improving the "livability" of the block. The block has lacked such a person ever since modern technology eliminated the lamplighter and the watchman on foot; now there is one (except the postman—a very special service employee from a distant government) with a daily duty to perform on the block.

A skeptic might point out that this is not a return to the ward-heeler style of government, and would be disastrous. Nonsense. In the first place, to reduce the potential for corruption and political activity, the job could be restricted to qualified people who live outside the immediate political district where they work; they could be made subject to a local version of the Hatch Act. In the second place, the danger of a local thug somehow taking command of an area is no different from the similar danger today, or the danger of corrupt local politicians and officials. In the third place, the danger of the inefficient ward heelers of a century ago is required reform in the way of centralization, professionalization, and a merit-based civil service. Now that we have carried out those reforms and are left victimized by monopolistic, unresponsive, meritless systems—it's time for change.

If these changes are made, no doubt the system will come again, in another half-century or so, when the disadvantages of the block system advocated here will outweigh its advantages. At such time in the distant future, we should move toward a new system—a system that meets the needs of those new conditions—will appear in order, for there is no such thing as a permanent system that works well for all eternity.

## CK AGED SENTIMENT

“When you care  
enough to send  
the very best”



CHRISTMAS IS COME, the holiday season, and  
at our annual deluge of cards, whose  
dispersal across the land the Postal  
erads to justify failing us for the rest  
r. “By God, we moved the Christmas  
ell, half of all the personal mail moved  
n the United States is greeting cards.  
Christmas but also cards for New  
valentine’s Day, Easter, Mother’s Day,  
Day, Independence Day and Thanks-  
Halloween, the official holidays of the

American year. And for the occasions greeting-  
card people call “Everyday,” though they are  
not, births and birthdays, graduations, weddings,  
anniversaries, showers, vacations, friendship,  
promotion, hello, love, thanks, goodbye, illness  
and bereavement, and even to have Thought O’  
You and for a Secret Pal. We are a nation not  
of better writers but of card signers. If the per-  
sonal letter is long dead, maimed by the penny  
post and murdered by the telephone, the mass-  
produced card thrives, picturing what we haven’t

*Richard Rhodes re-  
signed last year from his  
position as book editing  
manager at Hallmark  
Cards. He is a contribu-  
ting editor of Harper’s.*



Richard Rhodes  
PACKAGED  
SENTIMENT

skill to picture, saying what we haven't words to say. Cards knot the ties that bind in a land where a fourth of us change residence with every change of calendar and where grown children no longer live at home. They show us at our best, if in borrowed finery. You may buy a card made of pansies and doggerel or you may buy a card made of da Vinci and the Sermon on the Mount. Whoever receives it will understand what you meant, and that you meant well.

The Christmas card was an English invention, but the greeting card an American one. One hundred twenty-eight years ago this season, an Englishman distracted by business matters failed to get his Christmas cards written. Boldly he turned an embarrassment into an opportunity, commissioned a paper tableau of Pickwickians, their glasses raised in toast, and inside each engraved and colored folio he printed a verse. His friends' reactions were not recorded. No doubt some found the idea distastefully impersonal and lamented the decline of manners in a declining age. Others, alert for new twists, thought it charming. The sensible saw its efficiency. It met the first requirement of all mechanical inventions: it saved time.

We have taken the idea and made it ours. The English send few cards today, and Europeans fewer still. We send cards for everything, mechanizing and standardizing the complex relationships we maintain with one another, to give us time to breathe. We needn't be ashamed of our custom. Elegant mechanizing is what we do best. It is the form our national character has taken. Look at our office buildings raised on narrow pillars ten feet off the ground as if someone had dared us to float a fifty-story building in the air. Compare our white and graceful moon rockets to the Soviet Union's drab boiler plate. Look at our cards, little shuttles of sentiment weaving across the land.

SOME OF THE OLD CARDS, the nineteenth-century cards that borrowed the Englishman's invention, were masterpieces of reproduction, printed in as many as twelve colors with verses selected in national contests with cash prizes, verses no better than they should be for all the fanfare. The Victorian Age produced German cards that opened up into three-dimensional sleighing scenes of marvelous intricacy, cards with moving parts, cards fringed like a love-seat pillow with gaudy silks, cards as ornate as any gingerbreaded house. Cards, one presumes, for the wealthy, because the rest of us hadn't begun sending them in today's incredible numbers, today's fifteen or twenty *billion* cards a year. Now that we do, the special effects that delicate handwork once supplied have had to be scaled down, though the cards we send today carry their weight of handwork too, and with it their weight of amus-

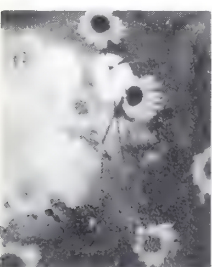
ing stories, cautionary tales of American identity gone berserk. I remember a humorist that required for its gag a small plastic what it called "belly-button fuzz" stapled its punch line. No supplier could turn enough of the authentic material to meet demand, so the manufacturer turned to the dryers of a nearby college town, bought up a franchise, sterilized the lint to meet health regulations, and bagged it and stapled it on, bagged and got the effect it was seeking and price. College towns being college towns, got some belly-button fuzz too. "Attachments," such devices called—plastic tears, toy scissors, marionettes, boxes of crayons, feathers, spring-activated jumping jacks, pencils, beans, the detritus of industrial civilization shrunk to card size. Each attachment will sell a humorous card all year, if it isn't stolen first, a problem for greeting card manufacturers as surely as it is a problem for the sellers of screws and beads and hairbrushes in dime stores. Like children we lust to get our hands on little things, finding magic in the representations of the lumbering world.

## Nuggets of e

THE BUSINESS OF GREETING CARDS began with the ambitions of hungry men, and grew as they went. There are schools of engineering and schools of nuclear physics, but there are no schools for the makers of greeting cards, no apprenticeships. When Joyce Hall of Omaha, Nebraska began his enterprise in Kansas City, Missouri, more than sixty years ago, there weren't even many kinds of cards. Christmas, Easter, birthdays, and weddings were the only occasions we announced. Hall, Fred Rust Craft, and a few people like them taught us to send cards by making cards we wanted to send. In that work, Hall's career parallels the career of another Midwesterner, Walt Disney, for both men learned to translate emotions and recast them in visual and verbal form. Disney, for example, took some hapless figures from a fairy tale, clothed them in universals, and gave us the Seven Dwarfs. Hall and his people took our need to signal our desire for social familiarity and our various attitudes of good taste and gave us a choice among greeting cards.

For any given social occasion, depending on how well you know someone and what you want him to think of you, you may select from him that is Formal, Traditional, Impassioned, Floral, Cute, Contemporary, or some other among Hallmark's many categories. Two cards for a friend who is hospitable, one for the flavor. One, an embossed vase of flowers, says, "Glad your Operation's Over" on the outside and inside:

Do-it-yourself cards:  
match a picture . . .



*You're thought of so often  
As days come and go  
That this card comes to tell you,  
And then let you know  
How much you are wished  
A recovery that's quick—  
For someone like you  
Is too nice to be sick!*

er card, a photograph of a cotton bunny  
wer-bedecked four-poster, opens with,  
ou'll soon be out of that *blooming bed!*"  
es the flower pun through:

*are like to see you back in the pink,  
'cause then  
ou'll soon be in clover,  
eeling just rosy,  
nd fresh as a daisy again!*

nd tones and levels, you see. You are  
to send a Contemporary card to your  
unt nor a Formal card to your spouse.  
ting-card people give you a range of  
It may be a narrower range than you  
fer, but if you are a sender of cards  
choices will not be so narrow that you  
in disgust and write a letter. You may  
ank sentiment; humor ranging from  
stly ethnic (hillbillies, Indians, Dead  
Ks—blacks, Italians, and Eastern Euro-  
out today, though they used to be a  
to the heavily punned to the backward  
nt to the gentle slap; simple statement,  
or Christmas and sympathy cards, both  
being to some people matters serious  
or prose; and a number of alternatives  
Visually, you may choose flowers, car-  
besque gilding, photographs, even re-  
ns of fine art, though few enough of  
ause few people buy them. Or stylized  
children with ink-drop eyes, or encrusta-  
plastic jewels, or velvet flocking, or  
litter. Variations in texture and surface  
—and the pride of the older genera-  
eeting-card men, who believed in mak-  
lity product, who learned what would  
ing, and who relied for their judgment  
atters on what Joyce Hall once called  
ars of past experience."

YOU HAVE NEVER given thought to such  
ars as categories of emotion and levels  
reeting-card people know you operate  
and know how many cards to make to  
needs. Such is the variety, of cards  
eds, that the largest of the manufac-  
llmark Cards, would have collapsed a  
o if the computer hadn't come along  
their sorting. The company claims  
oducts, counting each separate design  
and the figure is certainly conserva-  
ve thousand different products in quan-  
ix each to perhaps 20,000 different

stores: you can do the multiplication yourself, but count in the envelopes; count in as many as ten or twenty different manufacturing operations on every card; count in all the designs being prepared for future publication, designs that pass through hundreds of hands at drawing boards and typewriters and approval committees and lithographic cameras and printing plants; count in all these different bits of information and many more besides, and you arrive at a total that demands the kind of machines that track astro-  
nauts to the moon.

And count in one thing more: every display in every store is a modest computer of its own, each of its pockets filled with designs that favor the social and cultural biases of the neighbor-  
hood around the store, and among those favored designs the best sellers of the day. "Tailoring," Hallmark calls it—loading the display to favor the preferences of the young or old or black or white or Catholic or Jewish or rich or poor who regularly shop there. The salesman sets up the display with the help of the owner; after that the computer in Kansas City keeps track. The point, of course, is to give you a maximum range of choice among the choices available. Tucked away in the stock drawer below the display, quietly humming, an IBM card meters every design.

Despite appearances, then, greeting-card manufacture is no work of hand coloring per-  
formed by elderly ladies in lace. The Hallmark plant in Kansas City occupies two city blocks, and the company doesn't even do its own print-  
ing. Times Square would fit nicely inside the new distribution center Hallmark is building on a railroad spur outside of town. More than one printing firm in the United States owes its giant color presses to Hallmark orders, which is why the company gets the kind of quality it is known for—because it has the heft to stop the presses and pull a proof. It claims 400 artists in residence, the largest art department in the world, and if you include the girls who separate out the colors of a design by hand, a procedure that still costs less for certain designs than separating the colors by machine, the claim is fair.

So many different operations go into the pro-  
duction of greeting cards that even a glimpse of them boggles the mind, serene and simple as the cards look when they finally reach the store. Hallmark buys paper by the boxcar, paper of every imaginable texture and weight, parchment, deckle, bond, pebble-grained, leather-grained, cloth-grained, board, brown wrapping, hard-  
finished, soft-finished, smooth. Special commit-  
tees earnestly debate the future popularity of roses or ragamuffins. An artist conceives a group of cards that feature cartoon mice, and the cards sell and the artist is rewarded with a trip to San Francisco. Down in the bowels of the building, behind a secret door, a master photographer

"Elegant mech-  
anizing is what  
we do best. It is  
the form our  
national char-  
acter has  
taken."

... with a thought.

*Every look  
every smile  
every heart*

*You...*

*Future is today*



labors as he has labored for most of a decade to perfect flat three-dimensional photography using a camera on which Hallmark owns the license, a camera that rolls around in a semi-circle on model railroad tracks, its prisms awhirr. In California a contract artist makes dolls of old socks and ships them to Kansas City to be photographed for children's cards. Market-research girls carry cards mounted on black panels to meetings of women's clubs, where the ladies, at a charitable fifty cents a head, choose among different designs with the same verses, or different verses with the same design, helping Hallmark determine the very best that you might care to send. An engineer, a stack of handmade designs before him on his desk, struggles to arrange them on a lithography sheet to get the maximum number of designs per sheet so that they can be printed all at once with minimum waste of paper—"nesting," the process is called. Artists roam the streets of major cities at Christmastime, studying shop windows and the offerings of art galleries to discover new trends in visual design. A deputation of sales managers retreats to an Ozark resort for a multimedia presentation of next year's line. A mechanical genius grown old in the service of the firm remembers the tricks he has taught mere paper cards to do: walking, talking, sticking out their tongues, growling, snoring, squeaking, issuing forth perfume at the scratch of a fingernail across microscopic beads. An engineer sits down at a handwork table and conducts a motion study and designs a system and lines and lines of young girls in gray smocks follow the system to assemble a complicated card by hand, their hands making the memorized motions while they dream of boyfriends or listen to the rhythm of the gluing machines interweaving fugally along the line. A master engraver puts the finishing touches on a die that will punch a dotted line around a paper puppet on a get-well card. A committee of executives meets and decides that the pink of a card isn't cheerful enough and the cartoon figure on another card not sufficiently neuter to appeal both to men and to women. A shipment of paper for a line of children's books is frozen into a harbor in Finland when it should be steaming its way to a printing plant in Singapore. A baby leopard runs loose in the photography department while an editor upstairs sorts through another shipment of amateur verse mailed in by the card lovers of America. He has not found a writer worth encouraging in three years. Greeting cards aren't simply manufactured, like soap or breakfast cereal. They are rescued from the confusing crosscurrents of American life, every one of them a difficult recovery. John Donne found the King's likeness on a coin: greeting-card manufacturers must discover Everyman's likeness and somehow fix it on paper with all its idiosyncrasies smoothed away.

HALLMARK EMPLOYS FAR FEWER WRITERS than artists, about fifteen or twenty. Unlike designs, verses enjoy a long half-life if they are adjusted for minor changes in the language of the way. These days they are often selected entire, not written—by computer from a stock of the most popular verses of the past. The writers try to think up new words, and from time to time they do. Greeting-card verse has come in for its share of ridicule, which perhaps it deserves, but before it is ridiculed its distinction ought to be explained. Most song lyrics are equally ridiculous when printed bald, but the rhetoric of a song lyric, the source of its emotional impact, is the music that accompanies it. The rhetoric of greeting-card verse is the physical and visual accompaniment to the verse. A few greeting-card makers have begun to point out the similarity between song lyrics and greeting-card verse and have begun to borrow effects they can use, as in this verse from American Greetings' new "Soft Touch" cards for young people that feature soft-focus photography:

*untold the times i've kissed you  
in the moments i have missed you  
and our love goes on forever . . .  
with you softly on my mind*

If that doesn't quite make sense, well, neither do most lyrics away from their music, or greeting-card verses away from their cards. A poem, like a poem, the thing itself, works no better on a greeting card or in a song, because it contains no orchestration and goes dissonant when reduced to the scrapings of Mantovani strings.

Modern young people don't like eight-line rhymed verses, preferring song words or poetic sentences. One card on my desk is captioned merely "Peace," which makes it appropriate almost every occasion except Halloween. Finding the right words for a card is harder than it used to be because a generation raised on the film expects the words and images to subtly interlock. Getting new words approved by management is harder still. Like most American corporations of healthy middle age, Hallmark has discovered the benefits of redundancy and of a certain resistance to fad. Greeting cards don't come along every morning, and they are always weighed against the success of the previous year's card display. Joyce Hall, a tall, spare man with a W. C. Fields nose and a lifetime of practical experience, used to approve every card by himself, made, words, music, and all; and his son, John Hall, who is now president of the firm, still approves every Contemporary card that passes his secretary, or did when I worked for him, a friend of mine who free-lanced for Hallmark.

ned that secretary's enmity with a design  
ight in questionable taste. "It's nice,  
e told him, "but it's not Hallmark." You  
be too careful, and who is to say she  
ght?

PROCESS OF SELECTION was once a matter  
jective judgment, it is today at least out-  
cientific. For reasons that only statisti-  
derstand, Kansas City is a superb test  
f products sell in Kansas City, they will  
e nation, a fact that city sophisticates  
berly consider the next time they buy a  
e formula doesn't always work—the  
st prefers the word "Pop" to the word  
n its Father cards, for example—but it  
ten enough to keep Hallmark research-  
to home. Yet market research is often  
ed at Hallmark. The vapors of past  
e still blow through the halls, and men  
ly business experience has been with  
cards still ignore the information of  
ests if it conflicts with the information  
t.

subjectivity was Joyce Hall's genius,  
ins a legacy of sorts in the hands of less  
le men now that he has reluctantly re-  
d command. Like every successful self-  
n he has found retirement difficult. He  
of quirks and crochets and always was.  
enterprise he began out of a suitcase  
nder his bed at the Kansas City YMCA  
as high on *Fortune* magazine's list of the  
eag privately owned American corpora-  
e Hall family still owns the place lock,  
d barrel. It is one of the few privately  
mpanies of any size left in Kansas City,  
ealthy sons of fathers who sweated their  
om poverty tend to sell out to national  
orations and pass their time at Martha's  
or Harbor Point or Cannes. "You can  
ur children everything but poverty,"  
or: said, but he taught his son to care  
e family firm; and today Hallmark  
anching out into gift books, stationery,  
ods, calendars and albums, puzzles,  
ns, urban redevelopment, retail stores  
eiman-Marcus model, and whatever  
rprises it can find that fit its broad con-  
its business, which it calls, modestly  
gh: social expression."

### Green cards don't sell

COMPLAIN against greeting cards. It  
difficult to do in a world where more  
l pain than feel pleasure. There is even  
at if I don't complain you will take me  
y. The greeting card's contribution to  
ill not be decisive, but I don't believe

it does us that much harm. By definition, popular  
art can only be defended numerically, and to  
those who equate numbers with mediocrity, to  
the antipopulists, a numerical defense amounts  
to a certain conviction. Television is mediocre  
because it caters to popular taste, and greeting  
cards too. No. If either of them has a glaring  
weakness, it is that among their plethora of  
choices they do not give us all the choices we  
might want, or need. That is the effect of the  
marketplace, lopping off the ends of the bell  
curve, but the marketplace pays our bills. And  
if you would like to consider an opposing view,  
consider Joyce Hall's, who remembers this na-  
tion when it was largely rural and uneducated,  
and who believed that one of Hallmark's respon-  
sibilities was the elevation of American taste, a  
view that might seem didactic of him, but I was  
a country boy too, and the first play I ever saw,  
chills running down my back, was *Macbeth*, on  
television's *Hallmark Hall of Fame*.

Hallmark established its considerable reputa-  
tion with thought and care, spending far less on  
advertising than most companies that make con-  
sumer products do. It sponsors television specials  
and between the acts simply shows its cards. Can  
you remember a year when the *Hall of Fame*  
didn't come in for at least one Emmy? Do you  
know how many Americans traipsed through art  
galleries they had never visited before to see the  
collection of paintings by Winston Churchill that  
Hallmark shipped around the land? No breath of  
public scandal has ever blown through the or-  
ganization. It does not make napalm and until  
very recently was old-fashioned enough to pay  
its bills in cash. One of its best men, now retired,  
a German Jew named Hans Archenhold whose  
printing plant was seized by the Nazis, came to  
Kansas City in its gangster years and found the  
printing industry there a sty of kickbacks and  
corruption. With the leverage of Hallmark print-  
ing orders he helped to clean it up. Hall himself  
switched his employees from coffee to milk  
breaks during the Depression, reasoning, in  
memory of his own hungry years, that they prob-  
ably ate no breakfast and might not be sure of  
lunch, and I doubt that many complained of  
paternalism. By all means rail against the size  
and impersonality of American corporations—  
your arguments will be well taken—but remem-  
ber also that most are little Swedens now, dis-  
pensing profits and medical care and life insur-  
ance and retirement funds with a cheerful hand.

Today Hallmark's brand identity, an elusive  
commodity in a competitive society, approaches  
100 per cent. Schoolchildren, asked to make  
cards in class, often draw a crown on the back of  
their productions or attempt the famous slogan,  
"When you care enough to send the very best,"  
in sturdy Big Chief print. There are other greet-  
ing-card companies, American, Buzza-Cardozo,  
Rust Craft, and Hallmark's own poor cousin, Am-

"If products sell  
in Kansas City,  
they will sell to  
the nation, a  
fact that city  
sophisticates  
might soberly  
consider the  
next time they  
buy a card."



The best-selling greet-  
ing card, "Pansies for  
Thought," still sells well  
after thirty years. It  
costs a nickel and since  
coming out in 1941 has  
sold over thirteen mil-  
lion copies.



PACKAGED  
SENTIMENT

bassador Cards, to name only the biggest, but the one giant has come to stand for them all.

Strangely, 80 per cent of the buyers of greeting cards are women. That is why cards are tested at women's clubs. Even cards for men are designed with a woman buyer in mind, featuring scenes so romantically masculine that only the coldest feminine heart would not be touched: pipes and slippers, a red-capped hunter knocking down a brace of ducks, a fleet of galleons in harbor unaccountably full-sailed, knightly shields and lordly crests, racy automobiles, workshop tools, or smiling Dad (Pop) himself. Why do women buy most of the cards? The answer may be simpler than it seems. Men think themselves too busy running the nation to find time for the smaller amenities, but they rationalize. The truth is that they are locked into an office or on a production line all day. Running an office, doing a job, no more takes all day than housework—few of us have brains that run so uniformly by the clock—but when the housework is done the woman who does it is free to go visiting or wander through the shops, while the man must shuffle papers and watch the clock. The woman may feel uncomfortable with her freedom, may feel she buys it at too high a price. It is hers nonetheless, and she uses it, among other good works, to buy cards. The new cards, by the way, the cards for young people, don't draw such sharp distinctions between masculine and feminine roles. They are androgynous. We all are, underneath: the kids have found us out.

I suspect we send each other cards partly from guilt, believing we haven't kept our friendships in good repair. If we are gregarious, we are also shy, uneasy as only a people raised in a society straining toward egalitarianism can be. Most of us were never rich and never desperately poor. We never learned our place: we started this country so we wouldn't have to, but our mobility leaves us unsure of where our elbows belong. We are known for our humor, but not for our wit; for our ability, but not for our style; for our strength, but not for our grace. We find ourselves harried and we fumble, or think we do.

Our guilt is misplaced. Thoreau's three chairs for company and two for friendship nicely defines our human limits. They are no longer limits to which we can comfortably adhere. We would hurt too many feelings if we did, the feelings of the people we work with, of our relatives and our neighbors and the neighbors we left behind. Anyone who has moved recently knows how much sheer matter we accumulate in our houses, but imagine also the long list of acquaintances we have accumulated, back to our earliest years. If we are fond of people at all, we have met thousands in our lives. Perhaps that is why so few of us read. Perhaps our culture is really oral, despite the science fiction of our media, satellites above and wires and presses below and the air itself in

fervent vibration. One recalls the theory ghetto children have difficulty in school not cause of deprivation but because of excess: overstimulation by the teeming world in which they live. It is true to some degree of us all. In China and the Soviet Union, and for much the same reasons of origin and purpose, we are rational people far more than we are local. Our traditions and our associations extend from ocean to ocean, and our burden of communion too. The Communist nations, not having finished their first industrial revolution, turn to party meetings and rallies to stay in touch; in a more ritualized social structure, we send cards. Making greeting cards to suit us isn't so simple. Try to imagine a card that would please your grandmother and your revolutionary son, and yet your Christmas card probably did not. For reasons no one knows, green cards don't sell. Writers of greeting cards must search their consciences for unintentional double entendres, and be aware of that danger, the word "it" used as a subject is taboo. "Today's your day to get it" won't do. St. Patrick's Day cards that kid is drinking habits elicit indignant letters from the Hibernian Societies, a sign that the Irish are ready to melt the rest of the way into the jargon. A card is two years in the making: what if emblems change? Superman cards reached the shelves the day the Superman fad collapsed. And what do you say, in a card, in mere words, to a woman whose world has emptied of the life she loved?

When I worked at Hallmark I sometimes thought of cards as pretty packages with nothing inside, but I am a year older now and I wonder. Perhaps, ephemeral though they are, they are a greater weight of emotion to a greater number of people than we can bear to carry ourselves. They are tactful, discreet; they strike the right tone. Their designers sweat blood, believe me, to make them so. Even when they fail we give the sender and blame the card, as we give the caller a bad connection on the phone. Greeting cards have inertia. Like Santa's bag they hang a little behind. They are innately conservative because the occasions of our lives are too important for fads, of style or of spirit. Hallmark has discovered that the young people who buy it prefer the pessimistic Contemporary cards to the more traditional forms when they acquire families and careers. Pessimism becomes a luxury they can no longer afford.

We grow older; the cards for our story also the way await us in the store. They are not dangerous or subversive or mean; they especially cause except the old mute causes of life: birth and marriage and begetting and death, and these gently. I celebrate them as E. M. Hemingway celebrated democracy, with a hearty two-bottle Merry Christmas.

\*You say, in rhymed verse, that words can express your sympathy.

# PLANETARY LISTAS

ecture:  
ing back to the past  
a gher level of order

In the highly artificial and materialistic bases of modern civilization, with the corresponding arrangements and methods of living, the force-infusion of intellect alone, the depraving influences of riches just as much as poverty, the absence of all high ideals in character—with the long series of tendencies, shapings, which few are strong enough to resist, and which now seem, with steam-engine speed, to be everywhere turning out the generations of humanity like uniform iron castings—all of which, as compared with the feudal ages, we can yet do nothing better than accept, make the best of, and even welcome, upon the whole, for their oceanic practical grandeur, and their restless wholesale kneading of the masses—I say all of this tremendous and dominant play of solely materialistic bearings upon current life in the United States, with the results as already seen, accumulating, and reaching far into the future, that they must either be confronted and met by at least an equally subtle and tremendous force-infusion for purposes of spiritualization, for the pure conscience, for genuine esthetics, and for absolute and primal manliness and womanliness—or else our modern civilization, with all its improvements, is in vain, and we are on the road to a destiny, a status, equivalent, in its real world, to that of the fabled damned.

—Walt Whitman, *Democratic Listas*, 1871

William Irwin Thompson is associate professor of humanities at York University in Toronto and the author of *At the Edge of History*.

## ANALOGY ONE

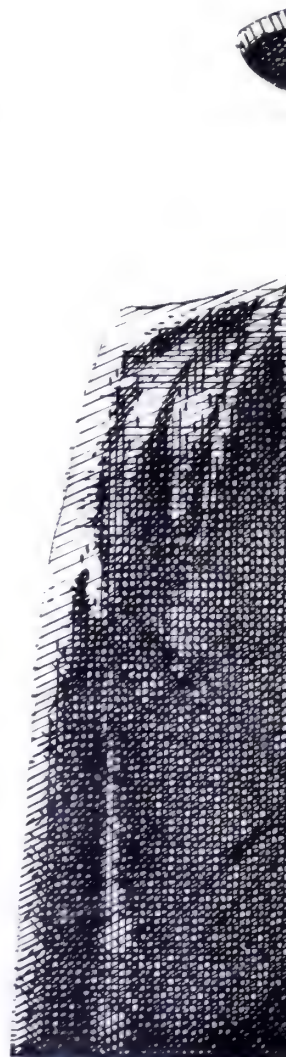
g insects with a life-  
a two weeks, and then  
in further that they are  
ng build up a science  
e nature of time and  
ory. Clearly, they cannot  
d a model on the basis of a  
da in summer. So let us  
om them with a language  
a culture through which  
e pass on their knowl-  
e to future generations.  
m passes, then autumn;  
ly is winter. The winter  
cts a whole new breed,  
the perfect a new and  
linary science on the  
s of the "hard facts" of  
perceptions of snow. As  
he myths and legends of  
me certainly the intelli-  
in its are not going to  
ever the superstitions of  
p primitive ancestors.

## ANALOGY TWO

Imagine a vehicle as large as a planet that began a voyage an eon ago. After generations of voyaging, the mechanics lose all sense of who they are and where they are going. They begin to grow unhappy with their condition and say that the notion that they are on a journey in an enormous vehicle is a myth put forth by the ruling class to disguise its oppression of the mechanical class. There is a revolution. The captain is killed, but some of the starmen escape in a small shuttle craft. Elated by their triumph, the mechanics proclaim the dictatorship of the proletariat and destroy the captain's log, which contains, they claim, nothing but the lies of the old ruling class.

## ANALOGY THREE

Imagine that you have just discovered a civilization as small as a DNA molecule. You want to establish contact, but since your own dimensions prevent you from entering the same space-time envelope, you must search for other means of communication. From observing the civilization closely, you find that there is an informational class that seems to carry messages back and forth among parts of the society, and you observe further that these messengers are actually enzymes of a kind you are familiar with. Since you cannot talk directly to the members of the civilization, you decide to talk through the events of their own society. Unfortunately, there are only certain times when the enzymes are in a position to carry your new information, and that is at the times when the structure is either breaking apart or about to come together again. Choosing your opening and closing epochs carefully, you begin to carry on an extended communication with the civilization.





**E**ACH OF THESE ANALOGIES indicates that information is subject to alteration and decay through time. Although I have chosen the idiom of science fiction, this process of decay was clearly understood by the Egyptian sources of Vico's theory of history.

*Two great remnants of Egyptian antiquity have come down to us. One of them is that the Egyptians reduced all preceding world time to three ages; namely, the age of gods, the age of heroes, and the age of men. The other is that during these three ages three languages had been spoken, corresponding in order to the three aforesaid ages; namely, the hieroglyphic or sacred language, the symbolic or figurative (which is the heroic) language, and the epistolary or vulgar language of men employing conventional signs for communicating the common needs of their life.<sup>1</sup>*

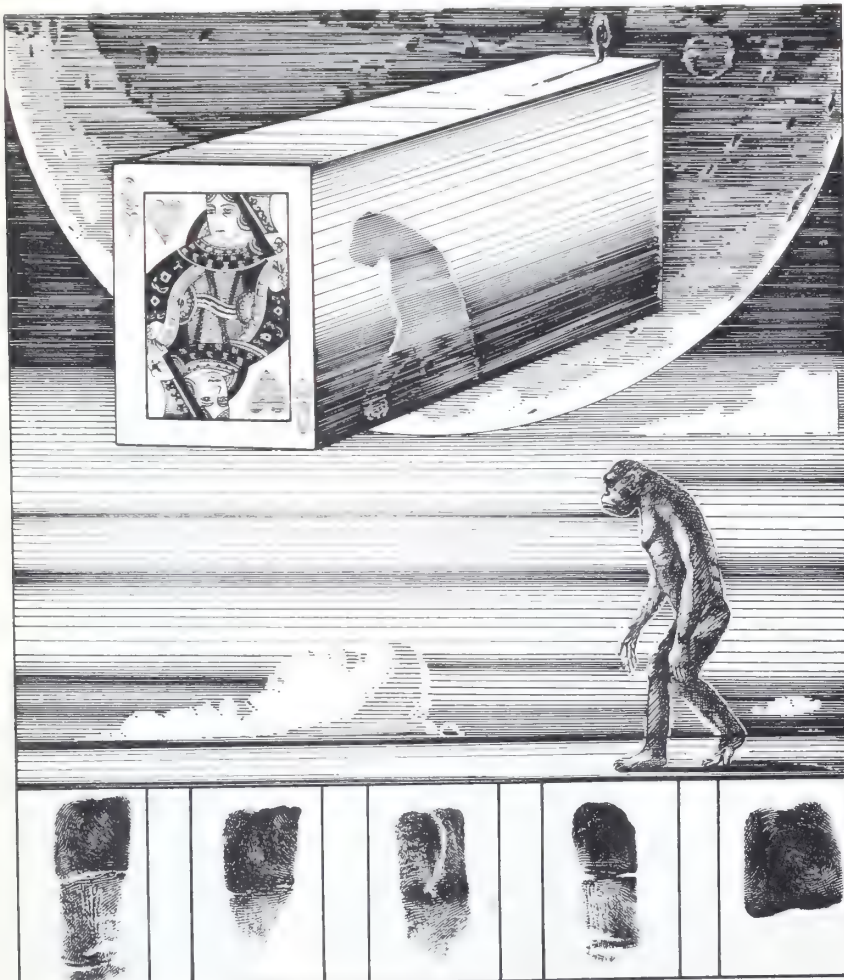
An epoch begins with a divine consciousness of cosmic myth in the age of the gods. By the time of the following age of heroes, half the cosmic myth is gone, and with it, half the divine consciousness. By the time of the age of men, the myth and the consciousness halve again, leaving only a quarter of the original. Finally, in the ultimate age of barbarism and chaos, little of the

original myth or divine consciousness remains at all. But as entropy reaches its limit in chaos there is a reversal in the cycle, an inverse entropy, in which the chaos creates the fertile debris for a new cosmic myth and a new age of gods. We spiral back to the past in a future on a higher level of order.

As an illustration of this historical process, consider the Sumerian civilization. The first was definitely the age of the gods; men insisted that they did not build the great cities, that they came from the sky built them and brought to man the arts of civilization.<sup>2</sup> As the colony began to grow and prosper, the gods departed, leaving only a steward, an *ensi*, to look after things in their absence. But the memory of man is short; soon the *ensis* began to exercise power on their own terms, and stewardship evolved into kingship. For a while the kings ruled with respect to the old cosmic mythology, but with factious replacing faction, it was only a few centuries before the skepticism of the rulers was shared by the whole populace. As secularism and the philosophy of naked power grew, the cosmic myths that held the civilization together came apart. Men no longer believed in anything. Since the society no longer held together on its own, it was compressed by force and militaristic terror into a military state, whether of Sargon of Agade or Moctezuma of Mexico, is the last desperate collectivization of a disintegrating society. But states organized for conquest inevitably organize their enemies to conquer them. Thus the three ages of Sumerian civilization can be summarized in the following beliefs: (1) The gods rule through me, (2) I rule for the gods and (3) I RULE!

**I**T IS EASY TO SEE THE STRUCTURE of Sumerian civilization because it is over and we are far enough away to see its general form. But it is harder to see the form of our own immediate historical condition. Cultural transformations are so large that they are invisible to normal individuals concerned only with the practical day business in front of them. If you went to England in the 1790s asking how it felt to be living in an age of industrial revolution most people would not know what you were talking about. But if you went to see "the Lament of William Blake," he would tell you about the meaning of the great transformation by moving back and forth from one end of history to the other, a notation especially designed for ideological purposes—large—mythology. Marxists are not inclined to celebrate the virtues of mythopoeic thinking, but even the distinguished Marxist historian E. H. Carr, in *The Age of Revolution* (1955), grudgingly recognizes its power:

*It is never wise to neglect the heart which the reason knows nothing of. As*



Paul Spina



the terms of reference laid down by the artists and physicists, the poets were out-  
, but they saw not only more deeply but  
sometimes more clearly. Few men saw the  
earthquake caused by machine and factory  
than William Blake in the 1790's, who had  
le except a few London steam-mills and  
ilns to go by.

s that are too large to be perceived in  
ate history register in the unconscious in  
ective form of myth, and since artists and  
ies possess strongly mythopoeic imagi-  
they can express in the microcosm of  
orks what is going on in the macrocosm  
ind. Because they lack economic power,  
open to other possibilities, and they can  
other faculties. The man of power so  
self with politics, business, and single-  
ents that he is no longer open to visions  
omplete cultural transformation of man-  
onically, it is only the man who is free to  
echnology who is in position to master it.  
1760s the visionary mechanists and the  
s were thinking in new modes that were  
ie part of the cultural transformation of  
i. Although Marx would insist that it is  
consciousness of men that determines  
terial condition, but their material con-  
at determines their consciousness, even  
willing to admit that the imagination  
trace economic development to elabo-  
deology in advance of its social need.  
the seventeenth-century Levellers were  
of a future revolutionary Europe.  
ottish Primitivists are another example  
veloping an ideology in advance of its  
ed. In 1770 they elaborated a theory,  
to the Biblical account, that men  
from wood-men to land-dwellers to  
ty-dwellers. This vision of progress was  
erent from the Christian's tragic vision  
ll, so much so that Vico, in elaborating  
theory a generation before, had been  
explain that men fell into savagery as  
f the universal deluge. Contrary as the  
f progress was to the settled Christian  
things, it became, nevertheless, the rul-  
ogy of industrial England by the time  
eat Exhibition of 1851.  
ative artists like Blake could under-  
collective condition of society because  
ination is the opening to what Jung  
he collective unconscious." Precisely  
his unconscious is collective, people  
the same thought at the same time even  
ey are separated by ordinary space. No  
a whistle in Europe in 1760 and said:  
inking neoclassically; start thinking  
lly, in terms of primitives and nature."  
the whole age did shift dramatically.  
ve do not understand this process, we  
ore it or use terms like "spirit of the

age." Hegel would call it the *Weltgeist*, but what-  
ever term is used, the radical implication is that  
human consciousness is not contained by the  
skull.

## Messages from the unconscious

**I**N OUR PHYSICAL SCIENCES we have long since  
gone beyond the eighteenth-century notion of  
dead hunks of matter moving in the black void  
of space. Yet our psychological sciences are still  
restricted to eighteenth-century mechanistic no-  
tions: minds are simply located hunks of gray  
matter moving in the black void of time. Once  
physicists tried to explain the phenomenon of the  
superconductor in terms of the incremental be-  
havior of each electron; repeated failure finally  
convinced them that the electrons were not an  
aggregate society, but a single gas, a de Broglie  
wave.<sup>4</sup> In the superconducting society of elec-  
trons, when one electron is obstructed in the lat-  
tice, the others rush to pick it up and carry it on  
in their path.

Perhaps the superconductor can provide us  
with a more contemporary model of culture and  
human consciousness. Cosmically, mankind is a  
single de Broglie wave, or what Christians would  
call the Mystical Body of Christ. Behavioral

"Events that are  
too large to be  
perceived in  
immediate his-  
tory register in  
the unconscious  
in the collective  
form of myths."





psychologists, bringing up the rear with their dead mechanistic physics, would assert that culture operates only through social interactions; for them space separates, and what does not touch physically or symbolically can have no effect. But the concept of space the behavioral psychologists take for granted has long since disappeared from physics. Even in nonrelativistic frames of reference, physicists assert that all is energy and vibration and that the solar wind reaches to the limits of the Solar System. When sun, moon, and earth line up in an eclipse, magnetic perturbations give us earthquakes like the recent one in Los Angeles. All of which sounds as if we have spiraled back on a higher level to the astronomy of Stonehenge circa 1750 B.C. If we can spiral back astronomically to the archaic world view, we can also spiral back psychologically to realize that the mind of mankind is a collective and interpenetrating field.

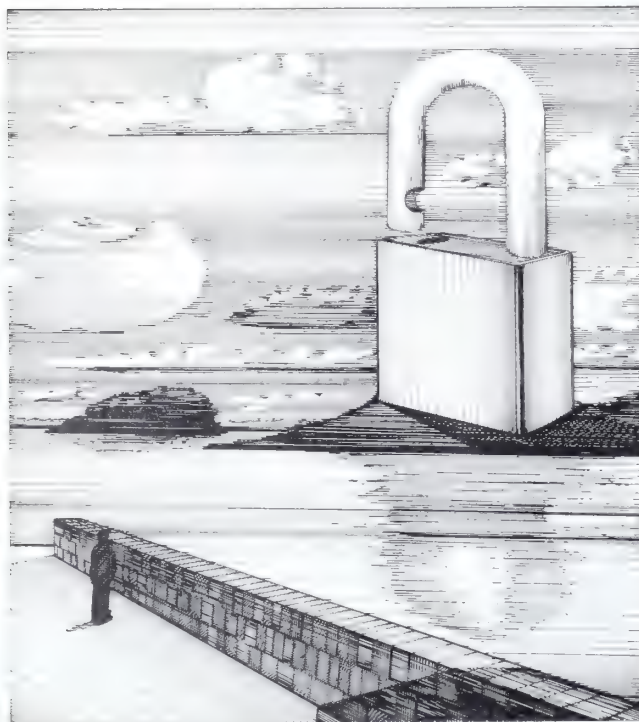
The unconscious is not personal, but in order not to be swamped by infinite information, the brain functions as what Aldous Huxley called "a reducing valve." It shuts out the universe so that the individual can do what is in front of him. The million signals a second must be reduced to a few. But the intuition and the imagination maintain an opening to the unconscious, which contains all the information that could not register in immediate consciousness. Since the immediate consciousness must work in a step-by-step incremental sequence of events, its perception of time is linear. Clearly all the information cannot be restricted to that line, and so the time of the unconscious is out of time: the line must be widened and lengthened until it becomes a

sphere if one is to achieve the cosmic consciousness of the mystic. In the space-time of the conscious, the past and the future mysteriously interpenetrate in exactly the way the ancients understood in their fantastic calendars of millions of years of cyclical, spiraling time.

Analogy Two is simply the history of ancient Mexico. The priestly hierarchy of ancient Mexico knew that this planet earth was an enormous vehicle moving through infinite expanses of space and time. In the temples the priests kept records of who we were, where we came from, and where we were going. But as the cosmic religion of the age of gods decayed through time, the distance between the decadent priesthood and oppressed peasantry increased. The peasants, rising up, attacked the ceremonial centers, and abandoned them—to lower their horizons from the stars to only what was in front of the fields of their growing corn.

Because ancient Mexico is not part of our historical awareness, visionaries have to speak in a different mythology if they are to recover man's lost cosmic orientation. Blake made the attempt, Yeats another. But mythological structures are not always expressed with the genius of Blake or a Yeats. An idea in the collective unconscious is what Lévi-Strauss would call a *mythe*, but when that structure is performed by an individual's consciousness it takes on the limitations of the personal content. The mythical message from the collective unconscious must pass through the distorting medium of culture and the individual personality before it reaches the receiver. A mixture of the myth and noise from the distorting medium is what reaches the receiver, so in order to be sure that he has the message right, the listener has to hear several different versions until he grasps the structure.<sup>5</sup>

In the cases of some individuals who transmit mythical information, there is more noise than anything else. If one lines up the science-fiction novels of C. S. Lewis, Arthur C. Clarke, and Doris Lessing; scholarly works like Shklovsky and Sagan's *Intelligent Life in the Universe*; and sensationalist tracts like van Daniken's *Chariots of the Gods*, one can see that the ratio of information to noise varies considerably. Nevertheless the structure of a new planetary consciousness is definitely in evidence in each work, notwithstanding what its literary or scholarly merit.



SOMETHING IS CARRYING ON an extended communication, through the opening and closing of our epochs, with the informational cells of civilization. "Jesus People" would say it is preparing for his Second Coming; pagans would say it is the return of the gods in the saucers; technologists would say, in the philosophy of Feuerbach, that it is not to them that we should look for an explanation, but

they themselves are the new gods who are the trivial culture of Homo sapiens genetic engineering. If we take all the of this planetary romanticism and try to the message from the noise, we come up ir propositions of a new world view:

There is intelligent life in the universe and earth.

Meeting we are expecting in front s in linear time has already oc- ed, is now occurring, and will inue to occur. The gods do not to us, they have been talking ough our history.

There is more to our history than the eger record of six thousand years. u religious myths are the detritus of oost history of earth.

Subjective-objective distinctions et reality are incorrect. As in the ol view of the Hopi Indians, Con- ssness, Energy, and Matter form cl inuum.

Who considers all the propositions of this romanticism to be false, one still can th seriously; at the very least, they can as projections and caricatures of the ural shifts now occurring. Which of us he power and mobility to go into all the aties, multinational corporation board- s, and governmental cabinets to find out is really happening on this planet? What ndividual conscious ego does not know, ve does not limit the collective uncon- s mankind, and so one can make some ight guesses by paying attention to the igh unrelated shifts in human culture at the old civilization of the industrial te is falling apart, it is also falling into s of a very old consciousness. Within ousness an ancient vision of reality is into another dimension in which we ur bearings once again to make the di from civilization to planetization. g or *Weltgeist* has been making a movie or the past six thousand years, and now turned a corner on the movie set of v I have discovered the boards propping e o-dimensional monuments of human v. The movement of humanism has reached ni and now at that limit it is breaking to the opposites of mechanism and ici and moving along the circumference cas new sphere of post-human thought.

new ideology is being created in advance of eed: what particular institutional form

this ideology will take no one can say. One can not infer the Crystal Palace of the Great Exhibition of 1851 from the vision of the Scottish Primitivists of 1770. Perhaps it will take no institutional form at all, for it now seems that social institutions are no longer adequate vehicles of cultural evolution. We cannot go to church to find radiant Godhead, to the Army to find glory in war, to Lincoln Centers to find aesthetic transfiguration, or to universities to find wisdom. Now only mysticism seems well suited to the post-institutional anarchism of technetronic culture, on one hand, and the infinite, post-human universe on the other. The internal disciplines of the great mystical traditions seem to offer the only means by which man can feel at home in a universe so vast that, without the self-mastery and centering functions of meditation, he would go insane instantly.

Mystics think that they are solitary visionaries of God, but actually, in the transition from civilization to what Teilhard de Chardin called "the planetisation of mankind," they have become the true political scientists. Mysticism seems impractical in technological culture because it is the Marxist negation of that culture and the affirmation of the next culture. Gardening was impractical in hunting culture when busy men of affairs had to be on the move in search of game, and that is why it remained for women to transform gathering into agriculture. Stone Age men were too busy with their elaborate tools to create the dazzlingly more simple and advanced civilization based upon agriculture. Now, once again, man is too busy with his elaborate tools to create the even more dazzlingly simple and advanced planetization. But at least one practical-minded economist, Kenneth Boulding, recognizes the new human possibilities:

*Now if we look around us today to see what in man's experience looks like the foreshadowing of things to come, we may well find it in the experience of the mystics and the gropings of man in religion. It will be surprising indeed if man as we know him today represented the total exhaustion of all evolutionary potential.<sup>6</sup>*

These remarks by a Western economist should be compared with the thoughts of two Indian yogis, Sri Aurobindo and Gopi Krishna:

*Life evolves out of Matter, Mind out of Life, because they are already involved there: Matter is a form of veiled Life, Life a form of veiled Mind. May not Mind be a form and veil of a higher power, the Spirit, which would be supramental in its nature? Man's highest aspiration would then only indicate the gradual unveiling of the Spirit within, the preparation of a higher life upon earth.<sup>7</sup>*

*On the basis of my own experience, extending to more than thirty years, I have come to the conclusion that mankind is slowly*

"The mechanist and the mystic may be opposites in content, but they are not opposites in structure, because cultures progress dialectically."



*evolving towards a sublime state of consciousness of which fleeting glimpses have been afforded to us by all great seers and mystics of the past and present.<sup>8</sup>*

It is certainly paradoxical to see an economist looking to the mystic for the cultural evolution of man, but there are many paradoxes in the dialectical process of history. As one looks at the mirror images bouncing off one another, it would seem that for every thought there is an equal and opposite action. Religions that are created to liberate us end up controlling us; technologies that are created to rationalize us end up mystically stimulating us. The railroads stimulated the appearance of the hobo; television stimulated the appearance of the Yippie. In each case it was the man who rejected the society of technology who, again paradoxically, became the consummate master of that technology. To work "within the system" of a technology is to be turned into a functionary of the tool: to wield a tool one must grasp it from the outside. This is why Buckminster Fuller has said that "the big thinking in general—of a spherical earth and celestial navigation, in contradistinction to a four-cornered flat world with only localized preoccupations—was retained exclusively by the great pirates."

And so it was in 1968: in an electronic media society, the Yippies were pirates of the news. With a consummate display of political ability, they stood outside the political parties and stole the Democratic Convention away from the functionaries dominated by the system. And so it was in the nineteenth century: while a Casey Jones or a Huntington Hartford could make a great noise and seem to be a hero of the new technology of the railroads, he was really a victim. The only one who humanistically mastered the whole cultural system of the rails was the hobo

riding a few inches above them. While Americans were still locked into the ethos of the small town, the hobo had moved out to a mental frame of reference.

## Mystic and mech

**B**UT THE KNAVE IS NOT THE ONLY ONE OUTSIDE the society of technology. Since the time of Moses desert places have been filled with both outlaws and saints. Today there are those who stand outside the society of technology once again those who make the loudest noise, not always its masters. The hippies claim to be the masters of chemistry and electronics but fast became their victims. Now the technicians and university professors are claiming to be masters of the new technology. But once again the paradox is holding true; the technology intended to rationalize us is actually mystically stimulating us. The professors produce over a million scientific articles a year, so many that no one can process information rationally any longer. Like Casey Jones, who must drive faster and harder, the professors have become victims of their own technology. Now there is one who has mastered educational technology through suprarational modes of consciousness: the man on the outside, the mystic. While the scientist may look on his meters and oscilloscope—recording body temperature and brain waves—it is the yogi at the other end of the spectrum experiencing joy at the speed of illumination.

All through evolution man has survived because he remained generalized and adaptable. He did not grow a claw on his arm; he learned to use a tool and put it aside when he was finished. But now our tools are not single objects; they are the entire culture of technology and management. We are not free just to drop the culture of technology and move onto something else, because now the culture itself is trying to control us on its own terms by adapting us to it. The mechanists wish to alter human nature to make a vestigial ape in man fit for life in a technological society;<sup>9</sup> the mystics wish to change man's consciousness and "Kundalini: the evolution of energy in man."<sup>10</sup> For both Faust and the hobo there is no such thing as normalcy; the earth at its best is still a cosmic player.

The mechanist and the mystic may differ in sites in content, but they are not opposites in structure, because cultures progress dialectically: they break into the opposing forces that are in collusion with one another to end the old and bring in the new. The romantic artist and the industrial engineer were the opposite of each other in the nineteenth century, but in their striving they were much closer together than the score of a peasant of an eighteenth-century village was now with the mechanist and the mystic in



t to make the earth comfortable to their but the mechanists are destroying the fast as an insect destroys its cocoon. ough mystics may not build factories, m just as intent in regarding the death as the birth of the new cosmic man. respect, Teilhard de Chardin's vision is bly like A. C. Clarke's *Childhood's End*:

s suppose from this universal centre, Omega Point, there constantly emanate ions hitherto only perceptible to those s we call "mystics." Let us further ne that, as the sensibility or response to ism of the human race increases with isation, the awareness of Omega be- so widespread as to warm the earth ically while physically it is growing ls it not conceivable that Mankind, at d of its totalisation, its folding-in upon may reach a critical level of maturity , leaving the earth and stars to lapse back into the dwindling mass of pri- al energy, it will detach itself from this and join the one true, irreversible es- of things, the Omega Point? A pheno- perhaps outwardly akin to death: but ity a simple metamorphosis and arrival supreme synthesis.<sup>11</sup>

Teilhard envisioned this convergence to- Omega Point as far off in the future, look at the population graph of man- n 2,000,000 B.C. to 2000 A.D., we see ptotic curve that comes to a point in ars when the population of the earth h nearly seven billion. And as one looks r the curve he sees that space-time has contract around us:<sup>12</sup> before, cultural ations occurred over hundreds of s of years; then, over thousands of the Neolithic Revolution; then, over in the Industrial Revolution; and now, chnetronic Revolution, the transforma- ccurring over mere decades. No in- ver witnessed the Neolithic Revolution, a few sensitive individuals in the eigh- ntury witnessed the Industrial Revolu- now the individual life-span is long and the cultural transformation short hat solitary man can become conscious nd in a way only the mystics knew ow, as human culture seems to be ng toward the speed of light, it does proper Einsteinian fashion, as if our e expanding to infinity. Cultures move he medium of time like airplanes that ough the medium of air, so it is no at now both the mechanists and the re trying to streamline the design of lture. But our culture is so wholly novel ms to be affecting the very nature of ; clearly, some death or rebirth of man far off as Teilhard imagined. Because lture is coming to a point, the distance

between the edges of good and evil seems to be narrowing. The multinational corporation is devoted to profits and exploitation; nevertheless, it is creating structures for planetization; it is also accelerating the ecological death of the planet—which in turn is accelerating the mystical transformation of mankind by stimulating the appearance of a new religious sensibility.

Under the threat of species annihilation, Homo sapiens is trying to accomplish transformation into a new species. Since eons ago man made his own culture into the vehicle of his evolution, the appearance of this new species is not to be found in individual babies with three eyes in their heads, but in the cultural vehicle itself. The mechanist works in great contempt for human nature and hopes to improve the race through genetic engineering and electronic stimulation of the brain; the mystic avoids the Faustian pathology of the mechanist and regards machines as crude metaphors for the real powers of the spirit, but in walking out of the society of technology, he spirals back and up into the post-mechanistic technological culture of the future. In a phenomenology of opposites, there is an exchange of characteristics in which the mystic becomes the new political scientist, and the mechanist becomes the solitary laboratory man cut off from his fellowmen in pursuit of some alien vision.

### Myth intersecting history

AS THE TECHNOLOGIST BECOMES increasingly alienated from the realities of contemporary culture, he will refuse to accept the disconfirmation of his vision of man's control of nature and will hysterically try to reassert his power. Professor Leon Festinger has shown that "when prophecy fails," the prophets refuse to accept the evidence, but instead try even harder to convert people to their religion to prove the validity of their views. Now that the technocratic prophets of progress are indeed suffering from "cognitive dissonance," they are rejecting the disconfirmation of their position and calling for more power. In 1967 Herman Kahn wrote a book about the year 2000; it wasn't even as far ahead as 1968, since it had absolutely nothing to say about pollution. Predictably, Kahn has not learned a thing; now he is calling for futurologists to deal with the future of pollution. While technologists can't turn themselves into Hopi Indians, they can adopt a view of reality appropriate to the situation instead of simply calling for more infections to cure the disease. Having destroyed the environment, the technologists of the multinational corporations will want to move us into domed cities, the company towns of the planetary era, where the ape's attachment to nature can be eliminated from man through genetic engineer-

"The most immediate danger of our technological world view is that it is interfering with the movements of cultural evolution that are making man ready for planetization."



ing. Since technological man cannot live in the universe, the retreat from nature need not stop with the dome; he can go on to the electronic drawer. With electronic probes implanted directly in the brain, man will not have to endure the pain, anxiety, and accidents of the sensorimotor life; by bypassing the senses, man can have a completely programmed life of intense physical pleasure, and yet never have to leave his drawer. Like pharaohs equipped for life in their tombs, technological man in his psychedelic sarcophagus will have the best that his culture can give him.

But the most immediate danger of our technological world view is that it is interfering with the movements of cultural evolution that are making man ready for planetization. As long as mechanism is checked by mysticism, the dialectic works out and the Pythagorean synthesis of two is possible; but if one wins out over the other, we have a linear reduction of the wave. Perhaps Apocalypse will take care of mechanistic positivism. As long as things are going fine, the positivist praises progress and seems well-adjusted to reality; but in times of suffering and catastrophe, his optimism flips into pessimism and misanthropic bitterness. Only the tragic sense of life is capable of sustaining an enduring strength and joy. It was this religious sense of tragedy that saw the blacks through 300 years of slavery, the Irish through 700 years of captivity, and the Jews through millenia of persecution. Now that the confident positivism of the technologist has brought us to the edge, it will take the vision of the mystics to see us through.

And we will have much to go through. If we are experiencing a change in the cultural vehicle of human evolution, and a new kind of man is emerging, then it is likely that the old man will not willingly disinherit himself. When a culture is at the edge of extinction, it explodes into nativistic movements that attempt to stabilize the dying culture through a desperate "simplification through intensity." If Middle America attacked the young for rejecting its life-style, one can imagine the scope of persecution leveled against men who reject their species' life. Perhaps that is why the Hopi Indians and artists like Doris Lessing and Arthur C. Clarke see the mutants being taken away by the gods. According to some Hopi prophecies, the earth's magnetic field will reverse and the sun's radiation will burn out the dense undergrowth in preparation for a new planting of the racially hybrid, planetized man.

But if mankind is a single de Broglie wave, then not one individual should fall without the entirety rushing to pick him up and carry him on. The remorseless vision of conflict and destruction is more Homeric than Christian, so perhaps now that we have reached the limit of Western Christian civilization, we need to under-

stand the civilization that we are about to leave behind. If the ego with its passionate hatred is a form of blindness, and mankind is a single interpenetrating field, then Dante's "*l'amor muove il sole e l'altre stelle*" is more than metaphor. Perhaps in the spiral of time there is occult symmetry between primitive Christianity and contemporary anarchist Christianity, and the intersection of myth and history only a veil of contradictory opposites can express the truth that is beyond institutionalization. In the urban of the California hip movement with the fundamentalist traditions of rural America, there is the hopeful sign that we may have overcome the dreary split between avant garde and backwash that has characterized the thinking of an America dominated by an urban and sophisticated culture. Since it was the urban revolution of six thousand years ago that first split human culture between urban and rural values,<sup>13</sup> perhaps now they have become "an electronic global village," and we are overcoming the habits of mind of the urban era, moving beyond the habits of mind of the industrialized man.

Since religion has always been about a leap beyond the container of urban civilization, I doubt if we have come to the end of man's religious experience. In fact, only man's religious myths have been on a scale large enough to cope with what is happening. If man is coming to the end of hominization, the next step in human evolution cannot be simply another tool added to a list that stretches from fist-hatchets to computers; the next step will be like the transformation that altered an ape into a man. And looking at Christianity, one could say that this is what we have been waiting for.

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2. S. N. Kramer, *The Sumerians: Their History, Culture, and Character*.
3. R. M. Adams, *The Evolution of Urban Society*.
4. Uwe Essmann and Hermann Trauble, "The Magnetic Structure of Superconductors," *Scientific American*, March 1971, p. 75.
5. Barry Commoner, *Science and Survival*, p. 1.
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8. Sri Aurobindo, *The Future Evolution of Man*, p. 25.
9. Gopi Krishna, *The Biological Basis of Religion and Genius*, p. vii.
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11. Gopi Krishna, *Kundalini: The Evolution of Energy in Man*.
12. Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, *The Future of Man*, p. 127.
13. Joël de Rosnay, "Evolution and the Main Currents in Modern Thought," *Daedalus*, Summer 1970, pp. 35-47.
14. Darcy Ribeiro, *The Civilizational Process*.

ldkamp

## THE SLOUGHS OF SECRECY

with the British Official Secrets Acts

US BREED MORE SECRETS with startling  
velocity. The best way to protect a truly cru-  
cial secret is to keep surrounding it with more  
secret until the whole mass is impenetrable, the  
secret indistinguishable from the trivial. Or  
worse.

Since the publication of the Pentagon Papers,  
the issue of secrecy—and how it relates to na-  
tional security—has become a much discussed is-  
sue. In discussion, unhappily, has not led to  
clarification of the subject, possibly because  
classification machinery in Washington ap-  
pears to operate so capriciously. This has aroused  
a great deal of interest in how other governments  
handle the matter of secrecy and, in turn, to  
intense speculation about the British Of-  
ficial Secrets Acts.

But the British Official Secrets Acts, which  
date from 1911, are unrelenting and inflexible;  
under such policies, they offer the chance for  
a certain absurdity.

My experience with the Acts, as an Ameri-  
can, of course unwittingly took me into a  
situation entirely under their control, ex-  
tending over a period of nearly ten years. Two  
characteristics of the Acts stand out  
immediately: once there has been a decision on  
the application of the Acts, that decision will never—  
until the end of time—be reversed;  
and the upside-down application of the secrets-  
acts logic, “re-publication” of informa-  
tion already widely known is dealt with as sternly  
as the original offense.

MY STORY STARTED IN MID-1956 on a balmy  
evening at a cocktail party. Enjoy-  
ment followed completion of the  
work of producing a film, I was in-  
troduced to a lean, almost gaunt Englishman  
named Eddie Chapman, who proceeded to re-  
late the experiences he described as his true experiences  
during World War II. Our host, an American

journalist then working in London, kept inter-  
rupting with the opinion that Chapman's story  
would make a great film.

Chapman had been a notorious safecracker  
celebrated for a dazzling series of robberies



Eddie Chapman in 1954.



Fred Feldkamp

## THE SLOUGHS OF SECRECY

throughout England. When he was finally caught, he was jailed on the Channel island of Jersey, where he occupied his time by studying German. After the Nazis took the island, Chapman offered them his services, pointing out that he had nothing to gain—except a lifetime in prison—by returning to England, even if that were possible. So Chapman became an agent, in fact a double agent. He worked his way back and forth across the Channel twice during the war, well paid for his efforts by the Germans and amnestied for his work by the English. One of his assignments for the Germans was to blow up the DeHavilland plant, busy manufacturing Mosquito bombers; for the English he had the not inconsiderable task of tricking the Germans into changing their V-2 rocket target ranges so that the missiles would land outside London. It all dovetailed neatly into an almost perfect motion picture plot.

Chapman, however, was having difficulties selling the film rights to his story. He had excited the interest of a number of directors, actors, and film companies, in both England and the United States. But invariably the negotiations collapsed when it was discovered that the British government seemed adamantly opposed to the making of the film. Chapman had written briefly about his experiences in a French tabloid toward the end of the war; subsequently he had been tried in England—in camera—and convicted of having violated the Official Secrets Acts. The token fine of fifty pounds gave him the not illogical notion that his conviction (from which there is no appeal) had been arranged simply so that the government could restrict his activities.

Initially, I was optimistic about the possibility of making the film without government opposition. After all, numerous newspaper and magazine articles had appeared, in Britain as well as elsewhere, relating the full story. I felt there could be no valid objection to making a film based on material already published so widely.

That was before I came to appreciate the monolithic implacability of the Official Secrets Acts.

Having bought the film rights to the Chapman story, I soon discovered that the road ahead would not be easy. The first companies I approached about financing and distribution quickly indicated that, because of the past history, they would need some sort of official letter indicating the government's lack of opposition.

The pursuit of that letter was to consume a large part of my waking hours, and most of my nightmares, for nine more years. Early in the search I moved my family to France, ostensibly to spend the summer on a Brittany beach, but also partly because I felt more comfortable while not residing on British soil. Fortunately, during the war the Germans had built a large airfield at Dinard, where I was living, and I was able to make frequent sorties across the mouth of the Channel to round up supporters, confer with the

War Office and the Ministry of Defence, finally meet with the mysterious M.I.5, the secret intelligence operation obliged, among other responsibilities, to protect the inviolability of the Official Secrets Acts.

During the course of my regular visits to London, I was interrogated at Heathrow Airport: routinely at first ("How long do you intend to stay?" "Whom will you be seeing here?" "How often?") and then more persistently. Finally, exasperated and tired of repeating that I was seeing my solicitor, I said simply that I was in England to confer with the War Office about the possibility of making a film of the Eddie Chapman story. The immigration officer smiled, stamped my passport quickly, and said, "Oh, in that case I'd better give you a six-month visa." On a later visit, another immigration official read my passport, consulted the back page of a black book containing names (one of them mine, I noted, after making it out upside down), and waved me in without questions.

EARLY IN THE STRUGGLE a friend directed me to an accommodating Member of Parliament named Michael Keegan, who felt that my life should be prevented from making a film based on already published material was so much rubbish. We had many pleasant meetings devoted to plotting strategy, some of them in the bar of the House of Commons, and one memorable session involving a few other MPs lasting well into the morning in my room at the Ritz Hotel.

Mr. Keegan enlisted the aid of an influential MP who had a reputation as an antagonist of the too-broad application of the Official Secrets Acts: Dame Irene Ward. Upon learning the facts of my case, she promptly took up the battle by communicating her displeasure to the then Lord Privy Seal, a promising young diplomat named Edward Heath.

Coincident with my offensive through Parliament, I launched a pincer movement through the Ministry of Defence. A civil servant in the Ministry, whose job continued inexorably through shifts of political power, became quite sympathetic to my cause and hoped to induce the Minister to sign a letter that—though not endorsing the making of the film—would, in an ambiguous way, indicate a lack of opposition to it. He evinced patience on my part.

As a third avenue of attack, it was suggested that I consult Sir Lionel Heald, Queen's Counsel and himself a former Attorney General—a valuable ally, since it is the Attorney General who must prosecute a suspected violator of the Official Secrets Acts.

I was also subsequently to have a secret meeting, in a basement in Whitehall, with M.I.5, but Sir Lionel's backing gave me, I thought, a position of strength.

*Fred Feldkamp, an independent motion picture producer, was the Executive Producer of Triple Cross. He is currently writing a number of articles for The New Yorker on the leisure life of France.*

His first "opinion" commenced, in an orderly manner, by outlining the sections of the Acts that he intended to play in my case. "The material provisions of the 1911 Act (as amended in 1920) are as follows," he wrote.

*Section 2 (1) If any person having in his possession . . . any information . . . which has been . . . obtained in contravention of this Act . . . or which he had obtained or to which he had access owing to his position as a person who holds or has held office under his Majesty . . . or as a person . . . who is or has been employed under a person who holds or has held such an office . . .*

*(a) communicates the . . . information to any person, other than a person to whom he is authorized to communicate it, or a person to whom it is in the interest of the State his duty to communicate it . . . that person shall be guilty of a misdemeanour . . .*

*(2) If any person receives any . . . information knowing or having reasonable ground to believe, at the time when he receives it that the . . . information is communicated to him in contravention of this Act, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, unless he proves that the communication to him of the . . . information was contrary to his desire.*

Lionel went on to point out that "the language is clearly intended and has in fact been held to go far beyond anything that the man in the street would regard as 'an official secret.'" By way of elaboration, he noted:

*It was held in the case of R. V. Crisp and Greenwood that particulars of clothing contracts communicated by a government clerk to a tailor were within the Act. Indeed it has been said by a high authority that the language is wide enough to make it a criminal offence for a messenger in the Home Office to inform a press correspondent that the Permanent Under-Secretary is in the habit of taking lumps of sugar in his tea. Absurd as this may seem, it is the inevitable consequence of creating an offence which is not dependent in any way on the nature or even the materiality of the information, still less on the motive or intention of anyone concerned. So long as it is obtained in the course of government service, the information is treated in effect as a piece of government property, marked with a broad arrow, and anyone handling it does so at his own peril.*

Lionel's summary of the possible consequences in any matter involving the Official Secrets Acts was reinforced, emphatically, by the chairman of the conference I attended in that hall basement. He had been described to me by my solicitor of the moment, as "a lawyer No. 15, a Mr. Hill." In attendance, too, was a number of colonels and majors of various regiments of the service, all looking embarrassed in varying degrees.

Along Mr. Hill's dicta, delivered in an omi-

nous voice with a hint of thunder just over the horizon: "If you persist in making this film, you will do so at your peril!" (Visions of the gibbet.) "You will make this film [pounding on the desk] over my dead body!"

When I attempted to lighten the atmosphere by saying, "Well, you appear to be in very good health, sir, so perhaps I'd better give up," he loosed another bolt, accompanied by more fist-pounding: "And when I die, my successor will feel exactly the same way."

When I asked "Mr. Hill" whether it was a question of security, and how could it possibly be, since the material had already been widely published, he said, "It's not a question of security; it's a question of principle." (Very stern face on principle.)

The principle seemed to be that once you are unfortunate enough to find yourself in a con-

"The film played in cinemas all over the world, including many in London, without incident."



Christopher Plummer as Eddie Chapman in the film, *Triple Cross*.



Fred Feldkamp  
THE SLOUGHS  
OF SECRECY

frontation with the Official Secrets Acts you are up against a solid blockhouse wall.

At the end of the unusual meeting in Whitehall, I was in fact threatened with prosecution under the Acts, and my solicitor—as we left the premises—politely but firmly bowed out of the case “as a loyal subject of the Crown.”

Sir Lionel was outraged. In a further opinion, he referred to our talk concerning the meeting in Whitehall:

*Our discussion enables me to reaffirm and strengthen the view already expressed as to the lack of justification for the attitude of the British Intelligence authorities. In particular, it now appears that an officer of M.I.5, after first admitting frankly to Mr. Feldkamp that there could be no security objection to the “re-publication” in a film of information already widely distributed in other media, nevertheless then proceeded to threaten Mr. Feldkamp with a prosecution if he should even attempt to make any film depicting Chapman as an agent. Apart from the very questionable conduct of the officer in making such a threat in a matter which requires the fiat of the Attorney General before any action can be taken, the claim made is quite posterous.*

Sir Lionel concluded by advising me to go forward with the film. But no major company, either in Britain or the U.S., was willing to commit the necessary several million dollars without some sort of clearance. Even in Hollywood, where several companies were enthusiastic, the contract talk died as soon as a phone conversation with London had taken place. The Official Secrets Acts had a powerful influence even at a distance of 6,500 miles. Many other people—including star actors and directors of international reputation—offered their well-meant help, but nothing worked. Even the American ambassador in London, John Hay Whitney, who volunteered to broach the matter to the British Defence Minister at a cocktail party, was unsuccessful.

Defence Minister Duncan Sandys, a son-in-law of Sir Winston Churchill, sent a firm note refusing to cooperate in any way; Secretary of State for War Christopher Soames, another Churchill son-in-law, also declined to offer any encouragement. At luncheon in the Mews flat of a new ally, a lord whose wife is a cousin of the Queen, it was suggested that I had been seeing too many bad television plays. He said he was confident he could arrange matters. Over coffee, he made a brief phone call, said, “I see,” several times, and rang off—then gave me the news that there was nothing he could do.

A helpless feeling began to take hold of me. On a quick trip from Paris to London Airport, responding to an urgent call from Chapman, we had the impression that at least four men were following us and eavesdropping on our conversation. I was even followed into the men’s room, but

once I had passed back through customs immigration for my return flight, the man disappeared.

The other elements of my attack also collapsed. Edward Heath wrote to Dame Irene Ward, informing her that “there is a long history to this” that he would talk to her privately after questioning her in the House one day. She sent me the letter with her regrets.

Soon after, at lunch in the Reform Club, a friend from the Defence Ministry said, “Remember when you asked if you should give your name when you phone me at the office? At the time I said yes, but not now. This morning I was in talking to the Minister when my secretary came in and said Mr. Feldkamp was on the line about lunch.” He sipped his Scotch thoughtfully. “When she mentioned your name it was as if a bomb had exploded in the atmosphere. Once again, I think perhaps we’d better give you a name.”

It was a good lunch, though, and over brandy my friend advised me simply to go to the Continent and make the film and nothing would happen to block my way. He even felt the film could be distributed in Great Britain.

I went back to France, and with the indispensable help of Terence Young, the director, I raised production money by obtaining distribution guarantees from each country individually.

THE FILM WAS FINALLY MADE in 1966, largely in France, under the title *Triple Cross*. Christopher Plummer played Chapman in an understated style, Yul Brynner was the German spy in Intelligence for whom Chapman worked on one side of the Channel, and Trevor Howard was the British Intelligence chief to whom Chapman reported on the other. The film played in cinemas all over the world, including many in Great Britain, without incident. No one in official England ever made the smallest objection, just as my Defence Ministry friend had predicted.

I had, it appears, worn them down, and though I hadn’t exactly triumphed over the Official Secrets Acts (nobody does), I had outlasted several Secretaries of State for War, two Defence Ministers, and one change of government involving the replacement of a Prime Minister. Like the Maginot Line, the Official Secret Acts can never be penetrated head on, but occasionally they can be outflanked.

After all my flights from France to England and all the meetings with the authorities throughout the ten-year effort to put the Chapman story on film, it came as something of an anti-climax recently to see in the television listings of the *York Times*, under selected movies: “*Triple Cross* . . . Smooth, skillful parody of World War II espionage caper. Amusing entertainment.

Amusing to some, perhaps.





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a story by Gloria Kurian Broder

## ELENA, UNFAITHFUL

ALEXEI SAZEVITCH leapt out of the barber's chair and looked into the mirror after his haircut, and when he saw that he was exceptionally handsome for his age, he decided to retire. From his office he placed a call to his childhood friend, André, who lived in Paris, and said, "I'm stopping this nonsense, André. From now on I intend to spend all my time with Elena.

"She's getting younger and prettier," he told André, though in fact he thought she was getting older and homelier. After that, he descended a long flight of stairs to the office of a man he knew only slightly, but who was also a Russian by birth and an engineer, and leaning on the man's desk with the palms of his hands, he confided, "Rothkovitch . . . Rothkovitch . . . I have four children—Arianne, Eva, Ilya, and Katya. They are all grown and out of the house now, thank God, and my wife is not growing any younger or thinner; she's not like you and me"—he punched Rothkovitch in the stomach and planted a cigar in Rothkovitch's pocket—"so I've decided to stop all this and retire."

Finally, Alexei gave his secretary a silk scarf, a scarf unusual for being so long. After she had unwound it and wound it up again, Alexei noisily kissed her on the mouth and tossed her in the direction of the radiator. Forcefully he grasped and shook the hands of the rest of his staff and at last went down in the elevator carrying his framed diplomas; a silver plaque for designing the Elgar Bridge; two brass cups for jumping overboard and saving lives at the scene of that bridge; a wedding picture of his mother and father; and a large, embossed, half-eaten box of Chiradelli chocolates. He put all of these in the back seat of his Bentley and drove through Detroit, cruising one-handedly through streets arched over with dust-laden trees and factory-filtered sunlight, past tight rows of brick-faced houses offering their ancient, cracked, cement porches, out into the raw, bleak avenues of tire and automotive supply stores, and finally beyond, to his own neighborhood of wide and utterly isolated lawns.

"Elena, Elena," he shouted at the front door. And when his wife appeared, he greeted her: "From this moment on, my darling girl, I will

spend each and every moment at home with you!"

At these words it seemed to him that Elena's eyes started up and that she turned peculiarly pale. But he was altogether unprepared when two days later, she took ill and died. The entire family went to the funeral and the priest said a eulogy.

Alexei could not believe anything like this had happened. He caught a cold and felt numb with the same, grief—which he did not like, which he had always hid from—threatened to visit him while terrible questions pushed their way through his clogged mind, such as, had he, during his and Elena's forty-five years together, treated her well enough for a European husband of average morality who was the head of his household? Was he irresistible to women? On her last birthday he had written a large enough check to Product for the Blind? And why had he gone fishing with his friend, Vassily, and their redheaded, then blonde, brunette, mistresses on the very day that his second daughter, Eva, was born? the following evening when Ilya was born? two mornings after the premature arrival of Katya, and exactly one week later, on the Fourth of July?

Alexei blamed his naïveté most of all. He had thought, initially, that his children would somehow look better. But no, in the early years he had always seemed to come upon them sitting on linoleum in the pantry in wet snowsuits, holding out their swathed and dripping arms. "Come, Papa," they would urge, while he would take a few steps back and as a young father observed that they had features he had not wholly counted on, mannerisms he was not prepared for. From the very beginning, Arianne was too awkward, too mean, Ilya too pulling, and Katya uncountably squashy and low to the ground.

"Think of the poor," Elena sang to them as they lay in their cradles, training them for good behavior. "Think of the poor," she warned them, each time he took off for a weekend. Busily, she sent baskets of fruit and new shoes, mailed out letters to the city council, and steadily brought in money after painting of hefty-looking fruit, which she bought from starving artists. Nor was Alexei exempt either, for each time he had

*Gloria Kurian Broder lives in Sausalito, California, with her husband and two children. This is the first story of hers to appear in print.*

the door, carrying suitcases, Elena would un-  
 his fingers, take hold of both of his hands,  
 into his eyes and say, "Alexei Mihailovitch,  
 k once more about the poor." On these oc-  
 ons he understood she spoke about herself.

AD IT BEEN all his fault then, he wondered.  
 Was there time to start anew? His cold got  
 er, his head cleared, and for a brief time he  
 d the fact that Elena had died; but he was a  
 who had always hid from unhappiness, who  
 grew aware that a terrible horizon of pain  
 d in the distance for him like a bank of fog.  
 ing together, it thickened and inexorably  
 d closer. In his sleep he moaned; he called  
 for Elena, and awoke each day feeling  
 ged and dizzy. Then in the middle of one  
 Birdie, the old housekeeper, brought him  
 ater, and after drinking it he fell asleep and  
 ned of love, of youth, of bands of handsome,  
 unfettered people moving along the banks  
 rich, green river. Violets and poppies em-  
 ered the meadows and a scent of lilac in-  
 ed the air while he—only he could not be  
 n it was he—and Elena danced, wandering  
 at it all. In the morning he woke up feeling  
 al, played upon, vulnerable to desire; and  
 he idea that something miraculous had hap-  
 , he got out of bed, crossed the carpeted  
 om, thrust open the windows, and, looking

light-heartedly out onto Elena's garden, under-  
 stood in the sweet, wild, and pungent sun-  
 air that Elena Petrovna had not died after all.  
 she had simply run off with another man—  
 likely with a man who still worked—and she was  
 happy.

Tears of gratitude glistened in Alexei's eyes.  
 A photograph of Elena stood on the dresser.  
 "Look at you!" he exclaimed, pressing the card-  
 board between his fingers. "Fifty pounds over-  
 weight, hair in braids like my great-grandmother,  
 bags under your eyes, forever taking your shoes  
 off and leaving them where I can trip—unable  
 to wear a pair of shoes comfortably for more than  
 five minutes—talking on and on about Congress,  
 the war, the poor—and yet . . . yet I've mis-  
 judged you, I've never fully known what you  
 are!"

He kissed the photograph, leaving wet marks,  
 put it down, opened Elena's closet and looked in.  
 Except for a strange umbrella and a folding  
 chair, it was empty. She had taken all of her  
 clothes, he thought, which was just as well since  
 she did not own very many. His own wardrobe  
 exceeded hers by ten times.

Alexei went to the phone. He wanted to ring  
 up people and tell them his news. He would say  
 to Vassily, "Vassily, just think of it—Elena's  
 going off like that. Isn't it unusual, isn't it  
 ironic!" But as luck would have it, he had re-  
 cently kicked Vassily out of his house. And then,

"Think of the  
 Elena  
 sang to them in  
 their cradles.  
 humming them  
 for good night."





he debated, if he placed a call to André, there was a good chance André might misjudge his marriage—after all, they had not seen each other in thirty years. As for his children, they doted and depended on their mother much too much: finally he did not wish to cause them any pain.

His hand still on the phone, for a moment Alexei considered telling the lady in the bakery whose blue, fractured eyes already held the knowledge of hundreds, perhaps even thousands, of different lives. Unfortunately, he thought, he did not know that lady. He took the umbrella from Elena's closet and went downstairs, still wearing his robe. Through the double glass doors that led into the living room he saw Birdie dusting the furniture with a feather duster, her hand moving like a pendulum as she mechanically turned here and there, touching the worn, rose-colored satin settee and couches, the samovar on the coffee table, the mended china lamps and clocks. He opened the glass doors and stepped in, then stepped out as a smell of stale oranges and apples rushed at him from the framed pictures of fruit on all the walls. Stepping in again, he shut the glass doors behind him.

"Birdie," he said, thinking perhaps she should be the first to know. After all, she had helped diaper and she had stuck pins, he conjectured, into all four of his children. For that alone she deserved something: should he clap her on the back and shout into her good ear, "Birdie, you old vixen, you demon! Just guess what your mistress has gone and done!"

He decided not. She would not believe him; worse still, she might say nothing at all. "Birdie, whose umbrella is this?"

She took it from him and looked at it for a long time. "It's Arianne's. She left it here last week, when it rained." Then she walked past him with the umbrella, which she put in a closet in the front hall.

"Arianne!" he exclaimed; Arianne, he thought. Why hadn't he singled her out from the others? She was his eldest daughter, the only one at whose birth he'd been present, the only child who had grown up as tall as he, with shoulders practically as broad; who beat him at badminton, who was more of a son to him than his other daughters or his son, and who could match him drink for drink at family gatherings until late in the night, when they would smile at one another, clasp their arms about each other's powerful shoulders, and loudly chorus "Auld Lang Syne."

HE RUSHED TO THE PHONE in the den, and when she answered in the familiar, hearty voice that cracked in between syllables due to hoarseness and the headlong intensity of her goodwill, he leaned way back in the swivel chair behind the desk, stretched out his legs, and to the ceiling trilled out, "A . . . ri . . . anne, A . . . ri . . . anne!"

"Papa, I'm glad you called. I was just about to call and ask you how things are."

"They're wonderful."

"I'm glad to hear that."

"Yes, they're perfect," he offered again, with such an exchange. Arianne, he thought smiling broadly, was always cheerful. Unfortunately this virtue had also become her failing: he conceded that it even showed on her, physically—for although up to the neck she stood proudly as a colt or soldier, her head with close-cropped, curly, dark hair tended to droop, and on her gaunt and pleasant face loomed a resigned and tragic expression of one who never publicly come up with any but joyful things to say.

"How are your husband and children?" he asked her.

"We're all first rate."

"Excellent. How is the dog?"

"Getting much better. Thank you very much for asking."

"How is the cat?"

"Papa, uh . . . we don't have a cat."

"Never mind then; forget that I asked you." He leaned into the phone. "Arianne, I have something to tell you." A surge of anticipation welled up inside of him. "Your mother's gone . . . she's gone . . . shopping." His heart sank; he felt as if he had failed. He let out his breath.

There was silence for a few moments and then Arianne shouted with no crack in her voice: "Papa, what did you say?"

"I said she's gone shopping." The statement sounded plausible enough to him except, of course, that everyone knew Elena never went shopping: it was always he who spent his spare time riding escalators in search of the latest, most elegant accessory from Italy or France.

"Papa, what did you say?"

"She's gone . . ." unsuccessfully, he said again, "she's gone shopping."

"Listen, Papa, don't think about it. You have a point. Don't think about it and I'll come see you at two this afternoon. You have a plan. There are good sales all over town. There are excellent sales in all the shopping centers." She hung up.

Downcast, Alexei remained seated at the desk, thinking that if only he had been able to tell Arianne the truth about her mother, he might have been able to tell her more—such as the differences between some of his competitors' products on bridges, and his own work; and how Vassily, after marrying a dreadful woman too late in life, had forgotten the names of all their mistresses. Subsequently he and Vassily had nothing to talk about; they'd quarreled over cards; at last Alexei threw him out of the house.

Brooding stonily in the swivel chair, Alexei turned prey to old irritations. Why, he wondered—as he had often wondered—why

ne, on the morning before her marriage, ped into her mother's lap and remained there half an hour when she was twice the size of a and might just as easily have jumped into Rehearsing these tales, Alexei's eyes began pucker, his fingers to touch and move an ash-tray, a letter opener on the desk, until all at once he grew impatient, jumped up and ran into the hall.

"Breakfast, Birdie," he called, "right after my shower." He climbed the stairs, turned on the light in the bathroom, went into the bedroom and slid open the doors of his wall-to-wall, bed-closet. At this instant, the phone rang.

"Father?"

"Ilya?"

"I hear that mother's gone shopping."

Alexei's VOICE, suspicious and complaining at the best, now snapped and accused. Alexei held his distance from his ear and inured himself by gazing at the orderly array of suits, shirts, jackets, vests, and coats that hung from the wall, harmoniously arranged by color. It was a sight he found soothing and peaceful, which angered Eva, for whenever she visited the house, after she had eaten up all the scraps from the icebox, opened and searched in every drawer for childhood mementos, stormed ably through the basement and sniffed into the attic, she invariably ended up by confronting Alexei with his clothes.

"Fifty-one suits," she would declare, pointing at him with a long, ink-stained, crooked finger. "Disgusting! Give some to the poor!"

"But they're not for the poor," Alexei would answer her, very simply, "they're for me."

Sometimes Katya would follow her sister to her closet. Katya was the baby. She was small, with chubby upper arms Alexei liked to touch. She had a small, cupid's face with hair piled on top of her head like a robin's nest; and short legs and wore long dresses with unbecoming patterns; and instead of becoming a ballet dancer, as Alexei had hoped, she had gone petulantly yet unhesitatingly, into social work. Hair pulled from her head, and like Eva, she said, "Give some to the poor."

On occasion Ilya would wander in and, peering with his nose comfortably inside her closet and his hands on his hips, would speak with a show of great kindness and concern. "Papa, what are you trying to prove? Why do you have so many clothes?" Alexei would answer, "Why do you have a moustache? Why, in these ecologically troubled times, do you have so many children? Why do you always only act in plays like Gorki?"—to which Ilya would raise his hand high and, with heartfelt sincerity and the projection of an actor, solemnly intone, "But I don't have so many clothes."

WHAT," EVA NOW PURSUED, as she liked to put the facts to fit, "what did mother go shopping for?"

Alexei frowned into the phone. "For?" he asked, an expression of pride—self-loving and stubborn—chiseled itself onto Alexei's face. He lifted his chin and reflected. "For shoes. Stockings. A dress. A purse." He paused. He leaned against the bedroom wall and crossed his ankles. "A hat. Some gloves. A bottle of perfume. You ought to go shopping yourself." He referred, as he knew she understood quite well, to the fact that she always wore an old serape and sandals and drove a camper truck with a broken muffler, and beyond that to the greater facts: that she taught in a ghetto school with hungry, angry dedication; that she stared glassily at him through thick lenses while clutching an enormous guitar; that she was bowlegged, vast-hipped, militant about women's rights, middle-aged, and had never been married; and that more than any of the others, she had been influenced by her mother, but did not have her mother's grace.

Yet the tone of her voice suddenly softened. "Listen, Papa, tell me something. Have you been feeling yourself? How have you been feeling? Father . . . Papa, I think I'll come sleep home tonight. Tell Birdie to put out fresh sheets."

"No, no, no, no!"

"Why not?"

"No, no!"

"I'd like to."

"I think . . . it occurs to me," he recovered from her offer, "there's no need to." He smiled and murmured gallantly into the phone, "After all, my dear, you have your own apartment, your own little kitty cats, your guitar . . ."

"What I think," Eva said, "is that I'll pick Ilya up at the airport at one. That's when his plane comes in."

"Ilya?" For an instant he panicked. "Where's Ilya been?"

"Chicago. Don't you remember? In a play. He's been there for two weeks."

Alexei felt both relief and annoyance. "Gorki again. Why does Ilya only act in plays by old Russians? Why doesn't he act in something modern, up-to-date?"

"Right after that," Eva went on, ignoring him, "I'll stop by for Katya at her work and we'll come to you around two."

"All of you?" Alexei objected.

"All of us," Eva confirmed, and added before hanging up, "Arianne said she'd drive over at the same time."

This plan depressed Alexei. He showered and dressed, thinking that his children were coming to see him. What could he do with them? Ilya came down the stairs, shouting, "Breakfast! Birdie, breakfast!" and went into the living room to wait. Opening the double glass doors, he stepped on figured rugs that lay on top of

. . . Elena Petrovna had not

that day

had not

had not

had not

had not

had not

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heavy carpet. He glanced about. Pictures of glossy fruit—one of peaches and pears, one of plums and pears, one of plums and apples, and one simply of bananas—painted by artists, each one more poor, he guessed, than the others—hung on three thick, ivory walls, while at the windows heavy drapes kept out the light, the air. He had never liked this room. He had often told his family it was too old-fashioned, too Russian, and they had answered that they were Russian. Each time he came home from an illicit weekend, he had wanted to tear out walls, put in a bold expanse of vinyl floor and a sleek, white, modern couch. But Elena pleaded that he had his office and his outings and that this was her room. She began to go out less and less. She grew heavier, closer to life, less willing to keep on her shoes. Neighbors, teachers, other Europeans, and her own four children came to see her—brought her their troubles—as she sat on the worn, rose-colored satin settee, listening through long winter afternoons, her shoes paired next to her and two bunions on her toes. While she listened, her fingers peeled and divided an orange, and he remembered that her lips would first purse together as if they could taste each trouble and then grow round as if they were labeling and judging the trouble as “pretty good” or “pretty bad.” After that, her manner changed. She gave advice. Handing around sections of the fruit, she tossed her head, her black eyes gleamed like a girl’s amidst their bed of wrinkles, a high color rose to her flat cheeks, and even her chins—her grand and battered chins—jumped about with a certain ebullience and style.

Watching her in those last few years, Alexei’s throat had closed; he had wanted those bursts of animation for himself. At the same time he eyed her audience, wondering if her opinions had come to be more respected than his own. How could that be? He, after all, had built fifteen bridges and designed six exhibits in the 1939 New York World’s Fair where, whenever he turned around, one hundred beautiful women seemed to be concentrating raptly on him. And yet just this past spring, unable to make his presence felt, he had shouted into a group of acquaintances and strangers, “Let me talk, let me talk!” and then, overcome with shame, with chagrin, had quit the room, fled up the stairs, and placed a call—for no good reason—to André in Paris.

Alexei gazed at the rose-colored settee. It was empty; Elena was not there; and yet he seemed to hear her say, “Alexei, let’s not eat cake; let’s eat bread.” She said it liltingly, with humor and in the voice of her youth, the same voice that had promised him a sweet, unjudging, shrewd frivolity forever—and then betrayed him.

At breakfast, Alexei ate in the dining room, alone, his eyes fixed on the buffet opposite him. Lifting his spoon, he reflected that inside those

carved and massive drawers, both his and Elena’s family silver was stored and lay together, rest side by side—a fact that struck him as so peculiarly intimate and fitting that briefly he faced the idea that Elena had died. But he got up once and went into the den. Like the other room in the downstairs of the house, the den was dark and heavily carpeted. Drapes and venetian blinds hung at the windows. Two brown leather couches held a charcoal drawing of mangoes, and a desk lit the walls. In the center of the desk stood an immense world globe, its roundness and airiness, its light-blue color, and the fact that it so easily revolved making it a focal point in the room. Spinning the globe, Alexei’s fingers caught Rome, St. Tropez, at Venice, and impulsively though he were proposing some marvelous vacation by the sea, he urged out loud, “Elena, let’s go young again!” The sound of his voice shocked him and he retreated up the stairs.

There, looking out the window over Elena’s garden, he again smelled honeysuckle, saw primroses, orchids, and daisies, and was once more reassured that Elena had run off with another man and was happy. He phoned the bakery and requested that they send up a cake. Then he lay down on the bed and fell deeply asleep.

WHEN HE AWOKE, HE REMEMBERED that children were coming to see him, and felt pleased. He changed his shirt and brushed his hair. On the landing he met Birdie as she inched her way up for an afternoon nap, her bald head ringed round with ancient markings. They exchanged awareness of each other but no words and Alexei continued down, saw in the kitchen that his cake had arrived and transferred it to a crystal platter.

At two o’clock, he stood outside the front door and heard Eva’s broken muffler in the distance. Presently the camper came into view and he maneuvered the vehicle up the driveway, his head craned out one window of the cab, Ilya’s head protruding out the other window, and Katya in between them, staring straight ahead. A few houses down, Arianne parked her VW by the curb and ran at a gallop until she joined the others. The four of them headed up the porch. They called, “Papa . . . Papa.”

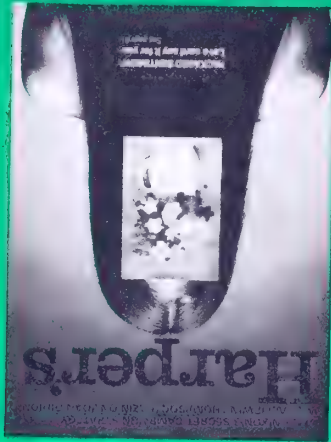
Eva confronted him first. Clasp ing her glasses with one hand, she removed her glasses with the other and lunged at him, timing her kiss so that it landed in the air. At this she looked wounded and angry, as if it were somehow all his fault. He gazed closely at her, struck as always by her beauty, not of her features, which were composed of her translucent, pearly skin. She had nothing else, inherited his grandmother’s pale complexion. He said to her, “Try again.”

Surprised, Eva obeyed and then stepped back, tripping on her guitar. Katya took her place.

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SEAL WITH SCOTCH TAPE AND MAIL



too, appeared surprised by Alexei's order. Katya stood on tiptoe. Delicately she bestowed on her father a sweet and prissy peck, then turned her head away. As she was still his baby, this greeting—ambiguous though it was—pleased and undid him a bit. "Katya," he said. "But why are you so thin?"

"I've lost weight."

"Ah, Katya," he mourned, wondering if her husband beat her. He felt in his pocket for a piece of candy and at the same time noticed that her hair had turned entirely gray. "Ah, Katya, you've lost too much weight. You look like a cobweb."

"I've lost," she corrected him, proud and plaintive at once, "the right amount."

"Then never mind," he told her, comforting them both and dismissing her, for behind Katya, Ilya pushed for his turn, and behind Ilya he saw his tall and self-effacing Arianne, a brown paper bag in her hand—doubtless it contained brandy—who registered his awareness of her by signaling above the heads of the others in a voice that croaked like a frog's, "It's a most beautiful day, Papa—it's a most beautiful day in summer!"

"Arianne . . . Ilya . . . Katya . . . Eva . . . I'm so happy to see all of you!"

"And we're so happy to see you," said Ilya, stepping forward. He took both of his father's hands in his and started intently into his father's eyes as if trying to glean from them something vital and unknown. His moustache quivered.

Uncertain as to what Ilya wanted, Alexei said, "Your mother isn't home."

"We understand," said Ilya.

"She'll be back quite late. But what I have for you is . . ."

"We understand," Ilya said. "She's gone shopping."

"She's gone shopping," said Katya.

"She's gone shopping," Arianne confirmed.

Alexei felt uncomfortable, but overcame. "Come in, come in," he said, holding the door open. "What I have for you is . . . I have so very excellent cake. Birdie didn't make it. Your mother didn't make it either. I got this excellent cake by ordering it from the bakery." He led them through the front hall, the dining room, turned to face them by the kitchen. "As you see, it is chocolate and has icing out of spun sugar and flowers and other such decorations." Flustered like, his fingers gestured in the air to convey the ambience of such a cake: its roses, its sugar avenues and lanes, the possibility of castles. "Now who will help me? Katya, put on coffee. Eva, bring out cups and plates. What else do you need? Napkins. Did I forget napkins? Ilya, if you can find some napkins."

Alexei carried the cake into the living room, carefully set it down on the dark wood of the inlaid coffee table and sat down in the center of the rose-colored satin settee in what had always been Elena's place. He bent down to remove his shoes, but straightened up again, feeling foolish. His children arranged themselves in a semicircle around him and appeared fascinated. They had an air of being welcome strangers. Conscious of their mood, Alexei sliced the first piece of cake and meticulously placed it in the perfect center of a plate. He sliced a second, third, fourth piece and handed these around. He had, he supposed, never served his children before, and yet now, in Elena's absence, it seemed so absolutely proper and what he wanted.



David Hockney

HE WATCHED AS THEY BEGAN TO EAT: Eva avidly gobbled, Katya licked, Arianne eyed awkwardly, getting crumbs caught between her teeth and claiming she had never tasted anything better. As for Ilya, his cake went into his mouth and simply disappeared. Alexei smiled. A sense of satisfaction and fulfillment came subtly over him. He decided he would call his children's spouses, even all his grandchildren, despite their bad manners and unkempt

to pave the way, he said, "I think . . . it means to me . . . I have something to tell you. Your mother's run off . . . with a lover."

"Oh, Papa!" all of them scolded at once and Arianne added, "Stop it!"

"Don't worry, Katya. It will be a nice change for her; it will do her good."

Arianne objected, "Papa, she wouldn't do such things."

Eva said, "I thought you told us she went to the States."

Katya cried out indignantly, "Listen to that! You've never heard such a thing! It's too much! I can't bear it!"

Through thick glasses Eva eyed him steadily and warned, "You'd better be careful, Father. Don't let her better stay off that track. Go back to your work."

"But I don't understand," Alexei told them, smiling, "you act as if your mother isn't capable of having a lover when, after all, she's like any other woman in this world; she's as capable of loving as anyone else. . . . of enjoying herself . . . as you would."

"No more, no more!" Katya wailed. She covered her face. "One more word and I'll leave."

Alexei could not stop himself. "Most likely it's not her first lover. Indeed, there is good reason to think," he went on, lifting a speculative finger into the air, "that your mother has had many different lovers in the past. Perhaps most of them were social workers, community workers, teachers, even psychologists—yet they are all the same." But even as he said this, even as he recognized its hollow sound—he knew he had gone too far.

He stood up and faced his father. A sound of stifled choking issued from his throat. From his mustache came a whistle like a train's. Yet all he could utter was, "Cad!" A few minutes later he managed, "Boulder!" Katya fell out of her chair, sideways, and began to sob. Dragging her guitar behind her, Eva started to pace, agitatedly marching up and down the length of the room and in a cold, even voice summing up: "You never thought of anyone but yourself."

At last the four, only Arianne approached her. She put a long, large-boned arm around his shoulder and tried to chuckle. "You're mistaken,

Papa. She wouldn't do that, you know. She *couldn't* do that." But then, as if suddenly overcome, she moved off to a corner behind the fireplace, dropped into an armchair and covered her face with her hands.

Eva continued pacing and narrating, "You never tried to understand her. She was a saint, a free spirit." From the floor, Katya sent up sharp yelps. Eva stepped over her and went on, "You never cared enough for her . . . or for us. You were always too vain, too arrogant, too unfeeling." Ilya, who had remained rooted to the same spot, his face pale, his neck livid, now grabbed the hilt of the cake knife, brandished it in the air, gnashed his teeth violently, and cut himself another piece of cake. He then left the room and went into the den to phone his wife. Katya crawled after him; she phoned her office.

Reentering the living room together, the two of them looked about, preparing to resume their angry postures. But in that dim, enclosed room—crowded with the clocks and china of their childhood, the pictures, upholstery, and samovars of their lives—they could not bear the violence of the fury and the anguish that they felt, so that, with a shriek, Katya opened the double glass doors and tumbled through the back hallway. One by one the others followed after her, squeezing through the narrow door and catapulting out into Elena's garden. And there, surrounded by the green spread of lawn, and under the splendor of the sky, they seemed more easily able to breathe. They said, "Ahhhh . . . ahhhh."

Ilya stretched out on a chaise, lifting his face to the sun. Eva uncovered an old guitar behind a rose bush, and gently administered to it. On her hands and knees, Katya picked herself a bouquet of small flowers, and Arianne, her mighty shoulders bent, emerged from the garage with the lawnmower. At once she sent the tall weeds flying.

ALEXEI ISOLATED HIMSELF FROM THEM. Pulling a chaise a good distance away, to the other side of the cement path, he lay down and shut his eyes, his head also seeking the summer sun. Instead, in his mind's eye, he saw the brown, chill winter before snow. He stood on the frozen lawn while his small children ran toward him from the candy store, claspings white paper bags and sticks of licorice in their hands; calling him, while he, aloof and detached, held off, waited until the last minute when they reached him before embracing and claiming them for his own.

Now it was all over, he thought. They could have nothing more to do with one another; he had waited too long. For the first time he wondered whom Elena had run off with, and where they'd gone. A powerful jealousy invaded him, and almost vengefully he decided he would phone Vassily and say, "Vassily, do you remember

"She had promised him a sweet, unjudging, shrewd frivolity forever—and then betrayed him."



those wig models we met in New York City, in that restaurant on 57th Street? They were eating cannelloni and had ribbons in their hair?" Vassily's memory, he knew, was worth nothing these days, but he would prod it, stir it up. "Remember, you had veal parmigian and I had saltimbocca and those girls were done up just like gift packages? Vassily, my friend, let's go to New York and look for them. I'll take the taller of the two and since you're so very much shorter . . ."

But he did not feel like going on. He let his hand drop over the edge of the chaise and plucked a blade of grass, which he put to his mouth. Once, at the beginning of his marriage, he had lain in a field with Elena and tasted one of her toes. He had never done that again, not having particularly liked it; yet the memory came back to him in the deep, bitter taste of the grass, this time telling him that what he wanted, more than anything else, was to take Elena from her lover and bring her back—beautiful and black-haired—for himself.

Quickly he went into the house and up the stairs, pulled out two suitcases from a closet and opened them on his bed. He chose underwear, shirts, handkerchiefs, and socks. On the way he planned that he would run into a shop and buy Elena a necklace, a new wedding ring. He would buy himself a tie. From down the corridor he heard a banging and Eva's voice that said, "Wake up, Birdie, wake up. There are a lot of things to do. We're taking inventory, and Ilya wants to see you." Alexei glanced at his watch, thinking that Birdie had slept long enough. He went on packing, elaborately folding his clothes, taking fresh pleasure in his skill.

But when he descended the stairs half an hour later, he found his way to the front door barred by a carton of books, a samovar, the world globe from the den, and Arianne's umbrella. Behind these, three large paintings stood lined up against a wall. Setting down his suitcases, he followed voices to the dining room.

There, Katya and Eva leaned over the open drawers of the buffet, Katya with a pad and pencil in her hand. They were counting silver. Above them, where a picture of avocados always hung, was an empty space. Everything, Alexei thought, seemed odd. He sensed something—some strange current in the air, some bewildering change that he could not identify. Fear and suspicion seized him. His pulse began to pound.

"Twelve spoons," Katya said, "leaf pattern."

"No, ten," said Eva.

His two daughters stopped when they noticed him. But Ilya and Birdie, who were playing cards at the dining-room table, did not look up even after he had entered and demanded, "What's going on? What's going on?" His fear grew stronger, became a kind of panic. Then suddenly he thought he understood: he had been duped. His children had been in on Elena's plan from

the very beginning; all along they'd known where she'd gone off to, and with whom.

A false smile stretched across Alexei's face, a wheedling, over-intimate expression so alien to him it cut his cheeks. "You might as well tell me. There's no point to hiding it. Where has Elena gone?"

Eva strode over to him. It was then that he started to feel the other fear, the other terror. Eva lifted her face close to his and, looking down at her, he knew what she was going to say. More than ever before, he was aware of her extraordinary complexion, inherited from his own family. And indeed the skin on her face appeared so milky-white, so translucent, that for a moment he believed in the possibility of seeing right through her to some preferable object—such as bridges, even trees—but was stopped by the stubborn, owl-like challenge of her nearsighted eyes by her brooding nose, by her chin as she said, "Mama has not run away. She is dead. She died six weeks ago."

Even as Alexei's head cleared, his mouth opened in a cry of pain. "A . . . ri . . . anne!"

Eva told him, "Arianne's busy drinking. She's drinking because, on top of other things, her house is too big. It's too big for you alone. We're closing it up."

**H**E FOUND ARIANNE in the den, sitting in a dim room with a bottle of Scotch, a bottle of bourbon, and an ice bucket at her side. She was disoriented and with no exact motive in mind, tried out his grotesquely unconnected smile on her, but was relieved when she did not see it in the dark. She said, "Come sit down next to me, Papa, and have a drink. I'm way ahead of you. I've finished the bourbon. It was wonderful bourbon. First rate, really. Let me fix you a Scotch."

He drank from the glass she handed him, taking comfort from it and from her hoarse, warbling cracking voice. "Do you remember, Papa," she asked him, "all those games of badminton we used to play? Do you remember all those nights we ended up drinking brandy in the garden at two o'clock in the morning and singing 'Olenka' and 'Auld Lang Syne'? Those are my favorite songs. I love those songs." She poured them each another drink.

But he would not touch his. Something was stuck in his mind, in his heart. He fought both to locate and to control it, and presently he said, "Arianne, I think . . . it occurs to me . . . your mother died."

Through the slats in the venetian blind he could see Eva carrying one of the large paintings down the front path. She loaded it into the back of her camper. Alexei waited for Arianne to answer. But Arianne, as always unable to think of any but jovial things to say, stared straight ahead in her sorrow.



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Advancements in the art of election-year politics

## NIXON'S SECRET STRATEGY

by Richard Reeves



A THOUSAND TIMES NEXT YEAR, large jets, 707s and 727s, will roar into airports all across the country and smiling men will pop out waving their arms—the candidates, the hopeful Presidents, 1972. Straggling, sometimes stumbling behind the great men will be a hundred others, unsmiling and tired, their arms wavering with the weight of typewriters or cameras, looking for telephones—the reporters, the best men their newspapers, television stations, or magazines could find to let the rest of the nation know what goes on here every four years.

But even the best can't get it all—half the candidate's staff is on board for the precise purpose of making sure that those reporters get as little as possible of the part that might make the man look a bit less than great. The best, or worst, story I ever heard about the relationship between Presidential politics and the press was told by a man who is now editor of one of the better small magazines in the country. In 1960, though, he was a politician, a member of the West Virginia House of Delegates, working for John F. Kennedy in that state's famous primary election.

His job was to play "authentic local"—he hung around the bar at the Kanawha Hotel in Charleston making friends with the national press who had flown in for that one exciting week. Sure enough, the re-

porters from Washington and New York were soon coming to their authentic local to ask him about the wild stuff they were hearing about vote-buying in the Southern hollows.

"Well, damn, let's take a look," said Charley, who even now has the music of the mountains in his voice. He led his new friends to a couple of well-chosen polling places, the local facsimiles of model precincts, and the writers went home thinking all was well with the Union. In Mingo and McDowell counties, where votes traditionally sell for \$5 or \$10—Oakley Hatfield testified under oath last year in Mingo that his brother voted for six years after dying in an automobile accident—Kennedy won by margins of from 2-to-1 to 20-to-1.

There's a knowledgeable, if mild, contempt for the press among political professionals—they feel the same way, incidentally, about clichés like "the public's right to know." That attitude was institutionalized in 1968 in a little manual carried by Richard Nixon's staff:

*The central point of scheduling is that campaigning is symbolic, i.e., it is not what the candidate actually does as much as what it appears he does.*

But the gap between campaign reporting and reality can't be blamed only on those devilishly clever Nixon fellows. One problem is that, like gen-

erals and the last war, the press usually gears up to cover the last campaign. That puts the men with typewriters and zoom lenses four years behind the men with secret polls and ambitious candidates. So, we get this year's McCarthy-McCloskey coverage: the press underrated Eugene McCarthy in the early days of his 1968 Democratic insurgency and has compensated consistently overcovering Rep. McCloskey's Republican insurgency.

"It's always astonished me that the media can be so far from what's really going on," said F. Clifton White, who was never troubled with excessive publicity when he engineered a national roundup of delegates for Barry Goldwater beginning a year before the first 1964 primaries. "I missed it all. Nobody realized that many delegates we had until the California primary with Rockefeller and that was overplayed, because we already had the nomination locked up. Later everyone talked about secret operations, but I never hid anything. Of course, I didn't call press conferences either.

"The result of it all was funny continued. "In 1968, everybody covered delegate selection in the primary states."

If Mr. White is right, if the covers the last campaign—

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professional I talked with in the last couple of months agreed—what will be the story reported in newspapers and on television in 1972? The headline is the same as McGinniss's book: "The Selling of the President 1972."

Four years too late, the press is now telling the story of Joe McGinniss's best seller: the Madison Avenue Machiavellian use of paid, controlled television to get across the impression that Richard Nixon was a charming, outgoing guy hustling around the country eyeball to eyeball with the average folk.

But McGinniss pointed out, and the press rarely reported at the time, that Nixon was neither hustler nor eyeballing. The future President was following his little book, trying to campaign while actually appearing as little as possible as unconsciously as possible in front of the picked audiences to preserve his lead over HHH.\*

Because of McGinniss's witty little book, Americans are almost certainly going to get saturation reporting on political television, particularly thirty- and sixty-second commercials with daily newspaper stories on production and producers. I am willing to bet, a network documentary called *The Selling of the President 1972*, with McGinniss as the commentators.

But television is the most important part of a modern campaign, and commercials are an important part of a candidate's life in our live-in-rooms. But operators in both are predicting that with or without federal election-spending, the use of television commercials reached its peak in the 1970 Congressional elections. They're now looking for other ways to win votes and reach the people.

Now men are talking—debating about a better word because there is a split between old and new politicians in the White House—about a

major fault of the McGinniss book—a fault that may be multiplied by the press in the coming year—is that it projects the Nixon strategy as brilliant or, at the very least, competent. In fact, it was a terrible mistake that managed to do nothing but convince undecided and uncommitted voters to stay home and leave Nixon with nothing but the hard-core vote he probably would have lost if he skyjacked Air Force One en route to Havana.

"visible campaign" and an "invisible campaign." The visible campaign would be an extension of 1968—Nixon as "super-President" traveling the world in search of peace, occasionally stealing a little time from the long, lonely days in the Oval Room to dedicate a dam in Colorado and chat with the folks about football before hurrying back to the hot line and other awesome burdens. Incumbency Power: it guarantees routine Cronkite and *New York Times* coverage to get across the message of this man above politics. Just to make sure, equally routine commercials would emphasize it with sonnets to the accomplishments of the Nixon years.

But, beyond routine, the new Republican managers, the young men from market research who have at least one ear of John Mitchell, the President's political agent, are into invisible campaigning and a jargon of "individualization" and "value profile" and "15 per cent is the name of the game."

"If the old-liners don't get control and try to rerun '68," said one new-liner, "we'll run a lot of this campaign from under a mountain in Utah."

His thinking is based on Republican polls that show, in his words, "that just about 85 per cent of the electorate have already essentially decided to vote for or against Nixon even if he runs against Humpty Dumpty." The other 15 per cent—the name of the game—comes largely from four somewhat overlapping voter groups: labor-union members who think of themselves as conservatives; middle-income Roman Catholics in and around major cities; first-time voters between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four; and marginal white-collar workers who sometimes worry about losing their jobs.

**B**UT EVEN UNCOMMITTED or movable voters have pretty fixed ideas about Richard Nixon—they think they know him and they don't particularly like him, but they do respect him. Any campaign aimed at them would have to be quite sophisticated. What the Republican mind-benders are thinking about is individualized communication—computerized mail and telephone on a scale new to politics—and subtle use of television, all designed to touch basic attitudes, the voter's "value profile," rather than

change his idea about old Dick.

Thus, a suburban father called on next spring by a "researcher" asking a lot of clipboard questions about family shopping habits and a few about the issues of the day—the Republicans are great for piggybacking on the marketing surveys of friendly corporations. Let's say that the father indicates he's very worried about drugs and his teenage children. In early October, he might receive what looks like a personal letter from a local physician, maybe his own doctor, talking about the need for a town "Narcotics Action Council" and mentioning that President Nixon is working on a program to fund and guide such councils.

The thinking behind the narcotics letter (credit it to some sociologists in the Midwest) may tell something about the future campaigns of candidates as well known as Nixon. The President's analysts have told him that their polls show that a lot of his Americans are terrified about drugs and that there's really nothing substantive he can do about the issue before 1972. Recommendation: convince them that it's a local problem, that they should be doing something about it themselves instead of blaming the President.

It's heady stuff and it could be completely computerized. Instead of a live researcher from the detergent companies, that father might get a telephone call that began, "Will you hold on a moment, the President would like to speak with you . . ." It would be a tape, of course, coming from computers in Utah, and the voice might be a governor or Congressman if the President decides such things are beneath him, but the familiar voice would say it was interested in knowing what issues concerned that father and would ask him to dial "1" on those that did. If he dialed "1" for narcotics, the wheels would whirr and soon he'd get the letter, produced by a battery of computerized electric typewriters and a machine that signed the name of a good, Nixon-supporting doctor.

"We're not talking about sending out red, white, and blue leaflets," said a Nixon man. "We're talking about a letter, a real letter that begins, 'Your neighbor, Tom Corcoran, down the street, told me the other day . . .' It would take the press six months to find out where they're coming from



and, anyway, they'd be coming from 100 places, regional locations."

Planning now for the general election is a strictly Republican luxury—the Democrats have twenty-three primaries and a convention to fight about first—and the Nixon men are taking advantage of it to recreate and expand the suburban Tammanys that served them so well in 1968. It takes real old-time organization to provide the bodies necessary for the personal and telephone canvassing that makes computerized mailings work. In Los Angeles County four years ago, thousands of Nixon workers spread out from 101 regional offices to get the door-to-door interview data that was fodder for computers that typed out 1.5 million "personalized" letters to Greek-Americans or boat owners or whatever. It was a massive effort—it will be bigger this time—and it was never reported on even by local newspapers and TV.

Democrats, of course, don't have the time, the use of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue as a television studio, or the campaign money that flows to the White House the way power flows out. But some Democrats do daydream about next fall. What they fantasize, perhaps too hopefully, is a repeat of the 1968 Republican campaign; and those hopes are reflected in the last line of a book that will be published next year by one Democratic professional, Joseph Napolitan: "And, please God, give us John Mitchell again."

Many Democrats are convinced that Attorney General Mitchell, who is destined to be campaign manager Mitchell, is a political Prussian who will duplicate his controlled television strategy of 1968, a strategy he stuck to rigidly even as his candidate's huge early lead dissolved in October. Like the new Republican technicians, the Democratic managers believe that paid television will be pretty unbelievable in 1972—the important voters, the movable 15 per cent, will tune out on obvious political pitches.

Robert Squier, who handles Edmund Muskie's television and did the same for Hubert Humphrey four years ago, thinks that the story of 1972 will be "unstructured television." Mostly free television, he means—for Squier, the high points of 1971 campaigning were Muskie swapping stories with David Frost and cooking lobster with Dinah Shore.

"Eight million people watched that on *Dinah's Place*," Squier exclaimed. "They saw our man unprotected, nobody between him and the viewer. It's real, and paid commercials can't compete. I can't put a price on that show. You couldn't get that audience or that situation for any amount of cash."

And in case anyone thinks politics hasn't changed, after that show a California Democratic official who had been refusing to endorse Muskie called his staff in Washington to let them know she was ready to sign up anytime. "He was so sincere, so real," she said.

Squier is naturally prejudiced, but he thinks hundreds of thousands of movable voters decided on Humphrey on election eve in 1968 when both candidates had telethons, and channel-switchers could see Nixon taking only questions screened by his staff, while Humphrey just picked up any phone and talked. That scene produced this reaction among Nixon men, according to McGinniss:

*More startling, Humphrey was answering questions live. Actually talking to people who called on the phone. There was no Paul Keyes, no Bud Wilkinson to protect him. "That's crazy," Al Scott said, appalled at what he saw. "They've got no control."*

Exactly, Bob Squier would say. If he has his way—and he might be the logical choice to handle any Democratic candidate's television—the Democrat in '72 will be seen talking and listening to a lot of real people on daytime television, live drop-ins on news shows, and commercials that may emphasize the listening part. Some Democratic Congressional candidates used the listening thing successfully in 1970: "If he listens to you now, he'll listen to you in Washington," was a slogan used in commercials where candidates stood and listened to people in the street—listened not talked to.

NETWORKS AND NEWSPAPERS have more time to prepare for the campaign than the Democrats do. And they are putting more into it than ever; the self-criticism of political reporting in newsrooms is more intensive and incisive than anything Vice President Agnew told the boys in Des Moines. At both the *New York Times*

and NBC, serious discussions have been held about letting a couple reporters cover the campaign from their own living rooms to see what impressions get through to anyone in his own apolitical home. In 1970 New York State elections, *Times* experimented with its own titudinal surveys, investing more than \$40,000 for in-depth polling similar to that used by most modern campaign managers. And *Times* reporters were able to anticipate and, more important, understand the major movements of candidates. They also had trouble spotting the phony figures leaked during any campaign.

But covering a campaign from the bottom up—or the living room out—and sifting hundreds of pages of computer printouts is still pretty far from the daily operations of the American media. The heart of campaign coverage is still in the 1920s—putting the best reporter on the candidate's train and having him file a few hundred words every twenty-four hours. The process was described in the *Times* house organ by Russell Baker, a former political reporter who now writes their "Observer" column:

"One day is very much like another with the Presidential candidates. There is no morning and no night, very little sleeping and very little eating, a lot of flying around and a lot of bouncing around inside buses and never time to write a story.

"The writing is done by the flexes, usually on airplanes, on buses or at open-air press tables with a piece of brass band blowing patriotic airs into your ear and a few hundred hot-blooded lady politicians fighting for standing room on your train writer . . .

"The new lead, splashed with coffee, is finished when you hit the airport. It is flung to a Western Union agent, and you are sealed into the plane with 45 precious minutes to build the whole story before the next stop. This, of course, precludes lunch which consists of airline turkey sandwiches of balsa-wood consistency oozing formaldehyde . . . and your story has the quality of an old tube covered with patches."

To which one of Nixon's most managers added: "You guys don't really know what goes on. How can you, traveling with the candidate the time? Of course, that's why I want you traveling."



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## ECCLES NO. 6

Working the seam in a West Virginia coal mine

**T**HE ECCLES COAL TIPPLE and shafts stand like a row of gigantic shanties, black with soot against a mountain of gray slate, above tens of coal cars and a wide webbing of steel track. The few houses still left in Eccles are scattered haphazardly along the road and up the hillside behind the tracks. The town has a grocery store, a gas station, a few beer taverns, and a union hall, but if a passerby doesn't drive over the tracks and up to the mine, and come upon all those late-model cars parked in the dusty lot between the mine and the gob pile, he might figure the mine was about played out.

The fact is there's more work in the Eccles mine now than there's been in twenty years, and most afternoons several men can be found leaning against a railing outside the office waiting to ask Ted Sprague,\* the mine superintendent, for a job. It's best to be there about four o'clock when the shift changes and Sprague is certain to be up out of the mine. Often his face is as black as any miner's, and he can be recognized only by his hard hat, which is white while the others are black. Sprague will nod at the waiting men and one by one tell them to come back next week. This is the custom in the coal fields of southern West Virginia. Even if a mine is sorely in need of new workers and the man is the son or brother or cousin of a miner already in the mine, he is told to try again next week, and the week after next, and the week after that, until he sees the job not merely as a means of earning a wage but as a privilege. Finally, if a man has not been taken on elsewhere, Ted Sprague scribbles out a note to the head clerk ("Woodworth, this man is for the third shift No. 6 Eccles") at Winding Gulf Coal in Tams, a dozen miles away, and tells the man to report there the next day.

At Tams the new man is signed up, sent for his physical and X ray, and told to report to Eccles No. 6 at 11:00 P.M. The Eccles operation consists of two mines, one directly below the other; No. 6 is 150 feet under the surface, and No. 5, 450 feet under. The coal from both mines

is brought up out of the ground at Eccles, the men who work No. 6 enter the mine from another shaft a good mile and a half away. To get to No. 6 they take an unmarked gravel road that juts off the highway just before Eccles. The miners drive slowly, nosing through the night, a road arched with tall trees, until far below the hollow, they see a few squares of light peering in darkness, then make out the gray outline of a cinder-block building and the mine's mouth itself, and hear the deep whine of the fan sucking stale air up out of the mine.

The cement stairway into the building at the mouth of No. 6 opens into a narrow room containing a recharging rack hung on either side with double rows of miners' lamps. Before the shift the miners squeeze by looking for their lamps or getting Cokes from the machine. Before going down into the mine, each miner goes to the board next to the door, takes an octagonal metal stamped with his name and check number, and moves it from "Out" to "In." If during the shift the mine should explode, trapping some of the men below, the board will tell its tale with a certainty and simplicity no time clock or punch cards ever could.

"You new?" a miner asks.

"Yes, I guess I am."

"Well, you wanta see Harry. He won't be till 11:20 or so. So you kin git dressed, if you want."

The main door off the entrance opens into a bathroom. The room is as tall as a small auditorium and has wooden benches, cement floors, and walls painted a pastel green underneath a layer of coal dust. Along the ceiling hang pairs of shoes and boots and underwear and socks, tied on and set into wire boxes that are pulled up to the ceiling on pulleys and chains, where a large hole purges the clothes of their dampness. The room is streaked black with soot and cluttered with crumpled newspapers.

The men are coming off the second shift mingling with those arriving for the third. The men just out of the mine have faces covered with dust. Some are ebony, their heads perfect black of coal, and they jostle and josh with the t

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\*The names of the Eccles No. 6 miners have been changed, since they did not know they would be the subject of an article.

men in jeans or slacks. It is the last day of the week, and the long underwear the third-shift miners put on is sooty and soiled. Their faces are grimy and their work pants and shirts are so dirty that by the time they have put on their safety belts and buckled red battery packs on their chests, attached lamps to their hard hats and climbed on jackets, they are almost indistinguishable from the second-shift miners.

Some of the thirty miners on the "hoot owl" are in their fifties, grizzled and balding; others are scarcely twenty. One new miner is short and pigeon-toed that he waddles up from the parking lot; another is rail-thin, weighing less than 140 pounds. In their mining clothes they are transformed. The fat man's bulk is rounded, and the thin man gains substance; older men appear years younger and the young men attain maturity.

Harry Flatts, the foreman, is plump and soft as a feather pillow and has skin pink as the first of summer. In his slacks and print shirt he might well be the assistant manager of the A&P. Yet in light-blue coveralls and white hard hat, with a methane lamp hooked to his forehead, he becomes a figure of assurance, a shy man who knows and understands Eccles No. 6 as well as he can do.

"I see you later," Harry says to the new man

and goes into the foreman's office. He pays no special attention to the new man; last month a man on his first night was left standing on the surface. Tonight, though, Harold Barnes, a strong union man, decides to watch out for the newcomer. He remembers perfectly well the fear and apprehension he felt eight years ago on his first trip down into the mines.

"Ever work in a mine before, buddy?"

"No."

"Well, it ain't so bad. Ain't so bad at all. Guess we might as well go down."

Seven men push into the elevator, banging their lunch pails against the side, and stand joking with each other as the carriage drops 150 feet below the surface. The elevator opens into a large cavern with cement walls and a single exit, a small door no larger than the hatch of a submarine. Because of the partial vacuum created by the fan, the door must be forced vigorously until it pops open. The miners enter a long, well-lit, cavelike room where they sit on benches waiting until it is time to go into the mine. Now a man has a chance to stuff a chew of tobacco into his mouth, or a wad of gum or some ramps, the putrid-smelling onion that grows wild in the West Virginia mountains. At midnight and not one minute before, the miners get up, pop the other door open, and walk into the mine.

"As regular miners, they have worked in a mine for at least six months and have taken the five two-hour classes that lead to a miner's certificate."





THE MAIN PASSAGEWAY is perhaps fifteen feet wide and up to thirty feet tall. The walls and ceiling are coated with whitish rock dust, a limestone mixture that by law must cover 65 per cent of the mine's surface. In some places, though, coal shows through, rich and black, shining with a metallic gleam. An occasional 150-watt light-bulb illuminates the passage. Two small mine trains—flat-topped electric motors and several deep coal cars—stand on the tracks waiting to pick up their “man trips.”

The hoot owl shift usually has two crews mining coal. The rest of the men bring in supplies, apply rock dust, and in general get the mine ready for the day shifts. Most of the men have the same job each night; as regular miners, they have worked in a mine for at least six months and have taken the five two-hour classes that lead to a miner's certificate. The newer men, the trainees, can be shuttled around at will. On the hoot owl they usually end up as laborers.

This evening Harry tells four of the trainees to get on a vacant motor, including in a nod of his head the new man. Three of the men jump on top of the motor and the fourth man squeezes in beside Harry. The motor bolts forward, accelerating up to thirty miles an hour. The electric rod sparks as it moves along the open trolley wire a few feet from the heads of the three trainees. As the motor moves from one section of the mine to another, leaving the main track, one man has to keep jumping out to throw the track switches. At places along the main track, the roof of the mine is so high that the motor seems to be rushing through a splendid natural cave, but then suddenly the roof plunges downward, so low that the riders are wise to keep their chins resting on the hot metal surface of the motor.

The motor stops at the entrance to a section that is not being worked tonight. The track does not run up to the face where the coal is mined, but only to the end of the conveyor-belt system that carries coal down from the face. When coal is being mined a man known as the boom boy sits here watching to see that the coal is feeding properly off the belt into one of a line of coal cars. Every few minutes he yanks a switch to pull another empty car up under the boom. Harry reverses the direction of the belt so that two of the trainees can ride to the far end and catch supplies that will be sent back. It is no mean task to jump on the three-foot-wide nylon belt, since the tunnel in which the belt travels is only four feet high. The belt travels at about four miles an hour; in getting on, a rider had better fall forward on his belly. If he tries to jump on, his feet may be pulled out from under him, his hard hat might fall off, and the cord that runs between

his head lamp and battery pack might get caught in the rollers, strangling him.

The mine is not designed to get a miner comfortably and pleasantly to his work. Its purpose is to get the coal out, and the seam itself is the final ruler of the mines. Here it is the Sewell seam, a rich four-foot layer of soft coal that runs through much of West Virginia, and the face and in the belt tunnels that is how the mine is. In other mines near Eccles the seam is twenty-seven inches high, and the men spend their working lives on their knees, backs, and backs. A coal seam is like the frosting between two layers of cake. Tunnels are blasted and clawed into the relatively soft substance, and the chunks and bits are then sent back down the tunnel and up the shaft to the top. Only in the passages and at the beginning and end of the mine are pieces of the rock itself blasted away to make the mine higher.

Eccles No. 6 is less than five and a half feet tall at the point where the new man and another trainee are lifting supplies onto the moving motor. It would be labor enough unloading two cars of bagged rock dust and another of limestone blocks in the best of conditions, but here that becomes terribly difficult. The new man tries to toss the fifty-pound bags from the car to the belt, but he cannot stand up enough to brace himself, so he cradles the bags clumsily in his arms and lurches toward the belt. Once the bags near the belt are gone, the men must get into the car. The new man, huffing loudly, stands in the car with his back almost parallel to the roof, and with contorted motions throws the bags toward the belt. John Thompson, the other man, works differently. He is a bear of a man, clumsy and awkward on ground, but here there is grace and intelligence in every move. He is a trainee, but he is already mine-wise. He works on his knees and sends the bags onto the belt in clean, even motions. “Hey, buddy,” John says, “you’d better get down. The way you’re goin’, you’re not gonna last the night. . . . Look, if ya don’t mind, I’ll tellin’ ya, it’s sure a lot easier if you’d swing your arms like this . . . gotta make a machine of your body.”

The new man tries. His arms are not strong enough to swing the bags up over the top of the car. No matter how he works his arms, his back aches. Many of the old-timers say that a man never really gets used to such work—it’s a war against the ways of the body. A miner will learn to pace himself, to use his body to best advantage, but he never manages to make the work natural or normal or easy.

When the job is finished and the other trainees have ridden back down the belt, the new men sit beside the tracks nibbling their lunch and swigging long drafts of water. The men call each other by their first names, or occasionally by a nickname or the last name alone; often

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ot know a man's other name. The language e mines has its own laws and logic; even if ner has learned grammar from a school- er, he soon begins to speak like the rest of en.

ne of the trainees looks down at the new s boots. "Buddy," he says, "you best get self some black maskin' tape, en 'fore ya down wrap it 'round your boot tops. Them come untied, they kin git caught in the belts ill ya under."

hat there trolley wire's another thing ya watch," Richard says. "It's got 250 volts t kin knock ya right off your feet. Kin kill

is good to sit and rest and talk, but even s the mine is a tough taskmaster. The tem- ure in Eccles No. 6 is a damp fifty degrees, right when a miner is actively at work, but t, especially if a man is soaked with sweat, on becomes chilled. Usually the men work- applies don't have that long to rest, since knows how long a job takes. While they hey can tell where Harry is by listening to oices on the amplified single-circuit tele- system that runs throughout the mine.

arry, Harry Flatts. Calling Harry Flatts."

hat the fuck is it now, Willis?"

ie got a motor off the track."

ell, get it outa there first thing. I'll be

x right boom boy. Six right boom boy."

eah. What you want. Beard."

hy's the belt off now, Charlie! We gotta ome coal, buddy."

e're outa coal cars. They're bringin' 'em up

arry. Harry. I'm havin' a hell of a time with ere belt at B panel boom."

miners listen to the phone and know what pening all over the mine. It makes of each single organism, with tentacles stretched nds of feet up the various tunnels, each dling down coal and sending it back to the or at the base of the Eccles tipple.

NTUALLY, THE MEN SEE the beam of arry's head lamp as he approaches along nnel. They gather together their lunch s and jump on the motor that will take o another section, where they are to help onveyor belt. When they arrive, Moon- an old miner, is waiting, his face char- pitting tobacco juice from ruby lips. He ke a blackened praying mantis, a creature mines who never goes above but sleeps arm motors and nibbles constantly on meat, baloney, Sunbeam bread, and He often does, in fact, "double back." g two shifts in a row, and the mine is as his natural habitat as anywhere else.

Moonshine has worked the mines for twenty- five years, and though he earns no more than other miners, he is part of an acknowledged aristocracy within the mine. He is a wizard with belts and motors, and his way with a shovel approaches art. He does not shovel regularly any- more, as he did when he first came into the mines and a man was paid according to how many cars of coal he loaded. But it was then that he learned his craft. Now he is shoveling coal away from the belt. He kneels and, using his left hand as a fulcrum down near the blade, tosses great shovel- fuls of coal back over his right shoulder, and then, scarcely breaking rhythm, he switches hands and heaves coal over his right shoulder. In three minutes he does what would have taken a novice a good ten minutes. All the while he jokes, asking the other miners how often they can get it up for their old ladies.

The belt has to be fixed before morning, when the section is to be worked. The men walk a few feet up the tunnel to the broken section. Moon- shine, holding extra nails between his teeth, nails one end of the belt to a wooden board. Now Harry starts the motor, which shudders as it surges forward, struggling to move the slack belt. The men, standing on either side, grapple with the belt, trying to pull it together. But it is still a foot short and the motor is smoking furio- usly, so the men let go. The belt jumps back and rises in the air, a lashing tongue. Time and time again they try, treating the motor as if it were some cantankerous draft horse, giving it no quar- ter, ignoring the smoke and the whining sounds, until finally, after a dozen tries, the two ends come together. In an instant, Moonshine drives a metal rod through hooked teeth on the belt, fastening the ends as tight as a zipper.

It is time for dinner and the men sit munching sandwiches and drinking water. They say little, but they belch and fart—the coal dust, sucked down into their stomachs, often causes terrible gas pains. Some of the miners chew a whole package of Roloids a night. Harry does not give the trainees their full half-hour dinner break, but the men say nothing, and they ride off in the motor to pick up two carloads of sand. The sand is used to give the motors traction when they cannot get up steep grades. While it looks inno- cent enough, the white sand is a cause of miners' silicosis. The motormen know perfectly well that when they use the sand they should wear a respirator, but most of them don't bother.

The trainees, who are shoveling sand from two coal cars into boxes alongside the track, working rapidly in a cloud of white dust, should wear the respirators as well. Only John has bothered. The plastic respirator, similar to an anesthetic mask, contains a one-eighth-inch thick feltlike filter that cramps the breathing, so that when a man is working hard he has to gasp urgently for air. No one questions whether the

"The mine is not designed to get a miner comfort- ably and pleas- antly to his work. Its only purpose is to get the coal out . . ."



respirator works though; up at the face, if a miner wears the mask even for half an hour, he finds that the white filter has turned dark gray.

**I**T IS ABOUT SIX O'CLOCK NOW; the pace increases and the men sprint forward, working harder than they have all night, driving themselves toward 7:30. The trainees are to unload three more cars of rock dust and Harry pushes the motor nervously ahead. Once again John and the new man stay at the belt head, working silently, bent double. After a few minutes John notices that the new man is staggering and no longer can throw the bags onto the center of the belt. He says nothing but begins to throw the bags into a pile at the end of the car. The new man gets off and, taking the bags from the pile that rises just above the edge of the car, heaves them in a single motion onto the belt. Except for his blackened face, the man is completely white with rock dust.

Both men work slowly now, their faces clenched in grimaces. When they finish John kneels, head down, arms resting on the side of the car, and does not speak for several minutes. The other man squats in the coal dust, head in arms.

It is time to leave, past time even, and when Harry returns, the men scurry out of the section and start up the tracks to the main shaft. They

walk tall, stretching their spines, and through the pressurized doors and into the elevator. At the surface the doors open quickly the morning rushes in, enveloping them, they walk through the waiting day-shift mirror images of themselves.

The miners pull down their baskets, strip their soggy clothes, and walk into the communal shower. The water hisses out of a dozen shower heads, beating a rigorous tattoo onto the backs and stomachs of the naked miners. The men joke with each other and stand there letting the steaming water run down their bodies. The rock dust does not come off easily though. The miners of Ivory soap given out each Sunday, in accordance with the union contract, do little good. Each man brings his own plastic bottle, which he squirts into his washcloth. The men scrub and scrub for ten or fifteen minutes, until their faces and necks are rubbed nearly raw. There are no short cuts, no simple ways to get rid of the dirt and grime; when the men leave Eccles No. 6 they know that, except on Fridays, they will be returning to the mine in about thirteen hours. Yet they leave looking as clean as white-collar workers. Only one or two of the old-timers always seem to have a bit of coal dust behind their ears or around their eyes, and they have lived in mining camp towns where sooner or later almost everyone gave in to the dust.



Jeanne Rasmussen

## Darkness beyond simile

DAYS FOLLOW ONE ANOTHER with in-  
corable monotony, and the time between  
dissolves into fragments of heavy sleep.  
The mine becomes the only place there is. Final-  
ly, however, the man and his body make their  
peace with the mine, and the man begins  
to become a miner.

Beard throws his leg up over the side of  
the car and jumps in. "If it ain't one damn  
it's another," he says, and spits tobacco  
on the floor. Old Beard is always bitching  
and no one pays him much heed. He's probably  
the best section boss in the mine, or so the men  
think and they're glad enough to be on his crew.  
Every eight miners ride to a distant section and  
back. Charlie Richards, the boom boy, walks  
forward and turns the belt on and the other men  
follow, one after another, riding twenty or so  
feet apart. It is a long ride up the tunnel, so the  
men come down with their aluminum lunch pails  
full of them. The trip has an eerie beauty to  
it. The head lamps in a long even line, breaking  
the darkness; the belt humming over the  
ground, a lulling sound; the walls white as if the  
tunnel had been cut through a mountain of snow;  
the old tunnels, gray and mysterious, leading  
to the belt passageway, old sections where  
maybe fifty years ago, miners worked  
with picks and shovels.

The red light warns that the belt is nearing its  
end and the men silently get up on one knee,  
lean forward, like sprinters at the start of a  
race. Suddenly, for a moment, the ceiling is a bit  
lower, and the men spring off the belt onto the  
surface of the mine. There are no electric  
lights here. The only illumination comes from  
the miners' head lamps and the headlights on  
the pieces of equipment. It is fatiguing to  
ride on a single circle of light for hours on end,  
and the miners are thankful their head lamps are  
reliable. If their lamps should go out, they  
would be immersed in a darkness beyond simile,  
where the eyes seem not to exist anymore and a  
man feels the blackness with his toes and belly as  
well as with his head.

The men head up the wide tunnel to a spacious  
room that is still four feet high. The walls and  
floor have been rock-dusted; in places the  
floor is ankle-deep in grayish, powdery coal. At  
the far end of the room—at the face—the four-  
foot seam of coal is visible, glistening when  
the mines on it, so rich in appearance that it  
is probable the coal is to be used as jewelry  
in the coinage of the realm, not merely to  
power the furnaces of power plants.

Directly in front of the coal stands a continu-  
ous miner, the squat hulk of a machine that in the  
twenty years has revolutionized coal pro-  
duction, helping to replace several hundred

thousand miners. The continuous miner elimi-  
nates awls, drills, cutters, explosives, all the old  
procedures and later refinements. In a sense, the  
principle behind the \$100,000 machine recalls  
the eighteenth century, when miners clawed out  
the coal with picks; and their wives and children,  
naked to the waist, crawled through the tunnels  
on their hands and knees, pulling the coal out in  
bushel baskets.

Jack McDonald, the continuous-miner opera-  
tor, sits on a low, flat seat on one side of the  
machine. Along the front of the miner runs a  
row of discs that look like railroad wheels fitted  
with flattened bits. The discs move up and down  
the face of the coal, the bits chewing into the  
wall, ripping the coal out, pulverizing it into  
small chunks and pebbles. The machine then  
scoops the coal up and feeds it back along the  
center of its body into shuttle cars, each capable  
of carrying about five tons of coal.

The electric shuttle cars are essentially long  
metal boxes set on wheels and trailed by electric  
cords as thick and black as water snakes. Hank  
Told and Jimmy Feldson, the two drivers, sit not  
six inches off the ground on running boards.  
They cannot see above the car to the far side;  
they do not even have full vision ahead. And  
they must steer the skittish cars through passage-  
ways little wider than the cars themselves. Upon  
approaching the conveyor belt they have to  
watch out for the tailpiece man, and when they  
raise the car's snout over the belt, they must  
align it perfectly or much of the coal will spill  
onto the ground.

The tailpiece or cleanup man, usually a fairly  
new miner, has to keep the ground underneath  
and around the belt shoveled clear of coal. If he  
is lazy, the shuttle cars will have to climb over  
heaped coal to get to the belt. The tailpiece man  
must work steadily, shoveling quickly, getting  
out of the way when the headlights of a  
shuttle car bear down on him. Another, more  
experienced, member of the mining crew works  
the roof-bolting machine. He drills holes up  
through the loose-slate ceiling and into the firm  
strata of limestone above. Then he uses the ma-  
chine to screw long steel pins into the holes, bolt-  
ing the roof tightly to the rock above. The roof  
bolts take the place of wooden support pillars,  
and although old miners miss the popping sound  
of the timbers just before the roof falls, the roof  
bolts have proven much safer.

A member of Beard's crew also has to main-  
tain the burlap curtains that form an air tunnel.  
The tunnel carries a vigorous draft up to the face  
and back out of the mine, taking away the deadly  
methane gas that the continuous miner frees as  
it chews ahead. Beard himself carries a safety  
lamp; its small flame will flicker upward if the  
air contains much methane, but the lamp isn't  
easy to keep lit, and the men don't pay much at-  
tention to it. They know the Eccles mine hasn't

"Many of the  
old-timers say  
that a man  
never really gets  
used to such  
work—it goes  
against the ways  
of the body."



blown up for years. The last time was back in 1948, late in the afternoon, when an explosion in No. 5 shook up the fifty or so men left in the mine. Before that, in 1926, nineteen men died in a blast; it would have been worse but the explosion took place in the evening, when most of the miners had already left. Back in April 1914 the men were not so lucky. At 2:30 in the afternoon No. 5 exploded, blowing limbs and bodies to the top of the shaft, scattering smoldering timbers on surrounding hills, and shattering windows in Beckley, seven miles away. In all, 186 men died, still the second greatest disaster in West Virginia mine history.

**W**HEN THINGS ARE GOING RIGHT, Beard often kneels at the end of the belt for hours, watching the buggies spill their coal onto the belt, dust billowing up like oily smoke, the coal-laden belt heading down the tunnel into darkness. Sometimes he will snooze, his head tucked between his legs, lulled by the harsh sounds of mining—the buzzing rectifier, the belt humming throatily as it turns round the drum at the tailpiece, the loaded shuttle cars groaning up to the belt, and in the distance the high whine of the miner. If these sounds should change or stop he will look up, shake his head, and find out what's wrong.

Beard does not order the miners around. He

has spent close to thirty years in the mines; he knows better. He is a tall man, but far too thin, his skin draped over his body like ill-fitting covers. Here he is vigorous and alert, but out of the mine he wears the face of an old man.

He watches out for his men and if a man is right by him, Beard will go out of his way to help the man. In the past weeks Beard has been having trouble with Bob Telford, the tailpiece man. Telford has been in the mines for a good many months but it hasn't taken. Like many young miners, he served his stint in the Army and then ended up in the mines because that's about the only place to earn a decent wage—about \$9,000 a year. All Telford does is talk about his \$4,700 Z28 Chevrolet Camaro with its Headers, Goodyear belted tires, and fancy chrome. Or how he and his brother got drunk on pig good moonshine and woke up the next morning sitting in their car in the middle of the highway. Telford is always going off somewhere. One night the fire boss, who's in charge of mine safety, found him sleeping under a pile of slate and reported him. Beard would never report a man, but he was glad enough when a few days ago he got a new tailpiece man, a Yak who came down to work in the mines. Nevertheless, he can send Telford up to help at the head.

Beard walks over to the new man, sits down beside him, and talks:

"It ain't so bad, is it, son? You know we





# Don't muddy up the googol.\*

\*Googol: The largest number of things that has a name. Webster defines as the number one followed by a hundred zeroes.

There are googols of little creatures squiggling and burrowing, flitting and squishing under the mud, through the swamps and over the sandy marshes. Sea squirts, copepods, lugworm larvae and the babies of little fish. Each with a kind of a brain, each with the breath of life. But their life is ebbing. And as they start to—  
—you do, too.

You are standing on the threshold of time as sacred a place as any in the world. It's where the life of the water and the life of the land converge in biological blur. These are the wetlands—the swamps and the mudflats that sometimes smell like rotten eggs. These are the marshes, clogged with weeds, swarming with life, teeming with beautiful life. This is where the moon moves the water in shallow ebbs and flows; where the sun pierces down to the ooze and the nutrients flow in a strange and marvelous way. Nowhere else except here in these opening grounds is there so much life in so much concentration. But the life is dwindling. And as these lands start to go—  
—you do, too.

These squishy, mushy lands are where most of our fish are born, the fish that feed the fish

that feed the fish that fill the sea. These narrow strips of estuarine land are where the birds come to rest and nest and feed; and they are tied inexorably to the life support for the raccoons and the bears and the deer a hundred miles away. And to you.

In California, most of the wetlands are already gone. In Florida, they're going fast. Once there were 127 million acres of interior and coastal wetlands. Now forty per cent are gone, the precious specks of life in these treasured lands exchanged for yacht clubs and marinas and industrial growth. As we dredge the bays and fill the marshes and cover the mud with asphalt; as we spray our poisons and scatter our waste and spew oil upon the waters—we destroy forever the great forces of life that began millennia ago.

But now we have gone too far. Because this planet belongs not only to us but to them as well. To the umpteen zillion other things that fly in the sky and roam on the land and swim in the sea and burrow beneath our feet.

Now, especially now, if we will only stop to think—perhaps we will think to stop.

## Sierra Club





came into the mines my only equipment was a number four shovel. I just stood there en shoveled. Shoveled 'bout ten tons o' coal a day. Got paid forty cents a ton. Truth is, I wish I was in that tailpiece job now. It ain't bad at all. You get it down, boy, you just watch it, you just sit there, en the only thing you gotta worry 'bout is not goin' asleep, en you're okay. Might git kinda monotonous, but it ain't a bad job at all.

"Now this fella Telford, he just comes up here ta earn his shift. That's all he cares 'bout. He was up here one night. Him en his buddy, they was on the side there. En a rock caught in the belt. They was asleep, both of 'em, en it stopped the whole belt. You just cain't have any o' that. Just have ta watch out.

"But it ain't a bad job here. The mines. When I tell ya how it used ta be, it ain't bad at all."

The belt stops abruptly and Beard walks over to the phone and calls down to the boom:

"Whatsamatter, Charlie!"

"We're outa coal cars."

"How many we got now?"

"Thirty-four."

"Sheet."

The section is almost always down for an hour or so each night. If it's not the miner needing oil, it's a frayed cord on a shuttle car, a rock caught in the belt, or a coal car off the track. The section boss can't do much about the stoppages; sometimes they last three or four hours, but in the end, he's the one who's held to account if the coal doesn't get mined.

"That damn Charlie," Beard says, "he's bin goosin' that belt all night long. Cain't get us coal that way."

"How many cars we got?" Jimmy asks as he nudges his shuttle car up to the silent belt.

"Thirty-four."

"Not bad, considerin'."

The other miners come in as well. A couple of the men piss against the wall and everyone sits down in a semicircle on bags of rock dust or against the side of the shuttle car and eats his dinner.

"I was workin' over there," Beard says, mentioning another mine, "en this here slate comes fallin' down. Missed me, but this little ole piece, it weren't nothin' really, flew off en cut my ear open. It was bleedin' like hell, en the men thought I was dead. They saw all that blood en they just ran outa there fast as they could go. 'Nother time my ole buddy, Woody Hanson, he was a foreman there too, was workin' en a piece a slate fifty-four inches thick fell on 'im. The men ran outa there. We all came back en there was Woody lyin' there. Usin' them jacks it took us two hours to get 'im outa there. Every time we moved that slate Woody'd groan en scream. Got 'im up to the surface and Woody's sayin' how he's feelin' fine. En ole doc gives 'im a shot en Woody dies."

"Figure that there shuttle car's 'bout as dangerous as slate," Hanks says. "Gotta keep yo hands in all the time."

"I broke my hand like that," says Jimmy, other shuttle car driver.

"It's easy enough ta do," says Jack. "One was drivin' along up there. Lost my brakes, smashed into the side, knocked hell outa the tery box. Woulda lost my hand if ita bin the

"My daddy lost his hand," Telford says. "He was run over. He knew he was hurt en he cal out. Looked down at his hand, en his h weren't there anymore. They went back, got hand, en sewed it back on. But now it's just a useless. Just hangs there."

A man can figure that three or four times during his years in the mines he will be injured seriously enough to lose time at work. But the accident has to be serious for a man to stay home. One veteran miner, who last month lost five of his toes while riding on the side of a motor, is at Appalachian Regional Hospital, but the tailpiece man is working with a finger that two weeks ago was broken in two places by a cinder block.

**T**HE MINERS DON'T LIKE just to sit around. They take pride in mining a lot of coal for anybody anyway, there's just so much one man can do by himself to another. By the time the belt starts up again it's nearly 5:30. The men work in earnest now, pressing themselves and their machines. The shuttle cars groan up to the belt one after another. The tailpiece man is lucky to get a dozen shovelfuls of coal onto the belt before the shuttle car comes lumbering down on him. He is tired. But he feels a part of the crew—of the machines, much like great prehistoric insects, dominating and subduing the very earth; of the men, dominating and subduing their machines.

Buggy after buggy of coal goes spilling up to the belt and down the tunnel, guided one way by Beard, shouting directions to the shuttle car drivers. The men waste neither movement nor words now. Shuttle car after shuttle car moves up to the belt, till it seems the mine will soon exhaust its treasures, ton after ton. The shuttle cars and the continuous miner stop.

It is 7:25.

"How many'd we get, Charlie?" Beard calls down.

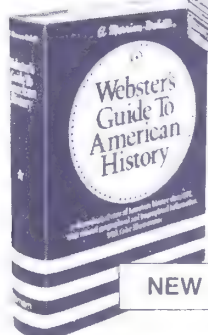
"Eighty-one."

"Not bad," Hank says.

The men grab their lunch buckets, put on their jackets, and jump on the belt. They huddle close together, ten or so feet apart, and they talk their way down the tunnel. At the bottom, where hours before they walked up empty-handed, now they squeeze by car after car after car loaded with coal, and standing up tall hurry up the main passageway and out of the mine.

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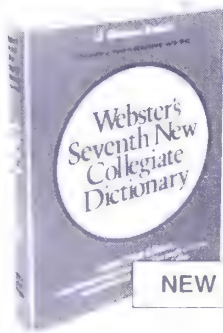
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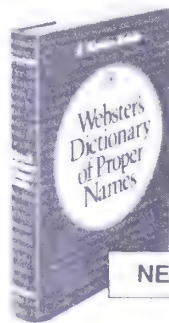
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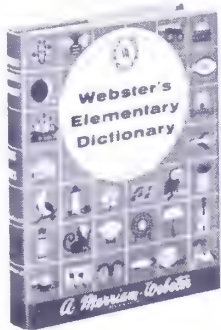
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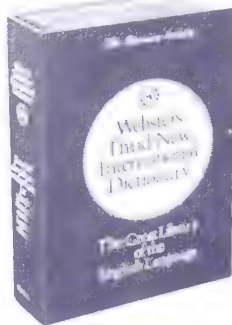
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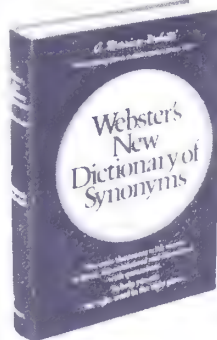
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# BOOKS

## Joan Didion: portrait of a professional



*I am haunted by the cannibalism of the Donner Party.*

—Joan Didion in conversation

IN SEPTEMBER 1970 the dry hills of Malibu overlooking the Pacific Ocean in Southern California were on fire. In the water below, the young surfers would occasionally look up at the fire raging in the hills. Almost a year later, in her Malibu beach house, Joan Didion spoke of the fire and the more recent earthquake with the dramatic distrust of the Los Angeles area that is possible only to a girl from Sacramento. She comes from a family that has lived for five generations in the Central Valley that to Joan Didion is California. "All that is constant about the California of my childhood is the rate at which it disappears," she wrote in *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*, a notable collection of highly personal pieces about decline and fall in American life, especially California. Hollywood-Los Angeles as Sodom and something unrecoverable about the Sacramento in which she grew up are constant poles of her work.

Los Angeles-Hollywood-Malibu is obviously not "home" to Joan Didion as Sacramento was, and, as she feels, Sacramento should be. But she lives just over the line from Malibu in the classier district of Tressas, with her husband, the writer John Gregory Dunne, and their daughter Quintana. The beach house was being extended by some merry young hippie-looking carpenters when I arrived one afternoon—*Play It As It Lays* will have made a sum in six figures when all the returns are in, and the Dunnes are writing the screenplay. They always write screenplays together. They had just come back from the Cannes Film Festival, where they showed the film they had written, *The Panic in Needle Park*, produced by John Gregory

Dunne's brother Dominick. The Dunnes also wrote, for Otto Preminger, the first movie version of Lois Gould's *Such Good Friends*, but this ended in a fight—I heard elsewhere that Preminger wanted the Dunnes in New York, a town Joan Didion clearly thinks of as a place designed to make her feel as miserable as possible. There is a lawsuit pending.

As the Dunnes, who are always together, together relate funny items about the suit, about the all too mod scene in Cannes at Festival time—Mrs. Eldridge Cleaver was there, also a Danish porno film exhibit—you get the picture of an extremely close, successful, brilliantly active young writing couple who are into everything just now. John Gregory Dunne, a Rhode Island Irishman who prepped at the upper-class Catholic Portsmouth Priory, graduated from Princeton and became a *Time* editor, is fascinated by California and thinks it is the best ringside seat for a writer on the American scene. He is spellbound by Nixon, "the most interesting personality in the White House since FDR," and thinks that one of these days the President will crack in public. On one wall of the Dunne-Didion house is an enormously blown-up photograph of the flat, seemingly endless fields in the Central Valley that Dunne described in *Delano*, a book about Cesar Chavez and the grape workers' strike, the same valley that Didion lovingly describes in the nostalgic parts of *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*. Dunne has also written *Studio*, a book on Darryl Zanuck and what happened to Twentieth Century-Fox, which has just been reissued in paperback, as has Joan Didion's first book, the novel *Run River*, about a tragic marriage.

So the Dunnes are a most successful writing couple and definitely a

couple. Though Joan Didion has frequently described herself in private as a creature on the verge of nervous breakdown, and catastrophe she has been known to get out of a bad book review by telephoning an editor in New York that she has had a nervous collapse—the fact is that she is an extraordinarily successful professional young woman who seems to have "life by the tail." *Time* once said about a Queens housewife who, it turned out, didn't write, Didion is a creature of many advantages, as is clear from her own work that she had the sense to get bored that to grow up in Sacramento before many discomfiting things began to happen to the Golden State. As she says in "Notes from a Native Son," one of many extremely personal pieces in *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* in which Joan Didion's fragments are intended to express what happened to Joan Didion by way of what happened to California, she is among those who find it "very hard to sit at the bar in, say, La Scala, Beverly Hills, or Ernie's in San Francisco, and to share in the perennial delusion that California is only a few hours from New York by air."

"I come from California, from a family, or a congeries of families, that has always been in the Central Valley." Some native Californians think that Joan Didion is sentimental about that "always" because the place was never as much "home"—as she likes to describe it—the aerospace industries and the supermarkets came in, and the order if she ever read Frank McCort's *The Octopus*. But Joan Didion is a professional sense of style in all that she does. One feels she could do a perfect word piece about the fear of a nervous breakdown, and no one—gives a smooth literary

*This is the third in a series of critical biographies of contemporary authors that Mr. Kazin is writing for Harper's.*

constant theme of decline and the real story of Joan Didion is not so much "California" as it is her ability to make us share her intimate sense of it.

She went to Berkeley when good writing mattered more there than freedom to say four-letter words out of Sproul Hall. She got to New York by winning *Vogue's* 1956 contest in Paris, became an editor of *Time*, met John Gregory Dunne, who was with *Time*, and later worked with him a notable column in *Saturday Evening Post*. She wrote for *Vogue*, she wrote for *Madeleine*, she wrote for *National Review*, whose editor is another product of the magazines and a powerful family. She wrote for *The American*, she wrote for *Holiday*. She wrote so remarkably well that her voice—so much stronger than her own little girl's voice!—carries very clearly indeed even at a distance when "the article as art" was more noisily promulgated by Norman Mailer and Tom Wolfe. *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* established itself amazingly well for a collection of "pieces"; *Play It As It Lays* coming out in the summer of 1968 definitely made its mark as a study of a woman's despair within the context of the Hollywood scene. Her old editors on *The Saturday Evening Post* think that her brilliant articles are much more valuable than her "depressing" fiction. One reader-headed REPORTORIAL GENIUS JOAN DIDION WRITES FIRST NOVEL (it's her second), complained that the world is already full of Morbid and Novelists. But there's a dearth of good reporter-essayists. Skip the rest. Buy *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*. But James Dickey saw her as the best woman prose stylist writing in English today." Edmund Wilson became aware of her. Mark Twain, reviewing the novel, wrote: "I think of the great performers in ballet, opera, circuses. Miss Didion seems to me, is blessed with a gift."

IT'S GO BACK to the Malibu hills where a fire in September 1970; the surfers in the water would look at the fires raging overhead and go on with their surfing. Obviously only a gifted writer with a particular talent for the harsh, nonhuman, even inhuman extremes that surround



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our still fragile settlement on this continent would have brought into conversation the typical Joan Didion picture—Hell as Sunny California—the hills on fire in Malibu and the surfers joyfully sporting below. But Joan Didion constantly presents such moral symbols in her work with a sense of style that is both brilliant and inert, as befits a very vulnerable, defensive young woman whose style in all things is somehow to keep the world off, to keep it from eating her up, and so describes Southern California in terms of fire, rattlesnakes, cave-ins, earthquakes, the indifference to other people's disasters, and the terrible wind called the Santa Ana. With that inescapable sense of style that seems to cry "Danger!" she writes in "Los Angeles Notebook":

*The city burning is Los Angeles's deepest image of itself: Nathanael West perceived that, in The Day of the Locust; and at the time of the 1965 Watts riots what struck the imagination most indelibly were the fires. For days one could drive the Harbor Freeway and see the city on fire, just as we had always known it would be in the end. Los Angeles weather is the weather of catastrophe, of apocalypse . . . the violence and the unpredictability of the Santa Ana affect the entire quality of life in Los Angeles, accentuate its impermanence, its unreliability. The wind shows us how close to the edge we are.*

Everything Joan Didion writes—and indeed says—seems attuned to some physical anxiety surrounding her in the atmosphere of Southern California. Conversation by day in the Dunnes' beach house is subtly dominated by the long look down to the wild Pacific below; at night it is dominated by the regular pounding of the surf, which gets to you at the smallest pause in the conversation. People who live in a beach house don't know how wary it makes them. But Joan Didion, herself so physically sensitive that she once suffered traumatic blindness after a miscarriage, is so responsive to the insecure surface of California that when she talks about the Malibu hills on fire, about the snakes that turn up in odd places near the house, she cradles herself in her own arms, as women do when they are cold. The thinness, the smallness, the inescapably alarmed fragility of the woman is probably the most important physical element surrounding

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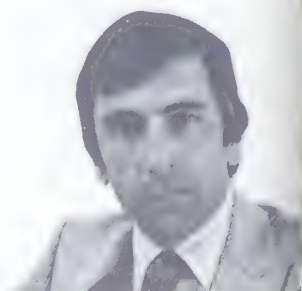
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## BOOKS

her and perhaps explains the impending sense of catastrophe that informs so much of her work, the smartly written but brooding sense of nemesis that is the insistent theme of *Play It As It Lays*. One woman reviewer said that the book was not merely about nothingness but that there was a "nothing" to the book's heroine, a movie actress who sees doom, falsehood, and violence everywhere in the Sunny West. Maria Wyeth listlessly gives herself at request to several moneyed Hollywood hoodlums, but seems to take no pleasure in her body.

Joan Didion is blonder and prettier than you would guess from that provocative conversation piece of a photograph on the back of *Play It As It Lays*—where the black necklace, the crooked part in her hair, one hand desperately slung under the elbow opposite as if it concealed a weapon, the almost histrionic glooms, all seem designed to illustrate the heroine described by the author. The photograph could have been called *The Waif As Best Seller*. But she is just as subtle as you would guess from that picture, and she does look as if she held a great many storms at bay. She is more often silent than not. There are also a good many silences between her written sentences, which have a look of getting freshly loaded before they hit you. She refers often to her fragility in *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*, and she writes about her panics with a deliberation that is not merely disarming but that always makes a point, in perfect style, about something other than herself. In her most famous piece, the title essay of *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*, taken down word for word from young addicts in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco in 1967, her personal storms are emphasized, relating her to the "atomization" she saw there. She writes in the book's preface:

*I went to San Francisco because I had not been able to work in some months, had been paralyzed by the conviction that writing was an irrelevant act, that the world as I had understood it no longer existed. If I was to work again at all, it would be necessary for me to come to terms with disorder. . . .*

*I was in fact as sick as I have ever been when I was writing "Slouching Towards Bethlehem"; the pain kept me awake at night and for twenty and twenty-one hours a*



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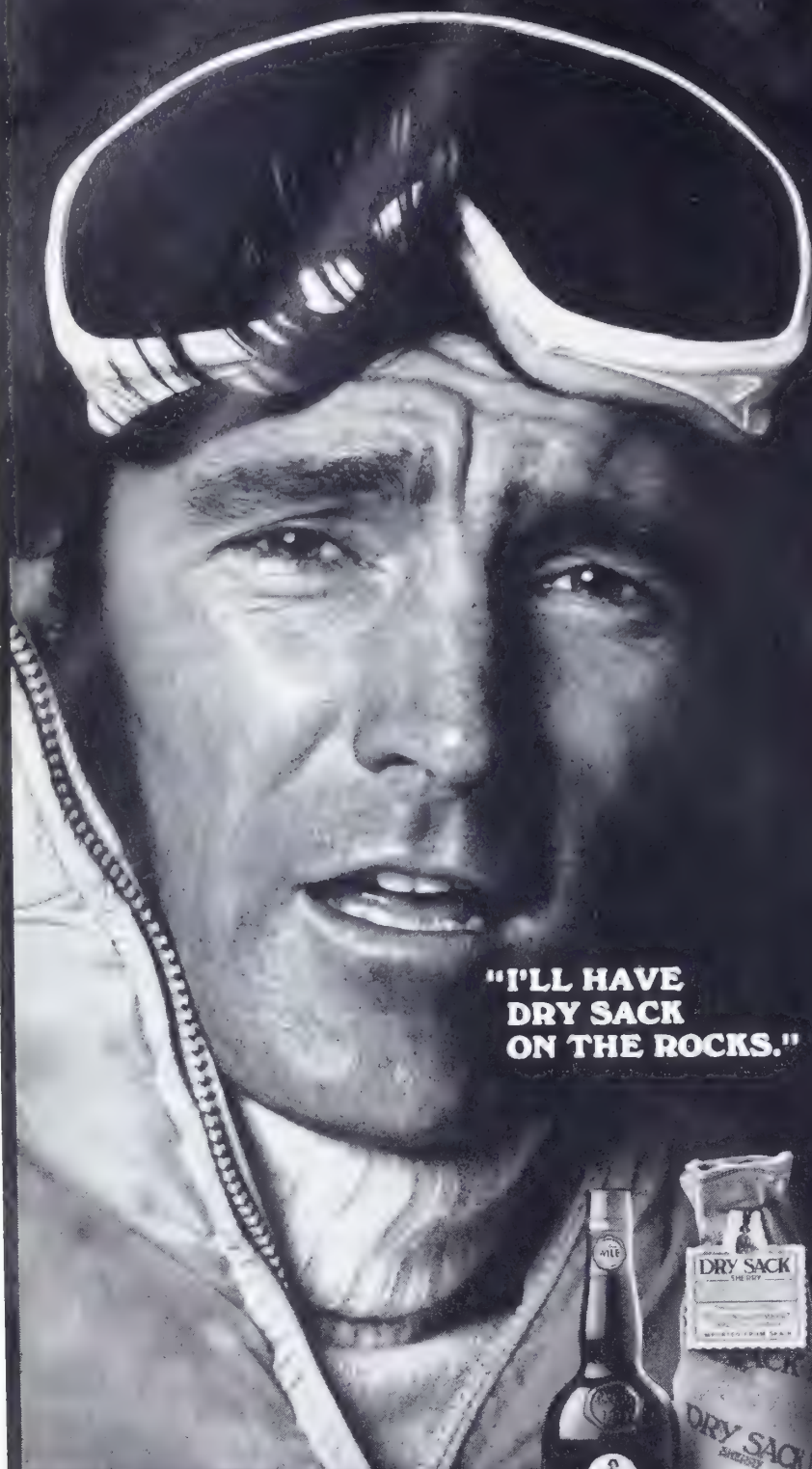
day I drank gin-and-hot-water  
blunt the pain and took Dexed.  
to blunt the gin and wrote the pie

This carefully assembled, antly presented, totally scary pie remarkable technically: a success of the shortest possible scenes, made up of highly laconic communications that serve to sum up a total experience. This is Didion's style with strangers and it happens, also the style of sex among the nothing people in *Fly As It Lays*. The most striking feature of those spare, tight, resonant empty one-line sentences is that a sentence is turned into a sign, a personal damage into a cultural sickness. What Rough Beast Slouches To a Bethlehem? The lady is a moralist, an old-fashioned tradition. The "evil" came up several times in conversation. When I asked what it meant to her, she replied instantly, "The absence of seriousness."

By this token the young adducts Haight-Ashbury were dabbling in evil, and who isn't these days? For us writers, with our ringside seats, hell? Joan Didion's unqualified evidence of a cultural sickness in America, what makes her reports on the scene seem personal; testimony of a witness, relating herself to the scene and terror to a plight that we share with our vagrant children. "It was not," she writes,

a country in open revolution. I was not a country under enemy siege. It was the United States of America in the cold late spring of 1967 when the market was steady and the G.N.P. high and a great many articulate people seemed to have a sense of high social purpose and might have been a spring of hopes and national promise, but it was not, and more and more people had the uneasy apprehension that it was not. All that seemed clear was that at some point we had abused ourselves and butchered the good and because nothing else seemed relevant I decided to go to San Francisco. . . . San Francisco where the missing children were gathering and calling them "hippies."

Now this is not the kind of thing that any sensitive, decent American is going to have trouble with. A known magazine editor in New York once said solemnly that no article need have more than three ideas in it, and you can see



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her pieces why Joan Didion's old editors will never think anything better. But what is more than the usual economy, "clarity," organization, writing straight into an editor's eyes, is Joan Didion's combination of vulnerability and high standards. She feels "intellectually," she lays it all out, and somehow it is all so empty, graphic, and American that you feel for her:

*One reason I particularly like the Warehouse is that a child named Michael is staying there now. Michael's mother, Sue Ann, is a sweet wan girl who is always in the kitchen cooking seaweed or baking macrobiotic bread while Michael amuses himself with joss sticks or an old tambourine or a rocking horse with the paint worn off. The first time I ever saw Michael was on that rocking horse, a very blond and pale and dirty child on a rocking horse with no paint. A blue theatrical spotlight was the only light in the Warehouse that afternoon, and there was Michael in it, crooning softly to the wooden horse. Michael is three years old. He is a bright child but does not yet talk.*

This works because of the emotional rhythms behind it. A sustained detachment that silently breaks down is an important part of Joan Didion's effect. There was a felt shock; she was really shocked. Testimony—involving your voice if not your life—requires style. And Joan Didion's sense of style is as much a display of manners in the old sense as is her special blend of elegance and despair. As she likes to say in her different writings, *Everything you do counts*. Every gesture tells a story, and in the moral realm, too, everything tells. This ability to give the most meticulous moral weight to personal despair, to put herself on the line, to show the unknown forces struggling to express themselves in any private hell, constitutes the appeal of Joan Didion's writing. She is constantly dramatizing herself—I was the woman, I suffered, I was there—but without herself seeming all that salvageable and important. Where everything matters in the inner space we actually live in, every word can matter in the reporting of a scene from life. Her point of view is not difficult, just wholly tragic. Her belief that "everything counts"—we may already have been counted out!—gives her reiterated description of herself as a marginal creature an unspoken symbolism that is quite

amazing these days and that touches many readers.

In *The Moviegoer*, Walker Percy quoted Kierkegaard on despair: its specific quality is that it is unaware of being despair. This cannot be said of Joan Didion's many statements that she suffers from a pervasive sense of loss. She usually writes, even in her novel *Play It As It Lays*, as a cultural critic, and she is quick to note every surface of a psychic country that knows it is despair. This despair is always given names in her work. The replacement of her old Sacramento by the aerospace business. Writing an article on "Morality" for *The American Scholar* in the Enterprise Motel and Trailer Park in Death Valley when the July temperature is 119° and "the country at night seems so ominous and terrible to live in it is to live with antimatter." Abortions. Damaged children. An actor making love to Maria in Vegas who suddenly reaches under the pillow and breaks open a popper of amyl nitrite to intensify his orgasm.

HELL NOW EXISTS, as real as you and me; but in Joan Didion's work, whether article or fiction, it always has a name, location, weather, the California specific to itself—"oil scum on the sand, a red tide on the flaccid surf and mounds of kelp at the waterline. The kelp hummed with flies." In *Play It As It Lays* Maria begins: "What makes Iago evil? some people ask. I never ask." The novel gives us inner devastation matched by fire in the California hills, husbands and wives who cannot feel anything, former lovers who return only to inflict pain, a homosexual who persuades Maria to hold his hand as he commits suicide. All this despair positively insists on saying "everything is shit" and describes itself as a feature of the local life as well known as the casting couch.

Hannah Arendt once remarked that she had never seen in Europe such unexplained personal suffering as she saw here. In Joan Didion's work the names given to physical threats and devastation, the brilliantly ominous details given to present life in California, are meant to explain this suffering, but they don't. The young woman who went about everywhere as a reporter with "a pervasive sense of loss" was to give this to all her heroines, including Joan Didion. But

the vague, haunted Lily McClellan in *Run River*—my favorite among three Didion books—makes us feel that her sleeping with various men she does not care for is the expression of a deep personal fright, and her judgment on her husband Everett McClellan's futile belief that "order must be kept up at all costs. The easiest lay in the room, I can always spot them, something scared in their eyes," a drunk at a party says to Lily. Sometimes female "fright" is more about despair than what happened to Sacramento—than going on sleeplessly, according to Didion's account of her eight years there, every night in New York.

In *Play It As It Lays*, Maria Warrington is a movie star separated and soon actually divorced from a husband who once directed her in a gang-bang picture, comes from Silver Wells, Nevada. There she had a solid sort of father, a fashioned gambler for a father, a perfect straight shooter of a mother, all gone now—the real Old Warrington, Maria is numb, utterly dead with a sense of the "nothingness" around her. As Helene, the husband's mistress and wife of the homosexual BZ, says, "It's all shit." Maria's marriage to Carter is useless. Their daughter Kate is a mental defector kept in a sanitarium where Maria's impulsive visits and tender gestures are always against the rules. She goes to bed with "important" Hollywood types she detests, and as a felt but entirely furtive affair with a married man, has an abortion go-between on the drive to the unionist's:

*"You may have noticed, I drive a Cadillac. Eldorado. Eats gas like it, like the feel of it. . . . If I decided to get rid of the Cad, I might pick myself up a little Camaro. Maybe that sounds like a step down from a Cad to a Camaro, but I've got my eye on this particular Camaro. It's a real act model of the pace car in the Indianapolis 500."*

This is typically brilliant, but the symbol, every character is a symbol that evil reigns, as real as the shine. The center is not held. Everyone in the book except the pimp, the stud, the castrated, the pervert, the decadent haired, the orgiast, the suicide. It is all deprivation of seriousness, all private sex, private terror. The assignments are calculated as coldly as tax



at made *Play It As it Lays* so  
 successful, gave it an attention few  
 novels get nowadays, is the  
 readability it makes of our  
 fiction." The book proceeds by a  
 vision of rapid closeups, scenes  
 just a chapter long, a tattoo of  
 exchanges that does every-  
 thing it can to wing its message to  
 reader. There are some stunning  
 descriptive scenes of Maria wildly  
 fighting the frightening California  
 winds to show that she can manage  
 at Hoover Dam registering the  
 of the turbines in her body. The  
 is a film that gets its rhythm  
 from the most relentless cutting, and  
 the pace between the curt scenes is  
 staccato, disturbing. The book is so  
 fast in its rapid-fire rhythm—  
 Joan Didion thinks now that she  
 may well have left out even the abor-  
 thal all sorts of questions about  
 characters get overlooked under  
 a veil of intimacy with dread. Al-  
 though Maria constantly dwells on her  
 feelings of depression and alienation,  
 she is tied to several love affairs and  
 her life stands. Why does she never  
 see herself as a sexual being? Why  
 do her feelings ever engaged beyond  
 a fling for Silver Wells, Nevada?  
 The problem is that the voice of  
 Joan Didion herself in the opening  
 reflects too much the acerbity  
 and intellectual culture of Joan  
 herself. "Why should a coral  
 reef need two glands of neurotoxic  
 to survive while a king  
 of *so similarly marked*, needs  
 none. Here is the Darwinian logic  
 of it."  
 Joan Didion is too much in control  
 about the book, literally the di-  
 recteur, as they now say in  
 the "circles." The author is con-  
 troling the book's "mean-  
 ing" to the reader, and in a form  
 so many fashionable cinema  
 are easy for the audience to take  
 and flatters its quickness of com-  
 munion. Joan Didion is so profes-  
 sional moralist that the message  
 of nothingness is the medium  
 of life we live. She is so skillful a  
 narrator of the widespread lack  
 of confidence among middle-class  
 Americans that makes them shocking  
 to themselves that she is destined for  
 art. I was not surprised to hear  
 publisher say that other pub-  
 lishers envy him: success-wise, you  
 see, she is in a perfect position.  
 I will never write anything that is

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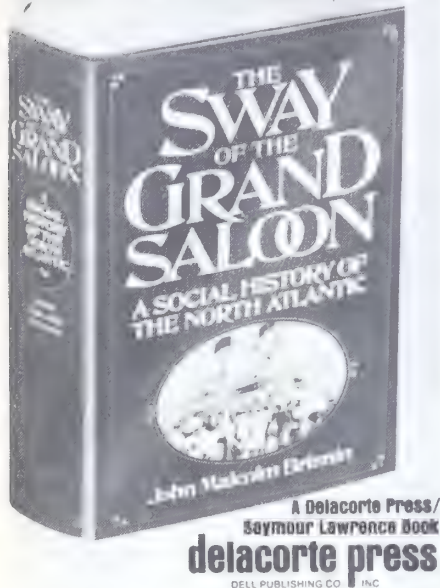
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not professional, not in shapely, exact, surprising sentences, that will not please and instruct. She was going to do a book around the tapes made by Linda Kasabian, who had been in the Charles Manson "family" with the girls accused of killing Sharon Tate and others, but she gave it up because there was nothing she could learn by writing this book.

Joan Didion is still free of what Christiane Rochefort, referring to modern conditions everywhere, called "the great washing machine." Her real subject is the individual woman who is mysteriously a torment to herself, and it is her loyalty to this subject, rather than her nostalgia for some mythical past California, that makes her a good critic of the American knowingness and smartness from which no writer so instantly acceptable is free. What interests me most in her writing is not its "good sense," but what, from a woman's point of view, renders the world incommunicable. *Run River*, a book much less smart than her other two but evocative of Lily Knight McClellan's mysteriousness to herself, has an emotional depth and "seriousness" that I much prefer to the brilliant journalism of *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* or the evasive sentimentality behind the rapid-fire technique of *Play It As It Lays*. Lily McClellan is like those marvelous women in the absolutely first-class novels by Colette and Virginia Woolf who *don't* know what life is all about, who move through their days with the full gravity of being alive. Lily's moral and physical fragility, her *not* knowing, her *not* being on top of things, her almost accidental love affairs, give her an authenticity, all around, missing in Maria Wyeth. In the midst of all that California light and space, we get the existential feeling of what it was like to be alive in the Great Valley:

*The afternoon heat could bleach those towns so clean that the houses and the buildings seemed always on the verge of dematerializing; there was the sense that to close one's eyes on a Valley town was to risk opening them a moment later on dry fields, the sun bleaching out the last traces of habitation, a flowered straw hat, a neon advertisement which had blinked a moment before from a wall no longer visible...*

*It was a great comfort, watching the towns come and go through the*

*tinted window of the Greyhound bus. The heat drained the distinctions from things—marriage divorce and new curtains and old drafts at the bank, all the same, and Lily could not at the moment imagine any preoccupation strong enough to withstand the summer.*

Lily's husband, Everett McClellan, is somewhat dim and unreal, and men in Joan Didion's two novels generally tend to be. Perhaps this is because, as his sister Martha says to Everett to his wife Lily: "All Everett wants is a little order."

"I guess that's what everybody wants."

Martha lay down again. "Most everybody wants it. But most people don't want it more than anything else in the world. The way Everett does. You might want it. I might want it. But when the opportunity to have it practically is thrust over the head, we just knock ourselves out getting out of the way. She paused. "Take you for example."

I am sure that in Joan Didion's conscious mind, *Run River* is about decline and fall in the Sacramento River Valley, and that "pervasive sense of loss" she remembers from earliest childhood has steadily translated into the novel's symbols—the disaster of the McClellans' marriage, Lily McClellan, a lost lady, the decline of a "petal of pride"—that have made her so brilliant and acceptable a writer about our moral condition. But the involuntary unacknowledged strength of her sensibility, the really arresting quality is seen not in the clear cold of the writer's famous detachment, the perfect sentences, the amusing cattiness about the arrivistes and kept women and the huddled masses of New York—but in the secret fright, of something deeply wrong. No, the center is not holding. The center is not the proprietary middle class that was in Sacramento, the Establishment that tells us whose bodies have been buried after powerful people have disposed of them. The "center" is that space, that moral realm, where Mark Schorer said in his review of *Play It As It Lays*, the question keeps nagging is: "What makes you hurt so much? You have to be more than merely skillful with the knives and so on to get away with it."

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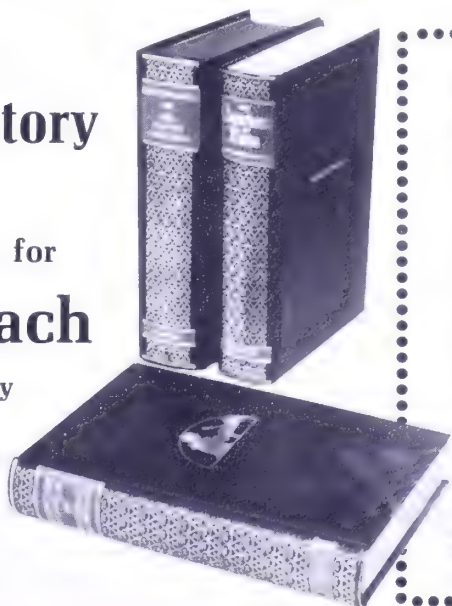
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### How to buy a coffee-table book

A book is a book but a coffee-table book is a production. The publisher, who all year long has cut corners on his fiction and nonfiction, now discards all inhibitions and for his Christmas list produces, in short and costly runs, the most expensive books of the year. Many of these volumes are more expensive than they deserve to be because of fixed notions about what the public or the book salesmen want. Most art books are printed on heavy, glossy paper with full-bleed illustrations when, in fact, a book looks and feels more luxurious when printed on dull or uncoated paper, with generous white space surrounding the art.

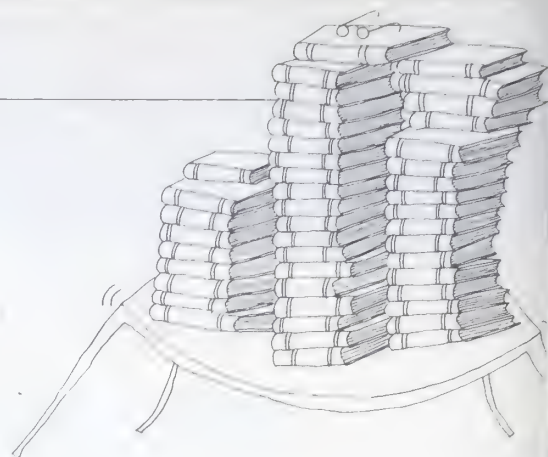
A coffee-table book should be a delight for the eyes; its form is at least equal to its content. Illustrations should be large enough for dwelling upon. Typography should be fine and well conceived, with the utmost care taken in selecting the style and size of typefaces so the text can become a visual element beyond its normal content value. Since few of these books are meant to be read from cover to cover, the design should foster browsing as well as concentrating. The book cannot simply have a beautiful jacket, binding, endpapers, and title page; the designer's hand must be evident (but not dominant) throughout the book, constantly juxtaposing type and illustration for optimum effect.

Coffee-table books need not be expensive. **The Whole Earth Catalog** (Random House, \$5) is a perfect example: it invites both browsing and serious reading, and it has both verbal and visual delight. The complete works of Michelangelo would scare me on a coffee table. Art books traditionally make good books in this category of gift books, but the stores

(and supermarkets) are glutted with annual recombinations of the same old reproductions of old masters. Buy a book with a concept, not just a compendium of lush plates. Generally, a combination of text and art or photography will make a more beautiful book; the gray texture of the type can be a foil to the line and color of the art or photography. Art alone in a book tends to cancel itself out. With both text and art, you can also experience more levels of enjoyment.

Before buying a prospective coffee-table book, pick it up and hold it. Let the pages ripple through your fingers. Listen. They should have a heavy plopping sound. Rub your fingertips across an open spread. Feel it. Your fingers should glide from edge to gutter to edge smoothly; lumpiness is a sign of bad binding or bad paper. Run your forefinger down the crack of the gutter; again it should travel smoothly. Irregularities on either side are the result of too tight a sewn binding or too much glue in what is known as a "perfect" binding. Now run your finger diagonally across a page containing illustration. If the book is printed in gravure, the most expensive process, you can feel the ink buildup at the edge of the illustration. Now rub the cloth cover, check the grain. If it is irregular the cloth may be improperly glued and the boards may warp. Look at the endpapers. Check to see that no glue has seeped out onto the binding cloth. Close the book and touch the sharp corner of the pages. They should be straight across or in a soft regular curve; bad binding or trimming will produce a broken line or wavy curve.

*Samuel N. Antupit is a book and magazine designer and a cofounder of Subsistence Press (May 1971).*



Smell the binding at the head. Cheap glues stink; good glues smell. If there is a pronounced odor, the pages may have been trimmed before the printing thoroughly. Then, if you haven't been ejected by the sales force, open again and sample the text. But if you select a gift book select more its words.

There are many pretentious photographic books on this year's list, some trying to capitalize on the popularity of the Sierra Club's most recently produced series, but none compares with the beautiful simplicity, the quiet, forceful presentation, which they are noted. Beware the names in full color, the overdesigned and flashy nature books, with out poetic accompaniment. In the field of documentary photography, a book this year compares with Davidson's **East 100th Street**, published last year by Harvard University Press, and, luckily, still available. The book, magnificently printed, is straightforwardly designed, presents full-page portraits of individual families in their homes and on the streets of East Harlem. The book is large, measuring 11¼ by 12½ inches. It was published in a \$10 soft-cover edition and a \$20 hard-cover edition. Both, however, have identical color reproduction on the pages with

**Face of an Island**, published by Grossman, is a simply designed beautiful photographic record of Helena, a small island off the coast of South Carolina. All the photographs were taken by a composer known, Leigh Richmond Mitchell, at the beginning of this century.

OR THOSE WHO PRACTICE THE ART OF GIVING...



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By Virginia Cowles. From Peter I, as cruel and crude as he was great, to luckless Nicholas II, murdered in a cellar in 1917, the scandalous, larger-than-life story of the Tsars who ruled Russia. "A royal-scarlet something-for-everyone book...sumptuously illustrated."

—Publishers' Weekly. \$15.00

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By Cass Canfield. One of America's most distinguished publishers, long associated with Harper & Row, recalls the gracious world he has known, the famous and infamous writers with whom he has worked, the political and social causes for which he has fought.

*A Harper's Magazine Press Book. Illustrated, \$8.95*

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## BOOKS IN BRIEF

photographs, too, were unknown until a few years ago when the glass plates (thought to be window panes by the workmen who discovered them) were uncovered in a workshop attic of the Penn School on the island.

The \$15 book is large (12 by 12 $\frac{3}{8}$ ), has unnumbered pages, and is bound in a smooth slate-gray cloth with a bronze device stamped on the face and the title similarly stamped on the spine. The photographs are placed on right-hand pages, large but with generous margins, and the left-hand pages contain brief caption material. The effect of the book is stern, quiet eloquence. Because Minor used a large and relatively immobile camera, all his photographs, portraits as well as landscapes, resemble still lifes or tableaux. Printed on a soft white sheet, the photographs record daily life and chores on the island: portraits in homes, in the Penn School, in the field and at work. They are stunning. Sections of the introductory text describe the island from its settlement before 1700 to today.

David R. Godine, a fine craftsman of a publisher, has produced a beautiful and moving document combining text by Walt Whitman, sixty-four Civil War photographs by Matthew Brady and associates, sixty-six photographic portraits of Whitman from age twenty-seven to age seventy-two, and an introduction by Alfred Kazin. The book is entitled **Specimen Days** and the Whitman text is a reprint of an original edition published in 1882. The photographs are superbly printed in a deep rich brown duotone and concentrate on those aspects of the Civil War that Whitman saw for himself: haunting hospital scenes, wounded and waiting soldiers, an ambulance train, and the anonymous bewildered young faces of the troops in the camps and fields. The portrait section shows us Whitman from early "snapshot" glimpses of him to the quiet, heavy photographs taken by Thomas Eakins in the last years of the poet's life. The format and typography make this book a classic. *Specimen Days* has been issued in two editions: both measure 11 $\frac{3}{4}$  by 8 $\frac{1}{4}$  and are bound in buckram; the deluxe edition is printed on a special mold-made rag paper from England, comes in a slipcase, and sells for \$35. The trade edition is also printed on a good text sheet but, at \$25, comes without the slipcase.

Books of paintings are always difficult to evaluate. Harry Abram (\$42.50 until December 31) book, **Edward Hopper**, solves the reproduction problem but creates comforts distinctly its own. Painters don't paint book-size, they paint canvas-size. The effect of looking at a book of reproductions of paintings is similar to standing a good fifty to twenty feet from the painting, a foolish distance because you concern the composition but lose sight of its texture and all of the variations of line and color. This book is looked at from a distance of fifteen to twenty inches (depending upon the skill of your optometrist) and at that distance all the texture and finish of the paper intrude upon the reproduction of the painting. However, in reducing the size of a painting to fit the size of a book, the effect becomes intensified, and again the artist's subtleties are lost in the reduction of ink. As mentioned before, books of paintings, for reasons that are not understood, are printed on a glossy, very white paper as if the artist had painted on some transparent hostile surface, such as white mica. These so-called art books can hardly be termed reproductions; at best they are a printer's interpretation of the original art.

But back to Hopper. Harry Abram's designer has overcome the gloss problem by selecting a good but uncoated sheet for the paper. The work, and the mammoth dimensions of the book (16 $\frac{1}{4}$  by 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ ), are closer to canvas size. For eighty of the paintings a gatefold has been added, giving some of the paintings a twenty-two-inch width. I wonder, though, how many people will look at a painting with a cream-colored third of the way across its width. It can put up with it on Playboys, but it is depressing to think of this year's great publishing achievement as the foldout painting.

Far more satisfying and as close to a perfect art book as possible is this year's classic, **Norman Rockwell** (also by Harry Abram), and I recommend that you buy up your remaining copies, even at \$60. Rockwell's art was created to be reproduced; designed by the artist to be printed, not hung, and the reproductions are flawless. As beautiful as it is beautiful, and as a collection of an artist's (yes, artist's) work.



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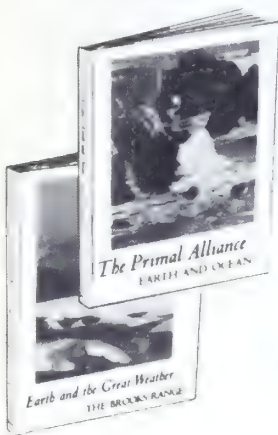
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*—Publishers' Weekly*

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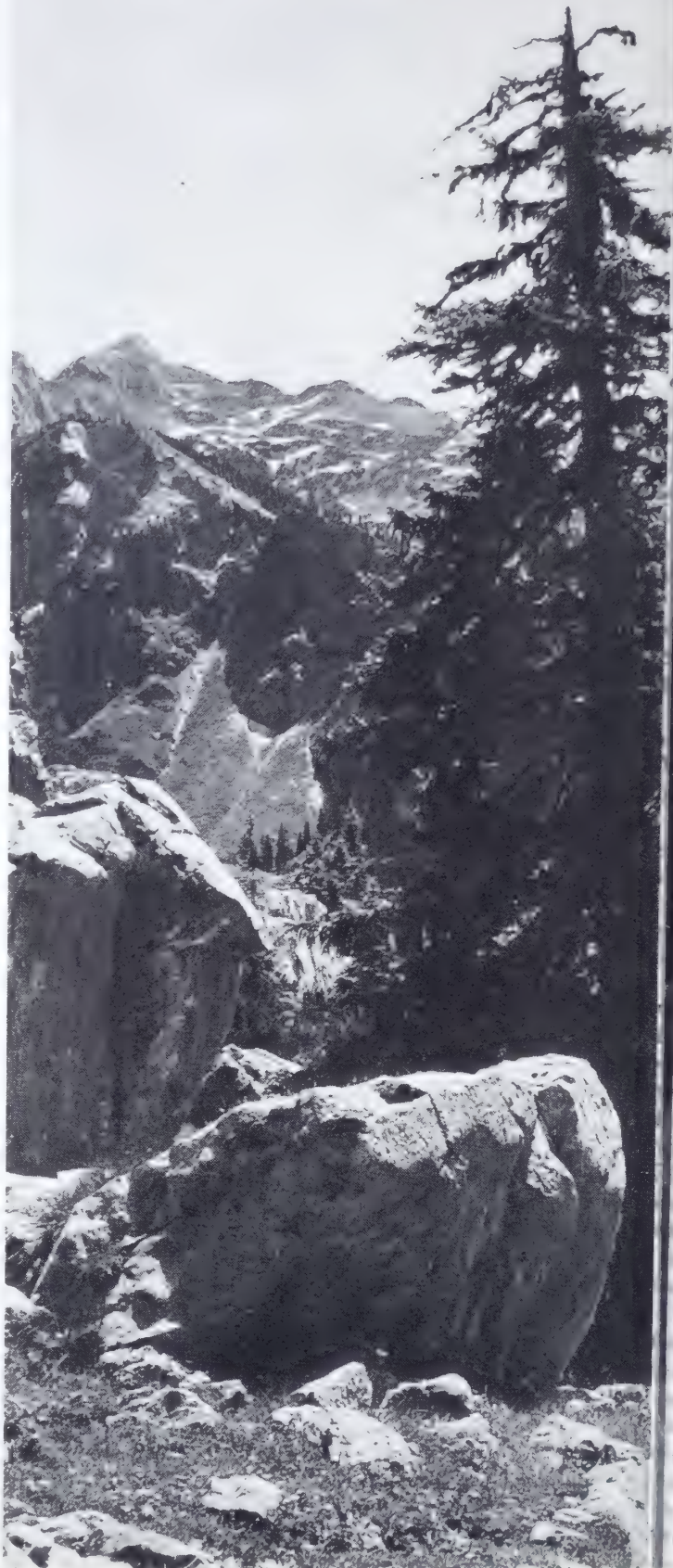
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ete and well documented. The contains 614 of Rockwell's illustrations, spanning his whole career, the full-color plates are a credit to the publisher, and the printer.

**Vasarely 2** is not only an art book, an art experience. Within its 200 pages, 11 by 11, are a beautiful series of visual stunts and games as simple as the examples of this concept of artist's work. Text is at a minimum, consisting of Vasarely's introduction and a few pretexts interspersed among magnificently printed works of the whole \$45 book is in full on heavy glossy stock (well to rendering Vasarely's bright and precise lines). But the real comes with the acetate over-protected and clear) whose imitates the images of the pages rough them. Patterns are also on sheets of heavy tracing paper, as they are turned, practical variations on the images left- and right-hand pages. Irregular or irregular geometric holes through other pages enable reader/viewer to see some portions of the following page through cuts and some portions at half-through the translucent. Also within the book is a small loose, full-size sheets with on opaque and transparent to be combined as the viewer sees fit. *Vasarely 2* is a bright blue, heavily textured with the title stamped in white on the spine and the face. It is by George Wittenborn, Inc.

*Vasarely 2* is too expensive or the table not large enough, a own experience can be had **Overlap**, a 7-by-7 well-produced book by Albert Gregory, distributed through George Wittenborn, \$7.50. Within its eighty-nine a variety of black and white patterns and other graphic broken into chapters entitled, "Squares," "Curves," "Lines," "Zig-zags," and acetate sheets each bearing the above designs to let you your own variations. If the been printed on glossy or ed stock, the designs would sharper but, alas, the price higher. *Overlap* is bound in per with a large title printed y across the face in black.

**Notes in Hand** is a perfect little art book. Published by E. P. Dutton for only \$6.95, it is a miniaturization, one-quarter size, of fifty pages from Claes Oldenburg's voluminous sketchbooks. The book measures 4¼ by 6 with 136 folded and unslit pages. All the sketches are printed in full color but not in the artist's original colors; Oldenburg, in a bow to modern printing technology, has recolored them to suit process printing colors. Nevertheless, the book is a gem. The plates contain sketches, plans for soft sculpture, collage-diagrams of proposed monuments and buildings, elevated doodles, and other Oldenburg fun. The facsimile pages are printed on the right; on the left, typeset, is the copy appearing on the facsimile page in handwriting. A section of notes follows the plates with Oldenburg's reminiscences related to each of the fifty sketches. *Notes in Hand* is bound in a fine textured red-orange cloth with the letters "c o" stamped in the center of the face in a darker red. A woven red marker ribbon is included as an added fillip.

Obviously, you can't have a coffee-table book without a coffee table.

Directional has a beautiful dark red-brown mahogany coffee table, 18 inches wide by 6½ feet long and 2½ inches thick. At the ends are slabs, the same width and thickness as the top, that are vertical to form supports, making the whole structure one deep, richly grained continuous surface. The table, their model number 5008, is \$315.

A more flexible choice, however, is available from Harvey Probbler. They make a leg system of highly polished stainless steel, 1¼ by ½ inches, which will support a top of either glass or a variety of marbles, as either a 36-inch square or circle, ¾ inches thick. The glass version is available at \$523, the marble at \$462.

Should your tastes be more conservative and your books generally smaller, consider a butler's tray table by Knapp and Tubbs. The table measures 46 inches by 31 inches with all four sides extended and is available in a variety of finishes with satin brass hinges. The dark mahogany version is \$214. If you've spent all your money on the coffee-table books, you can still find a good variety of coffee tables by combining the various leg and top systems available at the Door Store. □

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## MUSIC

Enter aesthetic populism

SOME OF THE RETURNS are in on the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, which was inaugurated September 8 with a performance of *Mass* by Leonard Bernstein. There was the building itself, which nobody liked but the public. Or put it this way: one's liking for the architecture seemed to be in inverse proportion to one's degree of cultural sophistication. Most architecture critics tore into Edward Durrell Stone's palace on the Potomac. Those few who defended it did so in a rather half-hearted manner. And, in all truth, there is little to admire in the graceless interior. It is crudely and unimaginatively finished, and it also bears evident marks of shoddy, last-minute improvisation. In the opera house, for example, the carpeting has been secured by ordinary tacks hammered directly through the fabric. Even Howard Johnson motels do better than this.

Bernstein's *Mass* created a furor of sorts. Again, generally speaking, those who liked it were cultural unsophisticates or aesthetic populists. Young people reacted wildly in its favor. *Mass* tells them all the things they want to be told—that organized religion has fallen down on the job, that the world is youth's to take over, that love and brotherhood will solve all problems. There was a great to-do about the message of *Mass*, but not many spoke about the actual music. As for the music itself, the very fact that some took it seriously shows how values these days have become distorted.

*Mass* is, musically, a pastiche drawing upon elements of the Broadway musical, rock, jazz, revival-go-to-meetin'-music, folk rock, and such "serious" composers as Stravinsky, Copland, and Orff. It is slickly put together, and it is shallow, lacking any uniformity of style or development of musical idea. Yet there are those who are willing to accept it as a serious work of art, and that is where aesthetic populism enters.

Aesthetic populism already had entered the public domain with the initial success of the Beatles. The younger generation adopted the message of the Beatles wholeheartedly, and did so because of the verbal content of the songs rather than anything terribly striking about the music. For the music was, by and large, a succession of trite rhythmic and harmonic formulae, once in a while relieved by a pretty tune. But the words—ah, those words, full of alienation symbols, anti-war sentiments, a reflection of the *Angst* that youth was experiencing. Those indeed were unusual. The worldwide success of the Beatles will in future years be analyzed as a literary and sociological, rather than a musical, phenomenon. But many critics who should have known better were hornswoggled, or they wanted to jump on the bandwagon. Whatever the reason, they wrote pompous nonsense about the music. They took it seriously because it was so potent a sociological force, or so it seemed at the time. And others took it seriously merely because of its popularity. That the music itself was naïve was beside the point. Populists judge in size, not quality.

As far as can be seen, though, the Beatles and the entire rock school have had little or no impact on serious music. Popular music of this century never has had. In the 1920s there were great cries that jazz and "classical" music were going to be united. Had not Stravinsky composed *Ragtime*, and had not Ravel touched on jazz in his G major Concerto, or Milhaud in *Création du Monde*? And had not Gershwin written an "opera" and Copland a jazz Piano Concerto? But those were isolated experiments that never bore fruit. More recently there was talk about the Third Stream, which was to unite jazz and serial music. That too shortly died. Today, very little or none of the rock

Harold C. Schonberg is the Pulitzer prize-winning music critic for the New York Times and a bimonthly contributor to this column.

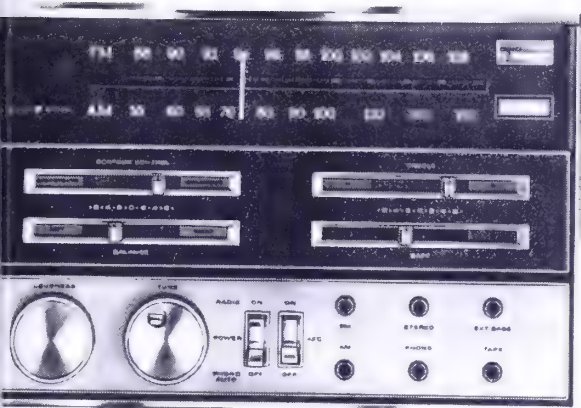
music can be heard in the work of the younger composers of standing.

But Bernstein is in many ways a populist, and his *Mass* is popular music. In Europe they may go crazy over it. This is the European concept of America, this *mélodrame* brassy show biz with its universal brotherhood message. And it doesn't tell the kids what they like to hear.

In composing *Mass*, Bernstein has gone to certain entertainment formulae much in fashion today. Mr. Craft in the *New York Review of Books* has taken the music critic in the *New York Times* to task for finding the Bernstein *Mass* fashionable. It is anything but that, Mr. Craft. It is no later than the period Copland, and its technique is as dated as a Landon butt. Mr. Craft lives in a rarefied world, and most observers will find the Bernstein score *Hair*-fashionable, *Christ Superstar*-fashionable, but not fashionable, amplification-fashionable.

It is said that when Bernstein read the New York reviews, he once cried that there was a cabal against him. Bernstein and the New York press have never been on good terms. But cabal is a strong word. It suggests a group bound by a common idea, working together to overthrow somebody. But if there is one group incapable of working together, it is the New York musical press. They do not even talk to each other any more than the common politeness demand. Certainly they do not see each other socially. In the days, around the turn of the century, the New York critical giants—Paderewski, Huneker, Krehbiel, Fineman, and the others—would meet at Lüchow's after a long talking until sunrise, hashing problems over, drinking vast amounts of beer. Today—not that there are any active New York critics, now many newspapers and music magazines have disappeared—the critics regard each other with

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B. Paid circulation		
1. Sales through dealers, carriers, street vendors and counter sales	41,821	40,165
2. Mail subscriptions	297,236	286,000
C. Total paid circulation	339,057	326,165
D. Free distribution		
1. Samples, complimentary, and other free copies	13,859	12,722
2. Copies distributed to news agents, but not sold	53,526	57,271
E. Total distribution (sum of C & D)	406,442	396,158
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G. Total (sum of E & F)	411,672	396,916

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## MUSIC

great love. Even the music critics on the *Times*, friendly enough during working hours, do not socialize. If there is a cabal, they do not know about it.

SOMEWHAT LOST in all the hullabaloo about *Mass* was the other premiere during the first week of the Kennedy Center. The Opera Society of Washington put on Alberto Ginastera's *Beatriz Cenci*, the third in the trilogy of violence that started with *Don Rodrigo* and continued with *Bommarzo*. Ginastera based his plot, loosely, on the Shelley poem, though there are interpolations that are supposed to relate the grim story of incestuous rape and murder to modern man. Thus the opera is "relevant." (Is modern man any more violent than medieval man or prehistoric man? It is beginning to be a tiresome bore, that attempt to use standards of violence, neuroticism, and psychopathology as the symbol of "modern man.")

There were no musical surprises in *Beatriz Cenci*. Ginastera is a skillful composer who works in a post-*Wozzeck* style, using tone rows, piling dissonance on dissonance. The language is limited; serial music has never been very successful at suggesting lyricism, no matter how effective it may be for expressionistic horrors and pictures of tortured soul-states. In any case, Ginastera is an eclectic, and there is more technique than imagination to his music. Everybody had nice things to say about the integrity of the opera, but nobody seemed to like it very much.

THE GOOD NEWS about the Kennedy Center was acoustical in nature. Both the concert hall and opera house are superior. The opera house, indeed, is probably the best in the country in matters of pure sound. For this, the small size of the installation is responsible: the house seats about 2,300 (as against 3,900 at the Metropolitan). In Europe 2,000-seat opera houses are the norm. In America they are economically unfeasible. A touring ballet company, for instance, could not operate in the opera house of the Kennedy Center, for its "nut" is too large. Tickets would have to be impossibly priced for the nut to be reached. What will happen is that the Kennedy Center, using its Wash-

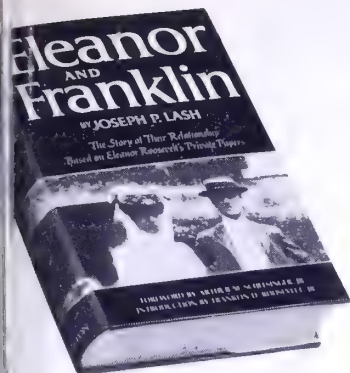
ington leverage, will bring in for opera and ballet companies largely prepaid by the home government. And singers will be a great deal poorer there than in the Metropolitan or the War Memorial in San Francisco, or the Lyric Theater in Chicago.

With the opening of the Kennedy Center, it was inevitable that the charge of cultural supermarriage should be raised. Already some commentators have all but said the new center should promptly be taken down. It is true that the Kennedy Center has followed the pattern of other cultural centers around the country: get the building up, at vast expense, then worry about what will go into it. At that, the Kennedy Center, with Julius Rudel as its musical adviser, has done more planning than other centers one could mention. The National Symphony, the American Ballet Theater, and the Opera Society of Washington will find a place there. When the Eisenhower Theater opens, serious drama will have a chance to be seen. Of course, the Kennedy Center will also be bookending popular attractions and musical comedies. It may have some government subsidy, but it is being run as a private enterprise, and a certain amount of money has to come in.

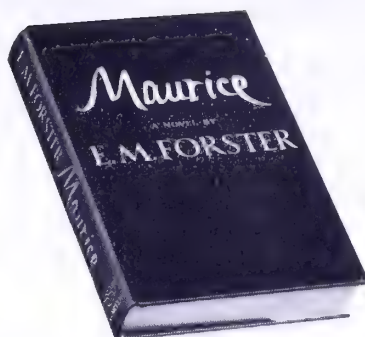
There can, of course, be no talking about the missed opportunities. The Kennedy Center should have been much a government institution, like the Library of Congress, bringing together the very best in all of the arts to the people, serving as a showplace for the important (and often so costly) work of foreigners who work in or out of the country. The capital of the country should have one place where the arts in America are represented as part of the government itself. The place where creativity can be shown with no concern as to its business or box-office appeal; one where great musicians can perform for the people at minimal ticket prices (or, why not, no admission charge at all). The people of the United States did not get that in the Kennedy Center. Nor did they get the happy buildings. But the fact remains that Washington, the nation's capital, has an opera house, where it should have one before; and a real hall, which it did not have before; and a modern theater, which it did not have before. That's bad?

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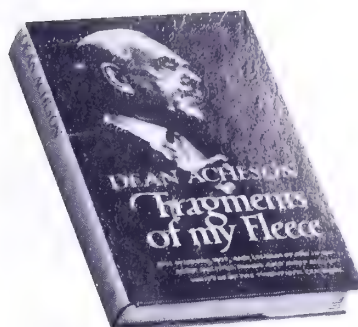




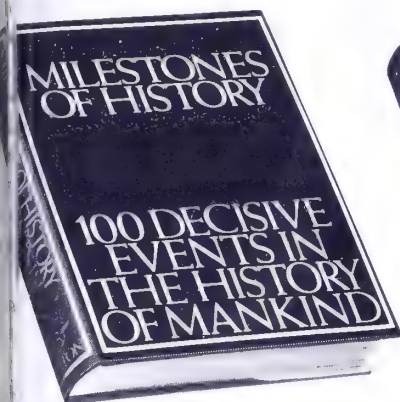
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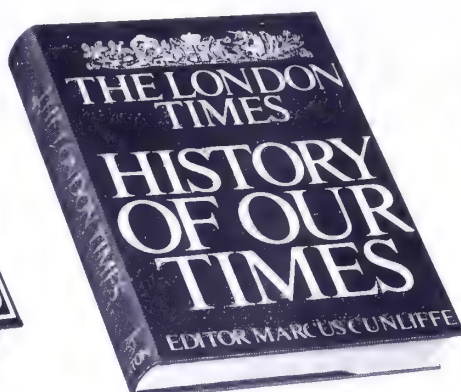
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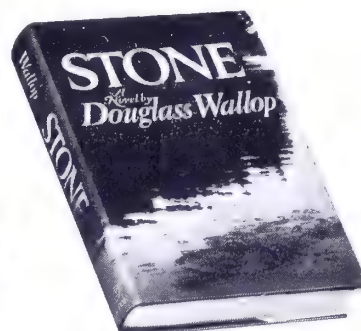
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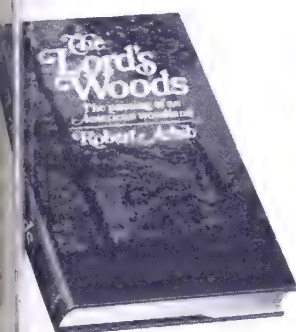
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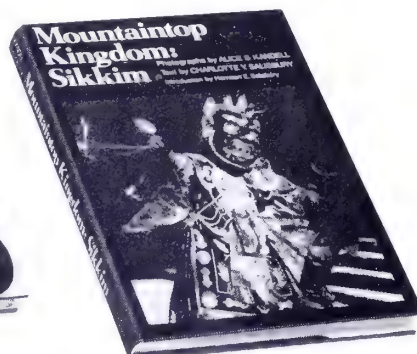
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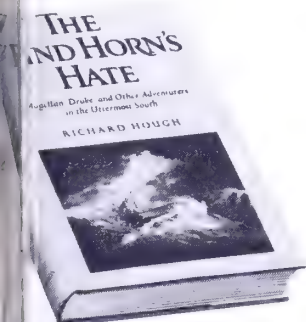
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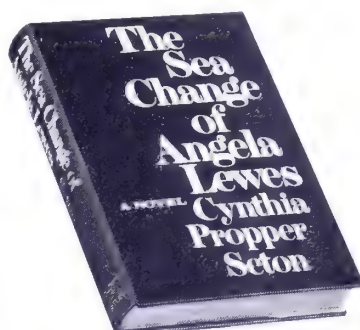
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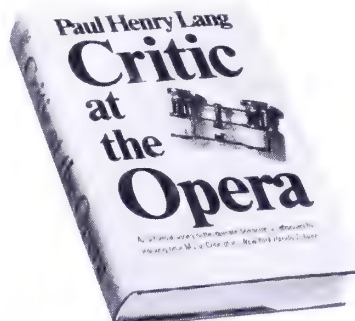
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